

a household word among us. I cherish these grand names as relics of those dear old days when my childhood's home was the Manse of Grey Abbey.

While playing in the garden during this visit of aunt Henderson, Walter suddenly dropped his little spade and said to me:

"Don't you think, 'Lisbeth, that God's a Presbyterian?"

I thought a little about it before I answered him, for Mr. Willey, of Kilwarlin, the Moravian minister, came to our place sometimes on Bible Society business, and father said of him: "He is an Israelite, indeed, in whom is no guile." So I said to Walter: "Many people who are not Presbyterians say 'Our Father.' I hope he is Our Father to all who call on him. He will be, too, if they call on him in spirit and in truth."

This was the home out of which I looked with eager questioning eyes on the little world into which I was born; and a quiet, thoughtful, semi-Scotch world it was.

It was not customary at the Manse to allow the children outside of the garden or orchard alone. I remember, on one occasion, papa and mamma being with us, playing on the sands by the shore, and wondering that I did not find shells like those on the mantelpiece in the best parlor, which I held to my ear to decide whether the tide was coming in or going out whenever I got an opportunity. It is like a dream to me that Walter ran away the first day he got into trousers, with the intention of going to sea like Robinson Crusoe, and that afterwards we were forbidden to go outside of our own boundaries when alone.

We sometimes went with papa or mamma to see Mr. Martin, the elder, who lived on a farm quite near us. We used to get curds and cream there, and were taken to see the guinea hens, and were chased once, and terribly frightened, by the large turkey.

I liked best of all to go to see Granny McLean, who lived in a little thatched cottage beyond our garden—a cottage white as snow, with lattice windows, having small lozenge-shaped panes set in stripes of lead. She had a wee bit of garden, sweet with southern-wood and thyme, and gay with sweet-williams, holly-hocks, wall-flowers and roses. The beginning of my great intimacy with Granny McLean was this: she had taken me into her garden to "pou a bonnie posy" for my mamma, she said, when a gay party of ladies and gentlemen on horseback swept past at a canter along the public road.

I looked after them with admiring eyes as long as the fluttering habits and streaming plumes of the ladies remained in sight.

"I wish I had a pony of my own," I said to granny,

"You would need a habit, too," said granny.

"Yes, I would like that also," I answered.

"I will give you a pony and habit when my ship comes in," said granny with a smile.

"Have you a ship coming in, granny?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, dear, I have a fine ship sailing to me from somewhere, I know."

"When will it come in?"

"Whenever the winds are fair."

"Will it be soon?"

"Keep a good look out, dear. When the winds are not contrary the ships will come in."

"Will my pony surely come with it?"

"Certainly," said granny.

"What will it be like?"

"Whatever you wish, my dear."

"Well, if it's all the same to you, granny, I would like a bay pony, with a light mane and tail—a long tail you know—and a dark blue habit, and a hat with a feather in it."

"Well, dear, as sure as my ship comes in, so sure the bay pony will be on deck for you."