

"Our Cottage Home,"

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by  
Margery E. McClean

# Preface

Dear readers, these few chapters from our life-history have been written with no idea of any eye seeing them, except perhaps a loving father's mother's brother or sister and if any one else hears them out to the end, I give them credit for an amount of patience which the writer does not possess

Our lives are varied; some of our paths lead through shadows, others through the sunny upland, but if we are travelling homeward to that better land, why should we care though shadows dark ~~be~~ on our pathway?

Fear not, for Jesus knoweth all. And oh these shadows lead but to the dawn To that glad morn when all shadows shall flee away —

# Chapter I.

## First days in Hayestown Cottage.

I want to introduce you first to our family, and then I can better go on with our life-story. Well first there was my father, a man about thirty-five, (when my story begins) about middle height, full brown beard, finely shaped head, high forehead denoting great intellectual powers; dark brown eyes that had a merry twinkle in them, and sharp enough to take everything in at the same time and with all a kind and gentlemanly bearing, which made him loved and respected wherever he went.

Next comes my mother - always delicate even from a child, - rather tall, very graceful, with beautiful dark sad.

eyes, a sweet mouth, and low, broad forehead, it seemed no wonder that my father, then a young man holding a position in the Provincial Bank should have fallen in love with "pretty Della Thomas", and brought her to share his home in <sup>the</sup> quaint old town of Luesford. At the time I am now writing about, four children had come to the happy parents, Charlie, the eldest only boy, a fine manly little fellow of 11 years, I came next, one year & some months his junior, and then after a jump of nearly 5 years came little Evangeline, or Eva, as we will hereafter call her. She was always considered a pretty child like her mother. The same large brown eyes and pink & white complexion marked

her out as her "mother's girl"; and then lastly came Baby, or little Elsie, aged 3 years, who proudly bore the title of "the flower of the flock." Such, dear reader, is the family that I wish you to follow with me, through a few years of their lives.

It was a bright day in April, the soft, balmy wind and air, had coaxed some of the trees to put on their robes of fresh green, and the primroses and daisies nodded fearlessly in the morning sunshine, and the streams that came rippling down from the mountain, had a glad ring in their song, as if they knew that the winter was over, now they were free once more, bounding over

miniature waterfalls, and winding in rout, here sparkling in the sunlight, and there hidden beneath the wet grass bushes that lined their banks.

"Now, you and Eva can go along, take your time, - and are you sure you know the way?" such were the words my mother uttered as she stood on the door-step of "Laurel Hill"; Eva & I standing ready equipped for a walk. "Yes quite sure" said I confidently as I took little Eva's hand and started off up the lawn toward the gate. "Take good care of Eva" shouted Mamma, and then turned into the house, while Eva and I turned out of the gate & trudged bravely up the road.

Laurel Hill had been our home

for five or six years. A fine old place surrounded with trees, and a long avenue leading to the door. The house itself was rather gloomy, with large rooms, & long dark passages leading to the back apartments. A house where it seems quite possible, to my childish imagination, to be a dwelling-place for ghosts, for as carefully as my mother had tried to keep the servants from filling our minds with such nonsense, still somehow or other, we had got hold of the idea, & some nights as the wind howled through the trees outside, & swept in angry gusts around the corners of the old house, I used to creep in under the bed clothes & go to sleep covered up so that

I could not "see" anything. It was from this old place we were moving when my story opens - to another house about two miles & one half further out in the country, it was to this that Eva and I were setting out,

"I think I can see the house" said I as we turned ~~the~~ corner of an incline "where?" said Eva, "I don't see it".

"You are too little" said I in a tone that became my superior height, "just wait till we get to the top of this hill, then we'll get into that field, which I think belongs to us" so having safely climbed over the ditch the next cry was, "O Sissie, I have found a cowslip" Eva ran to me with her treasure, to which, before we had reached the house, were added a good many more. But



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Before I go any further I must give  
you a description of our new home.  
Nestling amongst trees, and half  
hidden from the road <sup>by</sup> shrubs &  
bushes, with an avenue leading  
to the hall-door over shadowed by  
tall beech-trees, we find ourselves  
in a pretty glass porch, passing  
through that enter a long hall,  
with a stair-case leading to the  
upper apartments, & on either side  
was the drawing, & dining-room, an  
opening off the latter was a cozy  
little room, which at once went  
under the title of "Papas Study."  
Up stairs there were 5 or 6 bed-  
rooms, our room, - Edo and mine  
being in the top of the house, com-  
manding a beautiful view of the  
coast of Lufford, the low-lying

country between. Across a lobby was Charlie's room, out of which one saw the mountains of Forth, and if you leaned far out of the window, you caught a sight of the blue sea, and the rocky Galtie Islands. On the landing below was Mamma's Papa's room, little Elsie as the Baby sharing it. A passage-way from the hall led to the large low ceiling kitchen, and Dairy. ☉

Of course, we were very tired that night, & glad to get to bed, and to be awakened next morning by the sunshine flooding the room with its golden rays. Thus life began in our home, the old house, that was ever to picture up in our memory years.

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after, all that was happy, & all  
that went to make our child life  
long to be remembered.

## Chapter II.

Some of our friends.

Yes, we had a good many friends,  
nominal & otherwise, but the closest  
& the nearest were a family by  
the name of Horneck. Mrs Hor-  
neck was a small bustling little  
woman, very neat, with a degree of  
princeness. Not a speck of dust  
was to be found in that well-  
appointed house, where everything  
had its own place, & was to be  
always found there. Of course  
the two little daughters followed  
closely in their mother's foot-steps,  
and were always noted as being

as near perfection as any children could be. It got whispered also in the Kitchen quarters, Mrs Hornum nurse telling our maid in a low voice, that "shure the mistress made her wear white gloves when taking the Baly out, she was that pertice so it was little wonder that little Addie and May grew up to abhor untidiness in any shape or form, and I am afraid the little M'Elea often shocked them by a total neglect to the said good quality.

Then there was Mr Hornum - or "Richard" as his wife always called him - a strange make-up of humanity. Six feet in his stockings, gaunt and awkward looking with a scant beard, he looked a strange contrast to his prime

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little wife. If his appearance  
was strange-looking, certainly; his  
bearing & manners were stranger.

