

which I leaned—but the staff is broken now—she's asleep.

Yes, she is sleeping—resting from her labors. But, O, why does she sleep so long? She was not wont to do so; no, she always hastened to wake at early morn and greet the matin hour with a kiss to her loved one and a song of praise to God. But, oh, the lips that at each returning morn saluted thus the new born day are faded, they are cold, they move not now; the cheery voice is hushed and silent and the matins are unsung. She still sleeps; resting after the toils of life are over—resting. Others say she is dead! but she is not. I saw her go to sleep. I just laid my hand on the eyes that had been so lovingly, pityingly fixed on mine, and when I lifted it she was asleep; asleep in Jesus. She voluntarily gave her worn body back to earth. I gave her in charge to the angels to carry her up to our other home, the home where we shall live together again. Thus she passed into life; no, she is not dead. Ah! if vaunting death can claim no greater victory in his march of terror through the world than he can claim over the dear little body that we have laid away in the churchyard, barren, indeed, is his march of spoils and vain his boast of power or pain. Death had no terror to her—she spoke of it as only the stepping into another room. The day before she passed away she asked that all should leave the room but myself. She then drew me close to her breast and said, "Papa, I see your agony and your struggles and hear your prayers for my recovery, and for your's and the children's sake I would be content to stay, but oh, the peace is so sweet; let me go, papa, let me go to Jesus. And now, dear, kneel here by my side and give me up to Him and pray that he will take me home."

Oh, the agony of that hour. How hardly the iron entered my soul. How could I give her away. How could I pray that the idol of my life should be torn away from me? But

for her sake I yielded my love to Him who gave her me. She kissed me then and laying her poor little hands upon my head, gave me her blessing. To her it was a sweet relief. The next day, August 7th, she passed into life in possession of the full force and clearness of her mind. She forgot no one nor anything. Her messages to absent ones were given in clear and unclouded sentences. Her eyes lost none of their native lustre, nor was there anything to indicate pain. It was the closing scene of a Christian's triumph. After covering her children's and her sister's heads with her hands, and giving each her parting benediction, she calmly and lovingly fixed her eyes in mine. She saw the agony of the soul that was bending over her. A look of pity told me that the earth-love would only cease when the pulse of life had ceased to flow.

I wish all men could have witnessed that closing scene. Only an angel's pen could record it. My human pen fails.

On August 9, 1880, together we had started on a long journey on account of my health; she to take care of me or bring me home in case I could not stand the travel. That night we stopped in Rockville, Maryland. The evening twilight had begun to thicken into night. Little did I think that just one year later, after the sun had sunk behind the western hills, the twilight thickening around us and the full orb moon rising in the opposite heavens, that I should carry my loved one away from the home in which she was ever a blessing. Yet so God decreed, and I am alone. I listen in vain for the coming feet that always brought a smiling face; I do not hear the sweet voice that ever cheered and encouraged me; I feel not the hand that ministered to my wants or softened the pillow for me; I look on the pillow by my side, but her dear face is not nestled there; my soul cries out come back, darling, come back, but she hears me not.