

foolishness in seeking shadows whose reality never existed, I threw all my energy, for the time being, upon Jimmy, which soon enjoyed an equal share of my love, with the other members of our household. But just when I thought my task completed, and saw Jimmy a very respectable-appearing lamb, Death snatched him away, and I think this was truly the saddest time of my life. My brother Robert read the Burial service over him.

There was but one thing in which our parents disagreed. Both were Church people, and as a matter of course, we, being brought up with the greatest care, regarding our religious belief, were in woeful ignorance regarding any other Creed than that taught by the Church.

I remember hearing my father say that our Church Services were not conducted in accordance with the Rubrical commands, but what was meant by that I knew no more than the man in the moon, and I determined to ask Mr. Heathcote when next I saw him, although my mother laid down a certain axiom for us to follow, which, then, we never dreamed of opposing:—

“What the minister says and does you are to take as truth and law, for he knows better than you.” I noticed that my mother always spoke of Mr. Heathcote as the minister, whilst my father styled him as the Parish Priest, and would allow his children to call him nothing else. Young as I was, I could not but wonder at my mother's gentle but firm opposition to this command, for from my earliest remembrance, she had acquiesced perfectly in everything my father said. I often visited Mr. Heathcote, and it was chiefly through his attention, and from the nice books he used to lend me, that I began to sigh for some higher station in life, though why I could not have told.

I was a very dull, stupid child when at the village school, and it has ever since been a source of wonder to me what Mr. Heathcote could have seen in me, to justify him in sending me to the Young Ladies' Seminary, at Giles Brook, where I spent many happy years.

I remember how pleased he seemed when I returned at last, as the village girls said, a “finished article.”

I had long before this solved our little family difficulty, and as both parents held an equal share of my love, I grew up midway between their religious schools. I did not approve of Mr. Heathcote's manner in conducting all the Church Services, particularly his leaving out the prayer for the Church militant in the Communion Service or High Mass, as my father called it, fancying the term implied a direct prayer for the dead, which he said was forbidden by the Church. Still I was very fond of Mr. Heathcote, and I must confess the years in which I knew him, to have been the happiest—far the happiest I have ever known.

Two years passed away, and with them many events transpired which have changed the course of my whole after life. There are times when I love to muse over those years of anxiety and sorrow,—times when a sympathetic chord is struck deep within my heart, which in perfect harmony with my feelings then, brings the bitterest tears to my eyes. Our dear mother had long been ailing, and