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SAINTLY WOMEN AND DEATH-BED TRIUMPHS
By Maxwell Pierson Gaddis

Original And Compiled
From The Most Authentic Records
By Maxwell Pierson Gaddis, Sr.,
Of the Cincinnati Annual Conference

Author of
Foot-Prints of an Itinerant
Brief Recollections
Sacred Hour
Conversion of a Skeptic
Personal Experience
Last Words and Old-Time Memories

With An Introduction
By Mrs. E. T. Wells

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PREFACE

Twenty-five years ago I gave notice in our church-papers that I intended, as soon as practicable, to write brief biographical sketches of the deceased wives of pioneer Methodist traveling preachers, and also those of later years, with many of whom I was personally acquainted. I soon received very many valuable and instructive contributions for so desirable a work. These timely papers, prepared by willing hands, coming as they did from warm and loving hearts, were carefully preserved and filed for immediate use or future reference. But owing to long-continued ill health I was reluctantly compelled to abandon the consummation of this long-cherished desire of my heart. Now, after the lapse of many years, I think I can discern the heart of the loving Father in the safe preservation of so many interesting memoirs of the pioneer period. Without them, my work at the present must have resulted in a partial failure.

"None wish to be forgotten." To lie down forgotten, and yet be dead -- how dark! "Let the tablets of my record be the hearts of the good." To perpetuate the memory of these sainted heroic women has been with me a "work of love."

The Cincinnati Conference, at its session in Hamilton, August 20, 1868, unanimously passed the following resolution, which has been faithfully carried into effect for the last twelve years, with great satisfaction to the church:

Resolved, That hereafter, when the wife of any member of this conference, or the widow of a deceased member, shall die, the Committee on Memoirs shall furnish an obituary for her, as in the case of a minister, to be published in the annual minutes of the conference.

The preparation of this work of one hundred and seventy short biographies has been a blessing to my own soul. It has revived the happy hours of the past, in my itinerant life, when gentle looks and words of welcome thrilled my heart in the quiet homes of those saintly women, to whom the Master has said, "Come up higher," and share in "my glory," as ye have been partakers of the "sufferings" in your earth-life.

"Thou seest the cross -- but who may tell the "joy
unspeakable" Eye hath not seen its glow --
Ear hath not heard of it -- the heart hath ne'er
Conceived the blossom in its full expanse,
That buds in promise here. "Laborers that go
Forth weeping into the fields, and sow in tears,
Shall come from toil rejoicing." Many sheaves
Shalt thou at length, with thy companion, bring
And offer to the garner -- many stars
Shall deck thee. crowned in righteousness on high,
When all the jewels are collected -- there.

Knowest all this is sung by angels? When
The loudest hallelujahs from yon hills
Are breaking, ministers are hailed from earth,
Bearing triumphant the trophies of the cross.
The choral anthem greets the faithful partner.
Oh, what is earth, if this brief life is gilt
In such resplendence from another world!
Oh, what are tearful hours, and weary years.
If there is grace, if there is heaven for thee!"

Maxwell Pierson Gaddis,
Oakwood, Dayton, Ohio, Aug. 10, 1880.

* * * * *

INTRODUCTION

"When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee."

This groaning, suffering, dying world is ever craving assuagement of its grief, and deliverance from its anguish. It is a strange fact, but it is a fact that after eighteen centuries of Christian history, deep personal affliction comes to the child of God as a surprise. The body racked with pain, or the heart breaking with grief, turns its surprised, beseeching look upward and says, "Is this my Father's hand? Is God love?"

How often we need some Timotheus sent to us to comfort us concerning our faith, "that no man should be moved by these afflictions, for yourselves know that we are appointed thereunto."

We are now being made free from sin, but not from suffering. We see not yet all things put under him. "For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now; and not only they, but ourselves also, which have the first-fruits of the Spirit, even we ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, to wit the redemption of the body."

We may experience in our souls the answer to that prayer, "As thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us, that the world may believe that thou hast sent me," but we may also experience that we are chosen in the furnace of affliction, that we pass through the waters and walk through the fire. If we have the first experience of oneness with Christ, he will be with us, and the flame shall not kindle upon us. There shall be no disturbance of that union which is eternal life.

We may have the first-fruits of the Spirit, we may partake of the Pentecostal blessing, we may have the pivotal point of being so energized by the Holy Ghost that all things turn toward God in us, we may so have our conversation in heaven that the law of spiritual gravity would carry us to the foot of the throne, but as far as our mental and bodily life is concerned, we are still subject to the devastating influences of the fall, and we groan and wait, and are saved by hope, begotten again until a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead. We realize that a part of our salvation is reserved in heaven for us, "ready to be revealed in the last time." O blessed salvation by faith, which cleanses from all sin! O blessed salvation by hope, which sets before us "an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away!"

In this volume we walk up and down amid these furnaces. We gaze upon these deep waters through which God's children pass. We feel the efficacy of the sprinkled blood which makes "meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light." We hear the tones of victory as the gates of death are entered, and we say the world hath need of these witnesses.

