

“Day atter ter-morrer ’ll be Chris’mus,” Aunt Mimy continued, “an’ Marse Laban got ter be here ter dinner. Dey ain’t no two ways ’bout dat.”

“Oh, what a Christmas!” cried Mary.

“Yes ’m ; an’ de cake done baked. Don’t you fret, honey! De Lord ain’t fur f’om whar folks is in trouble. I done notice dat. He may n’t be right dar in de nex’ room, an’ maybe he ain’t right roun’ de cornder, but he ain’t so mighty fur off. Now, I tell you dat.”

Whereupon Aunt Mimy, carrying the child, went out of the house into the street, and was so disturbed in mind that she walked on and on with no thought of the distance. After a while she found herself on Peachtree Street, where the baby’s attention was attracted by the jingling bells of the street-car horses. In front of one of the large mansions a fine carriage was standing. On the veranda a lady stood drawing on her gloves and giving some parting orders to a servant in the hall. Aunt Mimy knew at once that the lady was her old mistress. But she turned to the negro coachman, who sat on the box stiff and stolid in all the grandeur of a long coat and brass buttons.