

in her personal experience of the power of certain fundamental truths which insured for her a deep peace. Love and faith in her brought forth their perfect fruit. Whatever of painful agitation may have come to her external life, her soul rested in equilibrium. She could flame with intense moral indignation at impurity, cruelty and moral rottenness of purpose or conduct, but she made no unkind or uncharitable judgments. In her life "did reign the summer calm of golden charity." The very fineness of her organization had its penalties. The more delicate and complex the structure, the more painful its disorder. At times, throughout her whole life, the violence and persistence of her suffering was excessive. A highly-strung nervous organization and rare tenacity of vital force, prolonged and intensified her pain. So suffering, though her life's work seemed not wholly accomplished, her departure was a release. In her last moments she sent to her far away children her last messages of love. For when her hour had come that she should depart out of this world unto the Father, having loved her own which were in the world, she loved them to the end.

She had visited with me a few months before her death. Her presence was a benediction. I detected the note given out from her intense heart strings. The strain was too tense to endure. I felt, when she left us, that the grave would soon divide us; yet, somehow, she seems to abide with us. Spiritual affinities survive the shock of death. The artist survives the instrument on which his skilled fingers played and from which his deft touch called forth the harmonies of sweet sound.

So let me think of her as

"Abiding with me till I sail
To seek her on the mystic deeps,
And this electric force that keeps
A thousand pulses dancing, fail."

