

shut, which I felt had reference to us. Walter and I wandered about disconsolately, I wondering to myself what ailed me, that I did not feel sorrow for my father's death more keenly. I felt as if I were walking about in my sleep. Jane, obeying Uncle Tom's rapid orders, packed up trunks and boxes with certain things which he selected. There was a sale of the household furniture, and the proceeds were handed over to Uncle Tom.

We were aware by this time that we were to go with Uncle Tom to his home far down in County Antrim, and Jane Geddes was to go also. On the last night which we spent in the Manse we were sitting in the kitchen, amid corded up boxes and trunks, feeling, I think, a little like shipwrecked people, and truly we were sitting amid the wreck of our home, when Uncle came in to notify us of his final arrangements.

It never dawned upon Uncle Tom's mind that any one under his orders presumed to think differently from him. He announced to Jane that he wanted her to remain behind long enough to thoroughly clean up the Manse after the disorder consequent upon the sale. There were some other things to attend to which she could do as well as not, and he could stay away from his business no longer. Walter and I were to go with him in the morning, Mr. Martin lending his car and swift horse to take us into Belfast to the coach office. With great precision, Uncle counted into Jane's hand the exact amount for her travelling expenses, and with the air of having arranged matters, he left the kitchen.

Jane was cross with Uncle, so cross that she felt like throwing a crepie stool at him, in imitation of her great namesake, if she could have believed it would have been as effectual.

"He is such a driver," said she, "always, 'hurry up! hurry up, Jane!'" and no amount of haste would squeeze one word of praise or thanks out of him.

To see him snorting and steaming round, and looking as if he would blow up any minute, it is no wonder that his men call him the Steam Packet! He's miserly, too, and I believe it will be hard lines for us all, dears, to live in the same house with him. I would not go an inch if it were not for you two children that I have nursed since you were babies."

Next morning we were up before day. Jane had breakfast ready when we were roused by Uncle. She was sent up to help and hurry us in our dressing, which she did, abusing Uncle all the time.

It was very early in the morning, day was beginning to dawn, grey, cold and comfortless, when Walter and I, bundled up in our new pelisses, made out of dear mamma's blue cloth cloak, were placed on Mr. Martin's low backed car by Uncle Tom's hasty hands. There was not a streak of color in the east to speak of coming sunrise as we drove up the slope that led to the church. Passing Granny McLean's cottage, I remember thinking regretfully that if her ship did come in at last I would be far away and never get the bay pony—and in truth I never did.

I turned to look my last at the Manse. The morning star hung over it large and bright. Jane stood under the sycamore at the little front gate waving her apron to us. I knew she was crying, so was I, but the car rattled on, and the Manse of Grey Abbey, my childhood's home, the place of my father's sepulchre, lay behind me for ever—I never saw it afterwards. When the sun rose he had a veil of mist rapped round him, and looked, I thought, as if he were ready to break into tears like ourselves.

It was still quite early when we got into Belfast. The car drove into an innyard. Uncle was so busy flying around, unloading our trunks, and shouting rapid orders to Mr. Martin, that we stood unnoticed on the pavement. Presently a window opened near us, and a thin lady, with a good deal of