

true! No disease alarmed her: no stress of labor suggested an excuse. Were others timid? No fear worried her mind. She had arduous work for to-morrow; but she could sit up to-night, and smooth the pillow of either friend or stranger. It was an honor and delight to minister to those in want. When a contagious disease broke out in the Industrial School for girls, she stood in the fore-front of the hottest battle in line with her faithful fellow-workers—both in the home and the public hospital, assuming the duties of nurse and servant, with the meekness and unostentation of one who had known no other calling all her life. Nor is it too much to say that her life was closed with the most Christ-like act which mortals can perform; she lost her life in seeking to save the life of others. It was, doubtless, her attendance upon the sick and dying that exhausted her strength, and brought her life-long labors to a close. For fourteen alternate nights this ministering angel braved the danger and the toil: while through the day she carried on her systematic work; the strain was too much—the silver cord was loosed, and the golden bowl was broken. "I was in prison and ye came unto me." The criminal, the depraved, the abandoned, condemned by the laws of the land, were her constant care. Every week she resorted to the prison, to warn, to counsel, to entreat, to pray for the poor misguided creatures who had been consigned to the cells. There is, perhaps, not one living who knows so well every corridor, hall and grating, in the abode of the criminal, as this wonderful woman who had so many other self-imposed duties to perform. But she felt it not a duty alone, she thought it an honor—for it was done for Jesus' sake.

At home, every thing about her had the stamp of self-denial impressed upon it. Her account book is a striking record. Down the long columns of the expenditure of a large income, her gifts to charitable institutions and churches and needy people stand in strange contrast to the sums expended on herself. "Hundreds" of dollars for the welfare of others, here and there some paltry trifling sum set down to "self" or

"house." Withal so bright and cheerful. Her entrance in a sick room was like a ray of sunshine: her very tone of voice gladdened the gloom. How many to-day could rise up and called her *Blessed!* Some see a mystery in her death, at an age when she was yet in full vigor, and wonder why God should take away one so useful. Is it strange that her Lord and Master should wish to have her with Himself, and give her her reward? Was it not wondrous kind to us to leave her here so long? He saw that she had done enough, and He took her home. He knew her toil, and so gave her rest.

We might say more—say it without the slightest fear of exaggeration—for it is seldom that there is so little danger of overstepping the bounds of prudence. But we forbear, lest the great object should be lost in the subject—lest by too much thinking of her, we lose sight of the lessons of her life. Compare your life with her's—your work with her's. Does it not humble us to think of it? But while she has gone, her works do follow her. In her death, as noble and generous as her life, she has made provision for carrying forward the work of God. Leave money out of sight; her influence still lives. Those institutions so dear to her—the Boys' Industrial School, the Girls' Home of Industry, the Home for the Aged, the Orphan Asylum, the Bible Society,—in fact, one and all good Institutions have had much of her spirit infused into them—those principles which never die. "Feelings, thoughts, imaginations pass; work remains." They tell us that "not a sound has ever ceased to vibrate through space; that not a ripple has ever been lost upon the ocean. Much more is it true that not a true thought nor a loving act has ever been uttered or done in vain." Her true words and Christ-like deeds live on for ever, and,

Tho' the Christian's sun is set,
Her light will linger round us yet,
Bright, radiant, blest!

A copy of the "Presbyterian Year Book and Almanac" came to hand just as we were preparing for press. We shall be ready to despatch all orders about the 20th of the present month.