

So they took one another for better for worse, the marriage service, after Scotch usage, in default of a minister, consisting of Donald acknowledging Virginie to be his wife in the presence of her parents and of his subordinates. The union proved very happy. Donald grew increasingly fonder of his wife; and if Virginie did at times betray the quick temper that she got from her father, or the tendency to sullen sulking that came from her mother, when she could not have her own way about something, why, the big Scotchman just thought to himself that it was the way of women-folk to 'gang agley' now and then, and, instead of giving back hot words, closed his lips firmly over his tongue, and went away. And then, so sure as he did, when perhaps he was sitting at his desk poring over his ledger, or consoling himself with a pipe in a quiet corner, there would come a gentle step behind him, which, although his keen ears heard it well, he pretended not to notice, and presently a little brown hand would be laid upon his shoulder, and a soft voice would murmur pleadingly in a quaint patois, half French, half Indian, 'Donald, my dear, do you love me still?'

Then the answer came quick, and left no doubt as to its sincerity, and the cloud would vanish, and all would be sunshine again in the M'Kenzie household.

It was a proud and happy time for both when they entered into the dignity of parenthood, and as little Archie throve and developed, their joy in him