

ing in the kitchen window of the little house, and shining out upon a heavy blind of foliage. "Why, Frank, you said that it was a log house with a wilderness around."

"So it is a log house; and when daylight comes you will find that it is in a wilderness of weeds and bushes."

"Yes, but not at all what I expected; see the cottage is all covered with vines, up to the very chimney; and so prettily situated on the banks of the river. I am sure that we shall be delightfully happy here."

"I think we will,—at least, I hope we will," replied Frank, his face beaming with pleasure at his sister's admiration of the new home. "I did not tell you of the beauty of the situation, so that when you saw it, it would make up for the discomfort of the house. But here comes Mr. McDuffy for the horses and waggon. His wife was a servant of mamma's, and his daughter Mary is to be one of your music pupils, Alice. They got a melodeon for her when they heard you were coming. She is in the house preparing supper for us."

The girl came forward to the kitchen door to meet them. While Alice was speaking to her, Helen caught a glimpse of a pair of very large hands, and she mentally wondered if such fingers could ever bring music out of an instrument.

Alice and Helen's countenances fell as they passed from the little kitchen into the room which was to serve as drawing-room, sitting-room and library, and saw the bare wooden walls blackened with smoke, and great beams across the ceiling. Frank noticed their expression, and his voice betrayed disappointment, as he said,

"It is the best I could do. But the place won't look so miserable when we get these boxes unpacked, and cleared away, and

the furniture nicely arranged. Any way, we can live out of doors until the cold weather sets in."

"Four pairs of willing hands will soon make this home so bright and cheertul that we won't want to run away from it," said Alice, making an effort to chase away the longing desire for the old home that was gathering about her heart. "Besides this is our birthplace, and we should not despise the house that our parents lived in for eight years."

"No," said Helen, "we should not, and we will not despise it. Do you remember, Uncle told us that when it was built twenty years ago that it was the finest house in the settlement, and the Governor-General dined in it."

"Why, Frank, old fellow, I have been out exploring and this a grand place," said Charlie bursting in the unwieldy front door, which opened into the sitting-room, "Capital river for boating and fishing, and there is a boat all ready for us, chained to a tree at the foot of the garden. We'll be as happy as the day is long, here."

"Never mind exploring any more to-night," said Alice, once more taking the direction of affairs. "It is eleven o'clock now. Come in and do justice to Mary McDuffy's nice tea. Here are bread, butter, and stewed plums, which she has prepared for us."

When the supper was over Alice brought a Bible, and book of family devotions, and laid them before Frank. The boy hesitated and looked pleadingly at his sister, as though he would rather she would take his place. Alice answered his look with a quiet shake of her head, and

"Frank, you are the master of the house now, and the head of the family. Begin well by honoring God."

*(To be continued).*