

and intellectual, his thought providing pleasant surprises for her. Their's was an ideal marriage, each honoring the other, each a firm reliance to the other, and their united judgment given to the guidance of their household. And what picture can do justice to dear mother, with her rare beauty, her sensitive, poetic nature, seemingly fitted for a dreamy life, yet placed at the head of a large family with its many prosaic duties so foreign to her nature? How faithful each duty was met, in spite of her frail health, which often confined her to her room for many weary months at a time!

Her consciousness left nothing untouched. Her sense of responsibility towards the servants was overwhelming, and no more to be delegated to another than her responsibility to her children. I remember standing by her as she read and expounded the Bible to them, and taught the little ones their catechism. She felt their souls were more her charge than their bodies. I shall never forget a scene in the office at Bel-air—mother kneeling by a dying negro, pouring out her whole soul in audible prayer, while the group of nurses, black and white, stood in silent awe. Her care of their bodies was as conscientious as her anxiety over their salvation.

The clothing of two hundred persons was no light task; particularly, as many of them were so improvident as to require double attention. Even the babies, when their mothers were careless, became a charge to her personally. One poor little child, who was in danger of being a life-long cripple from its mother's persistent neglect, mother had brought to her daily, had it bathed, rubbed, taught to walk and fed in her presence, making its clothes herself. Her efforts were rewarded by the little girl's becoming a