

trusting they would profit by it far, far more than we, in our blind youth, had done.

We thank God "we are not as many others," not in the spirit of the Pharisee, but in humble recognition of his special providence in giving us such a mother and father.

SARAH TRAVERS LEWIS ANDERSON.

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TO the pictures already given, I would add another touch, which will show something I like to remember about my father and mother in connection with a phase of southern life now passed away.

One of the negro men, greatly trusted by his master and beloved by the boys of the family, Overton Hollinsworth, a steady, warm-hearted man, used to manage a boat which was used between one of our places in Stafford and Washington to carry wood. He had entire control of the sales, and could at any time have gained his freedom by not returning, and would have had money enough to begin life on at the North; but his honesty and his attachment to us were proof against any such thought, if it ever occurred to him. And they were more emphatically shown in the following incident:

In one of his trips on the Potomac, or one of its creeks, he had in charge my oldest brother, a lad not grown, to whom he was devotedly attached. A movement of the yard threw the boy into the water—and neither he nor Overton could swim! Without weighing the chances for his life the negro sprang into the river after his young master, clutched him, and while wildly struggling in the water, happened to strike the side of the boat, climbed in,