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there you were everything in the world to me. I couldn't forget you darling. I tried, for it seemed so hopeless. But when I came home discouraged, and tired, and alone, your sweet face would come back to me. I could almost feel your presence. And Brownie is it true that you love me and are going to stay?" And taking her face in his hands, he looked down into the deep brown eyes, and saw the love of nine long years shining out to him.

"Yes, Dick," Madge whispered, and putting her arms around his neck she said, "I have loved you too, and Oh! Dick, I'm so glad I have found you." She could say no more for Dick folded her again in his strong embrace and the kisses of his pent up love of nine long years, he pressed on her face and hair. "Oh there! Dick don't eat me," laughed Madge as she pulled away from him. Dick caught her hand in his and said huskily. "Come on Sweetheart. Come till I tell 'Golden Top,' she'll be so glad."

Claire had heard the angry voices, and had seen Sir Nigel ride away, and had also seen Dick and Madge walk down the lane, so was not surprised at the good news Dick had for her, although she was surprised that they had seen each other before. "And just think," laughed Madge. "Dick wasn't sure until tonight." "Well, were you?" exclaimed Dick. Madge nodded her head with a happy smile. "When did you know, darling," asked Dick, as Claire went to the kitchen. "When I first saw you at the station, you goose," laughed Madge. But just then Claire came back and putting her hand lovingly on Madge's head she asked, "When are you coming to stay, Madge?" "Just as soon as Dick and Mr. Oliver can arrange it," said Madge. "Poor old Ned," said Claire, softly, as she walked to the front door. "Why! here he comes now."

It was not long until Ned came bounding up the verandah steps. "Why! What has happened?" he exclaimed, as he saw the happy faces. "I thought you were all angry over here, what did you do to Sir Nigel?"

"Oh! We just sent him off about some other business," said Dick, and Ned, seeing the pained expression on Madge's face, went to her quickly and said, "Miss Browne, I'm sorry that fellow was allowed to trouble you but here is the letter he sent me, and not knowing but what he was a particular friend, I felt I must do as he asked. "But he has gone and I'm sure he won't come back. I wish I had been home before he left for here. But I was there when he got back," and he smiled at Dick as he thought of the farewell he had given to "Sir Nigel Abbott."

"Well! He has gone," said Dick, and going over he took both of Madge's hands and said, "Come Brownie, we'll ask Ned for his blessing now." Madge blushed and smiled her sweet smile at Ned as he (grasping the significance of the thing) raised his hands above their heads and said seriously:

"God bless you, my children," And then grasping Dick's hand he laughingly exclaimed, "Dick, you old rascal, you promised to take her off my hands, but not until I was ready." "Well," laughed Dick, "Aren't you ready?" And as Ned caught the happy light in Dick's gray eyes, he said with a laugh, "Providing that you will be married at 'The Grange' and will let Daddy give you away, Madge, and me as best man." "And I am going to be Matron of honor," said Claire, courteously to Madge.

"Thank you all," said Madge, putting both her hands in Claire's. "I couldn't wish for a happier wedding."

And so it was a happy wedding that took place at "The Grange," on the 28th of Oct. And then Dick and "his Brownie," left on the noon train for a six weeks' trip to the Coast. And later when they were seated in a big brown stone church in a Western city Dick turned over the hymn book Madge had given him, and there saw pasted in the back leaf a sketch of Madge as she had been nine years ago, and written underneath was "Met. Church, Toronto, drawn by Mr. Unknown Friend."

"How did you get it?" whispered Dick.

"Auntie went across to speak to a friend and I picked it up to see what you had been drawing," replied Madge. And Dick's eyes told her what he could not say, but he joined in heartily as the congregation arose and commenced to sing the Doxology.

"Are you sure you are not nervous about staying without Dick?" Ned asked Claire as he drove up to the house on their return from the depot. "Not in the least," laughed Claire, "Mr. and Mrs. Smith will be here this evening, and if not they will come tomorrow, and I can trust James in everything."

