

watched at the bedside of the dying and with her own hands many of the early settlers of this place were prepared for burial.

She did not know what it was to fear. There was no sickness or danger that she seemed afraid to face. All that she needed to know was that there was one that hath need of her and at once she was ready to go.

Her relation to this her church home was full of blessing, and the inspiration of her large hopes ought to inspire us to more noble endeavor.

In Detroit and Philadelphia she became deeply interested in the hospital work of those cities, and had her part in helping along that noble and beautiful charity.

And in her heart she held the hope that in our own city the time would come when we should have as thoroughly equipped a place as any other city. And so she talked and toiled, until now we have the promise of one of the best buildings with full equipment for the care of the sick. While we could not have expected to have kept her with us but for a short time, it is one of our sorrows to-day, that her familiar face and form will not be with us when the hospital building is opened.

But methinks she will be with us, as she looks down from the Father's house, she will rejoice with us, as she would if she were present in the body.

There was something beautiful in the love which she gave to those of her own family circle, her thought was ever for them. Her children, grand children and great grand children was her constant care. How often she bore them to the throne of the heavenly grace, how she