

thrift was one of the fundamental principles of her life. Nothing ever went to waste about the house if she could help it.

And yet she was never very strong, and she suffered more or less from ill-health the whole time. But she would seldom complain if she could manage to be on her feet at all, and she invariably kept up a bright hopeful spirit. Then, combined with tender womanly sympathies, she had, as if by instinct, the soundest judgment on all the practical affairs of life, or as I once heard a bushman put it, "she knew the tree that made the shingles," and it was not easy to deceive her in any way. She had no children of her own to look after and care for, but in a wider sense she was a mother to all of us, and very many others, too, have had good cause to cherish the most grateful remembrance of her.

They left the old farm long ago, and retired to a quiet, beautiful place on the outskirts of the village of Lucknow, to enjoy the fruits of their hard, honest labours until they are called away to their final home.

By working late and early
We've come to what ye see,
Although we made our bridal bed
On clean pease strae.