

making this resolution he had never taken into account the contrary plans of Denas and Joan, neither of whom was disposed to make any haste about the marriage.

"Love do soon die if there be no house for him to live in," said Joan; "and I do feel to think that the furnishing of the house be the first thing. And that not to be done in a week or a month, either. Ham-sam work have no blessing or happiness with it. To be sure not. Why would it?"

Denas held the same opinions, so Tris went away and left the furnishing to Denas and Joan. And no one but a mother can tell with what delightful pride Joan entered into this duty. She had never bought carpets and stuffed furniture before. The china tea-service would not let her sleep for three nights, she was so divided between the gold and white and the pink and gold. All the little niceties of the dining-room and the sitting-room, the snowy curtains at every window, the white-handled knives and the plated silver—all these things held joys and surprises and never-ending interest to the happy mother.

Between these duties and her school, the long winter months passed happily away to Denas. The school, indeed, troubled her in a certain way. Who was to keep it together? John also had formed it into a Sunday-school and was greatly delighted with the work. But a really good work never falls through; there is always someone to carry it on, and one day Denas was visited among her pupils by the Wesleyan preacher from St. Penfer. He was astonished at her methods and her success, and he represented the claims of such a school with so much force to the next district meeting that they appointed a teacher to fill the place of Denas.

About the end of March she had a letter from Tris. The yacht was then at Gibraltar on its return passage, and Tris might be looked for within a few days. But the house was nearly ready and all her personal preparations were made. Such as pertained to the ceremony and their future life they would make together when Tris returned home. Never had father and mother and daughter been so happy and so closely one. Joan had grown young again. John sang from morning to night.

Tris came home just before Easter. The spring was in his heart, the spring was in his life and love. The winds, the young trees, the peeping crocus-buds, were part and parcel of Denas and of his hopes in her. What charming walks they took to their home! What suggestions and improvements and alterations they made! No two young thrushes, building their first nest, could have been more interested and more important.

There was a great deal of good-natured discussion about the proper date for this wonderful wedding. Tris thought that Easter Sunday would be the day of days in this respect. All the boats would be in harbour. All the women and children would have their new gowns and bonnets on. There would be a special service in the chapel—and then, finally:

"The house be ready, mother, and I be ready, and Denas be ready, and what are we waiting for?"