We see the hand of God leading our sisters into all the privations of pioneer life, that homes may await the itinerant minister as he hastens on his way with the everlasting gospel. We hear these hand-maidens, whose souls do magnify the Lord, not waiting for license, nor standing at the door of any ecclesiastical body knocking for entrance, but obeying the angelic voice proclaiming the risen Lord.

We see women persistently sitting at the feet of Jesus, when very good people are sure they ought to be more troubled about the many things that custom and selfishness demand at their hands. We hear the sad "good-nights," as the young mother leaves her little ones and goes to sleep in Jesus; while upon the marble brow and in the sunken eye there shines already the glory of the eternal "good-morning."

The wise man said, "There is a time to every purpose under the heaven." For many years Mr. Gaddis has been gathering up these blessed records, and now, when many of these memories were fading away, they are brought forth, that not only should we say, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord," but as our aspirations are kindled, our faith strengthened, our experience of the

"blood of sprinkling" made fresh and all-cleansing to our souls, we may also say, "Their works do follow them."

Is it not time, when science, falsely so-called, is lifting up its voice at our very hearth-stones to rob the Bible of its divine author, to make questionable its plainest truths, is it not high time that antidotes to this poisonous teaching should be found at its side.

Jesus founded his kingdom upon a "witnessing church;" and if we are able to meet all doubt, all questioning with an experience in the soul, that testifies "thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God," then indeed may we feel concerning the truth, "the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

Here are many witnesses. They appear before us by scores and hundreds. Here are trembling forms and gray hairs, and others ready to speak in the richness and glory of life at its meridian, and all with one accord testify that they "have not followed cunningly-devised fables," that this "word which by the gospel is preached," is the "wisdom of God" and "the power of God."

They have quaffed life's sweetest draughts, they have drained its cups of bitter woe, and as the portals of eternity are opening for them they call back to us, "Alleluia, the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

Mrs. E. T. Wells
Chapel parsonage,
Dayton, Ohio,
August 5, 1880

* * * * *

DEATH

"Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake's shock, the ocean's storm,
And thou art terrible!" -- Halleck

Not to the Christian when his heart
Salvation's strength has found;
Thy summons no alarms impart,
But as a cheering sound,
Bidding him look above for joys
Unspeakable, unheard,
And the glad sight all fear destroys,
Of that terrific word --
Death, death, it loses all its stings,
When Christians soar on faith's strong wings.

* * *

THE WIVES OF OUR MINISTERS DIE WELL

"Death rendered amiable and inviting by the prospect of future glory."

"Come, Death, and help a weary pilgrim o'er
Thy flood, and land me upon Canaan's shore,
My everlasting rest; Lo! here's my pass
Inscribed in his own blood, by him who was,
And is, and shall be -- Jordan, cut thy stream,
Thy channel dry. I bear my Father's name
Stamp'd on my brow. I'm ravish'd with my crown
The sun outshining. Down, all glory down,
This world can give. I see the pearly port,
The tree of life; floods gushing from the throne,
Call me to bliss. Begone, short woes, begone:
I lived to die; but now I die to live:
I shall enjoy all that my God can give:
Me, the sure promise to possessions sends,
Faith dies in sight, and hope in triumph ends."

-- Methodist Magazine

"A book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name." (Malachi 3:16.)

* * * * *

001 -- CATHERINE WALKER

Catherine Walker, wife of the late Rev. George W. Walker, was born in Fleming County, Kentucky, January 18, 1808, and died at the home of General Moses B. Walker, in Findlay, Hancock County, Ohio, March 12, 1870.

We speak of all our dead tenderly -- of many reverently; but it is with a peculiar feeling of tenderness that we speak of our departed sister, Catherine Walker. Those who knew her well need no words of commendation from us to render their recollection of her more sacred. To those who did not know her it will be impossible to describe adequately the "beauty of holiness" which spoke in all her utterances and shone in all her acts.

From her earliest youth the purest Christian influences surrounded her. Early taught of God by his Holy Spirit, she found, when only eleven years of age, the "pearl of great price." She thus early entered into that peace that "passeth understanding," -- a peace which was never shaken, and which seems scarcely to have been clouded during her whole life. The home of her early childhood and womanhood was a scene of rare happiness -- a place for the culture of the highest

graces of the Spirit. The home of her later years with her husband, dearly beloved and eminently fitted for companionship, but seemed to develop and add to those graces.

On February 9, 1830, she was united in marriage with the late Rev. Geo. W. Walker. From that time, during the long period of twenty-six years, she went with her husband to his different fields of labor in the itineracy, often in physical weakness, always with great spiritual strength, holding up his hands and adding to his great efficiency by her own prayers and faith.

She was often, and for a long period, an invalid, and was thus shut out from many opportunities for active personal working in the vineyard of the Lord. But her afflictions seemed only to mature and make more powerful her Christian character. She was an influence for good wherever she went. With her, simply to be was to advance the cause of Christ. Everywhere "she worked for God and good." While as Christians we do not lay too much stress upon acts, we lay too little upon character. It is seldom given to men or women to do great deeds. We very often grow impatient of little monotonous daily duties. If those duties be accompanied by physical affliction, the task becomes doubly difficult. It is necessary to fortify ourselves with much prayer and great faith, if we would keep the comforting thought in our own hearts that

"Those also serve who only stand and wait."

