

her." I saw her struggling in her awakening from the ether. I watched her till she came to consciousness. She waved me away, saying I must not talk to her or do anything to divert her attention from her contest with death. And so for a day or two she lay; but at length she revived—and then her radiant joy at the prospect of getting better! Poor child, nobody had the heart to tell her that recovery was impossible. She lay at the hospital for a month and then she was brought home. How glad we were to welcome her! And oh how happy she was! But she gained no strength, and the pain increased, and her appetite failed; and we all saw the end approaching. She did not suspect the issue, however, but day after day during any intervals of partial ease, she made her plans for her household and her church and denominational work. She was going on a sea voyage for her holiday, so she said, and she ordered an invalid's chair, upon which we would place her day by day, and wheel her through the rooms and out on the balcony, practising, as she said, for the steamer's deck. She was the cheeriest one in the room, full of chat and pretty ways, even during the darkest nights of her worst suffering. When I could assure nothing that she could eat I knew the end was not far off; and I then told her my fears, indeed the certainty of her death. She was amazed at first, but soon bade me tell her all about it. "Well," she said, after my sad story was told, "I faced death before and I can do so again." "Come and pray with me." I took her hand and knelt by her side and prayed. "Now kiss me," and when I embraced her she requested to be turned upon her side, and she went to sleep, and slept as she had not for many days and nights. I indeed thanked God for her sweet peace and calm faith. When she awakened she bade me take down her last messages to her friends, and she dictated many letters