

the neighbours, if it hadn't been for carrying the babies home. Not that they needed carrying, for they were strong, hearty lads; but they were fond of their father, and a ride on his shoulders was their great pleasure. And he was always good to them when he was himself; and I kept them out of the way as much as I could at other times.

"We got along somehow, on into the summer. Healy's wife was a kind woman enough, but she had been brought up different to me; and it worried me so to have Stephen hanging round there that I hadn't much to say to her any way. I suppose this vexed her, for she was lonesome, and didn't know what to do with herself; and I used to think she put her husband up to being more friendly with Stephen on that account: I mean, partly because she was lonesome, and partly because she saw his being there worried me. I suffered everything, that summer, in my mind. It was the old Weston days over again,—only worse. It was so lonesome. I had no one to look to,—nowhere to turn. It wouldn't have been so if Stephen had been all right. With him and my boys well, I would have asked for nothing more.

"Sunday was worst. I used to think I was a Christian then; but I didn't take all the comfort in my religion that I might have done; and Sunday was a long day. There was no meeting to go to. We had been too well brought up to think of working in the fields, as the Healys and others of the neighbours did; and the day was long—longer to Stephen than to me. I used to read and sing to him and the babies; and if we got through the day without his straying off to