

moments absence, approached the ladies—the younger stood up to receive him.

“ May I ask, young lady,” he said, “ who lives here ? ” At the first sound of his voice the knitter suspended her toil. “ Who was he that spoke, my daughter ? ”

“ I do not know, mother—the gentleman is a stranger.”

“ Who are you, sir ? Either my ears deceive me sadly or I know your voice, though many years have passed since I heard it. Harry, my own brother, is it not you ? ”

“ My name indeed is Harry, and you must be my aunt Elsie—my father loves to talk of you.”

“ Come hither, my nephew—God be praised that I again meet one of my darling brother’s children. But I heard other horses—whose are they ? ”

“ Those of my wife and servants, aunt.”

“ You are all welcome here, my boy—bid them enter. Strange changes have passed over us, whether for good or ill ; but it would be stranger still, were you and your wife not welcome to a house which ought to have