

the annoyance. The servants would assist him, and, if necessary, there should be a nurse.

Myrtle sought her room in no amiable mood; she tossed round her beloved books, and pounded the window-sill, while two pink spots burned on her creamy cheeks.

"I wish I were eighteen,—I wish I were! This horrid place! That horrid man! Oh, if I could *only* get away for ever! I feel like a prisoner. Only for Miss Douglass, I know I would go wild. I know that big bear hates me, and I hate him heartily." She beat her pretty foot sharply on the floor. I doubt if Myrtle were ever more aroused in all her fifteen years.

The morning passed slowly away, and more quickly fled her anger. She was half annoyed to find that she was fast forgiving Mr. Douglass. The bright sunshine streamed into her room, darting with many a shivering slant over the pretty chintz-covered lounge, lighting everything with a fairy hue, and beaming, too, on the girl's tossed heart, banishing her resentment, just as David's melody of old banished the evil spirits from their stronghold in the soul of the king.

"How small I am to be so furious at a trifle!" thought Myrtle, with a blush for her own weakness.

"I need not mind how the bear growls, providing he does not bite; so I'll be happy if I can." The dancing mirth came back to her eyes, and smiles curved, and chased the shadows from her mouth. Happy, sunny Myrtle! she little dreamed what a power there was to be some day in her own blithe presence. Possessed of a naturally buoyant temperament, although deep feelings were safely hid from curious eyes, she stepped over hillocks with airy footsteps, where others would have raised mountains, and climbed hard day after day, never catching a glimpse of the silver lining behind the cloud. As she sorted

her books, Myrtle soliloquized, girl-fashion, thus:

"No use grumbling, I've got to live here. My heart is topsy-turvy, so I suppose that's why I hate things I ought to like. Miss Douglass, or Aunt Theresa as she wishes me to call her—she's a kind of an aunt, anyway—I like her. I'll love her before long I am just sure. She is ever so agreeable; Mr. Douglass is ever so disagreeable. Tom—well, one cannot dislike everyone, and he is sick, poor boy; I feel sorry for his broken arm. I'll just skim along until I'm eighteen. I'll make Miss Douglass love me if it is possible; I won't quarrel with Mr. Douglass—just endure him. Then, Tom; well, I will be myself to Tom, and he can like me or not, just as he pleases; still I fancy there is lots of good in him. His eyes looked so thankful last night, when I held his poor hand. That Doctor Burke was so rough. I'll read a little now, and learn some more of 'Guinevere,' to keep up the old fashion papa and I had in France."

Myrtle found Miss Douglass up and dressed, when, later in the day, she went to the lady's chamber.

"Oh, Miss Douglass, how nice!" she cried in surprise.

"Yes, it's time for me to be active again. I am going down to the library this afternoon to see Tom. To-morrow, Dr. Burke thinks, I will be much stronger."

"Can I read to you, Miss Douglass?—or Aunt Theresa, I should say."

"It sounds better, Myrtle," said Miss Douglass, beaming at the young girl by the hearth. "Yes, but first will you take a message to Tom. Philip was called away to the office. Cheer him up a bit, Myrtle; and tell him I am going to make a pilgrimage downstairs in the afternoon. I told Rosalie to wheel the piano close to the folding-doors, so we will have some music if you wish. You will find the book we were speaking of yesterday in that little