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thunders rolled. Spectral and weird it seemed, the earth sympathizing with and reflecting the angry glow of a setting sun. With that power which she wielded, and which grew with years, of imparting to her listeners—in these days often myself only—what she herself felt, she spoke of the end of the world, and quoted from Scripture, from the prophecies and Revelation, and conveyed to me through her words a feeling of being awe-stricken and wretched. Somewhat similar were the emotions stirred when in childish tones full of pathos she repeated poetry. Two pieces, especially, come to mind, "The Graves of a Household" and "Oft in the Stilly Night." The former, beginning,

"They grew in beauty, side by side,
They filled one home with glee;
Their graves are severed far and wide,
By mount and stream and sea."

she repeated with strange fervour, as if regretting even the anticipation of coming partings. Then in the darkness and quiet would come the words:

"Sad memory brings the light Of other days around me."

When about eight years old, she undertook to read Milton's "Paradise Lost," and sitting out in the open field at the end of some potato drills, read it and understood much of its difficult passages. Quotations from it learned then were never forgotten. About the same time "Dred," a production of Mrs. Stowe's, was read and re-read until she had imbibed the spirit of the heroine, "Nina Gordon," and which, from the impression then made and after references to it, gave, we believe, a coloring to her whole life. The heroine was her girlish ideal. The fanciful picture of the young girl suited well her own sentimental nature, and the sunny life begun in brightness; growing so womanly under the discipline of clouds, till the almost bride, in the light of the flowery summer time, with music on her lip, had passed from earth away, she ever deemed a conception of inimitable beauty. Books of adventure were enjoyed and read with almost boyish zest, and whole pages of daring bravery or heroic valor were committed to memory