

pretty enough to call them, unless it was "Meta," after my own violet-eyed mother. I had no playfellow except Marco, a great, shaggy, brown dog with eyes that reminded me of the deep well in the orchard; perhaps it was because he always looked so beseechingly at me when I went near it to play.

I can remember attending the church where my father used to preach, but once; then, though I watched eagerly, I could only now and then catch a glimpse of his curls above the top of the high pulpit. The singing sounded so strangely to me; the choir still clung to those old-fashioned tunes, in which the different parts chase each other with the utmost strength of voice and speed. I was accustomed at home to hear my mother's sweet, yet rich voice in our pleasant twilight hours, which father always devoted to us, singing those beautiful airs that seemed a part of her being; but this church music was so different; I clung to mother's dress in silent misery until, in what was I suppose the most