ening us for the battles of life, and the memory of her counsel was an ever-present safeguard. She held fast to us through her sympathy with all our hopes and works and never allowed us to drift away from her. She was not alone a good mother; she was our wise counsellor, our firm friend, our strong leader, and our merry companion and play-mate, constant alike in joy and sorrow. It is hard to write these things, as they are impressed on my mind. Language does not rightly express them. A life like hers, so quiet and uneventful, and yet so rich in its fruitage, truly, as I said in the beginning, writes its history in hearts and lives, and not in books. We who knew her best, and who, as life goes on, are learning to know her better, and more and more to appreciate the beauty and completeness of her character and her life of loving sacrifice in our behalf, have no words that to us seem fit to tell her life-story. She was pure and gentle and tender, and noble and strong, always doing and thinking for others, seldom taking thought of self, happy in the enjoyment of all the good things of earth, patient under the most severe and constant suffering, and unswerving in her adherence to right. And so she lived, and so she died, for after a day of simple pleasure, in the company of loved ones, she lay down quietly upon her bed to awake no more on earth. She had often expressed a wish that she could pass away quietly in her sleep, and this wish, in God's good providence, was gratified. Heavily as the blow fell upon our hearts, we could not wish that it had been otherwise. It seemed to us rather transition than death, and so it seems to us still. We cannot lose her out of our lives, for the words she spoke and the deeds she did come back to us like so many messages from beyond the grave to tell us that death does