

most pretty in her wedding-dress of white muslin and blue ribbons, (given her by her *Marraine Belleperche*),—while Timothy, in yellow nankeen and brass buttons, fussed about, close at hand, among the vines and flower beds, the Grindstone team turned a corner of the road, covered with foam, and Pringle, merrily cracking his whip, brought the family coach to the door, loaded with passengers.

First of all, tumbled out Master and Mistress Lot and, (wonderful to relate!) their baby, Timothy; next, Hope, looking quite the grown-up maiden in her first long gown; and then—and then—to the great surprise and delight of Tim and his wife, a dazzlingly beautiful girl and a tall, handsome boy, who were introduced by Lot, with a loud flourish of trumpets, as: "My daughter, Love Marianne, and my son, Wilson Joseph Leslie!"

There was so much noise and confusion at the outset,—so much to tell, and so much to hear, that it was a long while before Tim and Faith could make out the cause of the unexpected coming of Willy and Love.

Truth to say, the children looked out of place among their homely relatives, and amid such simple surroundings. And, while he was pondering this, Timothy learned, for the first time, of St. Ange's second will, and of the change it had