

"Here, Tom," she answered ; and in a moment he was in the room, and had her in his arms.

"Hurrah ! here I am. Thomas Bertram Wayland, M.A. ! Doesn't it sound well?" he cried, in the boyish tones of old, though he stood six feet in his stockings now. "Sit down, old lady, and let me look at you. Here's the trophies of the war."

"I was beginning to think you would not be till to-morrow," said Margaret. "Papa went back to the city, sure you would not come. Lucy is practising at St. Jude's ; the boys are at cricket, and——"

"You are here, which is enough for me," said Tom. "Well, here you are. Three firsts, two seconds," &c. &c.

He tumbled the prizes into her lap one after the other, and then knelt down in front of her, looking up with eyes full of love into her sweet face.

"O Tom, so many ! I am so pleased. Commemoration Day would be a proud one for you. I wish I had been there !"

"I wish you had ! My Latin ode was lauded to the skies," said Tom, with a twinkle in his eyes. "Here, fling the books aside. They're all very well, you