

I never told any one about the pony I expected to get when granny's ships came in, but I often pictured to my mind how surprised papa, mamma and Walter would be when the pony arrived. In our walks I never came to any place where there was a good view of the sea without looking if Granny McLean's ship was coming in with every sail set, and a bay pony on deck for me.

This was the first of my "great expectations." Long afterwards, when I read some simple lines ending

"How many watchers in life there be
For the ships that never come over the sea,

they brought to my mind my watching across the sea, my frequent calls at granny's cottage to ask, "Has the ship come in yet, granny?" and the hopeful expectancy that never grew discouraged with the answer "Not yet, dearie, not yet."

CHAPTER. II.

Truly our joys were limited and few,
But they sufficed our lives to satisfy,
That neither fret nor dim foreboding knew,
But breathed the air in a great harmony."

JEAN INGELOW.

Since I have been grown up I have heard and read a great deal about the gloom and austerity of Puritan sabbaths; speaking from my own childish memories, I must say our sabbaths were the nicest times we had.

Mamma was all our own on that day. Child-like, we loved stories, but there were no stories to us like Bible stories told by the tender mother voice. Mamma had the faculty of word painting in a great degree. We realized the scenes she described in simple words as if we were looking at them. We spent part of every sabbath, in imagination, upon the hills, under the palm trees, by the wells of the Holy Land. We sat by Abraham under the oak of Mamre, in the tent door, when he entertained

angels; stood by him, looking down over the plain of Jordan, "fertile and well watered even as the garden of the Lord," towards wealthy, wicked Sodom, and listened breathlessly while he took it upon him to plead with God for the guilty cities. We wept for the woes of the goodly youth who was separated from his brethren. We watched with Miriam by the river's brink, over the floating cradle which held the beautiful babe, who had arrived at that age when healthy babies "caper and crow" too much to be easily hidden. We lingered under the shade of the mighty cedars of that goodly mountain Lebanon,

"Where like a glory the broad sun
Hangs over sainted Lebanon."

Away in the waste howling wilderness we wandered with Jehovah's freedmen until they learned discipline and obedience. We followed them into the Promised Land, and were glad when righteousness exalted their nation, and sorry when they, for their sins, were left to the power of their enemies.

Walter, boy-like, preferred stories out of Judges and Kings of the wars of the Lord, stories of success and triumph or strange adventure. He liked to hear of the grand army marching round Jericho. I sympathised with the trembling anxiety of those in that beleaguered city, whose only hope for life and liberty depended on the good faith of the spies who caused the scarlet line to be bound in the window. We knew of the great battles from the battle by the waters of Merom to the battle of Ramoth in Gilead. We never wearied of hearing about the handsome and valiant young lad, who, before he had disobeyed and been rejected, went to look for the asses and came home an anointed king. Jonathan, and not King Arthur, was our ideal of a stainless knight. No feat of arms seemed so great to us as the defeat of the whole Philistine