

converted and joined the church. Mr. and Mrs. Harris, therefore, from the first set up the altar and made theirs a Christian home. To them were born five sons, whom they saw grow up to be men, useful and respected each in his home community. One son, Charles, predeceased his mother by a few years. In 1887 she was bereft of her husband, and since that time has resided with her son, William C., near Delaware village, and has been the subject of his unceasing care. Beautiful has been the display of affection and tender care of the son for his aged mother, and during the last months of her extreme age and feebleness the mother was continually remarking on the "loving goodness of my boy." The writer had the pleasure of ministering to her in spiritual things during the past two years. She was delighted to see her minister, to listen to him read the word, to join with him in prayer. Her conversation was constantly of eternal things. The memories of the past centered about her experiences in the old Harris Church, where, with her husband, she worshipped and labored so many years. Her rejoicing was in her Saviour, and with a great longing in her heart she waited patiently to be "at home over there." Her favorite hymn was "Sweet Hour of Prayer."