

sick;' 'Yes, and where her presence could not reach, soft dainties made by her hand found their way to the sick bed;' 'Her influence and example were mighty for good.' Similar remarks then made might be recorded *ad infinitum*; but the close of all is: Mother Earth has received her daughter Helen, and the house of sorrow and the house of joy will alike miss the handsome form, the radiant smile, the low and gentle voice:

"A low and gentle voice—dear woman's chiefest charm—

An excellent thing it is! and ever lent

To truth and love and meekness; they who own
This gift, by the all-gracious Giver sent,

Even by quiet step and smiles are known;
By kind eyes that have wept, hearts that have
sorrowed,

By patience never tired, from their own trials
borrow'd."

"Sic itur ad astra."

Nine-tenths of the contents of this volume has already appeared in the public press; and they are now gathered together by the loving hand of one who highly prized the friendship of, and his communion with, both mother and daughter, as a Christmas souvenir of her who so loved Christmas.

Of "Kathleen"—an endearing name bestowed by a dear friend, a warm-hearted, accomplished Irish lady—the *Examiner* truly says: