

Christine. "Listen and I'll read it before he comes. Ahem! This is the first stanza—I always want to say 'verse,' but Tommy says that stanza is proper.

"Hazel-eyes and honey-hair—('That's me!')—
Do you dream you are so fair;
Do you guess your budding sweetness—
Ambushed yet in incompleteness
Folded round with soft surprise—
Honey-hair and hazel-eyes?'

What do you think of that?"

"It is in Tommy's best Burnsonian manner," laughed Celia.

"I rather like 'honey-hair,'" mused Christine; "I wonder what made him think of that?"

Celia looked at the girl's shining head with quick pride, but she said carelessly, "Now that I think of it your hair is honey-coloured. The shade is rather uncommon."

"Is it? But what does Tommy mean by calling me 'incomplete'? Do you notice anything missing, Celia? Am I 'shy' of anything? Why," with a little gurgle of laughter, "it is just another way of saying that I am not all there! I've a good mind not to give the wretch his extra muffin."

A heartrending groan followed this terrible sentence, for the culprit had come tiptoe up the stairs and had met the common fate of all listeners.

"Serves you right!" declared Christine, but her glance softened at the sight of a suggestive parcel under Tommy's arm. "Is it a book, Tommy?" she asked eagerly.

"Yes," said Mr. Burns sadly. "It is a book, and