

P R E F A C E.

IT is with a reverent hand that these "hidden leaves" of my dear sister's life are now laid at the Master's feet, for His acceptance and blessing.

"Leaves which grave Experience ponders,
Soundings for her pilot-charts ;
Leaves which God Himself is storing,
Records which we read, adoring
Him, who writes on human hearts.

Leaflets long unpaged and scattered
Time's great library receives ;
When eternity shall bind them,
Golden volumes we shall find them,
God's light falling on the leaves."

No attempt has been made to write a Biography, but rather to allow her to relate her own life-story—a sister's loving touch uniting the several links. Her letters, so kindly lent to