

For some months after our father's death on the 27th February, 1906, she was very well and bright, and attended to her household and other duties with much pleasure; but after that she began to miss him very much, and said to the writer very often: "It is very lonely and dull," and spoke very much of him.

On Monday evening, 15th October, she had a small party of her grandchildren to meet Dorothy, who had just returned from England, and she seemed bright and cheerful, but tired; and the next day she stayed in bed and said to Eleanor that she had given her last party, and was going to rest. We had Dr. Lindsay to see her, and he told her she would have to stay in bed several days, and she seemed contented to do it, which was much against her usual custom.

On Thursday morning (Thanksgiving Day), I went in to see her, but she was sleeping. She looked so calm and peaceful we all thought she would be all right in a day or two. I went in again in the evening at six o'clock and took a light into her room. She then looked as if she was asleep, but as I turned away she said, "Charlie!" I said who it was, and she began to talk so brightly about things which she wanted done: putting up the double windows, cutting down some old trees in the garden, putting the wood in the barn to be sawn. She also mentioned that Sunday would be her birthday, and she would be eighty-four years of age. I said we would all be up to see her. She then said, "Kiss me," and I said good night.

On Friday morning about seven o'clock Charlie telephoned that mother had a sick turn during the night. She awoke early and called him—he was sleeping in the next room—and he at once went to her. She complained of not feeling well; after a little time she seemed to be better, and spoke of several things she wanted done during the day. Soon after this she relapsed into a state of unconsciousness and had great difficulty in breathing. Dr. Lindsay was at once sent