

was true and faithful to the backbone, till I learned from him something of his faithfulness, and knew it was the same as Abraham's, who was called the father of the faithful. Words that were always on his lips were "Faithful in little, faithful in much;" and it seems to me, now he is gone, those words are my chief comfort. Wherever Transome is, he is faithful still.

It was a daring thing to marry so far away from one's own people in those days. There were no railroads, and the coaches were too dear for us, even the outside of them, where in the summer you were covered with dust and parched with thirst, and nipped with frost and wind in the winter. Transome and me did not once think of taking the coach after we were wedded. The canal ran almost straight from my village to his; and though the journey took us the best part of three days, and he was winning no money, it was the cheapest way of travelling. It seems to me, when I shut my eyes and think of it, as if it had all been in some other world, when Transome and me were young, and the warm sunny days were full of light and brightness, such as the sun never gives now-a-days, as if the sun itself is growing old. The boat floated slowly, slowly along the canal, whilst we walked together till we were tired, gathering the blossoms from the grassy banks; or we sat on the boat, plucking the water-lilies up by their long roots. How gently we were rocked as the water rose beneath us in the locks! I can hear the rush and gurgling of it now! And with my dim old eyes shut, I can see Transome looking upon me with a smile, such as I shall never more see again till I behold his face on the other side of death's dark river, smiling down upon me as I reach the shore. Ah! there are no times now like those old times!

It was in the cool of the evening he brought me to his house, standing on the brow of a low hill, with what he called a clough, and I called a dingle, full of green trees and underwood, running down to a little sparkling river in the valley below. We could see far away from the door, and feel the rush of the fresh air past us, as it came over fields and meadows, and swept away to other fields and meadows. The cottage was an old one even then—built half of timber, with a thatched roof pitched very high and pointed, and with one window in it to light our upstairs room. Downstairs was one good-sized kitchen, with a quarried floor, and the loom standing on one side. Not a bit of a parlor or spare chamber, such as I'd been used to. I knew Transome thought often of that; but the place grew so dear to me, I ceased to care about any parlor. As for the garden, we worked in it all our spare time, till many a passer-by would stop to look at the honey-suckle and travellers' joy climbing up the wall, and hanging over our window in the roof; and at the posies in the garden, the hollyhocks, and roses, and sweet-williams, which made the air all sweet with their scent. After a while, when father and mother were dead, I forgot my old home; and it seemed as if I had never dwelt anywhere else, and must dwell there till the end of my days.