

Clifford Harrison incorporated several of her longer poems into his *repertoire*, and no one who heard him recite "The Story of a Faithful Soul" will forget the chilling effect with which he rendered the dramatic verses which precede the triumphant finale.

The Legends have a special charm of their own, but it is upon her Lyrics that her popularity will abidingly rest. The works of many greater writers will stand upon the bookshelves, almost unread save for selfish motives—

"Calculating profits; so much help
By so much reading"—

but a goodly company will for many years plunge "soul-forward" into her volumes, and find therein a spell for relieving heartache, and a reflection of their moods as in a looking-glass.

Her keen knowledge of human nature is not the result of morbid self-dissection, but inspired by a wide sympathy and an innately loving fellowship that has gauged sorrow, and knows that in "some far bright to-morrow" our treasures are living yet—saved from sin's pollution—held in faithful keeping until the day break.

"Nothing is our own: we hold our pleasures
Just a little while ere they are fled;
One by one life robs us of our treasures;
Nothing is our own except our dead.