

The excitement threw me in a fever. My sister got me off to bed out of the way. Next day being Sunday I could not go out, as I had no clothes fit to be seen in. I had to borrow one thing from one and something from another until I was dressed in some way. I was very nervous and was kept in a fever by everybody coming in to see me, and all the churches in town were preaching about their old fellow townsman who had been saved from a shipwreck. The whole town was praying for me. Such was the first Sunday I spent in seeing my dear old mother for the last time, I expect, in this world, but I hope to meet her and all in heaven.

On Monday morning I got fixed up the best way I could and went down town with my sister to get fitted out with some clothes and all the people were looking and pointing me out to one another as the shipwrecked woman from Canada.

On our way down town I called upon my old Sunday School teacher and he placed the following lines in my hands:

LINES COMPOSED BY A. T. DOWELL, OF STROUD, GLOUCESTER-SHIRE, ENGLAND

DEDICATED TO MRS. J. W. SMITH, OF HAMILTON, CANADA



LINES OF WELCOME

TO MRS. J. W. SMITH, BY HER FRIENDS A. T. E. D.

A hearty welcome now at last
We give to you, dear friend,
The dangers of the voyage past,
Your journey's at an end.

Right glad are we your form to see
Once more within our door;
For nine long years have passed since we
Beheld your face before.