

Boardman could not conceal from herself the conviction that a greater sorrow than any she had yet known was coming upon her. She had already twice experienced the agony that wrings the hearts of bereaved parents. Of their three children, two had been taken from them by death,—their first-born, a lovely and promising little girl of two years and eight months; and, afterward, their second son, a beautiful babe of eight months. But all the suffering and sorrow that she had yet endured seemed as nothing in comparison with that which now threatened to overwhelm her. Her beloved husband, who had been her comfort and solace under previous bereavements, was now himself too evidently passing away.

Ardently affectionate in her nature, she suffered intense anguish of spirit; but instead of giving way to rebellious repinings, the poor bruised heart carried its sorrows to the Great Healer, and in his strength she girded her-