

Fearing the result of our rigorous winter climate upon her enfeebled frame, her son arranged for a most comfortable journey to Southern California. She enjoyed the journey and remarked often on the beauties of her new home, with its fine outlook over the great Pacific, and her sons had good hope that their mother might still be spared to them for many days, but the Great Father was about to call her home. On Friday, December 13th, in great peace and confidence she entered into "the rest that remaineth."

A beautiful and impressive service was held in San Diego by Rev. Mr. Spring, of the M. E. Church. The mortal remains were brought back by her son to her native place, that they might be laid beside those of her husband in the little village church-yard. Rev. John Fisher and her pastor, Rev. W. L. Hiles, conducted an impressive service, and her children went from father's and mother's graves saying in their hearts, like David Livingstone, "We bless Thee, O Lord, for our parents; we give Thee thanks for the dead who have died in the Lord."—W. L. H. from The Canadian Christian Guardian.