

means and the leisure, if they only have the disposition? But she whose hand had so often smoothed the pillow, and whose words of comfort had imparted hope in the dying hour, was called away. As we approach her last hours, we find that the sun brightened at its setting. Slowly and gradually the messenger came, and she who had been raised by great trials to a nearer approach to the Infinite — to a clearer vision of the realities of the spiritual world, and almost to a oneness with the Father of Spirits — was prepared. Life steadily waned until the opening spring, and on a lovely April day, as the windows were open that she might breathe its renovating air, she smiled and said, “what a beautiful day to go *home*.” As she grew weaker, she whispered, “I am much nearer the source of strength, and holding in her hand a note, sacred to her in this last hour, because written by her departed husband, when he thought himself dying at a distance from her, which concluded with these words, “Farewell, till we meet again;” holding this in her hand, the hour hastened, and her spirit journeyed on to its reunion with the sainted dead.

Thus lived and died this servant of the Lord. We would drop no tear of sadness upon her grave, nor raise any dirge for her requiem; far more true are we to her spirit and example, when we seek to dry others’ tears, instead of shedding our own, and the most beautiful garland we can place over her tomb is a garland of good deeds. We would linger around her memory only to notice the crowning glory of the character, *its deep religiousness*. This was the controlling power of her life, and the parent of her disinterestness. Early did she consecrate herself upon the sacred altar, and her Christian faith