

and she would say, 'I freely forgive you, and welcome.' I want to say that to you, and to every White Ribboner, and to every one," and then her dear friend knew that she was nearing the borderline; that very soon her tender voice would be heard on earth no more, and her gentle hands would be folded to rest forever.

While her friends stood around her bedside thinking she had passed so far away she did not know them and could not speak, one came in of whom Miss Willard was very fond, and taking her hand, pressed it lovingly.

As she did so, Miss Willard looked up, calling her friend's name, and saying: "I've crept in with mother, and it's the same beautiful world and the same people, remember that—*it's just the same.*"

After this her head sank lower on her pillow, and those beside her bed bent low to hear her gentle breathing, knowing that very soon the end must come, and the heavenly beginning.

Just as she was passing away, she lifted her little white hand upward, saying, "How beautiful to be with God!"

This was her last and most sublime oration.

In the stillness of the night, when at last everything in heaven had been made ready for the coro-