

Her breathing was oppressive, but she was free from 1872.  
the pain or suffering we had so much dreaded. Caroline and Fanny came a short time before all was over. She recognized them, and held out her hand to them, but could not speak. As daylight dawned, she watched the window. We put up the blind that she might see the rising sun. She had always put it up herself the last thing before going to bed, that she might see the sun rise. As she saw it appearing, she put her hand on my shoulder. I knew it was a silent prayer for us all. When she could not speak she pressed my hand, which she held, till all was over. At eight o'clock on Saturday morning she breathed her last, so sweetly and peacefully. She gave one look around on us all as we stood watching her dear spirit depart to that loving Saviour, whom she had loved for so many years. The face lit up with a glorious light as she entered into that eternal glory unseen to us."

I may fitly close this memoir in the words of Mrs. Traill, written a few days after her death.

"Take her for all in all, we ne'er shall look upon her like again."

"Truly these words may be said of her, whose remains were committed to the grave, on Monday last, by sorrowing relatives and friends who will long lament the loss of one so justly beloved, valued and revered."

One of her old friends (perhaps the oldest in Canada) desires to pay this last tribute of affection to her memory.

"Having for forty years been intimately associated with Mrs. Stewart and her family. . . . Many there are who will mourn for the loss of Mrs. Stewart besides the members of her own family, and none