

He sought a diversion from his solitude in frequent visits to the village parsonage, where Katharine reigned in her small home-kingdom with blooming matron dignity. Nor were these visits unprofitable to the larder, if we might judge from the stout hampers which went full and returned empty. But a still greater joy was the visit of Katharine to the old home-stead at Christmas-time; and at midsummer, when Neville was absent at Conference. The old man never enjoyed his pipe so much as when it was filled and lighted by the deft fingers of his fair matron daughter.

In after years these visits were made not unattended. Children's happy laughter filled the old house with glee, and strange riot ruled in the long-quiet parlour and great wide hall and echoing stairs. Another sturdy Neville, and little Kate, and baby Zenas began to play their parts in the momentous and often tragic drama of life. The old man seemed to renew his youth in sharing the gleeful gambols* of his grandchildren, and in telling to little Neville, on his knee, the story of the terrible years of the war, and of the heroism of his father and his uncle Zenas, and of brave Captain Villiers, whose memorial tablet they had seen in the village church at Niagara, with the strange quartering—on a field azure a cross raguled and a wyvern volant.