

side), fronting fields whence the forest had been pushed back considerably. Orchards of young trees bloomed about them; the sawmill was noisily eating its way through planks on the edge of the stream; groups of "sugar-bush" maples stood about; over all the declining sun, hastening to immerse itself in the measureless woods westward. "Pleasant places," said Mr. Wynn to himself, quoting old words; "my lot has fallen in pleasant places."

Sitting in the summer parlour of the butternut's shade, he read his newspaper—a weekly Greenock print, the advertisement side half-filled with quack medicines, after the manner of such journals in Canada. Presently an entry in the "Deaths" arrested his attention.

"Died, at his house in Montreal, on the 11th inst., Captain Reginald Armytage, late of H.M.'s 115th foot. Friends at a distance will please accept this intimation."

Robert sprang to his feet. "Let me see it, father."

Now was the twentieth day of the month. "I wonder she has not written to some of us—to Linda even," said he, returning the paper. Then going over beside his mother, he whispered, "I shall go to her, mother."

"Poor Edith! But what could you do, my son?"

"Mother"—after a pause—"shall I not bring you another daughter to fill Linda's empty place?"

Mrs. Wynn had long before this been trusted with the story of Robert's affection. Her gentleness won every secret of her son's heart.

What could she say now but bless him through her tears?

And so he went next day. He found the mean house in the obscure street where Edith had for years toiled, and not unhappily. Duty never brings unmixed pain in its performance.

The schoolroom was full of the subdued hum of children's voices; the mistress stood at her desk, deep mourning on her figure and in her face. It was only the twelfth day since her bereavement; but