I don't think he ever could have  
believed in "silence is golden" for  
to hear himself hold forth on  
various topics, himself being the  
principal one, was to give him  
the utmost satisfaction. When-  
ever he came to pay us a visit  
he invariably asked us the same  
questions, first calling us to him  
by whistling, as if calling a dog,  
then inquiring if we had found  
any birds nests etc. etc. However  
notwithstanding all, he was  
very fond of his wife & children,  
& they returned his affection, and  
we were also very dear friends,  
in fact Addie and May were

about all the child-friends we had and we spent a good deal of our time together, they living in a house on the outskirts of the town.

Then there was the blind man. Dear old Mr. Windsor, a Methodist of the old type, who was never more happy than when sitting in his big arm-chair, with his snow white silver beard, & still bright eyes, ~~he~~ reading the old old story of Jesus of Nazareth a saint, who long since has gone to dwell with Him he loved & served so well on earth. Then his wife, some years younger, very stout to almost a degree of helplessness, was his true helpmeet.

Then there were sons and daughters

married, sons & daughters unmarried  
living with their Parents. These  
said daughters all appeared "old  
maids" to our youthful minds, but  
we liked them all very much  
nevertheless, and always enjoyed  
an evening spent at "The Hills".

Next came Miss Whitty, an lady  
of between 60 and 70 years, who  
would turn up her eyes & clasp her  
hands in horror at the mention  
of an "old maid", and declared  
that she would not be such  
for all the world. She was  
Matron of the County Infirmary;  
kind loving, who knew my mother  
when she was a little girl, and  
bestowed the same love on us,  
combined with a great deal of  
ginger-bread, which, whether

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extra hot, or not, gave us a great deal of satisfaction in the demolishing thereof.

Then there were the Haynes, 3 old maids & one old bachelor, who lived in a nice house, two or three minutes walk from Laurel Hill. Mrs Browne was also a very dear friend of ours who lived in a very pretty place some distance from us. Now I think you have made the acquaintance of most of our friends so I will proceed with my story.

### Chapter III

#### Our first meeting

My dear father & mother had been Christians from before their



marrage, and the Lord Himself  
had "gathered them out" from the  
sects, when Charlie and I were  
but babies; and so my father  
was never happier than when  
telling out the story of the Cross  
to others around. So when we  
came to live in Hayestown Cottage  
the first thing he proposed, was  
to have a Gospel meeting every  
Sunday evening in our house.

Accordingly Mr & Mrs Windsor  
were invited out to tea, & they all  
had a good deal of prayer  
over the matter, & it was decided  
that they should have the first  
one the following Sunday, Papa  
with Eva accompanying him  
started off to invite the people  
and the when Sunday evening

came around, at 5. O.C. the little drawing room was quite filled with Teagar hearers. - Mamma played the Piano, and Papa spoke on the story of blind Bartemius, and of course Mr Winder spoke some, & prayed, and thus began the meetings that are still going on, though now in the school house, 13 and 14 years after. Only when we meeting before Kis thore in the Glory, will we be able to know where the seed fell & brought forth fruit.

### Chapter IV

How we spent some of our holidays

Papas holidays were always hailed with delight by us children. we

usually spent the two weeks at the sea shore, and how we looked forward to these days, bathing in the rippling waves, hunting for shells, exploring rocky nooks etc, the time passed all too quickly.

It was arranged the year after we moved to Hayestown that we and Mrs Horneck should take a cottage between us. So the day arrived for our going, and met stormy it turned out. Our young hearts sunk with in us as we watched the down-pour however at about 4.00 in the afternoon Mamma said we might venture, so Charlie brought old "Freddy" up to the door, and Charlie, I, and our servant-girl got in off we started for a drive of 10 or 12 miles to Carne. The rain

dripped down through the trees as we passed under them going by Johnstown Castle, but we were young & a little wet did not make much difference to us; not so with poor old Reddy however, as the last few miles of our journey, he seemed less inclined to trot along, and so Charlie bravely got out & walked beside him & coaxed him on. At last we could hear the roar of the waves on the shore, and the smell of the salt sea water, and soon we were in shelter of the pretty little cottage, and Mama & Papa, Eva & Elsie arriving soon after we all got to bed, tired out after our rough experience.

Each day passed happily & all too quickly by, and one morning

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we were at the breakfast table discussing where we should go, when Papa said, "Let us go and see St. Margarts" "Just the place" said Mama, & all the rest joined in & agreed that we could spend an afternoon very nicely at the old ruin of a mansion that once had been the pride of a wealthy family by the name of ~~Quinn~~ ~~but~~ now they nearly all lay asleep in the little graveyard adjoining the demense, and the once stately mansion lay almost in ruins, & and its grounds were totally neglected. It was great fun exploring about the old graveyard, picking blackberries, etc. but a little adventure happened then, which seemed only to serve to make more merriment

Mrs Horneck, my father and mother were in a field, when suddenly they heard the bellow of a bull, & looking around they saw a large animal following them: to make for a ditch was the work of a moment or two, and Papa dragged Mamma breathless to a place of safety, but Mrs Horneck, owing to her particularly short "understanding" was a little behind, but arriving at the ditch she tried to hurriedly scramble over, but alas! the clay was sandy, her head covered with a large rush hat, underneath which beamed a very red face, would just manage to appear on the top of the ditch, when everything would disappear, hat & face & all. another, and yet another effort

was met with the same result, till the poor little woman half exhausted was helped up by my father. This little adventure gave us many a good laugh long afterwards, the subject of it seeming to enjoy it as much as the lookers on did. Thus the days would pass along, some afternoons when the sea rippled in tiny wavelets at our feet, and the sky above was of a cloudless blue, we would seek a sheltered nook among the rocks, and my mother would amuse us by making paper boats floating them out on the sparkling water. How anxiously we would watch the tiny craft, ~~was~~ sweep on the top of a wavelet, out and out till we could see ~~it~~ <sup>them</sup> no more; and how often would we sing together on

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such occasions "In the sweet by and by  
we shall meet on that beautiful shore  
and as the music of our song would  
rise & sweep over that blue blue  
sea, we had little thought then of  
ever being separated. To be grown  
up", seemed such a far-away thing  
that we hardly ever thought of it  
except to build castles in the air  
about what we would do when that  
far-off period would arrive.

Then at other times when the  
storms blew up from the west,  
and we stood on the shore of  
the "Forsorn" (rightly named) and  
watched the sweep of the breakers  
as they dashed in fury around  
Carson Point, and a cloud of spray  
would rise feet high into the air,  
we'd listen to the thunder of their



roar, & watch them rush out again to  
 be caught & hurled & thrown with greater  
 fury on the dipping rocks. How  
 tightly we would hold on to Papa's  
 hand, as the spray of foam blew on  
 our faces, and it would be nearly  
 with a sigh of relief that we would  
 turn into the more sheltered lane  
 again.

