

army by Jonathan and his armorbearer at Michmash. We did not know which to admire most, the victorious youth of the fair countenance, who stood before the King with the head of the Philistine in his hand, or the unselfish displaced heir to the throne, who was so noble that he loved him as his own soul. We wept with Esau when his exceeding bitter cry came too late; we mourned for Saul, forsaken and doomed, when he hopelessly set the battle in array on the fatal and fated field of Gilboa. We wondered at the mighty work undertaken by a captive and a slave, when he planned, and carried out his plan, to build the city of his father's sepulchres in spite of the malicious opposition of the mocking heathen.

No scene in the "Arabian Nights" equalled in magnificence, to our imaginations, the gorgeous splendors of Shushan, the palace. We admired no heroine of history so much as that fair Queen, who, after waiting on the God of Israel for three days in fasting and prayer, went in to the King, royal in apparel, exquisite in beauty, to plead for her people, saying, "If I perish I perish."

Mamma showed to us where these heroes and heroines of the Bible got the power to do and suffer. We got wrought into our nature a belief in God as the God of wonders, the Hearer of prayer, the Mighty Deliverer when all earthly hope failed.

The historical Jane often told us stories of fairies, giants and dwarfs, witches and warlocks, by the kitchen fire on winter evenings; but she always ended her stories by saying, "And there was a great pie made, and I got a piece of the pie for telling the lie." This ending destroyed the pleasure her stories gave us. Though they were very wonderful, we wanted stories which were true.

There came a time of great trouble to the Manse shortly after Aunt Hen-

derson went home. Mamma was not to be seen, and Doctor Young, white-faced, large-nosed, and pompous, went out and in solemnly, with his shiny black hair and his shining black clothes, looking very like a tame raven, while strange women took possession of the house, and tip-toed round, speaking in scared whispers. When we asked any questions Jane stilled us with threats of being sent to Mr. Martin's (the elder) if we made any trouble. This threat caused us to take refuge in papa's study, where papa sat silent and anxious.

Then a time came when we were dressed in new black clothes, and taken into the best room, all ghostly with white drapery, and saw our mamma, still and white, with two little babes beside her.

There was a funeral, another grave added to the three that were already in our part of the grave-yard, and the Manse seemed desolated forever.

How we did miss mamma every moment, and long for her to come back again!

When I could not sleep at night, but lay in my little room in the ivy-covered gable end, listening to the wild winds shaking the ivy, I thought of mamma; I remembered how she, out of her pitiful heart, used to say when the winds raged: "Lord, take care of the poor souls at sea;" I thought of how good and kind and patient she was, how the very beggars mourned for her as a friend; I thought, also, of the times when I was naughty and disobedient till my heart was sore.

I often lay looking into the darkness, saying to myself, "If I could only see her once again to tell her how sorry I am that I ever was naughty, how lonely we are without her, how much we loved her," until a great awe and dread would creep over me, and then I would cover up my head and sob myself to sleep.

My father seemed to miss mamma