

more than any of us. He got thin and pale, and was silent and preoccupied. He was much away from home about this time at public meetings. We did not know in the least what the frequent meetings were about, we only knew that they were of vast importance, that the welfare of the church and the world depended on some things being done, and others prevented. We knew that our father was away battling for the Lord, and we received him when he came home like a returning conqueror.

It was a sad coming home for papa. We noticed that his eye always sought for some one, and then he remembered, and stepped softly as on the day of the funeral.

Jane complained that he ate next to nothing, and seemed to have lost interest in every earthly thing.

He was kinder to us than ever, and indulged us more than Jane thought was right, but he was absent minded and sorrowful continually.

I heard father's people, Mr. Martin, the elder, and the rest who came to the Manse, say to Jane often: "You must be very thoughtful about the minister, Jane, as we are sure you are. He does not get over his grief, and he is ageing fast. He never was to say a strong man; he should go away a little for rest and change."

I do not know how long it was after mamma's death that papa was away from home for some days. He was at Lisburn, at an ordination I think, and afterwards he was going to some important meeting that was to be held in Belfast.

While he was away the Rev. Mr. Willey, of Kilwarlin, with his son, came to the Manse. Mr Willey wanted to see papa about a Bible Society meeting. He intended to leave a message with Jane, but she, fearful of making a mistake, invited him into papa's study to write it, and sent his son, little Willie Willey, out into the garden to play with us until he had done so.

While we were gathering gooseberries off the particular bush that Jane had given over to us, Willie told us of the new railway opened between Lisburn and Belfast. He showed us some pins rolled out quite flat and thin, like little daggers—fairy swords he called them. He said that he arranged them on the rail, and after the cars passed over them they were flattened out so. He told us also that a man had been killed by the cars the day before—crushed out of life in a moment, his blood and brains were spattered all round. "The cars," he said, "were so swift and cruel. Every one was talking of the accident yesterday when we were in Belfast."

After they had got some refreshment, hastily got up by Jane, and were gone, a great fear fell on me lest it might be my father who was killed. I could not rest, but went out and in anxious and miserable, while my imagination ran wild over this new and terrible danger, and the possibility of my father never coming back to us any more. When he did return he found me watching for him at the gate, and I ran to meet him and kissed him again and again, with joy that all my fears were vain.

After tea that evening we sat with papa a long time. Walter had been quarrelling with Jane, and now he complained of her to papa, and said: "I want my own pretty mamma back again. When will she come?"

Then papa talked to us of mamma, how she was walking in Paradise, robed and crowned under the shade of the glorious trees with their leaves of healing, by the crystal river, seeing Him who sits on the throne with the rainbow steps, an exalted Prince and Saviour. Then my secret sorrow burst out, and I said: "Oh, papa! could my own mamma not get in there because she had O to her name?"

Papa looked at me as if I had struck him. I saw his face bleach almost as white as his hair. He had got