

dinners, and say grace at my meals, and eat the plums and pears instead of selling them, and give pennies to the beggars, and go to church every Sunday when it doesn't rain, and never trouble about trifles again, God helping me, no not if the pigs get into the garden, and Dolly boils the eggs as hard as a stone."

Mr. Meldrum approved of this speech, and a year ago would have applauded it, but time had taught him the wisdom of silence, so he said nothing, but uncle James said "That's good," and patted Mary on the shoulder, "good, all but the beggars, Polly, don't give them pennies, give them a piece of bread and a tract."

"I will try and do my duty Aunt Emma in making every body happy," the lady went on; "uncle will you come and live with me?"

"I must learn to play the fiddle or the Jewsharp, if I do," said uncle James, "for I can't exist without music, and there's not a room in the house large enough to hold my organ—and what are we to live upon, Polly, if I give up the law—*love*?"

"I have thought of that, and I have a plan. The barn is never used, now the farm is sold, and is no good to anybody. We might wainscot it and fill it with sawdust between the boards—there's plenty of sawdust in the old mill beneath the hill—in a word, make it into a house, and build your organ in there, and you would always have a retreat when you wished to be solitary."

"Ah! and how much would that cost, think you?" asked Mr. Paxton.

"I do not know, that is to be proved."

"It would cost more than you think, Mary; it would take a slice out of your principle, and that would make your income much less, and you would be taking another in to keep, for I have laid by but little,—a solitary man, I had no one to save for. I think unless you had a larger capital you could not carry out that plan. I see difficulties."

"It is like all Mary's plans, poetical and impracticable," said Margaret, with a sneer.

"When did I ever form a plan before, Maggie?"

"Do you think we have forgotten that log house on the hill, that castle in the air, that you and Mr. Oliver were to live in?"

Mr. Meldrum was the only person present who did not understand this allusion, and not one of those who did approved of it. Aunt