

you are never about when you're wanted."

Here the sobs were renewed.

"Never mind troubling about to-morrow. I want to tell you something you will like to hear. First, like yourself, I am a servant."

Kitty opened wide her gray eyes, and looked at the young lady's rich dress and small white hands.

"Not Mrs. Allan's, I'll bet."

"No."

"Whose?"

"A very kind Master's. One who loves me very dearly, and does all he can to make me happy."

"Oh! I guess you haven't been *very long* with him. Wait till you have and he'll change, like her," pointing her finger contemptuously down stairs.

"No, I have not served Him very long, but every day He grows kinder, or at least, I love Him better, and think more of His kindness, for He is always the same."

"That's what she ain't. One time she's sweet and calls, 'Lucy dear,' and 'Kitty dear,' and 'you dear boys;' then somethin' will make her mad, and she'll clout and fling us all about."

"Hush, Kitty, it is very wrong in you to talk that way."

"It's true as I live; Lucy can tell you. She ailers runs off to her room with baby, and sings,—

"I want to be an angel."

How would you like a mistress like her?"

Mabel scarcely knew what to say. She wished to gain the child's confidence, and yet did not want to encourage her in this way of talking.

"Kitty, are you happy?"

"Happy as a bird, when no one bosses me."

"You mean when you have your own way."

Kitty nodded.

"But we, who are servants, cannot always have our own way. We must obey those who are wiser and know better what is for our good than we do."

Kitty looked at her with a dubious look.

"What's your Master's name?"

"Jesus Christ."

"I thought you was a-foolin' me. So you're one of the pious sort. I hate pious folk, 'cause you see I belong to the other kind myself."

This was said with so much sincerity that Mabel struggled between a reproof and a laugh.

"You must not hate me."

"Mr. Edgar will. He can't abide cant no more nor me."

CHAPTER IV.

"Miss Rivers, I am sure you have been quite bothered with that child. She is a constant trial to me. Were it not for Lawson I would not keep her a moment in my house."

"She feels her punishment very keenly."

"It is the only thing she can feel. She is utterly heartless, and without any more feeling for her poor old father than if he were a log of wood. Why, when my baby is sleeping, and everyone going on tiptoe lest they waken her, she will walk straight up to her and give a shout in her ear."

"She must be very senseless."

"Senseless! yes; and yet, when she likes, she can be very useful. But there is Fred, the best boy I have, with the buggy, and we must not keep him waiting. You will surely put on something warmer than that light sacque; and that dainty little hat is scarcely protection enough from our October winds. See how warmly I wrap. This great shawl serves me nine months of the year."

"How long your winters must be."

"They are scarcely as long as that; but I have so accustomed myself to it that I reluctantly lay it aside during the intense heat of summer. Indeed, Mr. Allan says that I and my shawl are inseparable."

Miss Rivers enjoyed her first Canadian drive exceedingly. The country was very lovely. It lay like a picture at her feet. But I am not going to describe it. Let any of my readers who wish take a drive out of town in the early October days, with a clear blue sky and floating white clouds overhead, and they will, no doubt, see roads as inviting, and cranberry bushes as crimson loaded, and a river as peaceful,