

They had been treated very kindly, but for many reasons, some of which will make themselves clear by and by, it was deemed expedient to make a change for them. So here they were on their way to the Vicarage at Cloverfield, and the mind of each was occupied, naturally enough, with the same subject.

"I am awfully glad that the Reverend Herbert Guest and Mrs. Guest have a son and a daughter," Beatrix remarked with gravity.

"Why?"

"It will give us a choice, won't it? If we don't like the girl Guest we may like the boy Guest, or the other way about."

"We mayn't like either."

The child's smile disappeared, to break out again a moment later.

"Why, what nonsense! I expect we shall like both of them ever so much," she exclaimed, "and I expect they will have a lot of friends and that we shall like them too. And perhaps"—here she beamed—"there may be animals; oh, I do so hope that there will!"