To wait takes often more character than to act. It was often the lot of Sister Walker to wait. The trial only left her character as refined gold.

I can not forbear introducing here a little poem written by Mrs. Walker in answer to her husband's question once on leaving her for a field of labor during a season of illness. It tells its own story:

"Yes, I can spare you; yes, my dear,
Go, preach the gospel far and near;
Go, tell the wretched of mankind
That they in Christ may mercy find

And while you the glad tidings tell,
That sinners may be saved from hell,
May Heaven your labors own and bless,
And fill your soul with joy and peace!

And while you thus your work pursue,
I'll humbly strive to pray for you,
That you may do the will of God,
And I resigned may kiss the rod."

I had a good opportunity soon after the death of her husband, while engaged in writing his biography, called "Brief Recollection," to become intimately acquainted with her beautiful traits of character. I had access to many of her productions. They all breathe the highest and purest spirit, the utmost faith and unwavering patience, and are the fruits not only of a high spiritual inner life,

but unusual mental powers. She possessed fine poetical talent; and if all her poems were collected they would make an interesting volume. One rarely meets a woman of so much ability in any of the walks of life. These gifts gave her peculiar fitness for filling her position as wife of a minister of the gospel.

It can be truly said of her, "She used every gift for the glory of God." She experienced that "perfect love which casteth out all fear" in early life, and enjoyed and professed it in the class and love-feast whenever she was able to attend. Indeed, her experience in divine things was rich and varied.

"A long period of trial and affliction had, under the grace of God, wrought in her much patience and unfeigned humility. She was ever aspiring after higher attainments in the divine life; and often when I was conversing with her on the subject of 'perfect love,' which was always a precious theme with her, I have felt that I was but a child in religious experience, and needed her ripe experience as a help to me." So said one of our ministers who was often in her sick-chamber at Findlay, Ohio.

Her life was one of constant prayer and praise; and her Bible was never neglected so long as she had strength to read it. She had a word of encouragement for every human being that crossed her pathway, however poor and lowly. She was greatly beloved by all her relatives, who will long feel the power of her personal influence in the family circle. Her faithful efforts were many times crowned with success in bringing wanderers to the fold; and her fifty-spoken words in social gatherings for Christian communion were with power in the quickening and comforting of souls. She cheerfully gave her ardent prayers and the light of her experience to the great help of many an anxious and troubled wife, who was striving to be a helpmeet to her husband in the ministry.

One thing that struck me forcibly while writing the life of her husband was the pure love that existed between them. All their letters are uniformed with the high and holy love they bore one another. Their mutual sympathy widened and deepened as time wore on. The years drew them only closer together, and Christ was the bond between them. No love of youth was ever so beautiful, so holy, as the love of their ripe years, which had been tried by suffering, affliction, and loss, which acknowledged that the only true basis of earthly affection was "the love of God." No one can read their letters to each other without having the fountains of his soul stirred with sacred emotions; and no one can rise from their perusal without deep thankfulness that God permits such fullness of trust and happiness in an earthly union.

Frail as our departed sister was in body, she saw one after another of her family -- father, mother, brother, sister, and husband, -- pass away, while she survived them all. Her bereavements and afflictions were heavy; but the clouds were never so dark as to shut out the sunlight. She was only the more willing to go hence when her time came. A few weeks before she died she said to her brother's wife, "Sister, I feel just as you do -- as if my husband were soon coming home to me." She replied, "Perhaps you are going to him." She looked up, smiled sweetly, and said, "Oh, do you think so?"

I saw her last at Findlay, Ohio, low down by the margin of the "death-stream," waiting to cross to the nether shore. Her sick-room was the antechamber of heaven. In the center, over her

head, hung the portrait of her husband, to the right the likeness of the "Old Chief," and on the left the portrait of the beloved Raper. While the venerable Bishop Morris was singing his favorite hymn,

"My latest sun is sinking fast,
My race is almost run," etc.,

she clasped her hands together, and praised the Lord for "redemption through Christ."

Her nervous system was much shattered by disease; but her faith and hope stood firm, and she exclaimed in ecstasy, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and shall stand at the latter day upon the earth!" In this happy frame of mind she continued until

"The weary wheels of life stood still."

She seemed to have a clear vision of the land. A few days before her death she shouted aloud, "Glory, hallelujah! Glory, hallelujah!" and in triumph she exclaimed, "Oh, what a beautiful city!" During the entire night previous to her departure she repeated, "O precious Savior, Redeemer, come, come!" after which she gradually became unconscious, and died without a struggle, -- calm and peaceful. Her remains were taken to Germantown, Ohio, where, at her own request, I preached her funeral sermon. She was laid to rest by the side of her beloved husband, in a vault prepared under her own supervision.

