

landscape around there, though longing often for the hills and streams, the cooling springs and "bonnie burnies" of home and Valens.

Church and school work were dear to her as in teaching days, while her literary tastes and desires were not abated.

Her "Uncle Tom" letters manifest no lack of interest—indeed her pen seemed to be quickened as she saw the "white fields" around her. In her enthusiastic imagination she saw a far wider field of usefulness opening out before her. Her last effort with her pen was to inculcate a *love of home* in the hearts of the "nieces and nephews" for whom she had written for years, but ere the completed message had been conveyed to paper, she herself had reached the Land of Love and the Home Eternal, and unfinished the letter lay, till it is here produced in these memorial pages.

A heavy cold, with returning indigestion, had undermined her health and constitution. In early fall her illness assumed a more serious form, and with the autumn leaves she faded; though her own cheerfulness of disposition, her patient enduring, and the hope within, allayed all doubts and fears. Even those who loved her most, till the last moments, apprehended not that death was so near. Her weekly letters home, though written while confined to her room, and suffering intensely, breathe ever of hope and cheerfulness. In her last one to her mother, dated November 2nd, she writes:

"A letter from home reached me yesterday, saying *you* sat up in bed every morning to read or knit, and here I am almost too lazy to do anything. I told you I was out every day last week, but I felt wretched. Yesterday I had to give up and come back to my old place. The chief trouble now is a horrid attack of biliousness, which keeps me awake more than half the night, and not being able to take food, keeps me weak. I rebelled against everything—even cold water. The doctor said I must try some raw oysters. This morning I have chewed the reptiles, and am 'wrestlin' to keep them down. The doctor says they will digest in three quarters of an hour, so I think I'll come off best in the fight, for as yet they seem quite peaceable. (Later.) The oysters have stayed, so I'm hoping for better things. I got some cider from my good 'ministering spirit'—[a leal-hearted disciple who many times during her illness had given the cup of cold water, and who since then herself has been called to a higher ministry among the redeemed ones in heaven]—that brings