

Hottentots. Under her care and teaching both were hopefully converted. Lizzie joined the church and turned out well. The colour-prejudice was very strong, and poor Billy was not allowed to join the church or attend the village school. My friends gave him a home and he walked to town every day to study at a coloured school, while he attended meetings and worshipped humbly with people who looked more closely at the colour of his skin than at the change in his character. Billy now is the Rev. William —, of Virginia.

I remember another incident that may be mentioned here. Her father was not a church member though a very excellent man, read his Bible, and brought up his children religiously. Adeltha never doubted his acceptance with God, but thought he lived below his privileges. I myself remember seeing her twice get out of bed, put on a loose dress and slippers, and go downstairs to her father's bedside and pray with him, while I upstairs could hear her tearful, trembling voice as she pleaded with God for her father. Can any young woman think of a harder thing to do than that? She did not live to see it; but the time came when her father, nearly eighty years old, publicly and joyfully took upon himself the Christian vows and confessed that for the first time in his life he "enjoyed his religion."

Let no one imagine her as a solemn or "goody" woman. She was the life of every company. She would play the piano or sing, start games among the young folks, talk of recipes and patterns to the mothers, and lend books to the young men, and give the impression to every one of them that her heart was overflowing with love to God.

"I always put on my prettiest clothes when I try to do anybody any good," she would say, "and tie up my curls with a fresh ribbon. Those dreadful black caps that good old Aunt Newton wears are enough to keep any young person at least from wanting to be a Christian."

But the beautiful life was nearly over. It only remained to tell how this unselfish spirit, full of work for others, was prepared by it to meet death herself. There came after these years of failing strength a sudden hemorrhage, a persistent cough, and, in anxiety, she took her children and came to her father's home in Maine for the summer. She was wonderfully better, and went with her sister and myself to Salem to attend the American Board meetings in October. We went to Boston for her to consult Dr. Cullis, with whom she was acquainted. I myself overheard this conversation as, after a private interview, he came to the door with her:

"If people ask me if I have consumption, Doctor, what shall I tell them?"

"What do you want to tell them?" he answered gravely.

"I want to tell them the truth," she said, in the old piquant, half-saucy way.

"Then you must tell them that you have," he returned.

"But my mother has coughed thirty years; why can't I?"