Need I attempt to point the moral of such a life as this? It is found in her words to her husband, almost the last time he left her before his death, "My dear, preach holiness!" Ah! the words he uttered, moved by that urgent appeal, were effectual, under the direction of the Spirit, in the conversion of many sinners. May her life, in which was exemplified the beauty of holiness, be effectual, through the blessing of God, to the conversion of sinners and the sanctification of believers.

* * * * *

002 -- MARY YOCUM

Mary Yocum, wife of Rev. Elmore Yocum, died in Dover, Wayne County, Ohio, April 80, 1836, in the twenty-fifth year of her age. About four hours before she died her physician called to whom she said, "Doctor, tell me your opinion; do you think I will get well? Now don't deceive me." The physician informed her that her case was hopeless. In a few minutes she realized that the chill of death was already upon her. She was not affrighted; but she truly manifested a deep and rational concern about her future state. The remainder of her moments were spent in telling what God had done for soul, shouting and singing his praise, exhorting all present to serve God and meet her in heaven.

When she took leave of her husband, her dear Elmore, she exhorted him to strive to train up their two children -- dear Hiram and Emeline -- for God, and to be a faithful minister of Christ and proclaim his gospel aloud. Some of her last expressions were the following: "I have been

unfaithful, but now Jesus forgives me all. O sweet Savior, how good and merciful thou art. Glory, glory, I shall soon get home to my dear Jesus, where I shall meet my infant, my father, and all my friends that have gone before me." After singing part of the hymn which commences,

"Hail the blest morn when the great Mediator,"

she raised her emaciated hands and sunken eyes toward heaven, and with peculiar emphasis exclaimed, "Come, Lord Jesus, oh, come quickly; yet not my will, but thine be done." Afterward, with a voice almost hushed in death, she said, "Is this dying? Then it is a glorious thing to die! O my dear friends, I am now going. Do pray that I may have a safe passage." This, her last request, was granted by the friends kneeling around her dying-bed and fervently beseeching God to continue his gracious presence with her, that she might fear no evil. After a few struggles her happy soul exchanged its disease-worn citadel for a resting-place in Abraham's bosom.

Though Brother Yocum is called to mourn the early death of the wife of his youth, and his affectionate partner amid the various vicissitudes of nearly seven years spent in ministerial labor, as a circuit preacher; yet all his mourning is mingled with the joyful hope of rejoining her in that land of rest and life,

"Where no one mourns the death
Of a beloved friend."

* * * * *

003 -- MARTHA JONES

Martha Jones was one of the first, and consequently one of the oldest American Methodists. She left the church militant for the church triumphant on the 8th of January, 1841. She was born in Ireland, as is supposed, about the year 1787. When three years of age her parents emigrated with her to America, and settled in Philadelphia, where she resided till her marriage, after which she removed with her husband to North Carolina. Here, under the influence of the Holy Spirit and the preaching of the gospel, she became convinced of her lost condition as a sinner, and was led to seek and finally obtained the pardoning mercy of God. The few despised and persecuted people called Methodists were the people of her choice. With them she united in church-fellowship, and bore her share of the defamation and abuse that was heaped upon them; and for sixty or seventy years she continued not only a member, but a humble and devoted Christian.

Shortly after her conversion her husband was called to engage with his fellow-citizens in the national struggle for independence. He remained in the army till he was regularly discharged, when he returned home, and in a short time took sick and died. By this trying dispensation of divine Providence our sister was left with four small daughters, in an unfriendly world, surrounded with enemies, to seek, amid war and tumult, by her own industry, a scanty support. But the precious promises of the widow's and orphan's God were verified in their experience. Some years after the death of her first husband she was married again, to a Mr. Jones; and in 1820 she was again left a widow, with three other children, and continued so the remainder of her life. Her attachment for the people of God and the public and private means of grace continued to the last.

Up to the two last years of her life she was seldom absent from the place of worship, though she had to come two miles and a half on foot; and frequently have they heard her tell of the glorious prospects that were opening up before her, while her face, wrinkled with the cares of a hundred years, was lighted up with more than earthly joy. The Lord, whom she had served so many years, was eminently present with her in the hour of death. On his arm she leaned and found support. In her last struggles heaven was full in view. Death, she said, was a welcome messenger; and just before her departure she told her friends she desired to cross over Jordan that night. Her desire was granted, that night her happy, liberated spirit took its flight to the heavenly Canaan, where, by the eye of faith, we behold her in the company of the first ministers of the church, of whom she so frequently spoke, and under whose ministry she sat with so much delight.

She was buried on a spot of ground which she had chosen for that purpose. It was the spot to which she had resorted for years, while in health, for private devotion. May the Lord incline her children and friends (some of whom are unconverted) to meet her in heaven.

