

The tasks that so often taxed her,
The people she held so dear,
The strain of her coming and going,
The stress of her working and doing,
The burden of year after year,

Trouble her now no longer;
She is past the fret and the care;
On her brow is the angel's token,
The look of a peace unbroken—
She was never before more fair.

You see, she is dwelling with angels,
And we,—we are standing apart.
For us there are loss and sorrow,
For her is the endless to-morrow,
And the reaping time of the heart.

At the earnest solicitations of many friends she wrote the account of her trying experiences during the wreck of the Labrador. It is given in this little book. There are many who will gladly treasure it as a memento of the pure life of one whose acquaintance and friendship they greatly prized and dearly loved.

T. ALBERT MOORE.

HAMILTON, 7th May, 1901.