Then of course there were  
 Papa's Bank holidays, on which  
 days we always arranged to pass  
 a pleasant day, either on the  
 mountain close by, or at the  
 sea-shore, but on almost all of  
 these occasions Mrs Hornick, Addy  
 & May would accompany us, and  
 thus our holidays passed by, for  
 a year or two, happily and,  
 ah! so swiftly-

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## Chapter V. going to school.

"I think it is a great deal better to send the children to school" said Mamma one evening, as she and Papa were taking a walk down the road "So do I," said he, "and the sooner they begin the better".

"Well I will go in and see Lizzie Rowe to morrow, and you can talk to Mr Caldwell about Charlie". And so it came to the first day of school-life. Hitherto we had been taught by a young lady, who came to visit us every afternoon, but since we lived in Hayestown our studies were superintended by our mother.

I remember well that morning we started off with Papa, in old Neddys

car, Charlie, Eva and I, we felt we were really going out into the world beginning life at last. The first part of the day passed quickly by, and we got half an hour for lunch, Eva and I wandered off alone, and under a big tree we sat & took our lunch. I felt quite grown up and motherly, as I gave little Eva her lunch, and many a time since I have thought of that day under that spreading beech-tree, and can see again the trustful brown eyes raised to mine, as she sat contentedly at my feet eating her bread & butter. Then there was such a lot to tell Papa & Mamma when we got home, of course Charlie had his story to give also, so that I'm afraid their heads were addled.

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though Mamma seemed very pleased to have us home again, and let us rattle on, until we proposed to learn our lessons for the next day

Chapter XVI (6)

Ballyconick and its Master.

It was Sunday evening, a calm, peaceful evening, when the sun sank down behind the mountain in a sky of glorious gold & crimson, and the black-birds and thrushes lazily twittered forth some of their sweetest notes & trills; not a leaf stirred in the trees of the lawn outside, and through the open window came the soft notes of a piano, then the words of a hymn float out on the balmy wind. A rich man's voice joined in with a sweet full treble

and my father and mother sang,  
 "There is a fountain filled with blood"  
 on and on they sang till they came  
 to the words of "Then in a nobler,  
 sweeter song, I'll sing Thy power to save;  
 when this poor hisping stammering tongue  
 lies silent in the grave", and as  
 we listen, <sup>we</sup> see the head of a  
 strong man bowed on his hands  
 and his strong form ~~shakes~~ with  
 emotion. But he raised his head  
 as the words tender & triumphant  
 sweep forth seem to pierce through  
 the golden bars of the western  
 sky. "For me a blood-bought pre-  
 reward - a golden harp for me."  
 "Is strung & tuned for endless years,  
 and formed by power Divine,  
 To sound in God the Father's ears,  
 No other name than Thine".

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The last sweet lingering notes died away, and for a while there was silence, and he says "It was my poor aunt's favourite hymn". Poor fellow, she had been the only mother he had ever known as when still a baby he had been left an orphan, and had lived at Ballyconick with his childless uncle till that uncle died & left him, then a man over 40 years, heir to his large farm of 300 acres.

A man with a kind jovial face with sandy side-whiskers, and of middle height, such was John Sparrow when we first knew him.

"You are coming down to-morrow ma'am," said Mr Sparrow to my mother, whom he generally addressed thus - that same evening as he was taking leave. "I suppose so

Mr Sparrow "if the day is fine" said  
Mamma, and off he drove with  
a satisfied air.

The next morning was Whit-  
Monday, and a Bank holiday, so  
great excitement prevailed as we  
all got ready to go to Ballyconick.  
Starting about 9. O.C. and after a  
drive of a couple of hours, we  
entered a gate and drove up to  
a large white washed house, at  
the door of which stood Mr. Sparrow  
beaming with delight, and welcoming  
each in his own hearty way. Then  
there was Miss Clarke, his House-  
Keeper to speak to, and after that  
we all went to the old fashioned  
garden, with its old fashioned flower  
wall. flower, sweet-williams roses,  
and Mr Sparrow led us proudly

to the end, where going along a short path through a little wood, he pointed out a beautiful view of the country with its cozy farm houses hidden amongst leafy trees, and framing all was the dark blue sea. He kept us there quite a while, pointing out each place of interest telling a little history about this person or that, for had not he lived here from boyhood, and each place was as familiar to him, and was not he known loved the whole country over? If any poor old woman was in want, wasn't it Mr Sparrow who came with a warm blanket & a pound of tea & a kindly word to cheer up the poor old dame's heart, would go away leaving sunshine behind him, and carrying



the blessings of the poor with him. And wasn't it "the master" who sent round his horses & plough to till the poor man's field for him, when perhaps he was needing them himself in the rush of seeding time?

Yes Johnny Sparrow was loved & blessed by the poor, and loved & respected by the better-off.

Then he would bring us into dinner, & greatly insulted would the head of the table be if ample justice was not done to his fine pair of fowl or his joint of roast beef, thus we have passed many a pleasant never-to-be-forgotten day, rambling round the old farm-house yard, which was always full of interest to us, from the house full of well-fed cattle

down to the litter of little pigs, that, notwithstanding all prejudice, were admired by all hands.

But a gospel meeting at Ballyconick was the greatest pleasure to its master. He would invite all his neighbors for miles around, and of course as was the custom in that part of the country, a good tea was provided, after which all would adjourn to the large drawing-room and there my father would tell the "old old story" to his eager hearers.

At a little after 9. O.C. all would disperse, and we would drive home along the mountain-road in the moonlight, and often we would sing all the way, and as "Rock of Ages, clef for me" would rise up over the heather-covered hills

and he re-echoed down again, ~~to~~ mingled with the rippling of the streams that flowed noisily over their stony beds, heaven would seem nearer than ever before, and it would be very truthfully we'd sing "Nearer home, a days march nearer home".

### Chapter VII "Cullinstown"

"I'll call around this evening to tea" said Mr Sparrow, to my mother one day as he jumped into his ~~taxi~~ ~~cab~~ ~~car~~ ~~and~~ ~~drove~~ ~~off~~.

"All right, we'll be very glad" said she, as she turned to pick some withered leaves off her plants in the porch, for my mother was always fond of flowers.

That evening true to his promise,

came Mr Sparrow about 6.0.C. and said in his usual jovial way, "Well you all come down to Ballyconick on Monday early, and I will drive you down to Cullenstown; we have to <sup>be</sup> there by 10.0.C. to catch the tide"

"But twill be putting you to so much trouble" said my mother.