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004 -- MARY ANN SULLIVAN

Mary Ann Sullivan, wife of Rev. John W. Sullivan, of Madison, Iowa, and daughter of Moses Brooks, died in 1835. The following account is given by her husband:

In early life she saw the necessity of a change of heart, sought the remission of her sins through the blood of a crucified Savior, united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and continued a worthy member until her death. The day before she left us she was much engaged in prayer, and requested us to unite our prayers with hers, that Jesus, the friend of sinners, would be with her. We prayed, the Lord heard, and joy sprung up in her soul. At midnight she called us to her bed and said she was going. I asked her if Jesus was precious. She replied, "Oh, yes, glory to his name, he is mine;" and then, after a pause, "I am about entering the vale of death; but I am going to heaven. I shall soon be with my dear mother. Bring me my little boy." Her child was brought; she kissed it, asked the Lord to take care of it, and exhorted us all to meet her in heaven. While her strength remained she continued to praise Jesus and talk of "home;" and when her voice failed her spirit left a heavenly smile upon her countenance, "and she passed through death triumphant home."

Thank God, this suffering world is not the Christian's home. Here the strongest ties are broken, the dearest friends are taken away; but our sorrows are mitigated by the assurance that we shall meet them again, where there is "no more death," "where sorrow and sighing shall flee away," and the sound of a sad farewell shall never be heard.

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005 -- OLIVIA ROE

We have to add to the list of honored dead the name of Mrs. Olivia Roe, widow of Rev. Edward D. Roe, of the Cincinnati Annual Conference. She died November 18, 1874, at Yellow Springs, Greene County, Ohio. She was born in Frederick County, Virginia, in January, 1797. She

was married to Dr. E. D. Roe in 1827, who was converted and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1828, and entered the Ohio Conference in 1832. This was the beginning of her itinerant life, the toils and privations of which she cheerfully bore till the death of her husband, in 1864.

Mrs. Roe united with the Methodist Episcopal Church when about eighteen years of age, at which time she became an experimental Christian, and made a public profession of her faith in Christ. Some time during the pastorate of her husband in Greenfield, Ohio, a violent attack of erysipelas -- [An acute disease of the skin and subcutaneous tissue caused by a species of hemolytic streptococcus and marked by localized inflammation and fever. Also called Saint Anthony's fire. -- American Heritage Dictionary] -- shattered her nervous system and permanently impaired her health. But through all her afflictions, to which were added the loneliness of widowhood and the infirmities of age, she held fast her confidence in Christ to the end.

Among the words that fell from her dying lips were these: "Jesus is with me, a precious Savior. I am trusting in him. All is bright and clear." At length the 18th of November came, and this aged disciple and saint fell asleep in Christ.

We can with the highest propriety assign Mrs. Roe a place among those "elect ladies" who have done what they could to honor the Master, serve his church, and build up his kingdom in the world.

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006 -- MARGARET HOWARD

Margaret Howard, wife of Rev. Solomon Howard, died at Piqua, Ohio, January 22, 1841, aged twenty-one years.

Sister Howard was the daughter of Michael and Mary Garoutte, both members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. From infancy she had the example and instruction of parents who were anxious for her spiritual welfare. Their labors and prayers were crowned with success; for at the age of twelve years they had the pleasure of witnessing their child a member of the "household of faith," and an "heir of the grace of life." She sought the Lord early, and was distinguished for firmness in her religious attachments, and an ardent love for the ordinances of the house of God. The indications of a seated pulmonary affection admonished Sister Howard of approaching dissolution. Her illness, however, was protracted nearly one year, most of which time her sufferings were acute and painful in the extreme. But the grace of God afforded both support and consolation, and by its sanctifying influence rendered those sufferings a blessing. As the time of her departure drew near, there was an evident preparation of the soul and an increasing meetness for the "better land." She took an affectionate leave of a beloved husband, strictly charging him to continue faithfully to publish the gospel by which alone "life and immortality are brought to light;" and then without a sigh or a groan she fell asleep in Jesus, forcibly illustrating in death the power of religion, and the triumph of the Christian over the last enemy. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

On her tombstone I found inscribed the following:

"In early life she left her friends and home,
With one who bore the standard of the cross;
Nor did her task the least abate her zeal,
With her last breath she bade him stand for Zion's weal,
Nor leave her walls till death should strike him down,
Then rise with her to wear a heavenly crown."

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007 -- HARRIET HILDT

Of Harriet Hildt, wife of Rev. George Hildt of the Baltimore Conference, Rev. J. H. Finley says:

"I first became acquainted with Sister Hildt when she was young; and then she was pious, and had forsaken the delusive pleasures of this world for the cross of Christ. In 1821, at a conference held in Lebanon, Ohio, I was appointed to the Indian Mission, at Upper Sandusky. I sought for some female to go with us as a teacher. At that time I could find none; for it was then thought perilous for females to venture into the heart of a savage nation. No sooner did this dear sister learn our wants, young and delicate as she was, than she volunteered her services. Her zeal overcame all objections of friends, and she entered upon this enterprise with the zeal of a missionary. I had some fears, from her youth and inexperience, that her spirits would become depressed. I was mistaken. Her perseverance and fortitude astonished me. As soon as we were settled in our cabin we received some Indian children into our family, and she commenced to teach them to knit, sew, and repeat their letters, as well as to pray to God. When the spring opened, we admitted more; and for the want of a house I built her a bower, in which he could teach them. The mild and affectionate Harriet here taught them to read, and pointed their bewildered minds to the Lamb of God. I have no doubt but some of them are now with her in paradise. Often I have seen her retire to the banks of the Sandusky, with her Indian flock, to offer with them the evening's devotions; and I have heard their voices mingling in hymns of praise to the mercy-seat of God.

