

"But his cough grows hollower an' hackier, Mis' Burton, an' Dr. Sankey tells me he ain't long for this world! an' oh, I'm so dreffle pleased he come home when he did, an' didn't die without any preparin', or hearin' 'the gospil's joyful soun,' as my old mother uster sing. A queer gospil, ye may say, but I never heerd a better sermon preached by Elder Garrick or Father Howe than that blessed caterpillar o' the church preached to me when he broke outter the grave that res'rection day last July. An' I tell ye when I'm talkin' caterpillars an' bugs an' such, I throw in, without scarin' him, a good deal of Scriptor religion too, an' he knows mighty well—or 'taint my fault—who's behind it all, and responsible for their goin's on an' all the good in 'em. An' "—with her queer, quick smile again—"I do a heap o' prayin' for him he never has the faintest idee on. It's mean, I hold, to pray at a man, but's long as he don't know what I'm doin' it can't hurt him, an' it's a dreffle relief to me.

"An' he's improvin' on it, an' I've got hopes on him, Mis' Burton. I've seen wuss caterpillars 'n him turn inter real sightly flyin' things, not the best nor han'somest, mebbe, not big green an' buff angels like Jacob, but suthin' with wings, 'tennerate, an' that's a good deal. There was a fat, loggy, whitish worm I knew once, with a blue streak down his back, that lived on a white birch across the road. His name was Ad'niram Judson Birch, an' I had big hopes o' him—thought he was goin' to be a big stripid butterfly; he et enough to make one a foot across—but he hadn't any ambition or fac'ity, somehow—jest et an' stuffed, an' never got on—an' he only come out a kind of a sawfly, without any bright colours on him, or feathers, or anything. But he had wings. I tell ye there's wings in us all 'f we could see 'em. An' when Mr. Gates gits off his caterpillar skin, an' comes up an' shakes the dirt all off, I ain't goin' to be one mite ashamed on him, 's long as he's got wings."

I was called away unexpectedly from the mountains a few days after this interview, and did not return that year. Nathan, a rare and reticent correspondent, wrote me a few weeks after my departure as follow :

"Old Gates, Aunt Randy's wuthless husband, pegged out last week. Good riddunse! Don't need a Yanky to guess where he's gone."

But I try to forget the glimpse I had of the mean, sly face and cringing figure, and remember only dear old Aunt Randy's faith and prayers, and her simple creed : "There's wings in us all 'f we could see 'em."

THRICE blest whose lives are faithful prayers,
 Whose loves in higher love endure :
 What souls possess themselves so pure,
 Or is there blessedness like theirs ?

—*Tennyson.*