

IN growing old, the tendency is to look back over our lives, and, as we do so, we recognize the influences which have moulded us, all unnoticed at the time. And the love we have borne our parents hitherto seems a poor return for their faithful love and watchfulness. When we really begin to understand the time for showing we appreciate them as we should is often gone. Only regret remains. While this is always more or less felt, still to some it is granted for their parents to live to a good old age and for their latter years to be their best days—because of their sympathy with their children in maturity and assurance of their full appreciation.

It has been our great happiness that the lives of our dear mother and father should be spared to such length as to give us time to understand them fully until we grew more dependent on them in our middle age even than in our childhood.

And what a cause we have for admiration and gratitude! Such characters are rare indeed; such beauty of soul, and of outward form. Father had a splendid physique and a steady eye, indicative of the strong character within. He was governed by highest religious principle in every action—respected and revered by all, as something above and apart from themselves. Underneath lay a mine of tenderness, which, as he grew older, served to soften his judgments of those less strong than himself.

His devotion to mother always retained the tenderness of a lover. His admiration and pride in her intellectual attainments led him sometimes to studies for which he had no natural taste.

He yearned for companionship with her in all things. His pleasure was to watch her enjoyment of the beautiful