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as people do when they sit down in the late and quiet evening of life.

It was pleasant to her to relate the experiences, and return to the scenes of her youth, which time had so altered and effaced. Many a tale of those old adventurous days, when the first hardy settlers cleft their way westward through the ancient pine forests, did her young Kingston friends gather round to hear; but more especially she took pleasure in recounting to them the wonderful works of Him in whom her trust was placed—how His providence had preserved those that were ready to perish, and made the light of Christian faith and hope to shine on the dark places of the land. One most striking, though simple, illustration of