"No trouble whatever ma'am", said he "so I will expect you".

Monday was a Bank holiday, so we had all been cordially invited down to Cullenstown, - a sea side place on the south coast, - by a family who attended the Ballyconick meeting by the name of Jeffares. We were to be taken out in their boat to have dinner on two little islands a couple of miles from the shore.

hence the kind offer of Mr Sparrow  
to drive us there. Monday morning  
dawned bright & beautiful, as we  
were up betimes, and started off  
brimming over with happiness. Get-  
ting to Cullenstown about 10.0.C. we  
received a hearty welcome, and  
started down to the shore where we  
got into the boat and were soon  
sailing over the bounding sea. What  
a happy day that was, as after having  
dinner on the larger island we  
got into the boat again, and we  
sailed up & down catching mackerel  
for an couple of hours, and then  
as the sky became flushed with  
the sunset tints, we drove home  
again through along the old country  
roads, while the scent of dewy  
wild flowers rose from the meadows.

along the way. After that Cullinstown became our favourite resort, and instead of spending our vacation at Carne, we went to Cullinstown. All the old ruins of castles and abbeys were visited, and amongst those ivy-covered remains of what once had been so great & grand, we spent many a happy afternoon, rambling round ~~the~~ their ancient walls, & climbing up the winding stone stairs, and trying to imagine what kind of people lived there in the dark by-gone ages.

### Chapter VIII

#### "A change"

After having lived thus in our home for nearly six years, my mother became ailing, and it was decided that we should leave the old house and

more into the town, so as to be near the doctor. It was with a sad heart that we left the old home, where we had played for years, and our favourite nooks, that as children we had highly cherished, were duly visited and to all ~~we~~ paid a sorrowful farewell. Of course old "Geddy" our donkey, had to be sold, and as I heard him trot up the street that night after having deposited his last load at our new house, despite my fifteen years I cried myself to sleep for had not Geddy been our friend in good bad weather, trotting bravely in and out of town with my father every day, and being our play-fellow at other times. Geddy had won a place in our heart that no other donkey could displace.

Our life in the town was a strange contrast to our country life, and at first the novelty made it rather enjoyable to us children. Living next door to us were a lady & gentleman by the name of Johnson, a young <sup>couple</sup> ~~by the name of~~ John lately married. Mrs Johnson had a sister on a visit with her, and as she and I were the same age, we soon became sworn friends, and whenever we went for a walk Grand Jones came with us, much to the jealousy of Addy & May Horneck, who I am afraid were rather ~~the~~ <sup>on</sup> her account. Thus time passed on until it came to February, when an event occurred of which I will tell you in the next chapter.



## Chapter IX.

A wonderful event.

"A girl Margery, a girl!" echoed Mr Homeck, as if he hardly ~~to~~ could bring himself to believe that such a calamity had overtaken his friends.

"Yes" said I triumphantly, "a little baby sister".

With a dejected look he turned off with the words. "I must go and tell Mrs Homeck", and thus our darling little sister was welcomed by this strange piece of humanity.

He thought to have so many girls in one family was the greatest misfortune that could befall in-  
happy parents, and evidently quite forgot that his whole family was comprised of two daughters:

Notwithstanding all this our

Baby threw and cooed as all proper  
 Babies do, and was loved and  
 petted by everybody, and the helpless  
 little laughing darling seemed to  
 draw us all nearer together, a special  
 love seeming to spring up between  
 Charlie & and little Mabel Edith  
 as she was duly called.

The following May we decided  
 to move back into Jayestown Cottage,  
 and glad we were to go with our  
 new treasure to the fresh air and  
 familiar haunts, that our absence  
 had given a new interest to.

Life that summer and winter  
 passed rapidly & pleasantly, with  
 Mabel thriving and growing sweeter  
 and prettier every day, and being  
 loved and petted by all hands.

The next May my father and

mother decided to send me to a boarding school in England to complete my education. How well I remember that last Sunday evening as I walked up and down Hamma's room hushing Baby to sleep, trying to keep the tears back as I realized it would be the last time for months that I would again feel those baby hands and kiss those rosy lips. It was the first separation, dear reader the first time any<sup>of us</sup> had left the warm mother-nest to face the world, and therefore it seemed terrible & lonely to say good-bye for the first time to all that made life dear.

So one bright day in May my father, mother and Charlie drove me into the old town where I got on board a steamer which brought me

to Bristol, where I was met, and put  
on the train for Bridport. But as  
I am not writing a history of my-  
self, I need not mention any partic-  
ulars about my school-life, except  
that I was very happy there on the  
whole.

The first Monday in the fol-  
lowing August broke clear and  
beautiful, as I walked up and  
down the Waterford quay, waiting  
for my father and mother who were  
to come upon the boat from Bally-  
hack bring me home from there.

At last I saw them coming along  
and in another minute I was in their  
arms. Oh, the bliss of feeling a mother  
kiss again, and a father's strong loving  
arm thrown around you!

That evening as we were driving

along the old road, nearing Ballyconick, we saw coming to meet us Charlie, Mr. Sparrow, Alfred Jones, & Fannie Whitney. There they all were, the friends I had left - how glad I was to see them again, and to be welcomed home again by each one in turn. Alfred Jones was Maud Jones brother, was learning farming at Ballyconick, a nice young fellow and a special friend of Charlie's. Fannie Whitney was a cousin of Mr. Sparrow's, a lady who tried to make out she was young, but who really had reached the mature age of 38 years.

