

them, for there came floating down to them the sweet glad strains of the Christmas hymn they were singing upstairs.

"Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good-will to men."

Ay, it was a happy, happy Christmas day !

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One more peep, only one, we must have into the Girnel kitchen on a sunshiny summer afternoon. Oh, what a sight it was, what a bright, cheerful, cosy place, what a home ! No cobwebs now, no dim tins and discoloured brasses, no grimy floor, and ash-choked bars, no, no ! Though you looked till your eyes grew tired, you could not discover a speck of dust or a single spot to blemish the perfect cleanliness of the Girnel kitchen. And then, though it was the summer time, what a clear, bright, inviting fire crackled in the shining grate, and how the kettle sang, as if vieing with the clear notes of the canary, Tibbie's last fairing from Uncle Tom, when he had been at Dunleith market. Then, what a delicious odour of new-made tea, and buttered toast, and home-made scones and cakes, with which the big table was groaning ! About the table flitted the dear mistress of the Girnel, a sweet-faced gentle-eyed woman to whom the bloom of early beauty has returned again. Ay, Mary Derrick was a happy woman now, and there was only at times a glimmer