

Her few last hours were more free from suffering ; and it was evident to all that her end was peace. She departed this life on Monday, 11th September, 1882, amid the love, and honour, and blessing, of her family,—safe in the care of Him to whom she clung as her Saviour in life and death.

We cannot forbear here subjoining a few pathetic lines, written by a friend of the deceased, whose pen it is not difficult to trace. These verses were published in the Chatham newspapers.

#### IN MEMORIAM.

“ The ‘ old stone house ’ seems lonely now,  
 Though the children have their play :  
 The sound of their joyous voices  
 Makes happy the autumn day.

“ Like a mist that slowly rises  
 On a sunlit summer sea,  
 So midst all their merry laughter  
 Come these tearful thoughts to me.

“ And like a shower at noon-day,  
 When the earth is parched with heat,  
 So our heavy hearts are lightened  
 By the pattering of their feet.

“ Come sit close beside me, children,  
 In this dear old quiet room,  
 Till we speak of one gone from us  
 To the dark and silent tomb.

“ She left us at the Harvest-time,  
 When the toilsome day was o’er :  
 She grew weary ere the sunset,  
 And we saw her face no more.

“ But I know her hands were laden  
 With the goodly sheaves of wheat ;  
 And I know of burdens lightened  
 When the day grew faint with heat.