

brave ones in the field, or, of the future piety and happiness of the populace. Her letters to friends in the army, breathed the holiest fires of Christian patriotism. She often prayed for the preservation of our brothers in battle, always adding "if their lives be not a necessary sacrifice on the altars of our country."

*Social Excellency.*—The many ministers and others who partook of her splendid hospitality, will testify long years to come of her *social excellence*. Husband, and children, friends and even strangers were always cheerful and hopeful in her presence.

*Her Afflictions.*—Were protracted, and she was long apprised of approaching dissolution, but such was her tenderness to the loved ones around her, that she refrained from speaking of death often lest they might be grieved and afflicted. Probably afflictions were never rendered more servicable to working out "an eternal weight of glory."

*Triumphant Death.*—To live great and good, signifies but little if we die in defeat. More bravery is required in *dying* than in *fighting*—This frail sister fought *well* but died *gloriously*; with *her*, life was a *victory*, but death a *triumph*. Many friends gathered around to witness her last conflict. Every earthly comfort was extended to the body, and the kindest words fell softly upon the dying ear. In the morning she said, "I am *becoming* reconciled to leave my little girls." Also, soon after, she said, "I am *reconciled*." There was now no care left on her heart.

Sister Anderson remarked, "*Sister Moore, I shall miss you so much.*" This was her happy response, "Sister, If I am permitted, I'll be your *guardian angel*." Thus sweetly she talked while the voice lasted, then signaled victory long after entering the valley of the shadow of death. Thus our sister in *life*, in *death*, and in *heaven*, sweetly beckons us to the glory land.

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