

garden and Mrs. LePan by his side, dressed in the mauve gown with a black lace cap and mauve rosettes?

I'm going home.

We believed our father had done us all an injustice by choosing to be a Minister rather than a more prosperous citizen, such as a grocer or a carpenter. Two families of these trades lived near us and went to our church. Their children were so well dressed. They had luscious pies and juicy puddings and roasts for their dinners. We adored our mother and felt sorry for her. She had married a Minister and we revered her as a martyr. We believed it was very hard to be a Minister's wife because she never had money to buy the things she loved, and then she was always expected to be an example. It was impressed upon us that we were Minister's children, and had to be an example to others. Early in life the older members of our family had a meeting and resolved that they would live their own lives, and not be an example to anybody. This resolve was passed on to the younger set and we tried to be true to the spirit of our seniors.

When quite young I was taken to prayer meeting by my mother. I thought my father looked very fine in his black clothes. He was six feet tall. I liked his straight nose, like the noses of the discus