

Papa seemed to have nothing to do but to go to his club; it was on Sunday afternoons only that I saw him, and the games we had then with the toy soldiers were liable, at any moment, to be interrupted and stopped.

"Samuel Bickerstaffe," my scandalised mamma would say, in a deep voice, "it is not enough that you should yourself take the downward path that leadeth to destruction, but you must needs insist upon the company of this poor innocent child. Shame on you, Samuel Bickerstaffe. Be assured that one day Heaven will punish you for all your wickedness."

It surprised me when papa died, and was buried in the West London Cemetery with military honours, first, to receive from my mamma an assurance that he was now with the angels, and accepting the reward of a good and beautiful life in this world; second, to ascertain that he had done in the Crimea great deeds that I had never gained from his own modest account. You have heard it all before, I know, but there is a special reason why I want to remind you of it to-day. Miss Burchett, who pretends to look after me, has found, by my directions, in a workbox upstairs this account—just look, my dear, and see if it is the right one; good—this account that appeared in the *Post*. You need not read it, I know it almost by heart. It says that "the gallant and distinguished officer, whose mortal remains have been laid to rest, was engaged in the glorious and ever to be remembered battle of the Alma. On that notable occasion the late Major Bickerstaffe showed that he possessed the coolness and the bravery that distinguish British officers; he also exhibited a humorous turn of mind which is perhaps a virtue less frequently encountered. It will be recalled, the notice says, that at one point in this historic engagement, after our gallant troops had rushed through the vineyards, crossed the river, mounted the bank, and pushed up the slope, the enemy brought up reinforcements, and attacked with such force that the light division were unable to hold their ground. It was at this perilous moment that the late Major Bickerstaffe came on the scene with his brigade. In front of them was a steep ascent to be climbed under the enemy's fire. 'Come on, boys,' shouted the gallant Bickerstaffe, 'this is a flea-bite to Primrose Hill on a Sunday afternoon.' (For the