feature of Minnie's physical training. "What I like about Papa," she remarked critically, "is that he never talks down to us. He treats us as though we were grown-ups." So with this paternal friend and camarade the two elder girls would often wander for hours in the Eilenriede, the wonderful old forest of Hanover, and the father would explain conversationally, as to equals, how in time past the forest was the property of two old ladies, who left it to the town of Hanover on condition that for every tree cut down or destroyed others should be planted, that foresters should guard and keep the trees and that every Hanoverian should have the right of carrying home as much fallen wood as he and his family could carry, unaided by cart or beast of burden.

Then coming to the "Holy Well," he would speak of the hermit who lived here for many years, of his quiet life beside the pure stream—while wars and misery were abroad—and of hermits in general and the children would examine with interest the grey altarlike monument in the centre of the rotundant space that kept the old tradition for future generations.

There were raspberries in those glorious forests. There were flowers you might pick in moderation and carry home to mamma. There were little tables and chairs under spreading trees round the foresters' houses. You sat down at one end, Papa would ask politely what you would have: a glass of milk or a bowl of curds, sprinkled with crumbs and sugar. You generally decided for the latter, and ate it with appreciation, while Papa had a glass of beer and a pipe. He would sometimes watch you and exclaim suddenly: "How *can* you eat that stuff?" "Do you really enjoy it?" or words to that effect. The children never heard Mamma's mother mentioned without reverence and admiration. She was indeed a wonderful *young* lady! At this time past seventy—born at the end of the eighteenth century, reminiscent of tales passed on to her by ancient grandparents, whose wonderful memories again linked them to inherited family records of Europe's wild and bloody past. She had Minnie's love for history, Minnie's talent for remembering facts; Minnie's interest in the drama of life—also some Gaelic blood in her veins, and, in defiance of years, good looks and restless activity. It was her intention, frankly declared, to live on in this interesting world and to see what happened in the future, to assist at the overture of the twentieth century and view its pageant. She came near to achieving her desire, passing when she was well over ninety years of age.

History became a living, moving reality when you sat at her feet and listened to true tales of life behind the scenes, during the epochs of unrest that had hitherto been schoolroom dates. There was the French Revolution her parents had known and heartily disapproved of, the invasion of the French, when she helped to hide stores in subterranean vaults under the cellars of her father's house; a man who had introduced printing-presses into Hanover and owned a rambling massive pile in the heart of the city.

"And all the stores meant work in those days," she would say, "the salt and smoked meat and sausages came from our own sheep and pigs; the fat we used was melted down by us. We made our own candles, our own clothes came from our own herds or from the flax we ourselves had grown. There was no idling in those days. My mother would not let us sit, as you are doing, with your hands crossed before you. We were always knitting, spinning or weaving. Ah, those were other days."

Minnie loved to listen to grandmother's tales, in spite of her hints at our degeneracy, and she was especially impressed by the sorrowful description of the return of the "Young Guard" from Moscow in 1812–13, a section of which seems to have drifted through Hanover.

Only a few weeks before Minnie passed she referred to this saddest of Grandmother's records, when—as we often did—we relived in memory the most vivid impressions of our childhood.

"Frostbitten, in rags, starving, half-crazed with fatigue," said Grandmother, her voice saddened and suppressed by the dreadful recollection, "they lay around the Market Church, huddled in shocking desolation, and our citizens forgot they were enemies in sheer pity for their youth and suffering. The people carried them bundles of straw. We women and children used our laundry-coppers for soup-making, and we all helped to carry it out in pailfuls. Some of the soldiers trembled so and were so ill and weak that they could not lift the bowl of hot soup to their lips, but they were all grateful and courteous: 'Merci, Madame,' they would say, 'Merci, bien.'"

While Grandmother (she was never Grandmamma) spoke, we saw the old Market Church, the dying soldiers, she herself young and eager, helping to carry the steaming soup, anxious to alleviate pain and sorrow, as she always was throughout her life. "It must have been wonderful to have lived in real history," thought Minnie. But she too was unconsciously living in history. The invasion of Hanover by the Prussians, its annexation in 1866, with the banishment of the beloved King George V, was very fresh in the memory of the people.

Grandmother, whose husband had been a court musician, much considered by the Royal Family, was a staunch and faithful Guelph. She was constantly criticising the upstart Prussians in terms that made her affrighted family remonstrate. "Hush, mother," they would exclaim, "be careful, or you will certainly be imprisoned for *lese-majesté!*" "Be it so," laughed the lively lady, "those cuckoo Prussians have no chivalry. They are quite capable of dragging me to prison; the Guelphs, they are gentlemen!"

Banished from their kingdom, the blind King and his family indeed justified our Grandmother's faith, for, to the end of her long life, her widow's pension was generously paid by them, and never without remembrance in the office, especially kept up by their generosity, to attend to the claims of old and faithful servants of their Crown. Minnie was naturally an adherent of the Guelphs, "though, of course, as I am English, it doesn't make so much difference, although our own Queen Victoria is their relation," she remarked.

Before Minnie had passed Miss L.'s preparatory school the family doctor ordered her back to England. A dangerous infection of the eyes nearly cost her her sight, and change of air, country life in her own damp climate, besides great care, was considered imperative. Of course all study and straining of brains and eyes was strictly tabooed. So the poor little invalid was shipped to her grandmamma disfigured by a pair of smoke-grey goggles, to be cared for in Goldhill and to run wild about English meadows and gardens, lovingly tended by her aunts, and admired and befriended by a group of charming cousins.

It was some time before she was allowed to write a letter in the current style, beginning: "Dear Mamma, I hope you are quite well, I am quite well, etc.," and a still longer period elapsed before we were told that "Minnie was on her way to Hanover."

Lina meanwhile passed from the preparatory school to the "Higher Daughters' School," of which a distinguished Professor on the staff said about this time: "Thank the Lord, we are not affected by the vulgar epidemic of change, misnamed reform. All we desire or wish is to keep up the classical principles, which are the foundation stone of our school, and to teach our pupils the meaning of honest work and reverence for the harmonies of life."

(To be continued.)

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