

impassioned part, I slipped down beside her, burying my face in her lap to hush the wail that sounded through it all. The graveyard, with its icy children nestling under the grass, came up before me together with the dreary picture that often haunted me of father and mother lying in their coffins, gone far away from their child. I cried myself quiet in her lap, the voices of the singers drowning my sobs. I never wished to go to that church again and my parents in that respect humored my fancies.

After we removed to N. the long holiday I had enjoyed ever since I could remember came to an end. Father thought it was high time for my school-day life to begin. I would have greatly preferred the public school with the companionship of children of my own age to the long silent mornings in father's little study, while the sun was cheerily shining outside and Marco eagerly watching on the door-step, waiting for a race with me down to the brook, which rippled alone through the meadow, and by the