

that her words had borne fruit and that the woman had at last made up her mind to be reconciled to her family and had already found peace with God.

One pleasing incident was meeting four old school-mates, all of whom, including herself were over seventy. Having lunched together, they talked of the old days and recalled scenes of early girlhood.

On her return trip, her broadness of mind shewed itself in the friendship she formed with a Roman Catholic Priest, each of whom endeavored to persuade the other of errors in each other's religion. This controversy was a source of considerable interest to many of the passengers, and they asked that Mrs. Ball and her friend be photographed together, which was accordingly done.

Her Last Days.

The spring following this visit, brought to her the greatest loss of her life, that of her husband, though she always rejoiced for him that he was taken first. On the morning of June 19th, 1897, just as they were beginning family worship, he was suddenly stricken with apoplexy and in one instant was translated from active service on earth to higher service above. The realization of the beauty and honor of such a death, following a life which had not contained one day of illness, calmed Mrs. Ball and kept her from being prostrated. The strength and clearness of her faith shewed itself at this time as perhaps never before and brought her triumphantly through that awful time. Together they had spent forty-nine years of