We said good-bye to them at last, & Charlie jumped on the back seat of the Croxden, and another hour's drive brought us home. What a lot there was to be told that first evening, & how happy we all were, at least I was

Those holidays lasted for our ~~six~~ <sup>six</sup> weeks  
six long weeks of happiness all together  
Little we thought that those sunny autumn  
days would be the last days we would all  
spend together in ~~the~~ "our Cottage home"  
Yes, "we knew not what awaited us,  
God kindly veiled our eyes". And oh I  
have often thanked Him for so doing!  
And at last it came to the day of my  
departure again, another three months  
away, I intending to come home for the  
Christmas holidays, but He ordered it  
otherwise. The night or two before I  
left. Charlie and I went up for a  
walk over the mountain. How well I  
can see that scene again, as we walked  
down the familiar road, then struck out  
on the steep hill that led across the  
~~no~~ summit. As we got half way up  
we stopped and rested on a large rock

and there with no sound to be heard,  
saw the sobbing weird voice of the  
night-wind as it swept across the heather,  
mingled with the merry songs of the  
mountain streams that trickled noisily  
over their stony beds; with the moon-beam  
making a silver path across the sea  
that lay far down below, nearer to us  
just at the foot of the steep ascent,  
nestling amongst the trees, was the old  
white-washed ~~night-wind~~ wind-mill; there,  
with all these familiar sights around,  
Charlie made the promise that I  
should live with him, when he went  
to America. He only knew then, that  
some time or other he would be there, no  
definite time had been settled, as he  
was then intending to enter the Bank  
with my father. But ultimately, hoped  
to reach that distant land, there to

make his "fortune". And so the compact was made, under that moonlit September sky, and we came down again, singing all the way. "Down in the valley with my Saviour I would go", and as our young voices rose up in harmony together, the refrain rang out on the still night "Follow, follow, I would follow Jesus, anywhere, everywhere, I would follow on", we, with our young hearts intended to follow Him, though we little knew where He would lead, but blessed be His name "goodness & mercy have followed us all the way," <sup>even</sup> more trustfully we can now sing, "Anywhere He leads me I will follow on."

The morning of my departure arrived, and being up very early we started off, driving to Ballyhack, Papa, Mamma, Charlie & I, getting there we took the boat up to Waterford where



lay the steamer that was to take me to  
England. We spent a pleasant day  
going around the famous old town of  
Waterford visiting the old school where  
my father had studied as a boy, and at  
last getting down to the quay between  
3 & 4 O. where the boat was waiting  
to take Papa, Mamma & Charlie down  
to Ballyhack, & where my steamer awaited  
to take me to school. As their boat  
went first, I saw them getting on board  
and being loose from her moorings  
she glided out into the stream. Hand-  
kerchiefs fluttered in the September  
breeze, Charlie raised his hat as  
the boat swept around a curve, and  
they were gone! I was left standing  
alone with my uncle & aunt on the  
quay. About an hour after we sailed  
down the river to the sea, & thus ended

my first holidays. Things went on pleasantly at ~~the~~ "The College", till toward Christmas, when my father wrote to say that my mother was very sick and that he was afraid I could not go home for the holidays. Such a disappointment as that was, I can never tell you, but I had to meet the inevitable, so I watched all the girls packing up & going off, and I & a couple of others were left behind, with heavy hearts. Then soon after came the news that Charlie was going to leave for Canada in the end of Feb. and I would not see him again - that seemed to be the last drop in my cup of bitterness, and that night I cried myself to sleep, thinking, of course, that I was the most miserable girl in the universe, & had more to

to hear than most other people. The wheels  
of Time went on surely though slowly  
turning, and the end of February came,  
how I wept over those letters that told  
me Charlie had gone, - gone from the  
old home where we had played to-  
gether as children for years, and I  
had not even said "good-bye" to him!  
And when would he return? None of us  
knew, the only thing we were certain of  
at the time, was - our loss. He arrived  
safe & sound in Ontario, & every week  
we received his long welcome letter.

Things then went on much as usual  
until the following August, the first  
of which month I left school for  
ever, & came once more to live in  
"Haystack Cottage".

Joy & Sorrow. Chap. V  
It was the day before Christmas.

and great was our excitement as we looked forward to "tomorrow". Mamma went into town that morning. (I was eve) we were busy decorating the room with holly ivy. Mrs Sparrow & Annie Whitney were to spend ~~the~~<sup>was</sup> evening with us, taking dinner all together at 5. O. C. & as Mr Sparrow rushed in <sup>next morning</sup> with his arms full of presents, he of course was welcomed very heartily by all hands. Just as we were at dinner Mr & Mrs Tucker came in & joined us, and we passed a pleasant evening, one game of "blind-man's-buff" was played for mee Mabel's special benefit, and then Mr Sparrow asked for a hymn, choosing "Forever with the Lord, Amen so let it be", we all sang it through, after which we had prayer, they all dispersed, Mr Sparrow

lingering last to say farewell in his own hearty way to each of us, and thus ended his last Christmas day on earth. The following week passed by, and soon after New Year's day went also, and it had come to the afternoon of the third of January 1889 which day Mamma proposed that she & little Mahel should go to meet Papa, which we gladly did, and met him not very far from Hayestown. The first glance at his face told us that something was wrong, and in answer to our looks, he said, "poor Johnnie Sparrow is dying," and with those words he drove on home, too overcome to say anything further. Hurriedly he Mamma prepared to go to Ballyconick it was with sad hearts Eva, Elsie, wee Mahel & I watched them drive out of the lawn gate. Papa came home early the next morning, with the sad, sad

news, that Mr Sparrow had died that morn-  
ing a little before 4. O. C. Little any of  
us knew as we were singing "Forever  
with the Lord" that Christmas night, that  
so soon one loved one of our number  
should have gone to be forever with  
him. in that better land, where there  
shall be no more sickness nor sorrow,  
where God Himself shall wipe away  
all tears from our eyes. The whole  
countryside mourned for the departed  
Master of Ballyconick. Strong men went  
to see the remains, & came down weeping  
like children for a father, and hundreds  
came to pay their last respects to the  
deceased man they had learned to love  
so well, during his life. The funeral  
was the largest ever witnessed in that  
part of the country, and in the little  
churchyard of "Forrest" hidden amongst

the trees, all that remains of John Spar  
rests, until that trump shall be heard,  
when the dead in Christ shall rise  
to meet the Lord in the air, and so  
shall we ever be with the Lord.

He's gone Home, and we are left to weep,  
Not dead, but only just asleep.

Ah! would we call him from his rest,  
From Heaven, from Home, from Jesus' breast  
No, sleep thou on till He shall come,  
And take us all to share His home:  
Where ever on the golden shore,  
We all shall meet to part no more.

#### Chapter II.

Still at Haverston?

Spring came again to gladden the  
earth with its fresh beauty, with its wealth  
of primroses & violets, - the singing of birds  
the awakening of all Nature, and Spring  
grew into Summer, and still things went

on pretty quietly in our Cottage home. It came to September & my father had his three weeks holidays and again we found ourselves safely escorted in a little cottage by the sea at Callinestown. As usual we had a pleasant time, my father seizing the opportunity of having as many gospel meetings as possible amongst the coast-guards & country folk, and we also did quite a little visiting amongst them. I remember going with my father & mother & little Mabel to see one poor old lady who lived in a house that once must have been beautiful - one of these large old country houses that are to be seen so often in Ireland - but which now had fallen into decay, & grass grew up plentifully on the carriage-drive that led to the door, it was with difficulty we forced



the rusty gate open, & approached the old house that was now sadly needing repair. Upon ringing the bell, it was answered by loud barking inside, then a slow tottering step was heard, a fumbling & turning of the key in the lock, and an old woman bent with age, with snow-white hair, & totally blind inquired "who is there". Having been answered satisfactorily, she invited us in, entering a long hall we passed into a large room which was scantily furnished & dirty in the extreme.

