

Sanitarium, Ottawa, where she remained a month for treatment. To no purpose, however. I brought her from Ottawa upon a Pullman lounge. She was suffering terribly, but said she enjoyed the trip very much. The snow fall was unusually heavy that year, and she had great delight in viewing its glories from the car window. Upon reaching home she submitted to another treatment, and for a month, in the midst of suffering most acute, persistently went through its long agony. After several times falling into paroxysms of pain, she sent for a surgeon, who watching her for a month, suggested an operation as the only hope, and a hope very slight at that. The ambulance was ordered. Before it arrived, we had a quiet hour together. She prepared herself for death in calmest manner; "I hope I may live," she said, "Life is very sweet when there are husband and boys and work to live for, but if God wills otherwise, I am all ready." And the men came into her room and placed her on a stretcher; she was carried down-stairs having a smile on her face and the door closed upon her cheery "Good-bye everybody." We rode together in the ambulance to the hospital; she was bright and chatty all the way there, and she made merry over the curious conveyance in which she found herself—"We have ridden together in many conveyances," she said, "the carriage, the car, the steamboat, the sail boat, canoe, but never a vehicle such as this." The men carried her to her room, and laid her upon the bed. She smiled upon them sweetly and thanked them for their thoughtful gentleness. She then bade me good-night, kissing me and saying we should meet again, at all events, "in the morning." In the morning I was suddenly summoned to the hospital—"Dying," the surgeon said, "and you may well pray that the end come now, rather than that she should suffer the two months of agony which otherwise are before