

At eight o'clock she took up her pen for the last time, and in the beautiful, clear script that "Master Staniford" had taught her, and with a hand that did not tremble, recorded the hour when she had taken, and was next to take, her medicine. In a little over twenty-four hours she had joined the large congregation of her kindred. The light of the "House Beautiful" had gone out!

I shrink from portraying such a character as hers, and in doing it, I shall quote largely from the words of her surviving nephew.

Her outward life was very uneventful, and remarkable for its evenness and steadfast devotion to the duties which lay directly before her. To die in the house in which she was born eighty-six years before, in which she had lived without interruption, and to have had, in that long life, but two clergymen, is surely a unique experience in the Boston of to-day. Dr. Charles Lowell baptized her. She was the first child he consecrated after he became the minister of the West Church. Dr. Bartol gathered wild roses from his Manchester farm to be laid on Hannah's coffin, and Mary's heart throbbed with pleasure as she read the words that came with them.

She had never gone out of the State. The male members of the family had travelled widely, but Mary and Hannah went to Scituate to see their grandmother and their aunts, and to Worcester to see their married sister. It was they who "kept the home." Of Mary, her Scituate aunts used to say that she never was a child; "she had been born a little woman." She had a class in the Sunday school of the West