Perhaps I had <sup>better</sup> pause here & give you a brief outline of her past history before I proceed any further. Once she was a young beautiful girl, light hearted high-spirited, noted over the country side for her fearless horsemanship and manner of driving careless & even reckless of danger. She married a

rich man, had one son, time passed  
on till he grew to be a young man, when  
one day they were all spending a day at  
Cullinstown, the father & son going into bath  
both were swept out to sea on the strong  
current & were drowned before the wife &  
mother's eyes. Thus she was bereft of  
all that made life dear, in one brief  
hour, & a broken hearted woman went  
back to the old house to spend her  
remaining years in the home that once  
had welcomed a beautiful bride,  
that once had echoed with baby laughter  
& childish prattle, but which now was as  
silent as the tomb itself, it was little  
wonder that the once bright hair grew  
bleached white, that those beautiful eyes  
grew dim with weeping! Hiring a man  
to manage the farm, he turned out to  
be totally void of principle, soon the

once flourishing land, dwindled down  
to almost <sup>being</sup> worthless, the old house became  
dilapidated & forsaken looking, & to make  
matters worse, the poor old lady, as I before  
said, became perfectly blind. It was  
thus we found her sitting alone in the  
large old room, with two or three dogs &  
cats to keep her company, who looked  
suspiciously at us as we entered, and  
seemed to wonder why their peace had  
been disturbed in this unusual manner.  
It was certainly a picture of forlornness  
& loneliness to make one's heart ache.  
A few gentle inquiries from my mother  
broke the ice, when my father asked her  
if she would like us to sing her a  
hymn, to which she answered "yes" &  
through the forsaken old house their voices  
sweet & clear rose in perfect harmony, &  
we sang "One there is above all others, Oh  
how He loves", then after that we sang

"Oh think of the Home over there", a slowly  
down the withered, wrinkled cheek came the  
tears as my father read "Let not your heart  
be troubled." He then had a little talk  
with her one rose to go. She accompanied  
us to the door, and as the tears coursed  
one another over the poor old cheeks, my  
mother always loving & gentle put her arms  
round the poor old creature & kissed those  
lips that for so long had been stranger  
to a woman's kiss, then my mother took  
little three year old Mabel lifted her up  
till the sweet rosy lips touched those that  
had once been so beautiful, and nearly  
shaking with sobs the old lady laid her  
withered hands on little Mabel's <sup>sums</sup> golden  
curls, & blessed her, praying that she  
might never know sorrow such as she  
had known; and as I looked at our Baby  
who now stood with her large brown eyes

raised in wonder, and as the bright sunshine  
fell athwart the golden hair, ~~lit~~ the  
little face, which seemed in its innocent  
beauty to her angelic, my heart went out  
rechoed that same prayer for our darling.  
Thus we left her standing on the steps  
with her sightless eyes turned towards  
us, & I do hope to meet her again in the  
beauteous "Palace of the King" where they  
shall see the King in His beauty, where  
all tears shall be wiped away.

Our three weeks slipped very rapidly  
away, & again we were in Hayestown  
Cottage, settled down for another winter, the  
last that I was to spend in the old home!

## Chapter XII.

Our mountain meetings.

It was Sunday, and we had just stood  
up from our little morning meeting, & Bro  
Thompson & Sister Charlton had taken

their departure, and Papa was saying, "I would like to arrange a little gospel meeting on the mountain every Sunday evening, do you think we could manage it Delle"? addressing my mother, who was ever ready for anything in that shape "Why, yes I think it could be managed," said she; "but it would be best to do a little visiting first amongst the people, & let your intentions be known."

"Well" said Papa, "I could go up & see Mrs Walker this afternoon & see what we can do."

So that afternoon as soon as dinner was over, Eva & I got ready and started off with Papa for Mrs Walker's cottage, which was situated just the other side of the mountain. After quite a long walk up the mountain side, along the little paths across the heather; now & then crossing

a little stream on stepping stones, the  
autumn rains having swollen them to an  
unusual size, we came at last to the  
top of the mountain where we paused a  
moment to rest, & take in a view of the  
surrounding country, what a scene lay  
before us of mountain & valley, river & sea!  
As far as the eye could reach from  
Lisford harbour away round the coast  
to the Tower of Hook at the entrance  
to Waterford harbour we could see, &  
almost fancy we could hear the ceaseless  
waves of that ever changing, ever rest-  
less ocean. Then away behind, <sup>as</sup> rose  
the Wicklow mountains, enshrouded  
in a blue haze that distance had  
lent them, & flowing swirling in & out  
here hidden entirely from our view & there  
shining clear & bright in the October sun  
were the blue water of the beautiful

Slaney, travelling on so on until they reached  
the sea were lost in its blue depths.

And I cannot pass on without a word  
about the country that lay at our feet, with  
its cozy farm houses nestling amongst  
the leafy trees, with here & there the  
spire of a village church, & an old  
ivy covered ruin of some ancient  
castle rising to point back to the  
dark bygone ages, adding a picturesque  
charm to the already beautiful  
landscape, then near us where we  
stood were the great rocks piled  
there by the Hand of Him who made  
the world, then our hearts went up  
far above those rocky summits,

Far above you sunset skies

Far above those cold grey earth mist,

I would lift my longing eyes,

To the King of earth & Heaven,

who hath made you as ye stand

who hath made the isles & oceans

who hath made the countess land



There I learned that wondrous lesson  
Of His wisdom power & might,  
And I thanked the great Creator  
Who had ~~made~~ made the world so bright.

But we must pass on, & a walk of 5 minutes  
more brought us to the door of the little  
thatched cottage which we entered, & going  
into the parlor with its clay floor & large  
open hearth, on which burned a bright  
peat fire, we got seated, & Papa had  
a nice talk with Mrs Walker & her husband  
both of whom were children of the King  
both eagerly seized at the idea of having  
a meeting in their house every Sunday  
that Papa could manage to get up.

