

having her here. And by the time you are ready for the altar, Graeme, Janet will come, you may be sure of that."

June had come, warm and beautiful. Harry and his bride had returned, and the important but exhausting ceremony of receiving bridal visits was nearly over. Graeme, at least, had found them rather exhausting, when she had taken her turn of sitting with the bride; and so, on one occasion, leaving Rose and some other gay young people to pass the evening at Harry's house, she set out on her way home, with the feeling of relief that all was over in which she was expected to assist, uppermost in her mind. It would all have to be gone over again in Rosie's case, she knew, but she put that out of her mind for the present, and turned her thoughts to the pleasant things that were sure to happen before that time—Norman's coming, and Will's. They might come any day now. She had indulged in a little impatient murmuring that Will's last letter had not named the day and the steamer by which he was to sail, but it could not be long now at the longest, and her heart gave a sudden throb as she thought that possibly he might not write as to the day, but might mean to take them by surprise. She quickened her footsteps unconsciously as the thought came into her mind; he might have arrived already. But in a minute she laughed at her foolishness and impatience, and then she sighed.

"There will be no more letters after Will. comes home, at least there will be none for me," she said to herself, but added, impatiently, "What would I have? Surely that will be a small matter when I have him safe and well at home again."

But she was a little startled at the pain which the thought had given her; and then she denied to herself that the pain had been there. She laughed at the idea, and was a little scornful over it, and then she took herself to task for the scorn as she had done for the pain. And then, frightened at herself and her discomfort, she turned her thoughts, with an effort, to a pleasanter theme—the coming of Norman and Hilda and their boys.

"I hope they will be in time. It would be quite too bad