

proved very unwelcome. The difference of atmosphere between Jamaica—where the lower classes were all attention and servility—and England—where even servants had wills of their own and dared to use them—was not to be comprehended at once.

But the years, busy with books and acquiring accomplishments, slipped by, and England, despite her exclusiveness, became very dear. In the meantime, matters in Jamaica were going from bad to worse. The plantations fell into ruin, and all who could get away from the ill fated island with any remnants of their fortunes hastened to do so. Miss Bernard's three brothers were among the number, and the eldest decided upon trying his luck in Canada. The outlook was so promising that his mother and sister joined him in 1854.

They had no reason to regret the step. From the very first the venture approved itself. In a few years Mr. Bernard became private secretary to the Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald, then Attorney-General for Western Canada. This official connection may be considered the beginning of his sister's interest in the political history of Canada, and in the personality of her foremost politician, although she did not make the acquaintance of her future husband at the time.

Change of residence to Toronto and Quebec, extended visits to the United States and England, were the principal events of the succeeding years, with the exception of certain overtures not of a political character, although emanating from a Premier, which found their appropriate conclusion in an interesting ceremony performed in that far-famed temple of Hymen, St. George's Church, Hanover Square, London, in the month of February, 1867. Sir John A. Macdonald was then engaged in carrying to completion his magnificent scheme for the union of all the Canadian provinces into one confederation, and it was a happy coincidence that the fates kindly permitted him at the same time to perfect another union of more immediate

personal interest. A few months later Lady Macdonald accompanied her husband to Canada, and took up her residence in Ottawa.

In figure and complexion Lady Macdonald is a striking illustration of the change that comes alike to all of European lineage after long residence beneath the hot, southern sun, for she is tall and tawny, with warm tints of color glowing in her cheeks. Her abundant hair a few years ago became white as snow, and now makes a wonderfully becoming aureole about her high, broad forehead. Energy and determination is unmistakably stamped upon a countenance whose habitual expression is somewhat grave. Yet when moved to laughter, the whole face lights up until every trace of care and anxious thought vanishes from it.

In the art of conversation Lady Macdonald has nothing to learn. She is an omnivorous reader, and not only reads, but digests and assimilates her reading, while a retentive memory keeps at command all that she acquires. She forms her own opinions about the subjects of the day, and never hesitates to express them in clear, concise terms. Her remarkable resources in conversation is notably in evidence at her Saturday afternoon receptions during the season of Parliament. Her drawing room is then filled with an ever-changing flow of visitors from three o'clock until dinner time. Yet no one of them fails to receive a warm clasp of the hand, a bright, appropriate greeting, and the impression that the hostess is quite as glad to see them as if they were the only callers. With a dozen in the room at once, the most of them utter strangers to each other, Lady Macdonald will contrive to keep the ball of talk rolling so merrily that all feel they have a share in the conversation.

The wife of the Premier is a frequent attendant at the sittings of Parliament, the best seat in the Speaker's gallery being always reserved for her, and no important debate takes place that she does not follow it to the final vote,