

should have shown her most honor. That was why she wept, that morning; poor Sybil whose dreams of happy married life had faded so utterly away.

Presently two little arms were thrown about her neck and a soft cheek was pressed to hers.

"Mamma, mamma! Why are you crying? Is it because you are sorry papa won't let me go to Bertie's? I like Bertie; don't you mamma?"

"Yes Kenneth darling, and I hope you will always be as good a boy as he is; as honest and brave and fearless."

"I will be good mamma; I always do try to be good, because it makes you sorry when I'm naughty doesn't it?"

"Yes indeed it does, darling."

"I don't think it was very good of papa to make you cry this morning," said Kenneth gravely.

"Oh hush! my boy; you must not speak so of your father; he did not mean to make me cry, and I know he would be sorry if he knew." Kenneth did not answer immediately, but stood thoughtfully beside her. Then he said — "I am going down stairs now mamma; I'm going to ask Peter to put a new rope on my sleigh."

He kissed his mother and ran out of the room and down stairs; but he did not go at once to see about the new rope for his sleigh; he went first of all to the dining room. Pushing open the door he looked in. His father was still there and he went in.

"Papa," he said, going forward and standing by his father's chair.

"Well Ken, what is it?"

"Mamma is crying, and when I said you were naughty to make her cry, she said you did not mean to and that you would be sorry if you knew; so I thought I would come and tell you, so you could go and tell her you're sorry and kiss her; and then she won't cry and more. You will go to her, papa, won't you?"

Arthur Macdonald looked confused and his sallow face flushed as he met the steady gaze of his little son's blue eyes.

"Did I make her cry, Ken?" he asked.

"Yes papa, you said I was not to go and see Bertie any more, and that made mamma sorry because she likes Bertie."

"Oh indeed! and I suppose sir you will disobey me and go to Bertie's whenever my back is turned?"

"No," answered Ken gravely. "Mamma wouldn't let me now; and besides I've promised her to be good 'cause she makes her sorry when I'm naughty."

"Oh! and you don't care, I suppose, whether you make me sorry or not?" answered Arthur laughing.

"You don't get sorry; you get angry," replied the child boldly.

"Ah! So that is it, eh?" said his father, pushing him from him and rising from his chair as he spoke. "You care more for your mother's sorrow than you do for my anger, do you?"

"But aren't you going up to her papa?"

"Yes, yes; I shall go up presently; meantime you had better run away and play."

When Kenneth had obediently left the room, his father stood for some time staring thoughtfully before him. Some how this interview with Kenneth had awakened in him a vague feeling of remorse for his conduct to Sybil since their marriage. At that moment he wished with all his heart that he had never married her. He felt as he had never felt before that he was not good enough for her. Ah! no! With a swift rush of shame he covered his face with his hand. What right had he to be the husband of pure, noble-hearted Sybil; or the father of the fearless boy who had so gravely reproached him with making his mother cry. Ah now! How he loathed and despised himself, and wished heartily that he were something better. But how could he be better, with that secret weighing upon his soul and the haunting fear and remorse that ever followed close upon his footsteps. So the desire to be something better ended in a desire. It is often thus with folks. Wishing, longing to be noble-hearted and useful in the world, like some hero or heroine of whom we have read, but never striving, never putting forth one single emulate these same heroes.

The most egotistical and vainest of individuals are at times most deeply conscious of their own inferiority; and then indeed they are the unhappiest of mortals for their self-love is the sole staff upon which they lean for support.

With a muttered curse Arthur Macdonald threw off these strange new feelings of self-condemnation and whistling carelessly went off in search of his wife.

When he entered her boudoir, he found her sitting at her desk writing. She looked up as he entered and he saw the traces of tears upon her face.

"Ah! here you are," he exclaimed pleasantly — "I have been looking for you."

"Did you want me for anything?" asked she quietly.

"I came to tell you not to expect me in to luncheon; and — by the bye, have you any engagement for this afternoon?"

"This is Mrs. Hillary's reception day; Katie Howard and I had arranged to call there together; but that can be put aside if you wish me to go anywhere with you this afternoon, Arthur."

"Oh! not at all; I merely thought if you had nothing better to do, we might go for a long sleigh drive and take Kenneth with us to make up for his disappointment at not being able to go to the Stuarts. However as you have a prior engagement the boy and I can go alone."

Sybil looked up at her husband with surprise and something like gratitude shining in her eyes. He did not usually care much whether another person suffered disappointment or not.

"It is very kind of you dear," — she said, going up to him and laying her hand upon his arm.

"Kenneth was very much disappointed this morning and he will enjoy the drive," she said.

All resentment and anger against her husband had fled from her heart by this time and there was no shadow in the clear eyes as she looked up at him so tenderly and gratefully.

"Are you sure you would not rather I gave up my other engagement in order to go with you?"

"Oh! Perhaps you had better call upon Mrs. Hillary this afternoon and I shall take you out driving to-morrow. But I must be off now; leave orders for Kenneth to be ready for me to take him out if you leave the house before I come for him. Good morning" — he stooped and kissed her; a thing he had not done for many and many a month now.

"I am sorry I was such a brute to you this morning Sybil," he said.

Instantly, her arms were about his neck and she returned his kiss tenderly, lovingly.

"You were not, Arthur; you were only a wee bit impatient and — unjust — that was all."

"Well — well I am sorry I annoyed you; that is all. Now I really must go; good morning."

And this was how he told her he was sorry. He breathed more freely when he left the boudoir, for in point of fact he had been in something of a dilemma. It was a novel experience to have Sybil weeping, he had not known exactly what to say or how to act when he had gone up stairs after his interview with little Ken. However it was over now; he had "kissed and made up" as the children phrase it; and he was rather inclined to feel satisfied with himself and with the issue of that morning's events; — for had he not established his authority as his wife's lord and master? — had he not laid down a law and exacted a promise of obedience from both wife and son? and yet was not peace maintained in his household? Surely he had reason to congratulate himself. "If only" — he told himself — "if only he could banish these Stuarts altogether from his wife's presence; not Bertie the little Methodist parson alone — but the whole family, then he would be content."

His persistent hatred of the Stuarts was a source of constant wonder and sorrow to his wife. Often she had questioned him as to his reasons, but he had sneered and laughed disagreeably, telling her that people were not always accountable for their likes and dislikes. But you reader will not wonder at his hatred of Mollie and her little niece and nephew. One does not as a rule love those whom one has deliberately and grievously wronged.

When Arthur came home that afternoon, there was a strange expression on his face. A casual observer would have said that he looked grave and troubled, whereas a close observer would have discerned exultation and ill concealed satisfaction. It was as though he were endeavouring to hide his real feelings under an assumption of gravity and concern. Evidently something had occurred lately, and what-