

'You are sure that Sydney would like me to be happy?' she asked presently.

'Quite sure, darling. We cannot but believe that he is happy too; for him the strife is over and the battle of life bravely fought, and now he is at rest.'

'Oh yes; I love to think that,' and Heather clasped her little hands on Carus's arm; 'and one day we shall see him again.'

'God grant it, darling,' returned Carus reverently. 'Some day when we have finished our pilgrimage, little one, we may hope to greet those whom we have loved and lost awhile, and it may be that in some green valley of that still world we may come upon Sydney, waiting to welcome his old friends.'

'Oh, Carus, you always do say such comforting things!' returned Heather gratefully. 'When I am with you all the unhappiness seems to roll away, and I feel quite strong and peaceful'; and then, in the moonlight, she put her sweet lips to his. 'Oh, my darling, my darling, how I love you!' she whispered.

Heather was more like herself the next day, and in the afternoon she begged Carus to come out with her.

'I want to walk over to Chesterton,' she said, 'and see if they are taking proper care of the Black Prince—and there are the poor dogs—Sydney asked me to look after them. I should like to bring Rory back with me; he must be my dog now.' Rory was a dachshound belonging to Mrs. Masters, who had attached himself to Sydney, and as Carus willingly consented to the expedition, they started as soon as possible.

Chesterton was a pleasant, old red brick house about half a mile from the village of Silverton; it was by no means grand or imposing, but the rooms were spacious and comfortable, and furnished with a good deal of taste;