

years? How much instruction to the inexperienced, how much sympathy and good cheer to all Christian workers who have known her!

FROM MRS. A. H. DE GUINON.

May 1884.

MY DEAR FRIEND,— . . . More than twenty-five years ago, when I was residing on Bergen Heights, I became deeply interested in the accounts frequently given me by Grandma Cooper of a lady, a member of the same Church with herself, who was undergoing terrible physical suffering. It was not thought possible for her to live long, and friends gathered round her expecting, almost longing, for her to receive a speedy release. Doctor Cooper was one of the many physicians and surgeons who considered death inevitable, but dear Mrs. Cooke is living yet, a "bush burning but not consumed." I became personally acquainted with this elect lady in 1874. I must allude slightly to myself in order to tell you how we met. I had been for a long time a semi-invalid, with a strong probability of becoming a couch-bound prisoner for the remainder of my life. A mutual friend mentioned me to Mrs. Cooke, and at once her great heart embraced the case, as it embraces all cases of suffering, with longings to extend relief to the sufferer. . . .

Mrs. Cooke's home is not one of wealth, far from it. Her apartment is not spacious, only I think about twenty feet by fifteen, with a ceiling not over nine feet high. I can scarcely give you an accurate idea of its immaculate sweetness and neatness. If the tiniest cloud of dust ever ventures within the shining portals, I never met it. Her little range shines like a metallic mirror, and gives not the slightest indication that all the year round, in heat of August, and in December's cold, it accomplishes the cooking for herself, her one servant, and her frequent guests. It stands in the same small room with her bed—think of that, Beth, when you are fleeing from the heat of summer to mountain air and ocean breezes. Her tea-kettle never boils over as other kettles do, but just sits and