

day it was cold and it rained and the Hill was black, black, like The Firs. To-day all the trees are fuzzy with green and it's warm. Yesterday was so lonely and to-day you are here."

Alan looked down at the child with glowing eyes.

"And do you know, this summer Gerry Lansing and Mrs. Gerry are coming. I've never seen her since that day they were married. Do you think it's all right for me to call her Mrs. Gerry like everybody does?"

Alan considered the point gravely. "Yes, I think that's the best thing you could call her."

"Perhaps when I'm really grown up I can call her Alix. I think Alix is such a *pretty* name, don't you?"

Clem flashed a look at Alan and he nodded; then, with an impulsive movement she drew close to him in the half-wheedling way of woman about to ask a favor. "Alan, they let me ride old Dubbs when he is n't plowing. The old donkey—she's so fat now she can hardly carry the babies. Some day when you're not in a *great* hurry will you let me ride with you?"

Alan turned away briskly and started down the ladder. "Some day, perhaps, Clem," he muttered. "Not this summer. Come on." When they had left the church he drew out his watch and started. "Run along and play, Clem." He left her and hurried to the barn.

Joe was waiting. "Have we time for the long road, Joe?" asked Alan, as he climbed into the cart.

"Oh, yes, sir, especially if you drive, Mr. Alan."

"I don't want to drive. Let him go and jump in."