

given in the following pen picture, by her friend and niece, Jean A. Robertson :

" I look back to the days of 1888. How, during all the college year of 1887-8 we looked forward with delightful anticipation to Commencement time and the expected visit from uncle James and our Jessie ; the disappointment we felt when we thought that that visit was to be denied, and then the joy of seeing them. June days never lack a charm, but when they bring real pleasure with them, they are indeed beautiful days. The June days of eighty-eight were rare days to us, for they brought us the companionship of dear ones whom we did not often see. We met them one afternoon, the day before commencement, and brought them home. How quickly the hours passed that evening—the first of that long expected visit—and not less pleasantly.

" Commencement day soon dawned upon us. The graduating performances were the chief features of the day, and began at nine o'clock in the morning under the trees in the college campus. But I recall the noon hour, the merry time at home, at dinner, and the after dinner chat as we sat about the door, till, after an hour or so, we returned to the campus. Jessie's interest in the performances was deep, because of her sympathy with the young graduates. When one, a dear friend, but then unknown to her except by name, stepped forward, essay in hand, Jessie, bending toward me, whispered, 'The perfect realization of the sweet girl graduate.' She was indeed, and Jessie afterward learned to love Hattie Shontz.

" The time soon came for the Doctor's final address to the class, and the bestowing of diplomas. How vividly it all comes to me now ! The dreamy June afternoon ; the "mild-chequering" sunshine playing on the crowd of heads in the audience, and falling like a tender benediction on those of the graduating class, as they stood, a double semi-circle, listening to the Doctor's words ; the Doctor's clear, ringing voice, commending their class motto, 'Keep your record clean.' Many a dear face I see in that class, but turning I see one beside me, so earnest, so pure, I cannot describe it, I need not, it is known to you, and the knowledge of it is a blessing. Clad all in white, the sunlight wavering over her, and Jessie enjoying that to which she had so long looked forward—Westminster's commencement of 1888. In a few minutes, however, all was over, and the campus, deserted, quietly recorded one more commencement day in its annals ; one more, yet quite unlike any before or any that may come ; unlike, that is, to us ; to many others not unlike.

" But we have left the campus, supper is over, and Jessie and I have walked slowly along the quiet street to the secluded little place where the Shontzes made their home while students. We find them all seated on the lawn and a very kindly welcome waiting us, and we quickly have our places among them. The white dresses that Jessie liked are there—the girls' graduating gowns, and mine and Jessie's own, her wedding gown. Can it be that for nearly a year it has been her shroud ? But why must I think of November's dreary days ? I am writing of June, happy, happy June.