

other. The former was an immediate bond between us for I adored soils and Sophie Mary was my inseparable companion. Elizabeth really preferred cats and grieved that Tom John Railey-Railey Pole-cat had to be left in Westcock, where the first eight years of her life were spent, but she soon acquired others of his kind and could generally be found curled up on a sofa with a cat and of course, a favourite book.

"Before grown-ups she was rather shy and diffident, though too courteous to be unfriendly; I cannot recall that she ever said a *rude* word in her life. Fierce, obstinate, even sarcastic, she could be on provocation but sulky or rude, never. In the family circle she was all animation, quick sympathy and clever fun. She commenced to write verse when very young. The big attic of the Rectory when the Robertses and many little cousins assembled, was the auditorium for many literary efforts, inspired perhaps by the fame of the older brothers in College, but guided and encouraged by this indefatigable sister who was ever ready to share their joys and griefs, and receive their confidences.

Christmas has always been very dear to her heart. She loved to help decorate the beautiful little church, with fragrant hemlock boughs and cedar, and she loved the quiet Christmas Eve service, and afterward the walk home in the winter starlight with her father. Once when someone derided Christmas giving, she flared up indignantly and said, "I think I would give *something*, even if it were a burnt match!"

There was an unusual bond between father and daughter, an intellectual as well as a natural affinity. They differed harmoniously, "and that reminds me," Mrs. Ganong says. "how much Elizabeth enjoyed a real discussion. Her eyes would become wide and black and her whole body tingle with the joy of tournament. One day a worthy but narrow parson was en-



Mrs. Elizabeth Roberts Macdonald

larging on the folly of Higher Education for women. Elizabeth sprang to its defense and so bedazzled the poor man that he failed to see his own inconsistency when he exclaimed, "Splendid! It is such a treat to have an intelligent conversation with an educated lady!"

After her marriage Mrs. MacDonald went to the West for a number of years. Although the care of her family, and poor health prevented her from doing half of what she longed to do, she wrote a little and took an active part in the Suffrage movement. A few years ago she moved to Ottawa, with her two sons, and was recently joined by her husband, who is now back from France.

"Nain", as she is called by the nieces and nephews and grand-niece, is still a guiding spirit in the family, though so unaggressively that few would know it. She is a loving mother, a tender friend whose faith in those she loves inspires with a nobler chivalry. And she has withal that rare gift of God the soul of a poet.