

"I couldn't have the uniforms on *my* property," he replied scornfully.

"I really do not see," I returned indignantly, "how your property can be injured by the presence of any one whom I consider fit for *my* society."

And so that matter ended.

Shortly after, we heard of another house, suitably situated, and of moderate rent. On looking over it, we found it every way calculated to make a pleasant "Home," at least until time should necessitate more roomy quarters. The owner was a professed Christian; I did not therefore fear another repulse. But when we mentioned the purpose for which we wanted the house; he hesitated; and on calling later in the day, for a decided answer, he said that the person residing next, had expressed in the strongest terms his disgust at the idea of "the uniforms" being seen so near his dwelling. Mr. Blank refused therefore to let me the house. I offered to pay the rent monthly in advance—in vain; and he added, crustily:

"I'm sure you won't get a house in Halifax, if you are going to have the soldiers coming to it. Nobody will like to have a lot of uniforms about their property."

"But, Mr. Blank," I urged, "you are a Christian man;