

inmates. They were people of limited means. They rarely went anywhere, and shrank from visiting. But no people ever had more company. Mr. Otis and his wife were extremely hospitable, and his children followed the example. Every one who came to the house must remain for a meal or a visit. Early in the century, company was continuous ; not in the way of stated entertainments, but cordially welcomed into the routine of family life. Their out-of-town relatives were numerous, and No. 34 was the family headquarters, — a fashion more conducive to cordial and enduring friendship than the more ceremonious intercourse of the present day. Never was there more dainty housekeeping or more careful cooking. When, at last, the "light went out," and the whole burden had lain for five years upon the shoulders of a woman over eighty, it would have been difficult for the most critical eye to have found a flaw.

I had known the Otises well, in my earlier days. We were united in our devotion to Dr. Charles Lowell and Elizabeth Howard Bartol. We were united in the Saturday class, the teachers' meetings, the Wednesday night discussions, the old sewing circle, the Sunday school blessed by the sainted presence of Helen Loring and superintended by her brother, Boston's well-known lawyer. Later we were united at Mrs. Loring's house in work for the Freedmen. Passing through Boston in the spring of 1887, just after Jane's death, I renewed our broken intercourse, and for the first time became an inmate of the family, and saw once more the orderly life, the open-hearted welcome, and the serene faithfulness that had distinguished many households fifty years ago. Until