"She remained with us until circumstances made it necessary for her to quit, for the present, her delightful employment. She afterward remarked to me that she never enjoyed so much happiness as when she was employed as the teacher of those poor Indian children. She said her evening walks were peculiarly pleasant, while she rambled in the forests of the poor untutored Indian, when the pale moon threw his borrowed rays upon her path, and heard the rippling murmurs of the Sandusky, as it rolled its waters down to the beautiful Lake Erie. There she lifted her soul up to the Father of heaven and earth in sweet meditations, and felt the Holy Spirit kindle the purer flame of love and joy in her heart, which often swelled into rapture. She was the daughter of Rev. Robert and Sarah Stubs, and was married to Rev. George Hildt, of the Baltimore Conference, in 1833. She possessed an excellent mind, and well disciplined and fortified with religion and true Christian philosophy. Her protracted illness, lasting fifty-two days, was extremely severe. Her attendants said they never witnessed a more patient sufferer.

"Rev. John Bear says, in his letter to her sister, 'During the whole of her afflictions her confidence in God never failed her. The enemy stood at a distance, and was not permitted to thrust at her. She seemed not to feel a doubt, and never expressed a fear. Her sky was always clear, and her prospects of immortality and eternal life were bright and cheering. Not long before the weary wheels of life stood still, her husband went into the room. She looked at him pleasantly and said, 'Glory!' with her faltering tongue. A little before, I was at her bedside, when she asked for some water. After she had taken a sup or two, I asked her if it was refreshing. She said, 'Yes.' I said to her, 'How much more when we are permitted to drink of that river of the water of life that flows in the midst of the paradise of God.' Her countenance beamed with a radiance I had not witnessed before, and she replied, 'Oh, that will be delightful!'"

Her husband, in a letter to her sister, states that he conversed with her every morning after prayer, and always found her happy in the Lord; and shortly before the conflict ended she said, "I fancy I see Arabella and Rebecca hovering over my bed" -- two near relatives that had died happy in the Lord. She fell asleep in Christ on the 14th day of February, at Harper's Ferry, in great peace and triumph."

Rev. E. Sehon, while visiting Harper's. Ferry, thus describes the place of her burial:

"From Baltimore I directed my steps westward, to Harper's Ferry. This, from nature and art, is one of the most interesting places of our whole country. The most splendid achievements of art, the most sublime scenery of nature, impart interest and beauty to the spot, which all who see will be willing to admit, that the descriptions which they have heard have not been exaggerated. From Jefferson's Rock may be seen the Shenandoah and Potomac rivers, as they seem impatient for embrace, to break and force their passage through rock and mountain; while just beneath you, in friendly alliance -- in appearance at least -- may be seen the great canal and railroad, which, like giant arms, are reached out from the east, inviting the friendship and commerce of the great western valley.

"But to the writer there was one spot of deeper interest than all these. It was on one of the lofty hills which overhang the town, surrounded with a stone fence, that we stood near the raised earth, inclosed with neat painted paling, which contained the remains of one dear in life and death, to the heart of the writer, and many others in the West, for this was her own much loved home. Here silently rested the remains of our worthy Sister Hildt, wife of Rev. George Hildt, of the Baltimore Conference. A neat tombstone, of the purest white, stands at the head of the grave, informing the passer-by of her early devotion to the cause of God, her love for the souls of the poor and persecuted Indians of our country, her consistent life and triumphant death, and declaring that this last act of respect and friendship was the offspring of the love and affection of the worthy ladies of Harper's Ferry. Silently sleep, thou sainted one, until the dawning of an eternal day, when glory and immortality shall fully claim thee as their own."

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Nancy Hill, wife of Rev. Samuel Hill, was born in North Carolina, December 25, 1799, and died September 12, 1874. She emigrated to Ohio in 1811, and to Clermont County in 1818. She was married to her now bereaved husband, May 17, 1821. She was the mother of eleven children, seven of whom still live. She was converted in her twentieth year, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church. She received a very bright evidence of her acceptance with the Savior, and never doubted the reality of the change. For many years she had been confined to the house from paralysis; but, although deprived of the society of the church, she enjoyed the presence of the Master of assemblies.

During the last year of her sickness her pastor called to see her frequently, and always found her the same mild, gentle, patient spirit. "Do you feel that the Savior is with you, Sister Hill?" "Oh, yes!" she would reply. "I could not endure my situation if he did not sustain me." Two weeks prior to her death she received the final paralytic stroke, and during the remainder of her stay she was for the most part unconscious. Yet, in her rational moments she declared that Jesus was precious, and that she was willing "to depart and be with him." Death has removed from earth a priceless jewel; but we trust that she has been placed as a gem in the diadem of the Redeemer.

