

and old in every Scotch household had a merry time of it. The wisecracks may sneer at such things, but do we not all want to pry into the future? and the Vicar of Wakefield says he "never was much displeased with those harmless delusions that tend to make us more happy"—good, sensible man.

*The Christening Night.*

There was a little frame church up the river two or three miles, but for some reason or other the minister who christened the most of us had to be brought from Middle River for this purpose. When the appointed night came, a dozen or more of boys and girls, mostly boys, from several families, were gathered into one house with our Sunday clothes on. We stood in a row in the middle of a large room, like a class in school, the minister in front of us, and the fathers and mothers sitting around the sides of the room. We were first examined on the Shorter Catechism, being all of Presbyterian faith. Of course we did not understand what any of the questions really meant, and we had simply to repeat the answers we had previously learnt by rote. In our family we had been reared from infancy under the strictest Calvinistic discipline, and though it may have been too narrow and severe in some respects, yet it was far better than the loose home training of the present day. That is one thing I am always thankful to heaven for, birch gad and all the rest of it. But parents should give names to children that they (the children) would like when they grow up. I never liked my own name.