

of School Section No. 2. I see on that road a lonely little figure for whom I have a great deal of pity. I always did pity myself a great deal, perhaps because no one else seemed to see the necessity of doing so.

I was a child of the Manse, my father being Presbyterian minister of Grey Abbey, in the County Down. The Manse was a stone house, not very large or very new, one gable end covered with ivy, a great shelter and building place for the little brown sparrows. I was such a mere child when I left Grey Abbey that my recollections of it are fragmentary and dim, but delicious as glimpses of fairy land. I remember the little orchard at one end of the Manse, fenced in by a low moss-grown stone wall. In my memory it is always steeped in sunshine that is ripening and mellowing ruddy apples. There were two trees trained against the wall on the sunny side. Often in my dreams I am back again in the old orchard gathering the delicious pippins that grew on them. At the other end of the Manse, the ivied end was the garden, which had a summer-house formed of beech trees clipped into the form of a little temple. There was also a large rose tree growing close to father's study window, in which every year a pair of blackbirds built their nest. I remember how tame they were; how we could part the clusters of creamy white roses and peep into the nest where the mother bird sat without frightening her away.

It was but a little way from the Manse to the old grey church in which my father preached. Our family was small—papa and mamma, Walter and I, and our rosy, fat maid-servant, Jane Geddes—prized in our house both for her working ability and her name, which papa said was historical. It pleased him to think that she was a lineal descendant of that Janet Geddes who flung her creepie stool into history.

Walter and I had not always been the only children; there were three little

graves in the churchyard where slept three Manse babies that died in infancy. I do not know when or how the knowledge came to me, but I knew that mamma was not my very own mamma. Far away in the dimness of the past I see a white face on the pillow, and bright dark eyes that look at me with a look I have never seen in other eyes. I see myself, a tiny mite of a child, lifted up on the bed for the last look, the last kiss, the prayer that commits me to the care of the All Father. I always believed that I remembered this scene, although Aunt Henderson said it was impossible—that I had heard some one talk of it, and fancied I recollected. Aunt Henderson was father's sister; she came to see us once a year regularly. Mamma made no difference between Walter and me, but aunt Henderson did; when she came she petted my brother a great deal, but always found fault with me. She was the great trial of my young life.

Mamma said to her once: "Mary Ann it is not right to make such a difference between the children."

"I cannot help it, Helen," she answered.

"Why?" asked mamma.

"It is impossible for me to take to the child; she frightens me, staring at me with those great eyes of hers."

"Well, I like the child's eyes," said mamma.

"Well, I don't, Helen—they are too like her mother's."

"They are very fine eyes, nevertheless. Did you dislike her mother so much?"

"It was a very unsuitable match," said aunt.

"Why?" asked mamma.

"Every why," retorted aunt, with a snap. "Only think, she had really an O to her name; though we never mention it," she added, dropping her voice.

"Indeed!" said mamma, as if she were at a loss to know what to say.

"To think of him, a minister of the gospel—one of those whose fathers