

December 10th, 1883.—Again hath He called, and another dear one has gone to the realms above to take possession of her heavenly home. On the 6th my beloved and long-tried friend, Miss Mary A. Cannon, left us to dwell with Jesus. Thirty-six years we have been as two with a single heart, cemented by the love of Christ, we felt and spoke the same. Many days and nights in my early widowhood we spent together; together we went to the house of prayer; together we visited the sick and dying in homes and hospitals; together we knelt in prayer. When I could no longer go with her, she came to me and spent her Sabbath evenings here while my girls went to church, and our converse of our Redeemer was sweet; we were strengthened, she for her labours and cares, I for the waiting and suffering. She was one of the few who loved my poor, and new applicants I could safely entrust to her; these she visited, and then would send them to me. Thus, year after year, I was blessed with her companionship until she became too feeble to come out evenings, then she would come in the daytime until a very few weeks before the Master came for her, and at last she finished the race before me.

Thus one after another is taken and I remain. In the past five months eight of my friends have been taken—with all of whom I have taken sweet counsel, and “these all died in faith.”

Collected and distributed this year two thousand and twenty-five dollars; had three thousand calls besides my poor. I have made up my mind to have my son, Rev. Joseph Pullman, prepare the papers I have written for publication, so that should I soon be called away, they may be ready. Dear Sister Palmer was to have done this, but many duties and labours, besides the preparing a memoir of the doctor, have interfered; so I prefer Mr. Pullman to prepare the manuscript for publication. He knows me better than any one else, and will give a truthful account. It is a great trial to have so much of my life made public, but it is for the glory of Him Who has done so much for me. It has been written in great pain, how much none can ever know, and with much prayer that the blessing of