

Aug. 31.—“This *only life* is passing away and I waste the moments.”

Sept. 18.—“Truly ‘Godliness is profitable both for the life that now is and the life that is to come.’”

Oct. 23.—“My pupils have done well for the Bible Society. Over twenty names have been given me, and their little cramped printing is prettier to me than a picture; but oh! how I dread asking the older people! However, I must try and remember to give my services as well as my money, ‘not grudgingly or of necessity.’”

Nov. 8.—“The time seems to be passing away unimproved. Every morning when I say ‘imprint upon our minds the good instructions we may this day receive,’ I feel I am not earnest enough.”

Dec. 3.—“I feel sad to-night, knowing ‘she hath *not* done what she could.’”

These need no comment. They are their own interpreter.

It may be interesting to know that among her correspondence, her letters marked “Abingdon pupils” attest that her labor was not in vain, and in handwriting like her own are found thoughts also similar to her own. These letters breathe the fullest confidence and sympathy even after months and years of separation, and they express so often and in many ways that her teaching lived on, in her scholars. In some the love of poetry lives, in others the kindness to them in hours of trouble was never forgotten; the world of beauty was opened up by the moss, ferns and flowers on the teacher’s desk, so tastefully arranged long ago and often recalled. Beautiful expressions in reading continue to be noted, and other scholars returning from school recall the pleasant Friday evening lessons with their deeper meanings, which she ever sought to instil.

After leaving Abingdon she spent some months in Hamilton, which gave her an impetus in literary work, as attested by her letters and essays.

Then after a few months at home and after two years’ absence from it, she again resumed her work as a teacher.