

host insisted, at the end of her first week, "than to stay a year if you care to, and any time in the future if you are in the city, I want you to feel that you, and whoever is with you, will be welcome to the best rooms at my disposal."

For his courtesy and kindness Miss Willard was deeply grateful, but he did not know that soon, very soon, his honored guest was going to leave the confines of New York for the city not made with hands.

The life work of Frances E. Willard had reached its closing chapter.

After she had been in New York two weeks, Miss Willard's continued fatigue alarmed her friends, who summoned a physician.

But her condition grew no better, and she was soon unable to leave her bed, though she still directed the management of the great organization of which she was head, keeping up her correspondence as long as her failing strength allowed.

Hanging on the wall so that she could see it from where she lay was a favorite picture of Christ that Lady Henry Somerset had given her, and this Miss Willard loved to look at.

Once she said, after a careful study of it, "He can do everything for us," and she asked that these words be put on the frame, "Only the Golden