

whether sister Eleanor has her eyes closed or not, if she only remembers that she is talking to God and asking Him to make her a good little girl. God doesn't notice Eleanor's eyes while she prays. He is looking down into her heart."

There is no need to tell you that our Grandma loved us. You know that. I do not remember hearing her pray in English, but often after she thought we were asleep, she would come and kneel down beside our bed and pray aloud. I could not understand the words, but I knew then, and know now, that she was praying for us.

Ever since I can remember, she was troubled with a slight cough, and grew very much worse after a severe cold which she took early in the spring of '66. She grew weaker daily; at first she was confined to her room, then to her bed. After she had been in this condition for some time, I came home from school one day, and mamma told me to go to her room—that she had asked for me several times during the day. I went, carrying a glass of fresh water. She kissed me and took a drink, and in returning the glass, said "Thank you, darling, that is very nice." I sat down and began to fan her. She lay there looking at me with those soft, dark eyes, murmuring tenderly, "God bless my dear little Bessie." I noticed then that she was very feeble and thin. As the day wore on, her breath came more slowly, and all night her mind wandered. In the morning the physician came and told us,—"Our Grandma must die. I was in the kitchen, stirring a drink for her, when my oldest sister came in, and in heart-broken tones told us the bitter truth, and that Grandma wanted to see us. Sister took Eleanor's hand and led the way. I followed, my heart almost bursting with the grief I resolved to hide.

I shall never forget the group around that dying bed. There stood daughter and granddaughters. The minister sat by the bedside, reading the twenty-third Psalm. Grandma was half reclining on

her pillows, her dark eyes turned upward, the thin hands clasped, and the pale lips moving unconsciously as if in prayer. Sister took my hand and led me forward; the minister stopped reading, and made room for us at the bedside. Mamma laid her hand gently on Grandma's forehead and said, "Mother, here are the children." She turned and looked at mamma for a moment, with such a surprised look, as if called back to earth, after her spirit had started on its upward flight, then said, "Yes, yes," and motioned for us to kiss her, saying "God bless my little darlings, God bless them." She tried to say something else to us, but could not go on. She pointed upward and smiled. Then they took us away. Half way down the stairs my feelings overcame me. I sat down on the step, buried my face in my apron, and gave vent to my grief. Time enables me to speak calmly of that dear one, but it can never efface those tender recollections which come at the sweet word, Grandma.

Often, when the grass is long in the graveyard, and the roses in bloom, we go and stand by the grave of

OUR GRANDMA.

BESSIE JANE.

CONVERSATION.

Conversation is familiar discourse; general interchange of sentiment.

It is more continuous and generally turns upon subjects of higher interest than that of talk. Dr. Johnson once remarked of an evening spent in society that there had been a great deal of talk, but no conversation. Lord Bacon says: "Talkers are commonly vain, and credulous withal; for, he that talketh what he knoweth, will also talk what he knoweth not." Conversation is an art, and, like everything else, is made perfect by practice. The subject of conversation is one that demands the special thought of the teacher. He must understand the nature of the child and adapt his conversation