

She won my love, my youthful heart,
 To God by her persuasive art;
 My chastened spirit never dares
 To sin against "my mother's prayers."

When heaven breaks upon my sight,
 And we shall meet where all is bright,
 I then shall know the end of cares,
 The worth of all "my mother's prayers."

Her last illness was of very brief duration. Worn with watching by the sick bed of her husband, she took to her bed a few days before his death, but nothing serious was apprehended until after that had taken place. When the melancholy intelligence was borne to her room that he had passed away, she sank beneath the blow, and all hope of her recovery was removed. She felt that her days were numbered, that the closing moment was at hand, and that she would soon be re-united to him in the happy home above. She gave the most satisfactory evidence that she was leaning on the arm of the Omnipotent, and the last words that trembled upon her dying lips were, "Rock of ages cleft for me. Let me hide myself in thee." She continued to sink very rapidly, and at an early hour of the morning of the 11th of April, A. D. 1870, she peacefully passed away without a struggle or a groan, in the seventy-second year of her age. "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their deaths they were not long divided."

Nearly all the family had got home in time for the funeral, a large concourse of friends and acquaintances assembled, and the Rev. Robert Wilson was again called upon to perform the last solemn ceremonies. He preached a sermon from the words, "Her sun is gone down," read a brief review of her life, and exhorted all to follow her as she had followed Christ. Much feeling was exhibited on the occasion, tears flowed freely, and the hymn commencing, "Sister, thou