

world of letters. Mayhap she thought this pleased me well—and perhaps it did. I urged her to send her book forth with her own name upon it—but this she firmly refused. She shrank from the publicity it would involve, she said, as must any Southern lady. I believed her implicitly. “Especially,” she went on—dwelling earnestly on this—“since my book is the frank and artless story of the most sacred things of life, of a woman’s life at that. Some will smile,” said she, “and some deride, and many disbelieve; but the story is the story of my inmost work and life and love. Let it see the light if you think it worthy.”

I promised; and thus my promise is redeemed and my humble part is done.

Galt, Ontario.

ROBERT E. KNOWLES.

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