

them to his breast, "so much. It seems a year since I left. I must tell you of New York, and how the poor curé was disturbed."

"Get up and dress," said the sergeant, "and come outside and talk to us. There's some breakfast for you there. I looked out for that," and putting his arm around his wife's waist he drew her from the room.

"I've just fifteen minutes before I go to the park," he cried, "I hope the little fellow will hurry."

"He will," said Mrs. Hardy. "Oh, thank God that we have him back again!"

"There's a lot of comfort in children," said the sergeant, "if you take them the right way; and I often wonder what the state of mind of real parents is like when a body can get so fond of children that don't belong to him. Bess, we'll try to bring that bairn up in the right way, and when we're gone we won't feel that we've left no one behind us in the world."