Ned stayed for tea and as the twilight was falling, Claire was putting Billie to bed. Ned was swinging in the

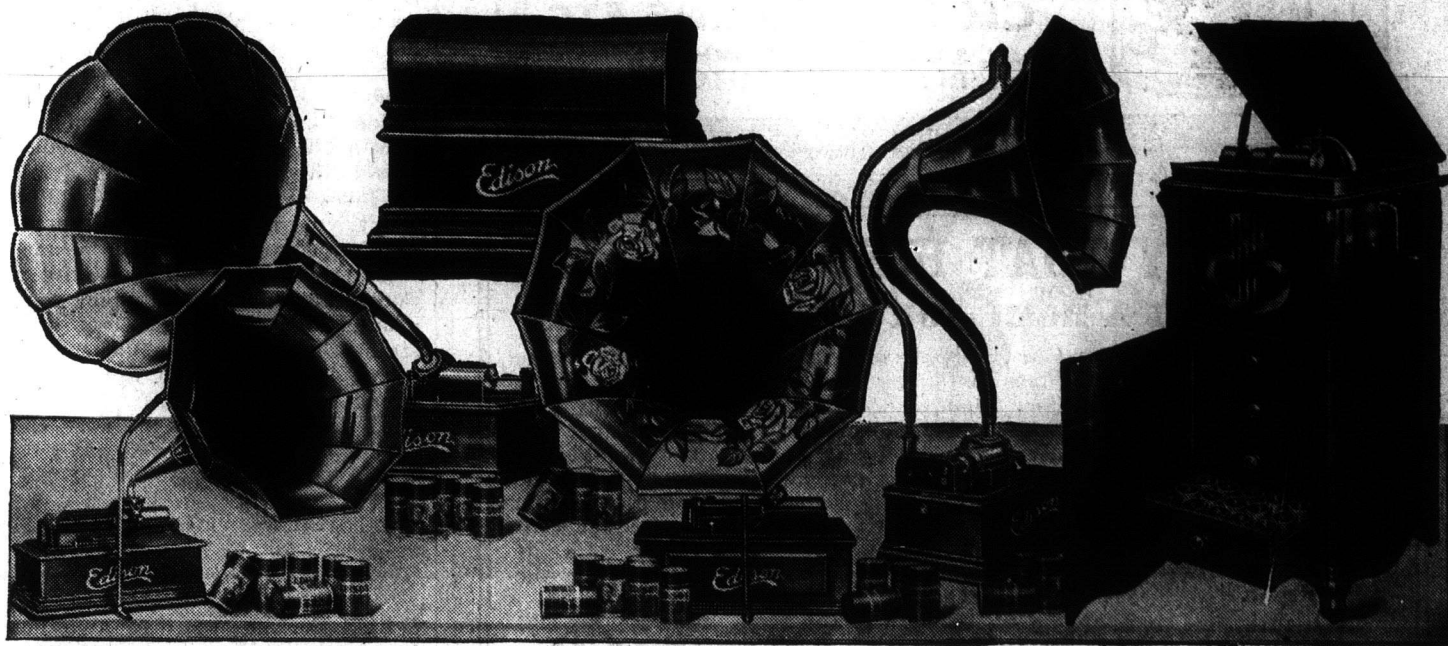
hammock as the evening was extra fine. He was singing softly "In days of old, when Knights were bold." As he came to the end of his song he stopped, and softly through the screened window, came Claire's voice saying her baby's prayer and little Billie's voice repeating after her, and then Billie's voice raised as he said, "Oh, Mum-my, can't I pray for a daddy, too." "If you wish, darling," said Claire. And Ned heard the little voice of Billie say, "Oh! Dad, don't forget to send Billie a daddy soon. Dood night."

About twenty minutes later Claire came out through the screen door. She had slipped on her scarlet sweater, and the braids of her golden hair seemed to

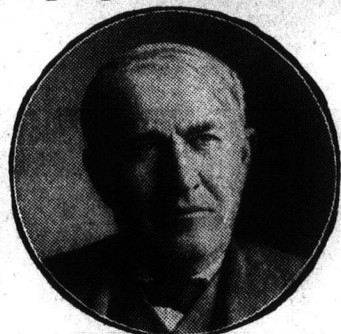
form a halo around her head as Ned looked up.

"Aren't the mountains glorious in this light?" he asked, as Claire came to the arm chair beside the hammock. "Yes," said Claire, "I wonder how Madge will enjoy her trip through the mountains she has learned to love so well. I can't begin to express how happy I am to see Dick so happy," said Claire softly.

"Don't you know there is someone else dying to be just as happy?" said Ned. "Goldie aren't you going to let me be the answer to Billie's prayer?" "Do you forget that Billie did have a dear, dear father, but that he can't remember?" asked Claire, brokenly.



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