

without effort, and, at will, could be produced with effect and beauty. A teacher to whom she attributed much of her training was the Rev. D. C. Johnson, now of Beaverton, Ont., then a young man, but of whom she wrote years afterwards, "whose teaching influences me still." Copies of *Good Words*, a magazine edited by Dr. Norman McLeod, did much, too, to mould the forming literary taste, and the good healthy tone of that and other reading, both poetry and prose, aroused an appetite for good literature ever afterwards. Artemus Ward's sketches were thoroughly enjoyed, suiting well her humorous vein, as shown in later productions of pen and pencil.

After retiring, she used to ask Tina, our eldest sister, to lay aside her work and read. A poem entitled, "Let Us Pray," was often the one asked for. One couplet—

" We heard it in the village school,
Stilling the din of talk and play,"

carried its effect through all her teaching. Years afterward, when her pupils were swayed by her look, her "Let Us Pray" gained absolute silence, and in form at least, and often we believe in heart, all were praying. Thus standing on life's threshold, peering into the unknown and untried future, were marked the impresses which deepened with the years. Revelling in imagination, through whose mystic gauze everything was viewed, it gave a higher glow and conception and loftier ideal to the commonest things of life. "It is strange," she would say at times, "that I have these deep feelings which no one gives me credit for. Because I laugh and seem all merriment, only that side of me is seen;" and true it was, even intimate acquaintances knew not this deeper flow of soul. On the last day of the year 1870 a young cousin read aloud Tennyson's "May Queen," the touching beauty of which she heartily appreciated; but when the June roses were in bloom, and that cousin passed from us forever, when we "saw him carried out from the threshold of the door," then did the full import of its meaning enter her heart and life. When the first of May came round a "Queen" was crowned with a wreath made by her of everlasting flowers, and which custom was for some years observed