markable accuracy and expression. In fact her memory was most remarkable. She never grew old, so far as failure of mental power was concerned. Her mind never lost its activity. Nothing pleased her better than to be called upon by her children to assist them in their studies. A knotty problem in algebra or geometry, or a peculiarly difficult bit of translation from the classics, would put her on her mettle, and she never would give up until she had mastered the matter in hand, for back of her quiet equanimity was as strong a determination as ever nerved a hero or a martyr. It was wonderful how amid the quiet and retired surroundings of a country home, and the crude civilization of a newly settled country, she kept her faculties alert and her mind bright, never losing but always growing and expanding, keeping abreast of the literature and thought of the time, and always retaining the sweet simplicity and modesty and the innate shrinking from publicity which no contact with the world could ever obscure or destroy. Her conversation was always charming because she had that "excellent thing in woman," a voice sweet and low, and never do I remember to have heard it raised in harsh tones of anger or unreasoning controversy. She could conduct an argument earnestly and enthusiastically, but a quarrel, never. She would never lose control of her temper. I have seen her under the most trying circumstances exhibit a self-control that seemed to me well-nigh miraculous. It is the sweetest memory we have that we never heard a harsh word from her lips. She was not naturally demonstrative, but her gentle and tender nature was rich in affection that somehow made itself felt rather than seen. We knew that our mother's love was around and about us, protecting and uplifting and strength-