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009 -- MARY REYNOLDS WRIGHT

Mary Reynolds Wright, wife of Rev. John F. Wright, was the daughter of John and Jane Reynolds, and a native of Champaign County, Ohio, where her father has resided for many years. She was born April 14, 1805. When eleven years old she joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, and at twenty years of age she was married to Rev. John F. Wright, on the 31st day of March, 1824.

On the 1st of July, 1843, she was attacked with the then prevailing epidemic, influenza, which produced a confirmed bronchitis. At nine o'clock A. M., on the 30th of July, she appeared to be sinking in death; and when she was unable to speak, her neighbor, Sister W., inquired if she did not feel almost at home. She quickly moved her head in the affirmative. Soon after her husband asked, "Do you find that all is well?" to which she replied, with surprising energy and a full voice, "Yes." A short time before her departure she was distinctly heard to say, "Glory, glory, hallelujah, be unto the Lord forever!" She closed her mortal life on the morning of July, 1844.

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010 -- MARY E. SMITH

Mary E. Smith, wife of Rev. J. C. Smith, of the Indiana Conference, died at New Albany, Indiana, October 14, in the twenty-fourth year of her age.

She was the daughter of Isaac and Frances Dunn, of Lawrenceburgh, Indiana, in which place she was born and raised till the period of her marriage, until 1833. She received from her parents a strict, moral, and religious education, and united, in 1832, with the Methodist Episcopal Church, then in the fifteenth year of her age.

Since the death of her lamented mother there was an evident and deep change in her whole spirit and conversation. This was marked by many of her intimate female friends, with whom she freely conversed on the subject. She was much more constant and devout in her private devotions. Her spirit seemed fast ripening for God, who even then was preparing to receive her to himself. "I can not," she said to an intimate friend, whom she tenderly loved, "I can not grieve for the loss of my mother. I know that child never loved a parent more tenderly than I; but I can not grieve on her account, for I feel that she is constantly present in spirit with me, and I have an abiding presentiment that soon I shall be with her." How strong was this presentiment! Some few weeks before her death, we had packed our goods preparatory to our removal from Albany to our next field of labor. In contemplating this removal, in her then delicate situation, she became suddenly overcast with gloom she knew not why. She now instantly fled to the strong for help, and while pouring out her burdened soul before God she was filled with an ecstasy of joy, and for hours, being alone, she walked her room, praising God with joyful lips, her hands and eyes lifted-up to the hill whence her help came. The next day, while recounting this circumstance to the same female friend, she again became suddenly joyful in God, and repeated in ecstasies these beautiful lines:

"Our conflicts here will soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last,
Triumphant with our Head."

This was not a momentary joy. For a long time she sat overpowered with a sense of the mercy of God, and repeated, "Oh, how happy, how happy I am! Were it the will of God, I now feel willing to go anywhere, to any mission or solitary place, so that I might contribute in any wise to the happiness of my husband, and help him to finish the ministry which he has received of the Lord Jesus." In conversation about this time, with her cousin, Mrs. Scoval, wife of Rev. Mr. Scoval of the Presbyterian Church, on the subject of their mutual toils and privations, she said, "Cousin, these things are for our good; they are only preparing us for a better and a more desirable home." This sentiment, says Mrs. Scoval, was accompanied with a sweetness of spirit and manner that evinced no ordinary faith in God. Her end was triumphant.

011 -- SARAH GRIFFITH

Sarah Griffith was a native of Montgomery County, Md., and was born May 12, 1783. Her pious parents, Joshua and Jemima Pigman, were among the first-fruits of Methodism in that region of country. They were brought into the church and religiously trained under the efficient labors of Asbury, Whatcoat and others, of precious memory, who lived and served the church at that early period. They continued, through the whole of life, zealous members and unwavering friends of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Sarah, though their only daughter, was not on that account, as is too frequently the case, a spoiled child; but she was raised "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." From childhood her disposition was of the most sweet and amiable character. At a very early period, it appears she achieved a noble conquest over herself, and, according to Solomon, was a greater victor "than he that taketh a city." She always appeared able to rule her own spirit. Her evenness of disposition was considered extraordinary, and her serene and calm state of mind resembled the smooth lake in summer, when not a breeze of wind passes over its surface.

Mrs. Griffith was early impressed with the necessity of experimental religion, but never found the pearl of great price until she was in her seventeenth year. She was powerfully converted, and brought to a knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins, through the instrumentality of Rev. Wilson Lee, a minister of great piety and usefulness in his day.

In 1803 Miss Pigman was married to Mr. Walter Griffith, a native of the same county with herself, in Maryland. In 1804 Mr. Griffith and wife, with Mr. Pigman and family, removed to the Green River region, in Kentucky. Not being pleased with this location they removed to Clermont County, Ohio, where the parents of Mrs. Griffith ended their course in joy and triumph.

