

THE OLD LOYALIST

served more than one generation, engaged in the delightful task of knitting her husband a warm pair of woollen socks. She wore gold-rimmed spectacles, and freely chatted with her husband and a group of five small boys and girls, occasionally, taking a glance at her work when changing a needle. The children were seated round a large dining-table, with brightly burning lamp in the centre, enjoying with great hilarity and amusement certain well-known childish games, with their slates and pencils. The shouts and laughter of the little folks were keenly enjoyed by the Squire, who complacently watched their movements through the curling rings of smoke ascending from his pipe to the ceiling.

Presently the dining-room door creaked on its hinges and slowly opened. An old colored man entered the room from an outer kitchen without knocking. He was closely followed by a large Newfoundland dog, with head erect and wagging tail, which looked complacently about the room at the various members of the family. The dog's master was immediately greeted with several friendly expressions from Squire Clinton and the children.

"Come here, Quinte, and take a chair by the fire."

"Hello, Quinte. How's your health to-day?"

"Merry Christmas, Quinte!"

"We're glad to see you to-night, with your banjo under your arm, for we are now assured of some good music."

The tall, slender negro, with woolly hair, thick protruding lips and large kindly eyes, pulled off his fur cap and bowed profoundly to each member of the family without speaking a word. He was warmly clad in homespun garments. His feet were encased in moccasins and his hands in heavy woollen mittens.