

1872. So far as events or incidents of general interest to the family, my mother's correspondence ends here. As I have before remarked many interesting letters have been lost or mislaid, and nothing that can be added could take the place of her own clear, simple, style of description. All who have followed the narrative must have been struck with the wonderful power of feeling for, and bearing up, under the many and trying circumstances that befell her, and the different members of the large family, almost from the time of her marriage to the end of a long life. This was owing, in a great measure, to a sound education; her mind was well trained, and she had, besides, that which is of more consequence, firm trust in the promises of God. Her burden was great, but she had the strength given to bear it, and to leave an example to all coming generations of her family.

The following is extracted from my sister's diary:—

Feb. 19th. "On Monday morning, 19th February, 1872, my dear mother appeared as well as usual when I went into her room. She had had a troublesome cough for some time. I had seen the doctor about it and got some powders for her. She always made light of anything about herself, and was so cheerful that we could not have known that she was worse than she appeared to be. She had not been up for breakfast for some time, but this morning she appeared unusually well, and after breakfast and dressing she was feeding her little bird in the hall, she looked pale and said she felt chilly, and sat down by the stove. I observed that she was shaking as if in a fit of ague. I got hot bricks and warm drink, but she did not wish to go to bed. I sent for Kate but