

brothers. All the genial season of the year our playtime was spent there. There we sat to learn our lessons for my father's home-school, which he kept every week-day evening, and our catechism for the one he kept on Sunday. There, too, we used to sit when I, the oldest, and best reader, was trusted with one of the few books in my father's very small library which came within the understanding of the young,—the "Scotch Worthies," the "Pilgrim's Progress," "Some Account of Remarkable Providences," and, chief of all, our family Bible, to read to my little brothers as they sat round me on that mossy bank, when the old people were absent, or did not want us at home.