

One of my earliest recollections is of a Sabbath morning long ago, when the rest were at church, our mother took Jessie and others of us, and pled with God in prayer for us, her children. On *her* susceptible nature the influence of this and other similar scenes was never lost. For example, in a letter from Welland in 1888, she writes: "What do you think I found me saying over to myself the other day? The old hymn—our 'cradle hymn,' I think. I remember lying in the little bedroom in the old home, before it was quite dark, listening to the whip-poor-will in 'Sutton's bush,' and moreover saying it as we were taught:

'Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child,
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to thee.'"

When about five years of age she started to school. Her first day there was not all sunshine, for the teacher, a good old man, pulled her hair, and she ran home. Better days followed soon and her mind developed rapidly. At eight she was with seniors in age. It was about this time she composed her first essay. "Life is Short" was the subject (see another page), and the freedom which characterized her writing in later years was even then apparent. She quotes liberally from Scripture, and shows in it the necessity of being ready for death and improving the short time given in life. Do coming events cast their shadows before?

Her introduction to church and Sunday-school was before her day school experiences. Writing from Toronto in February, 1888, she thus gives her remembrances of these, after being much impressed with the communion service in old St. Andrew's there: "All the years of the long ago passed before me. I remembered the old church, the reverent face of him whose dying words were, 'My people,' and the sweetness of the music to my childish ears as the green branches of a tree behind the old church swayed in the summer wind," and which, she adds some months later, "used to preach to me in language I could far better understand than that of the preacher."

I well remember one summer night, when a little child, that dark leaden clouds obscured the sky, while lightnings flashed and