

higher grounds in algebra, and especially in "quaternions." She writes :

So now I got exactly what I wanted, and I am very busy for a few hours every morning ; delighted to have an occupation so entirely to my mind. I thank God that my intellect is still unimpaired. During the rest of the day I have recourse to Shakespeare, Dante, and more modern light reading, besides the newspapers, which always interested me much. I have resumed my habit of working, and can count the threads of a fine canvas without spectacles. I receive everyone who comes to see me, and often have the pleasure of a visit from old friends very unexpectedly.

The next year she writes :

I am now, in my ninety-second year (1872), still able to drive out for several hours. I am still able to read books on the higher algebra for four or five hours in the morning, and even to solve the problems. Sometimes I find them difficult, but my old obstinacy remains, for if I do not succeed to-day, I attack them again on the morrow. I also enjoy reading about all the new discoveries and theories in the scientific world and on all branches of science.

Her last record, in her last year, is worthy of her whole life :

Though far advanced in years, I take as lively an interest as ever in passing events. The Blue Peter has been long flying at my foremast, and now that I am in my ninety-second year I must soon expect the signal for sailing. It is a solemn voyage, but it does not disturb my tranquillity. Deeply sensible of my utter unworthiness, and profoundly grateful for the innumerable blessings I have received, I trust in the infinite mercy of my almighty Creator. I have every reason to be thankful that my intellect is still unimpaired ; and although my strength is weakness, my daughters support my tottering steps, and, by incessant care and help, make the infirmities of age so light to me that I am perfectly happy.

Labour had become a luxury to her, as it does to all faithful workers. She kept it up to the day of her death, and her death itself was enviable. "My mother," writes

her daughter, "died in sleep on the morning of the 29th November, 1872."

The final testimony of her biographer is that her

Old age was a thoroughly happy one. She often said that not even in the joyous spring of life had she been more truly happy. Serene and cheerful, full of life and activity, and as far as her physical strength permitted, she had none of the infirmities of age, except difficulty in hearing, which prevented her from joining in general conversation. She had always been near-sighted, but could read small print with the greatest ease without glasses, even by lamplight. To the last her intellect remained perfectly unclouded ; her affection for those she loved, and her sympathy for all living beings, as fervent as ever ; nor did her ardent desire for and belief in the ultimate religious and moral improvement of mankind diminish.

She always retained her habit of study ; and that pursuit in which she had attained such excellence, and which was the most congenial to her—mathematics—delighted and amused her to the end. Her last occupations, continued to the actual day of her death, were the revision and completion of a treatise which she had written years before, on the "Theory of Differences" (with diagrams exquisitely drawn), and the study of a book on Quaternions. Though too religious to fear death, she dreaded outliving her intellectual powers ; and it was with intense delight that she pursued her intricate calculations after her ninetieth and ninety-first years, and repeatedly told me how she rejoiced to find that she had the same readiness and facility in comprehending and developing these extremely difficult formulæ which she possessed when young.

Often, also, she said how grateful she was to the Almighty Father who had allowed her to retain her faculties unimpaired to so great an age. God was, indeed, loving and merciful to her ; not only did He spare her this calamity, but also the weary trial of long-continued illness. In health of body and vigour of mind, having lived far beyond the usual span of human life, He called her to Himself. For her, death lost all its terrors. Her pure spirit passed away so gently that those around her scarcely perceived when she left them. It was the beautiful and painless close of a noble and a happy life.