

husband was one of the "hands" on board the schooner of which Mr. Ashton was owner, and Mat Givins captain. During the summer, when he was "sailing," his wife preferred living in service in a comfortable home and earning good wages, to keeping house in a shanty, with scanty fare, and loneliness for her companion. She had lived for more than a year with Philip, for the preceeding winter her husband had worked for him, and was much attached to "the master." She had doubted whether she could remain when a "mistress" came; but Agnes had soon gained her good opinion, and with Mrs. Vining's airs, she was content to put up, with lofty condescension, as with those of a visitor or a spoiled child. To Agnes Mrs. McFarlane was a great source of amusement; her love of finery (exemplified in her Sunday attire, but by no means on weeks days,) her demonstrative affection and dislike, her passion for fine language, sometimes only to be satisfied by a coinage for the occasion, and her total want of respect, if by respect is meant reserve and servility of manner, —all so different from anything Agnes had ever seen or imagined from her former experience of servants, was matter of mirth to her, and she really liked the woman for her good nature and readiness to serve. Johnny was her only child, and her pride and delight; he was a pretty, good little fellow between two and three years old, and all his beauties and good qualities were, of course, doubled and trebled in his mother's eyes. She was excessively pleased when Mrs. Vining began to take notice of him; when she provided the material for a frock, and even with Agnes' assistance made part of it herself, and when she would keep him with her for amusement for hours at a time. And as on Agnes devolved the office of keeping the child's face and hands clean (for Louisa would not undertake it, and Mrs. McFarlane would have had no idea how,) Mrs. Vining thought taking charge of little Johnny a very pleasant thing.

She had annoyances, however; one of these was the constant presence of Minnie Valleau—not that she saw much of her, but she always knew when she came, and broadly hinted to Agnes her fears on Philip's account.

"Take my word for it Agnes," she said one day "you will repent some day of having that girl so much here. There is a great deal in habit, and Philip will take a fancy to her sooner or later. He is not one to fall in love unless it was put in his head to do so; but with that girl forever making eyes at him, how can he help thinking of it?"

"I do not think Minnie 'makes eyes,' as you call it. On the contrary she is always rather shy when Philip is present."

"That is worse still," said Mrs. Vining.

"And even if I knew that Philip would fall in love with her, what could I do? It will not make much difference in the end whether she has a few conversations with me, more or less."

"Well we shall see. I only say my opinion is you will repent it some day."

"If the worst came to the worst," said Agnes, smiling "Philip might have a worse wife."

Mrs. Vining opened here eyes in her peculiar manner, and retired from the discussion as one unappreciated and misunderstood, leaving Agnes to the contemplation of her own affairs.

She had enough to think of, for it was Saturday evening, and Mrs. McFarlane, with more to do than she could accomplish, had left a good deal to Agnes. It was a hot July evening, everything quivering in the still heat; there was not a ripple on the water of the bay, which shone like gold in the rays of the descending sun; the flowers in the two small borders, (which was all that Agnes had been able to accomplish in the shape of a garden this first year) looked parched and drooping; the dog had sought the shadow of the veranda, and lay panting, with closed eyes and lolling tongue; the paint had acquired new blisters from the sun which glared pitilessly down from a cloudless sky, and the earth felt red-hot beneath your feet. Every door and window stood wide open, but in vain; there was no breeze to be wooed within them and Agnes felt as though she could never be cool again.

She would willingly have left everything undone, and occupied herself in the use of a fan alone; but it could not be. She had to prepare Philip's tea against he came in from the hay-field, a repast which consisted chiefly of fruit and iced milk; and to see