

somewhat peculiar voice a fragment of some remembered French song.— She looked very well in her white dress (Mr. Hesketh especially liked her to wear white), and her wide-brimmed straw-hat hanging on her arm, where she more frequently wore it than on her head, and a blue scarf floating about her neck. She danced about with a joyousness that was quite infectious. It was pleasant to watch the elastic spring of the slender feet from the ground, the unconscious grace of the whole figure, the careless but harmonious turn of the head, with its red-gold crown of waved hair.

"She will be beautiful, almost as beautiful as her mother," Mr. Hesketh thought to himself, as he looked at her.

Presently she came, with a more sedate step and bearing, and seated herself on the grass at his feet, with her flowers in her lap. He laid his hand fondly on her head, and she turned around with a quick caressing gesture especially her own, and kissed the shrivelled, kind hand.

"You are quite happy here, Caroline, are you not?" he said, after a little while.

She was busy arranging her flowers, but she lifted her head and paused, with the bright damask and delicate pale roses arrested in her fingers.

"Are you not?" he repeated, as she was yet silent.

"O, I was stopping to remember—if I could. I was trying to think—to measure how happy I am!"

"Is it truly so, my dear child?" said the old man, moved beyond his wont. "Are you satisfied? do you wish for nothing?"

"Yes—yes! Indeed, I wish for many things," she began quickly, but added with more deliberation, "I don't think I could be happy with nothing to wish for. It is so pleasant, wishing, and hoping, and expecting —"

"If you are never disappointed, never thwarted," Mr. Hesketh put in, half sadly, half cynically, but in all tenderness to his companion. "I suppose that is essential to the pleasure; is it not, my little Lina?"

"I am not sure. Ah, you are laughing, but it is true. If one did not half fear disappointment, expectation would not be so keen, so earnest, and would not fill up one's life so much—don't you see? It is very miserable to be disappointed, of course," she allowed gravely, "but I dare say it is right, and does people good."

"You think so, do you?" muttered the old gentleman, drily. But a glance at her fair, bright face dispelled the momentary shadow that had fallen on his own, and he only smiled and stroked the rich braids of her hair, while she again gave her attention to her flowers.

"Do you like 'expecting' people, as well as events," was his next question, cautiously compiled, but put with an air of entire carelessness.