

The question was asked after a pause of several seconds, and Mr. Snow looked so wistfully and entreatingly into his wife's face, that she could not help laughing, though there were tears in her eyes.

"No, I am no thinking of worrying, as you call it. It is borne in upon me that this change is to be for the real happiness of my bairn, and it would be pitiful in me to grudge her a day of it. And, to tell you the truth, I have seen it coming, and have been preparing myself for it this while back, and so I have taken it more reasonably than you have done yourself, which is a thing that wasna to be expected, I must confess."

"Seen it coming! Preparing for it!" repeated Mr. Snow; but he inquired no farther, only looked meditatively out of the window, and nodded his head a great many times. By and by he said, heartily,

"Well, if you are pleased, I am. God bless them."

"God bless all the bairns," said his wife, softly. "Oh, man! when I think of all that has come and gone, I am ready to say that 'the Lord has given me the desire of my heart.' I sought His guidance about coming with them. I had a sore swither ere I could think of leaving my mother and Sandy for their sakes, but He guided me and strengthened me, though whiles I used to doubt afterwards, with my sore heart wearying for my own land, and my own kin."

Mr. Snow nodded gravely, but did not speak, and in a little she went on again:

"I sought guidance, too, when I left them, and now, looking back, I think I see that I got it; but, for a while, when death came, and they went from me, it seemed as though the Lord had removed the desire of my eyes with a stroke, because of my self-seeking and unfaithfulness. Oh, man! you was a rough bit of road for my stumbling, weary feet. But He didna let me fall altogether — praise be to His name!"

Her voice shook, and there was a moment's silence, and then she added,