

My brother William affected great indifference at the prospect of moving. I suppose he thought it would detract from his manliness to exhibit emotion; but one day I surprised him in the act of shedding tears over a pet rabbit which we were to leave behind, and I heard him say, "Poor Bunnie, Willie's going off to leave it; hope people will be kind to the poor fellow." Whereupon, as he observed me, he cleared his throat with several successive hems, and gruffly inquired, "What are you here for?" I felt inclined to make sport of this sudden disappearance of his dignity, but a sympathetic throb within my own heart restrained me.

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## CHAPTER IX.

APRIL soon came, and with it the day for our departure. A sorrowful day it was. I had to bid my little friends a long good-bye. Perhaps I should never see them again; I was going a great way off, and we might die; for death claims the young as well as the old.

I hailed with joy the bright sunshiny day upon which we were to depart, for that at least looked happy. Upon the morning of our departure, my mother packed a large basket with provisions