

and the sacrifice offered I have a share.' And so I add, 'Thank God for all; but most of all for the crowning Gift and finished work of that first Good Friday.'"

CHAPTER II.

SETTLING DOWN.

IT was early in June, when everything looks fair and bright, when skies are blue and all the new bravery with which the trees are clothed is at its best, that Mrs. Dimsdale turned her back on her old home, leaving only caretakers until it could be finally cleared.

The old dog had died peacefully and painlessly a few months before, so the only live stock to be removed were the cat and kitten who, with the cook as guardian, went in the carriage with their mistress to Brereton Street, as "last load."

"It is quite providential there is a kitten," said Mrs. Dimsdale, "or Flossie might not settle. I am afraid she will be frightened at the traffic, having been so far from the road; but the kitten will smooth matters."

Flossie certainly needed all the available restraining power to keep her from dashing at the carriage windows; but she was landed safely, and despite coaxing and dainties, took refuge on the coals, and sulked there, "at home" to no one but the kitten, which mewed pitifully at being in such dingy quarters. A shallow basket made things more comfortable. Flossie's fit of sulks only lasted till next day, when, after washing her face, she surveyed the new dwelling from attic to cellar, and after much nosing and sniffing, decided that she was surrounded by old, familiar furniture and friends. So she perched on the end of her favourite velvet-covered couch in the bay-window, and exercised her mind on the passers-by, and above all, the cyclists. Soon she made friends—and foes—amongst the cats round about; fought for possession of her own share of the high wall at the back, and even trotted across the wide street to call on a feline neighbour over the way.

But this is a step in advance; only it is as well to let it be known how Mrs. Dimsdale's pet settled down, thus relieving the mind of her old mistress, who was almost too tender to all things living, pussie included.

Mrs. Dimsdale's eyes were moist, and speech was impossible, when she looked round her new home and saw the results of Lucy's forethought and love, backed, as they had been, by faithful servants.

"My darling, you have worked miracles," she said, when she could speak to her smiling daughter. "This *is* the old home, only smaller and brighter. I am glad, yes, glad of the change, and so thankful to God first, next to you, Lucy, for these peaceful surroundings, in which nothing is lacking save what

had gone from the old house long ago. I shall be very happy here, my dear, and I can truly say that I have no lingering regrets after what I have left."

Mrs. Dimsdale's voice had a glad ring in it confirmed her words, and Lucy and she exchanged a loving embrace and a little shower of kisses. They sat down to the evening meal in the same fashion, waited on by the same deft hands, and the same table appointments in their usual spotless, only with rather more show of flowers. They were just about to begin when a sharp ring announced Grant Outram.

"I am five minutes late, but you will excuse me. I am first, except Lucy, to be welcomed. I say, 'May God bless you, dear Aunt Mary, for you many happy and still useful years on this roof.'"

"Thank you, Grant. I feel that I am a happy and, I trust, a grateful old woman in these surroundings. Are they not bright and comfortable?"

"Yes. Only do you not think it a sacrifice to live at No. 4, *in a street*?"

"That is exactly what Miss Pringle suggested, that if only this had been London, an overgrown, provincial city, I should be living in Brereton Gardens, and this semi-detached dwelling would have had a name, in place of merely No. 4."

"It is not too late to give it a name, really, doctor; 'only, for the life of me, I cannot think of one. There should always be something suggestive of the place, or in the place, a name. What do you say to 'New Rest'?"

"There are ever so many 'New Rests' near enough, too, to cause confusion."

"'New Rest,' then."

Mrs. Dimsdale shook her head.

"What trees are there? One attended to two mountain ash and the privet hedge, which can be spoilt by choice. Here you can, with propriety, call your abode 'The Poplar,' 'The Birch,' or 'The Privets.'"

The last suggestion was quite too funny, trio, Dr. Outram included, laughed heartily.

Recovering himself, Grant professed to have done his best to spread a halo of gentility about the house in a street, and to give it not only a name, but a character of a properly domestic character. Do better if you can, or be content with the simple."

"I will be just No. 4," said Mrs. Dimsdale. "Indeed, I might have spared you all the trouble of thinking on my behalf, for my new name was engraved last week."

"That is just like you, Aunt Mary. I will first and then ask somebody's advice as to the propriety of doing it. You allowed me to say