

Mary's death in September, 1891, it remained my Boston home, the one place to which I could go, as to a mother's house, without an invitation, sure of a welcome. I was there in June, a little while before Hannah's death. In all the ninety years of its occupation the old house had remained without change. As the family diminished in numbers, several things might have been done to make it more convenient, but Mary thought it was hardly worth while; "it would not be wanted much longer." With that fatality so often remarked in similar cases, a good deal *was* done in the spring of '91. Hannah had been ill all winter; a new hall bedroom was fitted up on the same floor as her sunny chamber. On the second story a partition was taken away, leaving a beautiful hall, in which some of the old-fashioned furniture was prettily displayed. The window was a perfect bower, for a wistaria of many years' growth flung its arms right and left, waving long purple banners on the air. And more than all, a handsome new front door replaced that which had opened and shut for ninety years with cordial good-will.

These things Hannah never saw. She was free from pain, happy and at rest, but not able to move about. I shall never forget the pleasure she took in the various flowers that I brought to her in June. That they came from the gardens of old friends or well-known persons such as Dr. Hedge, and the Hollands, Hoars, and Emersons of Concord, added to their attractions. She was the least known of her family. No life more secluded was ever led, but no woman was ever more modest, sweet, and disinterested. Not a day of her in-