

tious exception, Gertie had kept the boys at arm's length, and although more than one eligible youth had made some advances towards acquaintanceship, none had received any encouragement. But now at length a very great and important transformation had come to pass in Gertie's ideas and prospects, and a great ruffling had occurred in the hitherto smooth and placid current of her life. The cause was none other than a handsome young gentleman, Walter Rigby by name, whom Mr. Morgan had brought home to supper one evening to discuss the affairs of the Sons of England lodge, in which they both held office, and who had since become rather a frequent visitor of the Morgan household. It was not long in becoming evident that these visits had some other object than the discussion of lodge business with Mr. Morgan and the balancing of the lodge books, and soon it dawned upon Gertie's mind, with a sense of consciousness that was very delightful, that it was for her sake that Walter could devise so many excuses for calls upon the Morgans. She was a very proud and happy little person in those days when Walter's attentions grew more and more pronounced, and when his coming to tea on Sunday evenings became an established institution, with the invariable sequel of his taking her to church and their strolling slowly home afterwards, when she would take his arm, and they would talk—well, like young people under the same circumstances always have talked, and, we suppose, always will talk. She didn't trouble to enquire very closely into Walter's position and prospects, but she knew that he was practically the manager of a thriving manufacturing concern down town, and she had heard Mr. Morgan speak of him as a young man of excellent business qualifications who would certainly make his way in the world. She knew he came originally from England, and she had an impression, although it must be admitted this

arose rather in her own imagination than from anything Walter had ever said on the subject, that his family were people of high social standing in the Old Country. For the rest, Walter was undeniably as good-looking, well-informed, pleasant-mannered a young fellow as could be met in a day's march, and Gertie was very deeply and very earnestly in love. And then came the happy evening when Walter asked her to be his wife and told her how much he loved her and thought of her, and how happy they would be together, and so forth, and she had whispered "Yes," and they had kissed and she had cried, all in the old, old style that is often very old, and very stale, and very bitter to look back on; but, to Gertie, was all new, and sweet and lovely. And as soon as she reached home she poured out all the happy tale to Mrs. Morgan, and Mrs. Morgan lovingly congratulated her and told her that she and Mr. Morgan knew Walter to be a sterling Christian young man who would make her a good husband. The next day Walter bought her a lovely diamond ring, and everybody who cared to know was soon told that Gertie was engaged to Walter Rigby and that they would be married before very long. And yet amidst all the joyfulness, and congratulations, and bright prospects, there was a dark shadow in Gertie's mind that would at times persist in casting itself over her very happiest moments. Walter did not know she was a Home girl, and if he found out, might it not make a considerable difference in his feeling towards her? She felt sure he ought to be told, and yet she could not bear to tell him. Such horrible things were said about Barnardo boys and girls, and whatever might he think of her? She had been introduced to him as Miss Gertie "Morgan," and she knew that he supposed she was a relation of the Morgans, although he had never pressed her about her family or antecedents. He never seemed, in fact, to want to talk about their