

bright ribbon in her cap, looked out and called us.

"Are you going by the car, children?" said she.

"We are going by the coach, ma'am," I answered.

"By the coach, did you say?" asked the lady sharply.

"Yes, ma'am," said I.

"You are in the wrong place then," said the lady, tartly as possible.

"Are we, ma'am?" I asked, quite frightened.

"Of course you are," returned the lady.

We looked round at Uncle Tom, who was flying round, and had almost finished unloading the car. "Do you belong to him?" said she, following the direction of our eyes.

"Yes ma'am," I answered.

"She says we are in the wrong place," said Walter, running up to Uncle Tom.

"No, no," broke in Uncle Tom, "All right! Run in, children, out of the way. We go by the car, Miss Courtenay. Does it start soon?"

The lady looked mollified, and gave Uncle the desired information quite graciously. "The car," she said "will start almost immediately."

She came out and took us into a little waiting room. Mr. Martin, with whom she was acquainted, told her who we were, and she spoke very kindly to us, and brought us on a salver two glasses of raspberry wine and some seed cakes. We were glad to get this little treat, for, on account of being waked up so early, and the excitement of leaving home, we had scarcely tasted breakfast. Jane had, indeed, put up some cakes for us in a little basket, but Uncle had taken charge of it, and he was so busy we did not like to ask him about it.

By and by Uncle came in, and Walter asked him if this was the coach office.

"We are not going by the coach," he said, "but on Miss Courtenay's car. The coach is expensive, and might upset. The car is just the thing to see the

country from—nice and low—no distance to fall. It is running opposition and is cheap; besides, we will be home earlier if we go by it."

After waiting what seemed to our impatience a weary time, Miss Courtenay's car was ready to start. It had its full complement of passengers without counting us. The lady with the bright ribbons said we could sit in the well of the car on the trunks. One of the passengers said he would make room for the little lady beside him, or keep her on his knee (alas, I stood on the foot-board most of the time). Uncle, who sat on the other side, took charge of Walter.

The car started with a flourish, and rattled and jingled through the streets out to the Antrim road. I remember passing many beautiful villas half hid in shrubbery. Uncle pointed out the Cave-Hill, which I could not see plainly through the mist, and was too much absorbed with fears of falling off to care about seeing. We were soon out in the open country. The car stopped frequently at wayside inns to water the horse. Sometimes he did not want to drink, and would not, but the driver and two of the passengers always did. The driver was a wiry, thin-faced man, with a long turned up chin and a short turned up nose. He had a hard, disreputable look, as if any amount of reckless mischief would be only fun to him. His recklessness seemed to increase so much after every call at the wayside inns that I was afraid of him. That was a dismal journey. The mist began to fall in fine rain, and we soon were uncomfortably damp.

The gentleman who took charge of me, meant, I am sure, to be kind, for he made room for me on the seat beside him, and put his umbrella over me; but when he and Uncle began to talk politics across the car he forgot me, I am afraid. I was so squeezed that I slipped down and stood on the foot board, holding by his coat. I was soon