

"The morning hours flew past, and all too soon we were on our way to the station. Uncle James and father walked ahead, Jessie and I following. She seemed so happy, so pleased with her visit to our little college town. It seems but as yesterday since that walk, and the short wait at the station; since those last friendly words, and the injunctions to 'write;' and, at last, 'Good-bye—Good-bye.'

"Good-bye," till the shadows are lifted,
Till the sands of life are all sifted,
Till the well-fought fight is won."

"JEAN A. ROBERTSON.

"New Wilmington, Pa."

These few happy days at Wilmington passed quickly away and with bright anticipations for the future she returned to Welland, to her new home awaiting her, and with him whom she had chosen "to walk the shaded glens and pleasant uplands of life," determined to build on a sure foundation the home they were about to establish. In other years she had written, "The happy wife of a happy husband, the angels of heaven might envy." The ideal home, as she viewed it *now*, was a relic of Eden ere sin had entered. To attain and preserve this lofty ideal as she conceived it was the highest aim of her hopes and fond ambition.

She realized fully the deep responsibility of thus establishing a home, and entered upon her new duties with a characteristic earnestness of purpose, determining to brave all difficulties that lay in this untried pathway, and to be in every sense of the term, a "helpmeet"—with wonderful matter-of-fact common sense, for one so idealistic, she set about the inevitable, carrying with her, her school watch-word, "to do well and hasten slowly."

Happily those early days flew past, her interest in her home deepening day by day. Light-hearted and free she writes: "I almost forget I am married," and again, "I am a happy wife."

Her new surroundings, especially the friendly faces and kindly hearts who extended to her so cordial a welcome, found a warm place in her heart.

Many times she had written from Welland, "the lines have fallen unto me in pleasant places," and for the sake of those who thus made life bright and happy, she strove to be reconciled to the murky waters of the sluggish Chippewa—the dull, flat, uniform