

the village physician said there was no help for her, if she did not receive change of air; and although my father could ill-afford the expense, it was determined she should go to the sea-side, and my brother Robert was to accompany her. I should have mentioned that Robert was now grown into a large boy, who had formed rather crazy notions regarding his future career, and I was very fearful, gave an undue prominence to self, which was also a fruitful source of annoyance to our mother. My other brother, John, was still at school, and from his very quiet and retiring disposition, he won the friendship of all his schoolmates, and I had cause to think that our parents loved him more than the rest of us, as my father was never tired extolling his many good qualities, and my mother ever styled him "her John." My mother's health did not improve by change of air, but grew poorer, and when she returned to us in the early Autumn, she was wasted away almost to a skeleton. It was clear now, from the dazzling whiteness of her face, and the deceitful flush on her cheek, that Consumption was doing his work, and although I strove to bear up against the belief, I knew she could not be long with us. With what tender emotions do I recall her advice to us all, which, coming as it did from one so dear to us and one whose thread of life was nearly spent, seemed like heavenly counsel. She lingered with us for a month or so, and went with the falling leaves. My father placed a pure white marble cross over her grave, which was soon beautiful with the choicest flowers she loved, and as I passed by the consecrated Church-yard to-day, they were as beautiful and as well-tended as when first planted there eight years before. My father returned from the Burial Service in a stranger mood than I had ever seen him in before, which resulted in his reason flying from him. He was sent to the Asylum where he died in a week, and my actual trials then commenced.

It was long before our affairs were settled,—my brother Robert, through the kindness of Mr. Heatheote, was apprenticed to a merchant in Montreal; John was still at school: my two elder sisters were glad to accept situations as teachers; our home was sold to defray the expense of educating my two younger sisters; whilst I awaited a situation as governess, which Mr. Heatheote had kindly promised to procure for me. I did not wait long: one morning as I was tying on my hat, preparatory to taking a long ramble in the fields, equipped with sketch-book and color-box, I received a summons to the library from Mr. Heatheote himself.

"No. I insist on you coming just as you are," he said, as he led me through the hall. I shall never forget my surprise, when I was introduced to Squire Elmyr. All the wonderful ideas I had formed in childhood regarding the magnitude of this man, more particularly, his family, returned to me now with redoubled strength, still I was as calm as usual, in fact calmer than I could have been had I been aware of this visit beforehand. Squire Walter was the very personification of one's ideas of a middle-aged Canadian Squire:—a short, portly, red-faced gentleman, one of the old school. There was that noticeable, however, in his eye, which could sparkle with mirth or blacken into the deepest anger:

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higher position

Grand parties
Walter.

"Who is that
hair and eyes?"
arm, on one of t