

mously chosen President of the Women's Missionary Society. She was glad the service had fallen to her because she was devoted to the cause of missions, and she immediately laid her plans for a forward movement. She thought much, prayed much, and wrote much about it, but in the midst of it all the Master told her, "It is enough," and she laid down her pen and her beautiful voice became hushed forever. As she lay upon her bed, each mail brought her letters penned by loving hands. They came from all over the continent, and they all gave her such good cheer, and nearly all had some allusion to helpful service rendered in some, to her, forgotten way. The Annual Convention meeting in the city of Hamilton sent a resolution of sympathy. The Women's Convention, West, meeting in Toronto, and the Convention, East, of which she was President, also sent resolutions expressing profound solicitation. The Boards of the various organizations in which she had membership did the same thing; these resolutions you may read at your leisure; and she was gladdened by the assurance that from pulpits all over the land she was made a special subject of prayer. Besides all this, every day brought its fresh flowers to her bedside, and love tokens innumerable. Her own people of Olivet church gave her full-hearted and most tender ministry. Indeed, boys, I know of no instance in which kindness and love and heartfelt appreciation were so abundantly and genuinely shown. I tell you all this that you may never forget the worth and service of the beautiful woman, the pure and true woman, and the woman God so greatly honored, whom it was your privilege to call mother.

Now, having told you somewhat of her work, I must say a word or two in regard to her play. As she was whole hearted in the one, so she gave herself to the other with delightful abandon. What fine comradeship she