

gentleness of his heart. He was a gentleman of the old school, was uncle. His great-grandfather before him had been born in our quaint little Virginian town, and the gracious culture of a century and a half had not been for nothing. The mist of years lies between me and that April evening when we discussed the approaching Presbytery that was to honour our little town by convening in our midst, pondering our approaching guests as solemnly as though they had been envoys from a royal court; but I can still see the tall athletic form, not yet bowed with age—he was less than fifty—and the careless-fitting, becoming clothes that wrapped it in sober black, and the easy dignity of his poise as he held out his hands to the fire—above all, there rises clear before me the grave and noble face, strength and gentleness blending in the mobile mouth and aquiline nose, while the large gray eyes looked out with the loving simplicity of childhood upon the little circle that was so dear to him and to which he was so dear. Yet there was latent fire in those gentle eyes; when in complete repose, they looked out like two slumbering furnaces that needed only to be blown—and any one familiar with the best type of Southern gentlemen would have descried the old Virginian looking through them, the native courage, the inborn anger against meanness, the swift resentment of a wrong,