So after a chapter had been read, & we  
all had sung an hymn & had prayer  
we took leave & began our descent down  
the mountain side again, very happy &  
singing all the way, but very glad to get

back again to our cozy home where the dear Mother had tea waiting to which we all sat down & related our experiences to her sympathetic ear.

We eagerly waited for next Sunday, the day appointed for visiting the scattered Protestant families that lived on the mountains. So the minute dinner was over off we started, Papa Eva & I for our long tramp over muddy roads & bye-paths, stopping here & there at a little cottage, having a chapter a hymn & a word of prayer in each & telling of the intended gospel meeting at Hao Walker's for next Sunday, D.C. and so another Sunday ended, the following one dawned clear and bright. At about 3.0.C. <sup>the door</sup> "Jack" our donkey stood ready yoked to bring Mamma Elsie Little Malvel as far as the roads permitted them to drive,

on their way to Mrs Walker's cottage. Papa  
Iwa & I preferring to walk. After a long  
climb up the steep mountain road, Mamma  
got out, "Mr Jack" had to be led along  
the rugged path which led across the  
heath to the cottage, & thus we arrived, &  
entered the little room that I introduced  
my readers to before, which was now  
filled with a strange mixture of waiting  
congregation. There was old Mr Staley  
nearly bent in two with the "rheumatics"  
a spare little man, very deaf, with  
silvery hair, bright eyes. Also his wife  
a large old woman, very neat, dressed  
in the usual Irish peasant style, with  
her snow-white cap, neatly folded shawl  
with rather short skirts showing the  
"brogues" invariably worn by women  
of her class in that part of the country.  
& beside her was her grand-daughter, a

Bright looking girl of some 12 summers.

Then there were great rough looking men  
hiding the warm heart that is generally to  
be found in the sons of Erin, who crept  
in looking shy & awkward, & curious to  
know how a cottage meeting was going  
to be carried on in that little out-of-the-  
way mountain home. First there was  
a hymn given out, and as it was well  
known it was heartily sung by all, then  
after an earnest prayer, my father spoke  
"of Jesus and His love", how He left  
His home with the Father in glory to come  
to earth to die that they who believe should  
live thro' have life for all eternity.

The words were drunk in eagerly by  
his hearers, & after another hymn &  
prayer they all quietly dispersed, & we  
bade farewell to Mrs Walker & her  
husband & retraced our steps across the

mountains, and as we got back to the valley we looked up at the rocky peak of the mountain over which the silvery beams of the moon had were shedding a light from the <sup>very</sup> heavens themselves, and the little stars peeped down to keep watch over the quiet little cabin wherein dwelt 2 children of the very King of Kings. It was little wonder that we felt subdued & happy as we entered our lawn gate once more, it was as if coming from a little foretaste of heaven on earth. One more instance I must relate when will close this chapter.

It was two or three months after this meeting that again you might have found Papa Eva and I trudging bravely over the old familiar path on Sunday afternoon, but this time instead of going to Mrs Walker's when we got to the top of

the mountain, we turned in another direction and came to another little cottage. Having knocked at the door it was opened by the little girl you have before seen as Mrs Stacy's grand-daughter. As we entered the little kitchen the presence of some neighbors who sat around in hushed silences told at once that something unusual was wrong. A peep into the next room showed us at once the cause, for there lying on the bed unconscious <sup>was</sup> ~~lay~~ old John Stacy, with his poor old wife sitting beside him holding his hand. At her request my father prayed sorrowfully we said farewell to the little group of mourners, and as we got outside the sun was sinking down behind the far-away mountains, and in the sky, now all flushed with the pink & golden hues of sunset, shone

one bright star, inside the little cottage  
the weary old pilgrim's earthly sun was  
setting ~~to~~ never to rise again ~~over~~ the hills  
of Time, but instead for ~~him~~ was dawning  
that bright cloudless everlasting day in  
the Land where there shall be no more  
night. Very early next morning he  
quietly fell asleep in Jesus.

### Chapter ~~V~~ III

#### Leaving home!

Again I must ask you to jump with me  
over some months till we find ourselves  
once more in September <sup>the year</sup> 1890.

It was one of those bright autumn days  
when summer seemed to be making one  
last struggle to regain preeminence.

A day when the sky was a cloudless blue,  
the bees hummed about busily flitting  
from one flower to another, the birds in  
the trees overhead were thrilling forth

some of their most exquisite songs. Mamma  
was busy in the kitchen, & in the dining-  
room was arranging the tea table with its  
snowy cloth, <sup>pretty table</sup> fresh flowers were shedding  
their fragrance through the room; at last  
having finished my task & having gone  
around it once more to see that everything  
was in the exact place, I went out through  
the glass porch to the pretty little summer-  
house in the lawn where my father sat  
writing to Charlie, with little Mabel  
keeping him company. Having coaxed  
her in to "tidy" her, I sent her out again  
as pretty a little picture as you could  
wish to see with her bright golden curls  
framing the sweet little face, & dressed  
in a little pink frock with a white  
muslin pinafore & pink sash I kissed  
the rosy innocent lips & sent her out  
again to Papa who was still in the summer  
house.



Then having dressed myself I went down stairs to await the friends we expected to spend the evening with us, as the following week I was to sail for New York. Soon they all came, 8 or 9 altogether, and after tea was over the younger portion of our party decided to take a walk around by Johnstone Castle the beautiful residence of Lord Maurice Fitzgerald. So off we started down by the pretty little church of Rathaspeck around the road by the above demense which road was one of the most beautiful in the vicinity over shadowed by large old oak & beech trees, through which we now & then caught a glimpse of the beautiful castle with its fountains playing before it, & bright with its flower bed filled with scarlet geraniums. Having gone along for a while we decided to get into the deer-park, & take a "short cut" home.

by that way, as already the sun had set  
over the mountains the sky was flushed  
with the rosy tints heralding the close of  
another day. So accordingly we all got  
int through the large gate & walked over  
a lovely stretch of green grass on which  
numerous deer were grazing, who on seeing  
us lifted their heads & with startled eyes  
gracefully trotted off to another place,  
then having come to a thick wood on  
the fallen trunk of a huge tree we  
sat to rest. How that scene is photographed  
on my memory, - one of the beautiful  
pictures that hangs up there, which may  
never be forgotten or removed. Through  
the dark fir trees the evening shades  
were falling, already casting a solemn  
gloom through the dark recesses from which  
now again we heard the hoot of an owl  
or listened to a belated blackbird's cry,

while every minute we'd hear a rustle through  
the dead leaves looking over would see  
the twinkling tail of a rabbit making  
for its hole, frightened at the sound of our  
voices. We sat there some time enjoying  
the hushed stillness, looking up through the  
thick branches of the trees I caught a  
glimpse of ~~the~~ evening star, and as I thought  
of the nearing parting now so near, & the way  
all unknown & untrodden which lay before  
me, a strange peace filled my soul, as the  
words came rushing through my head

"Into the future that unknown land  
Fearless I go, holding His hand."

