

FOREWORD

THIS story, which the authoress herself entitled "The Attic Guest," would probably have never been given to the world but for an incidental visit which I paid to a certain manse. It was then and there that the following chapters, now first presented to the public, were entrusted to my hands. The hands which placed the manuscript in my own were those of a lady of much charm, modest, cultured, winsome; and no one could know her without feeling that her qualities of heart were even greater than of intellect. She was a minister's wife, as I need hardly say; and the busy years in that most mellow of all vineyards had given her face much of its own spiritual beauty, something of the deep harvest-joy shining through her eyes. Tranquil eyes were hers, chastened by many a sorrow, yet aglow with a native merriment that the stern schooling of a lifetime seemed powerless to subdue. She asked that I would read her story; "and send it forth," said she, "if your heart approve."

Her plea for asking this service at my hands was that I had had some humble association with the