

her highest aim, for above and beyond this ever stood the moral elevation and spiritual welfare of those entrusted to her charge.

"I remember on one occasion while holding a series of meetings in the Baptist Church, she came to me at the close of one of them, and, as she clasped my hand, she said, while the tears ran down her cheeks, 'Some of my scholars are here. I have been praying for them. Will you please speak to them? I want to see them become followers of Jesus.' An earnest praying teacher like her must succeed in the highest sense of the word. And she did succeed. All of these pupils, as near as I can gather, are at this present humble, earnest Christians; and many of the children who attended that school during the four years she was its teacher, now grown up and settled in the world, are trying to walk in the footsteps of their blessed Saviour; and many of them attribute their conversion under God to the influence of those years during which they were her scholars. Some have said to me, 'Miss Robertson spoke privately to me several times about my soul and awakened desires in my heart that were never satisfied until I found rest in Jesus.' Truly the memory of those who live and die in the Lord are blessed.

"A very successful public examination closed her labors in Abingdon school. Each child seemed determined to do his or her best that day for the teacher's sake, whom they loved so well, yet in moments of leisure the thought would come that they were about to part and that that day was their last together, and many a tear dropped silently on the desk before them. At the close of the examination her scholars presented her with Matthew Henry's Commentary, in nine volumes, as a farewell memento from the school. She asked me to reply, and she sat down sobbing like a child. I did so, and then over teacher and children, bathed in tears, invoked the Divine blessing, and so terminated that last day of her fourth year's teaching, during which the children received instruction to benefit them temporally throughout life, and which to many was for their eternal welfare, and the teacher retired from her scene of labor with the feeling that, while her work was mixed with much imperfection and many failures, yet 'she had done what she could.'"