

lay so quietly ; but whenever the hourly medicine was administered had some sweet, bright word to say to the son and daughter who were sitting up with her. Once she seized and kissed over and over again the hand of the latter, repeating many times the caressing words, "precious love, precious love."

At another time as she awoke from a short sleep we heard her repeating with much fervor, "Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever and ever." Again, with her eyes fixed in an earnest gaze upward, she exclaimed, "Beautiful—heaven—God." These, and similar words, she repeated many times, always with her gaze upturned, and apparently quite unconscious of her earthly surroundings. Toward morning she began talking of a beautiful stream ; "Oh the waters are sweet !" she said frequently ; and, turning to her daughter with an earnest longing look, "Engulf me in the stream—you can, cannot you ?"

About eight days before the end, she, with her family, partook of the Holy Communion. Though very weak, she was conscious of all that passed, repeated portions of the service aloud, and when at the close she was asked by the clergyman, "Have you any fear of death ?" her reply was, "Oh, no ; for years I have had no fear of death."

Although at times she would rally in a manner astonishing to her physicians and to those who were watching for her to breathe her last, the sad truth forced itself upon the minds of her daughters, who clung to hope in