

*Thou Saviour dear, Joy to the world! the Lord  
is Come.*

C198643

"Miss Tiddle, you take the second soprano here. No one can do it so well as you! Your voice gets better and better."

She had looked forward to the evening cocoa parties with their pleasant talk.

"I almost forgot to tell you, Miss Tiddle, that Mr. Sims, the grocer, asked for you today. He's never forgotten how you used to tie his muffler for him."

She had added many a cubit to her inconsequential stature when, once they had sat down to hearts, Mrs. Whipple, or Mrs. Goddard, or the rather distant Miss Sophonisba Clark would say with an audible sigh: "Well, we may all as well give up at once if Annie Tiddle's going to play. Luck is always with Annie."

And yet a scant ten years had not been quite enough to dim the memory or to deplete the strength of six times their number. There they still were, those sixty years, like rocks cropping up again in a field which you had believed cleared of them for good and all, like crab grass among the new-sown clover and lawn seed, like loathsome, persistent aphids on a rose just ready to flower.

Emma Davis remembered all these things as: