

farewell early one morning, to mother, myself and a younger sister, emphasizing their purpose of returning from their intended vacation in two weeks.

Many exciting scenes followed some ten days latter, as different messengers came to interview my mother concerning very important matters such as I did not understand, beyond a sense that Mother had been plunged into a state of deep sorrow, and intense grief.

I well remember however, that precisely two weeks, as I was informed, from the date that my brothers had left home that during an hour of great excitement in the family, I heard sleigh bells in the distance, then saw the approach of a team of black horses in a sleigh, and two men sitting in the front part thereof, one of them I recognized as my eldest brother, but the other man was an entire stranger. My inquisitiveness relative to my younger brother's absence was very sadly rewarded, as I gradually came to realize the stern facts of the case, when later on, four men conveyed very gently from the rear part of that sleigh, a long, black covered box, which contained all that remained of our sacred loved one.

Later on I learned that he had taken ill a few hours after leaving home, and died as intimated, at his Uncle's home a few hundred miles distant, with rheumatic fever.

That was still another sad and mysterious Providence to a Mother who had just a few years previously, been bereft of a loving husband, and kind father to our family, who, under adverse circumstances, had been buried in another part of the country.

Just now, in this review of that grand experience of home, and loved ones, I again seem to see sweet faces like those of the purest angelic beings,