

to her children and loved ones, speaking until her voice thickened. A few days after, she gave directions as to the disposition of her personal property, and then again as to her funeral. Every item was arranged by herself—how she was to be robed—how her hair was to be dressed—who should perform these offices, etc., etc. And a few days before the end she said to me, "When you see the end coming take my hands in yours and do not leave me till it is all over." On Saturday, June 18th, 1898, I stood by her bedside early, before dawn. She beckoned me to bend over her, and putting her arms around my neck she said: "I'm dying now, papa, am I not?" "Yes, girl," I said, "You are dying." "I wish it would hurry, don't you?" and she passed into unconsciousness. Only once more could any utterance be detected—"Don't fret" was hardly distinguished, and she lay until 10 p.m. breathing with labor. Then a change was noticed. I took her hands as we had agreed and prayed to the Father and my prayer ended, "Lord Jesus receive her spirit, Amen." With the "Amen" her breathing ceased, and the soul of the Beloved went home to God. Ah, the brave struggle she made! She absolutely refused any sedative throughout the long agony. "No," she said, "I wish to die with a clear brain." You did not see her die, boys. You, Tom, were in England—you, Aleck, poor fellow, were at Thurso recovering from an operation for appendicitis—you, Jack, were watching heavy-hearted in the drawing room, and Will, you were in bed, so I have written all this that you, dear old fellows, may always bear in mind that you are sons of a heroine who was never afraid of anything in life, and for whom even death had no terrors.

On Sunday night we took the poor body to the Olivet Church where all the Baptist congregations of the city assembled, and a beautiful and simple service was