

CHAPTER III.

ISABEL was not happy in her new home, it was no easy task to teach such unruly girls as Alice and Rose, whose chief object was to get as much fun as possible at the expense of their governess, but she trusted in time to be able to bring them to better order by the exercise of firmness and kindness combined. With Amy, however it was quite different, she seemed never so happy as when with Isabel.

It was Sunday afternoon, the children did not seem to know how to employ themselves, but sat sullenly each with a book, tho' it was very evident that they were not reading. Indeed, Isabel had seen by their manners all day, that they had not been accustomed to have Sunday made pleasant.

"Come here Amy dear," said Isabel, "would you like me to read to you."

"Yes please, for it makes my head ache to read all the afternoon."

So Isabel read a portion of scripture and several nice little hymns. Very soon as she had expected, Alice and Rose, drew near. Then she read them part of the 'chief's daughter,' and after that she played several sacred pieces and sang a hymn to the tune tranquility. The children all gathered round her asking her to teach them to sing it. She promised to do so if they would learn the words, which they immediately commenced to do.

After tea they had a most unexpected and very welcome visitor. "Oh! Everard, when did you come home," they all exclaimed.

"While you were at church," he returned.

"What a shame you didn't come to see us before," said Alice reproachfully.

"O then, I suppose it was you who shut the door when we were singing this afternoon," interposed Rose, "why didn't you come in."