Shine on gentle star, the same Mighty  
Hand which holds thee in thy place  
& marks out thy way through that wondrous  
firmament, guides me, tho' "one of the  
least" - on to the shores of the heavenly  
land, where there is no more parting. For

to my Father's Hand that holds the helm!  
and tis the same Hand that placed thee  
in thy appointed place so many thousands  
of years ago, that same pierced Hand, that  
has promised to guide us all home until we  
shall see His glory in "The Palace & the  
King".

Soon after we again reached home  
& after some music, reading, a thing  
Papa never omitted to do when anyone  
was there, they all took their departure  
& soon all was still in "our cottage home"  
slumber came as Nature's sweet restorer to  
our weary bodies & minds.

It had come to Tuesday the following  
week, and if you had taken a peep into  
our home you would have found things  
in a rather confused state, as I was  
deep in the mysteries of packing my  
trunks, as next day I was to leave

with Papa Mamma for Belfast en route  
for New York via Derry. It was a sorrow-  
ful task, although all tried to put on an  
appearance of cheerfulness, still somehow  
many a bright unbidden tear seemed to  
drop into the trunk amongst the various  
things that went to fill it. and little  
Mabel would come up & put her little  
arms around my neck kiss me in  
her own loving way, which would send  
a pang through my heart, while she  
would say, "Poor Leta, is going away  
tomorrow", would look with sympathetic  
baby wonder ~~as~~ as I'd brush away those  
troublesome tears that would keep coming  
into my eyes, then she would say  
"don't cry Leta, little Mollie loves 'ou"  
But the hours flew on quickly, and  
that evening some friends would keep  
coming in to say good-bye, and at last

I took care Mabelle up to put her to bed for the last time! Dear reader, unless you have had the same experience, you cannot have any idea of the soreness of my heart, as one by one I took off the little garments, robed in her little white night-dress she knelt to pray at my knee. For two years, hardly any other hand but mine had done that task every night, it was I who dressed & bathed her, I who put her to sleep, I who taught her her alphabet & I who made her little frocks & pinafores, as my mother, who was never strong was always busy with other household matters, and of course, I loved her; but that is such a common-place way of putting it, does not seem to half express all the tenderness yearning fondness that I had for my little golden haired sister, the little helpless

innocent Baby that the loving Heavenly  
Father had sent down to draw<sup>us</sup> all nearer,  
closer together. And as she knelt there  
the tears fell quick & fast on the bowed  
curly head, but were hastily brushed  
away before she rose, & laughingly jumped  
into bed. Then as usual she wanted  
to be sung to sleep, & with a great effort  
I sang her favorite hymns, "Jesus loves  
me this I know", & "Shall we gather at the  
river" etc, & soon the eyelids closed over  
the large brown eyes, & the long lashed  
lay on the fair pink cheek, while one  
little hand tightly held mine and  
little Malvul was asleep! I stayed  
on however, unable to tear myself  
away, but hearing Mamma making  
preparations for bed, I bent over &  
kissed the parted rosy lips, that smiled  
in their sleep, & gave my treasure over  
into the keeping of Him who never slumbers  
nor sleeps, "until we meet again", and oh

I know that He loves her far more than I could even! Next morning we were up early, as we intended ~~to~~ leaving on the 8.00 train for Dublin, & Eva was to come to the train with us & drive back the horse, as I before said, that my father & mother were to come as far as Derry see me on to the steamer. After a pretence at eating breakfast, the horse was brought up, & just before we went out Papa called us all in to the little drawing <sup>room</sup>, & kneeling there amid smothered sobs, he committed us each into the loving keeping of Him who has promised to never leave us nor forsake us, "until we meet again", and when would that be? Perhaps - who can tell? - it may be at Jesus' feet when we all shall be caught up together to meet Him in the air.

We were all ready now, but little Mabel lay fast asleep still upstairs, so up I rushed hurriedly, bending down I kissed



her as she slept but the brown eyes opened wide with one cry the little arms were thrown around my neck; but I had to go with one wrench & tore myself away, leaving little Mabel sobbing as if her baby heart would break, seeming to realize at last that "Ieta" was really going away for a "long long time".

I said good-bye to Elsie who stood at the hall-door & jumped into the car & we drove down the lawn through the gate & down the familiar road which led to Mexford. I looked back to catch one last lingering glimpse of "our cottage home", as the sun had already risen & was bathing it in a flood of golden light, while the soft morning breeze stirred the leaves of the trees in the lawn, which had been already touched with the magic wam of Autumn, & their bright autumn tints flashed in the morning sunbeams, & the

mists were rolling from the rocky peak  
of the mountain, lifting the veil that  
hung over the landscape, each point of  
which I knew and loved so well, a  
sudden bend in the road hid all  
from my view, thus mid blinding  
tears I caught the last sight of that  
home of my childhood, those familiar  
scenes & haunts that I loved so well, those  
days of sunny childhood over which  
scarce a shadow had flown that glau-  
cous girlhood which seemed so near & yet so  
far off now, lay in the Past, that  
irrevocable Past that lay behind me  
bathed in the light of morning, & the  
future loomed dark & unknown before  
my weeping eyes, & in my sorrow I near-  
ly grew faithless. A retrospect of the Past  
taken from the Present standpoint alway  
seems brighter than it really is, as Time  
with her gentle hand blots out all the harsh-  
leaves only the bright & beautiful to be remember-

A life without one cloud to hide,  
The brightness of that azure sky;  
Without one heart pang, or a grief,  
And ne'er one bitter helpless cry.

But Thou dear Lord, Thou knowest all,  
Thou knowest what I need the best,  
I'll take with joy the pleasant thing,  
And Thy sweet will shall choose the rest.

Margery E. McLean

And this was really the expression of my  
heart at the time and the Lord in His  
loving kindness & tender mercy when He saw  
I had learned His appointed lesson,  
gently removed each obstacle. The same  
week that I got letters from home with the  
permission to "do as we liked," - that same  
week the Manager at the office told me  
that business had got so slack that they  
had no work for two stenographers, so I