

where it is. If once you get an idea in your head, there it wedges to the exclusion of everything else. You like your own way, Miriam, but you cannot turn your wishes into a coach and six to override everything. You cannot turn him into a girl."

Wilfred burst out laughing, as he felt himself very unpromising material for the desired metamorphosis.

"How shall I keep him out of mischief when we are all shut in with the snow?" groaned Aunt Miriam.

"Let me look at him," said her brother, growing excited.

When Wilfred stood by the bedside, his uncle took the boy's warm hands in both his own and looked earnestly in his bright open face.

"He will do," murmured the old man, sinking back amongst his pillows. "There, be a good lad; mind what your aunt says to you, and make yourself at home."

While he was speaking all the light there was in the shadowy room shone full on Wilfred.

"He is like his father," observed Aunt Miriam.

"You need not tell me that," answered Caleb Acland, turning away his face.

"Could we ever keep him out of mischief?" she sighed.

Wilfred's merry laugh jarred on their ears. They forgot the lapse of time since his father's death, and wondered to find him so cheerful. Aunt and nephew