

mud. It was a most enjoyable walk ; country slush was truly refreshing after city pavements. At last we reached a verdant hill, on which a wooden farm house was picturesquely perched, a small wood thickening into deep shade on one side, while on the other, stretched off a sunny vista of green fields, dotted over with white sheep, as white that is, as those animals ever are ; for my own part, despite all that poets of Arcadian tastes have said and sung respecting "the snowy fleece," I never have seen any sheep whose coat could boast of a purer tint than the color of stale dough.

Approaching the porch of the farm-house we encountered the Deacon himself, to whom we introduced ourselves, with the query.

"Had we pleasure of addressing Mr. B——?"

"Yes" answered the good man doubtfully,—not uncordially, but as if not quite sure of his own identity. Still with the same hesitating air, he invited us in through the kitchen into the family sitting-room, where a delicate looking woman ; his invalid daughter, sat by the fire in a low rocking chair. Another daughter came forward with a warm hospitable greeting to welcome us, introducing herself as Miss B——, after I had made the terrible