

five boys and three girls, and the cares and burdens of the household had always fallen mainly upon her. Then the way my eldest brother Frank and I had been racked in clearing the farm was a great heart sorrow to her. A mother's death is an irreparable loss to any well ordered family, and was especially so to us.

Her maiden name was Ann McRae. In her family there were two girls of the same name. She had no education except to be able to read the Bible in Gaelic, and she could only speak very little English. But she had been endowed with more than an ordinary share of natural intelligence and sense. In person she was slightly above the average size of women, with a handsome figure, long black hair and a fine Scotch face. She never had her photograph taken, which I have often regretted very much. Her love was of the deep, silent, undemonstrative kind; and though she had to cook for all of us on the pot hooks and hearth of an open fireplace, and make all our working clothes, and also manage so many other things about the house, yet I never saw her patience give out but once, and that was on a washing day! And how good and amiable and resigned she was on her death bed. But who could write adequately of such a mother without the touch of God's own hand on his pen?

Quitting the Farm.

My sister Sarah was hardly sixteen years of age when mother died, but she pluckily took full charge