

tempt her to neglect, who ever found her gentle hand ready to guide their little fingers in works of usefulness, and whose dreary lives were rendered happier by her tender kindness. Ask the *home circle* to whom she was ever a ministering angel, and for whose comfort and happiness her fingers never wearied in doing. Ask her companions to whom her society was ever the source of the purest joy. Ask them *all*, how has her mission been fulfilled.

Her faith in Christ was beautiful and constant, purifying and sustaining to the moment of her death. During the last few years of her short stay here, she had more than the common allotment of suffering. But throughout while the earthly tabernacle was dissolving day by day, the spiritual life was growing stronger, and heaven was opening inwardly to the sight. Daily she communed with her heavenly Father, preparing her heart for such trials as He in his merciful providence should mete out to her. This communion encompassed her life with a halo that shed its influence upon all, whether intimately or distantly associated with her. It made a nature naturally lovely, a little nearer to the angels, it touched the heart and made it vibrate even more tenderly for the sufferings of her fellow creatures, it gave the face a frankness indicative of guilelessness and trust, and to the manner it imparted a cordiality and a genialness *felt* by all, and *seen* in the smile that came with her whole heart's welcome. What power over the heart has such an humble, loving, righteous life, and she yet speaks to us in a pure Christian life. This legacy has she bequeathed to all who mourn her loss.

Her death was a beautiful close to a most beautiful life. The day of her departure closed not more bright and clear with rosy sunset than her life. Conscious of the near approach of death, after speaking words of thankfulness, of comfort and entreaty, and bidding the tearful ones by her bedside a long farewell, she peacefully and trustingly waited for the strains sung by her Angel sisterhood to come nearer and nearer, welcoming her to joys eternal. Joyfully she embraced the proffered harp, and gave her voice to swell the chorus. A few hours previous to her departure, she seemed