

came over from Scotland to Kilinchy with the sainted Livingstone, marrying a thoroughly Irish person, of whose family or friends we knew nothing," said aunt, with virulence.

"Was she a Roman Catholic?" enquired mamma, with a little hesitation.

"She was an Episcopalian; and whatever others may think, we and our fathers saw little difference between Popery and Prelacy," aunt replied.

"I never knew anything about her," said mamma. "Walter is very reticent about the past, and I respected his reserve, and never cared to enquire. I do not even know where he met with her."

"She was governess at Lord Rudolf Fitzgerald's. The family had a cottage by the sea at that time, and spent some months every summer there. From some whim or other, for they were Episcopalians, they attended Walter's ministry. He was then a licentiate of the Kirk, and was preaching on trial at Grey Abbey here. The family seemed to take a great fancy to Walter, paid him a good deal of attention, invited him often to the cottage—and all that. Lord Rudolf himself has often driven over to fetch him. He consulted him on spiritual matters—in short,

made an intimate friend of him. Well, the end of it all was, he married the governess, with Lord Rudolf's full approval, but not with mine. No one can ever say I was reconciled to the match."

"She did not remain with him long?" said mamma.

"No, not quite four years; she died of consumption."

Just then mamma noticed that I was in the room. I had been sitting quietly in a corner with the Pilgrim's Progress in my lap. She looked at aunt, and then sent me up-stairs for her work-basket, and I heard no more of this mysterious dead mother at that time.

That evening, when my father was sitting with us, they fell to talking about the coming over from Scotland. I think papa had been away at some meeting commemorative of that great event. However that may be, he brought the *Ulster Times*, and read to us—and father's reading was like music—a long piece of poetry about the coming over, written by Mr. McComb, of Belfast. I remember the lines—they recall to me the sound of my father's voice, and, indeed, they were the last he read in my hearing:

"Two hundred years ago there came from Scotland's storied land,
To Carrick's old and fortress town, a Presbyterian band.
They planted on the castle wall the banner of the blue,
And worshipped God in simple form, as Presbyterians do.
Oh, hallowed be their memory who in our land did sow
The goodly seed of Gospel truth two hundred years ago!

"Two hundred years ago was heard, upon the tenth of June,
On Carrick's shore the voice of prayer and psalm with solemn tune:
'Do good in Thy good pleasure, Lord, unto Thy Zion here;
The walls of our Jerusalem establish Thou and rear.'
Thus prayer and praise were made to God, nor dread of earthly foe
Dismayed our fathers in their work two hundred years ago.

"Two hundred years ago our church a little one appeared,
Five ministers, and elders four, the feeble vessel steered.
But now five hundred pastors and five thousand elders stand
A host of faithful witnesses within our native land.
Their armor is the Spirit's sword, and onward as they go
They wave the flag their fathers waved two hundred years ago.

"Two hundred years ago the dew of God's refreshing power
On Oldtown and on Antrim fell like Israel's manna shower;
The waters of the six-mile stream flowed rapidly along,