

To My Dear Elliston Grandchildren.

MY DEAREST JOAN AND CHARLES,—

When Granny was a little girl,—ever and *ever* so long ago—one of her greatest pleasures was to listen to tales told by *her* Mother and Father of what they did, and how they lived when they, too, were children.

I am quite sure that, if your own darling Mother had been spared to you, she would have loved to tell you many bed-time stories of her home-life in far off Cape Breton where she and her brothers—(who are, you know, your Uncles Tom, and Charles, and Brenton) used to have merry times together. But God, our Heavenly Father, Who loves all His children, and Who knows what is the very best for each one of them, has taken your dear Mother to live with His holy Angels in the Paradise above. I hope that you will often think of her there, for I am sure her pure Spirit is watching over you; loving you always, and longing for each of you to be good and true, loving and unselfish,—so that you may grow up to be all that she hoped and prayed you might be; to comfort and care for your dear Father, whom she loved best in the world, and to play your parts well all through your life.

So I feel sure that the time will come, as the years pass, when you will long to know something of your dear Mother's life when she was a little girl; about her school-days and those years when she was growing up into her sweet and gentle maidenhood; about her friends and companions, her occupations and her pleasures; the books she read and loved,