

farm and removed to Vankleek Hill with her infant child, to whom her life was thenceforth largely devoted. Educating him in Montreal and Toronto ; she lived near Perth a number of years ; in 1868 removed to the Pennsylvania oil regions and died at Franklin, Venango county, on the thirtieth of September, 1876, sincerely mourned by all who knew her sterling worth. She was a noble, gifted Christian woman. The son, John James McLaurin, engaged in oil operation many years and acquired a high reputation in journalism. Two of his books, "The Story of Johnstown" and "Sketches in Crude Oil," have circulated widely in America and Europe. His wife, Elizabeth Cochrane, daughter of a wealthy citizen of Franklin, is a real treasure. Soon after the death of his mother, to whom he was tenderly attached, her son wrote these verses to her memory under the title of "My Mother's Portrait" :

"Mother ! I breathe thy dear name with a sigh,
For thou canst hear in the blest land on high ;
At thy sweet portrait now I fondly gaze,
And tenderly recall the trustful days
Of harmless mirth, when, playing at your knee,
No thought of sorrow marr'd my childish glee.

"Mother ! Thy gentle lips oft prest my cheek
With kisses sweeter far than words might speak ;
They taught my infant tongue to lisp a pray'r,
And told of Christ and Heaven and mansions fair ;
How would it thrill my soul with deepest joy,
To hear them say once more : "God bless my boy !"

"Mother ! Thy eyes so loving, pure and mild,
That never flash'd in anger on thy child,
Their last fond look in this sad vale of tears,
Which centred all the yearning love of years,
Bent full on me, while I could only weep
And long and pray with thee to fall asleep.

"Mother ! Thy kindly hands, whose touch could soothe
The aching head, the dying pillow smooth,
Quick to supply the humble sufferer's need,
Were never weary sowing the good seed ;
Could they but clasp me as in days of yore,
I'd sweetly rest, nor ask to waken more.