

to go when I had no such plan. Then I went with dear Anna Gordon, and was your guest twice. What solicitude your mother showed, how kind your father was, and how graciously the ladies rallied. Dear Heart! She has gone home to her own native climate and companions. We work on in faith and hope.

From her family, who were privileged to watch with her night and day during her illness from New Year's morning until the twenty-fourth, the memory of that sacred season can never pass away. From the first she knew she was going home, and her one desire was to prepare us for it, her one thought was to comfort those she was leaving behind. For herself, she longed to go; her constant prayer was, "Oh take me," but to those whose hearts were breaking she had always some sweet word of comfort. "The Lord will sustain you," she would say; or again, "you must think of it as a *Victory*, and do not mourn when I am gone." Once when she had said to one of us, "you do not expect me to recover now, do you?" And the answer, through choking sobs, had been, "yes, darling mother, we all expect you to get well,"—she turned a little wearily and softly prayed, "O Lord, teach them better."

"Dear children," she said one day, "isn't it wonderful that we should have this experience."

She suffered much from difficulty of breathing and extreme weakness. It always comforted her to listen to words from Holy Scripture, repeated in her hearing by her ever attentive pastor, or her sorrowing family. On Saturday night, the 14th of January, she was wonderfully restful and filled with a peace and joy, not of earth, and