

Marion how happy I should be to help her through these hours, or any books I can send her. Dear me, how she would pull me up for faulty grammar! But when the heart speaks, it does not so much matter what the lips say. A beautiful thought, is it not? My Vic had the germ of it in his sermon last Sunday: I but elaborated it a little. So pleasant to have seen you. And now I must run on. It is my Martha-hour, when I must be busy with much serving. It has been a treat, a refreshment! Such courage! I would gladly look in this evening, if dear Miss Marion would wish me to."

Teddy decided that he would tell Miss Marion as much as he could remember of this. She would probably keep on exclaiming 'Vickary!' in a tone of contemplative indignation. . . .

He found his three pictures already glazed and garnished, and took them away himself, for the giving of little presents was a performance he enjoyed so enormously that he could not bear to postpone it till the paste on the back had had time to dry. With them and the framed tortoise under his arm, he strolled homewards, when a sharp tapping on the front window of the Miss Macdonalds' house as he crossed the green again, and the sight of Daisy's face showing who made that signalling, caused him to direct his steps to the door. She had it open before he arrived there.

"How rude of me!" she said. "But I did