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go to college, that same Christmas, so that our old house seemed very empty indeed. I could not play about or be merry in it for a long time, it was so quiet.

The spring after Lucy Walters went to school, aunt Mary was married to Mr. Hugh Ballantyne, the gentleman who had been so kind to us at Linwick. I was her little bridesmaid. It was very nice, for I had as much cake and sugar and almond as ever I wanted, and a pretty new muslin frock, and a beautiful nosegay with lace paper all round it; and when the breakfast was over, we went into the woods for a pic-nic, and had some dancing at night. But oh! how much pleasanter it would have been if we had had little Callie with us!

Before I quite give over, though, I must tell you one very important thing which happened about two years after aunt Mary was married.

I was practising my music lesson in the oriel room one morning, when a gentleman came in. I had never seen him before. He had a very long beard and a very brown face, and very bright brown eyes. He looked rather different to the gentlemen who generally came to see papa, but still he spoke to me