

PREFACE.

In complying with the request to write a Memorial Sketch of a beloved friend, who, after a lingering illness, fell asleep in Jesus at a time when her life-work seemed but to be beginning, I enter upon a work to which affectionate regard for the departed prompts me, and from which I shrink at the same time under a sense of inability to discharge the trust in such a manner as to satisfy myself and do justice to the memory of the deceased. Let me say at the outset that it is not my object to eulogize the dead, but to let the record as far as possible speak for itself. And by so doing the hope is cherished that it may prove useful to others, and that by giving it this permanent form it may deepen the impression made during her life time and help to keep her life-work and influence in grateful and loving remembrance. To do justice to the memory of one so deserved and universally esteemed, it is necessary to know her intimately, to be acquainted with the motives that governed her life, her hopes and aspirations, the aim and object of her efforts. It was my privilege thus to know her during the last twelve years of her life, while she was a fellow-member of the profession to which we both belonged. When I first met her she was but a girl in her teens, in the second term of her teaching life. Up to that time she was an entire stranger to me. At the close of the public examination held in that school, in which she was then assistant teacher, the writer uttered a few kindly, encouraging and well-deserved words in behalf of her efforts, as evinced in the manner in which her pupils acquitted themselves. To this was due the foundation of a friendship that deepened as years went by, and that during the closing years of her life was of the most intimate kind ; a friendship across whose sky no cloud ever passed, and on which no shadow ever lowered for a moment.