Mr. Griffith was a pious young man at the time of his marriage; and after a few years he became thoroughly convinced that he was called to take upon him the office of the ministry in the church of Christ. He commenced this work as a local preacher in 1807. In the fall of 1811 he was admitted into the itinerant connection. He died on the 27th of June, 1822. In all his labors he was accompanied by his beloved and faithful Sarah. The wife of a Methodist itinerant preacher in the western country, at that early day, was subject to many inconveniences and privations. She, however, not only bore them all with untiring patience and fortitude, but greatly strengthened the hands of her husband, and encouraged his heart in this laborious work. She seems to have been exactly adapted and in every way qualified for the wife of an itinerant minister of the gospel; and I have heard many speak of her, in the various fields of labor to which they were appointed, with more than usual respect and esteem. And indeed it may be said of her, in a certain sense, her "praise was in all the churches." Wherever she went her "meek and quiet spirit," and other features of her holy example, seemed to spread a hallowed influence on all around. The irreligious were restrained in her presence, superficial professors sensibly felt their defects, and the truly devout were encouraged and confirmed in their course of piety. She exhibited, in her daily walk and conversation, unequivocal proofs of an elevated state of grace, and all she had intercourse with "took knowledge of her that she had been with Jesus," and that she reflected his glory and image. She pursued an even, steady course, being strong in faith, fervent in spirit, and always setting the Lord. Thus did she seem to maintain constant communion with God. Such was her uniform piety, that her life was very often compared to an "even-spun thread." She was always cheerful without being volatile, and maintained genuine Christian gravity without being sad.

Mrs. Griffith lived to see her parents, two brothers, and her husband deposited in the grave, and often rejoiced in the prospect of meeting her dear relatives, as well as other friends, in heaven.

In July, 1843, she was attacked with the then prevailing epidemic, influenza. This disease fastening on her lungs, resulted in a confirmed consumption. For nearly-twenty-three months she lingered and suffered under this wasting malady, but endured it all with the most perfect resignation. She found that religion which had sustained her in life sufficient to comfort her, and even cause her to rejoice in affliction and the near prospect of death. Her patience never failed her; nor did anything like a murmur escape her lips. During the tedious season of her long illness, it was fully ascertained that she could suffer as well as do the will of God. She neither despised the chastening of the Lord, nor fainted when rebuked of him. To her niece, Mrs. M., she said, "I have been endeavoring, in my weak way, to do the will of the Lord for forty-four years, and now I hope I shall be able to suffer all his will." In her suffering she would frequently say, "I enjoy sweet

peace," and often repeat the words of the psalmist, in praise to God, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name."

At one time she said to her friend, Judge Larkin, "I have been taking a walk through the valley of the shadow of death, and I find no terrors there." At another time she said, "I have often thought of the silent grave as a desirable and pleasant place of retreat." A very intimate friend of hers remarked that her approach to death reminded her of a person who had been a long time absent from her family and friends, and on her return was just getting in sight of "home." Her soul was often elated with joy and gladness at the prospect, and she would exclaim in raptures, "I am almost home! I am almost home!" The night she died, when asked by Mrs. F. if she felt all was well, she replied, in the fullest assurance of faith, "Oh, yes, all is well! all is well!" Nearly the last words she was heard to utter, were, "I am going home." Her triumphant exit occurred on the night of the 26th of May, 1845.

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012 -- MARGARET CHALFANT

Margaret Chalfant, wife of Rev. Chadds Chalfant, died near Brownsville, Pennsylvania, December 19, 1837, in the eighty-second year of her age.

The deceased was born in Loudoun County, Va., December 31, 1755. Her maiden name was McManiman. In her twenty-first year she was united in marriage with Mr. Chadds Chalfant. They were permitted to enjoy this happy union about fifty-four years, and were blessed with twelve children.

Mother Chalfant's death was preceded by that of her husband about seven years and a half. They were among the early settlers in the neighborhood of Brownsville, and the first-fruits of Methodism in that place. It seems that Rev. Daniel Hitt, of precious memory, was the first Methodist preacher that found his way to the habitation of Father and Mother Chalfant, and delivered the first Methodist sermon in that neighborhood, at their house, on the 3d of May, 1794; and on the 14th of July following he embraced their house as a regular preaching-place; and four weeks after, on the 12th day of August, a class of four persons was formed, including Father and Mother Chalfant.

Mother Chalfant did not enjoy religion at this time, but still held on as an earnest seeker, until the last of December following, when it pleased the Lord to give her the knowledge of salvation, by the remission of her sins, in a class-meeting. This was about the thirty-ninth year of her age. From this time she still held on her way, adorning her profession by an upright life, until the thirteenth year of her Christian pilgrimage, when on the 8d of May, 1807, while in a class-meeting, wrestling earnestly for "a clean heart," the Lord was pleased to give her a clear evidence of "entire sanctification," which great blessing she retained in all its power and glory to the end of life, including a period of a little over thirty years.

We have seen, from the outline just drawn, that Mother Chalfant professed to be "sanctified wholly," as well as to be justified freely; that these were distinct blessings, some twelve or

thirteen years intervening; that she fixed a definite time and place to each. Hence she professed to enjoy justification and sanctification as blessings revealed to the heart by the direct testimony of the Holy Ghost.

Her mental powers did not forsake her to the last. Though she had previously suffered much, she expired at last without a struggle or a groan, and thus sweetly fell asleep in the arms of Jesus, the 19th of December, 1837. Her last testimony was that her work was done.

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013 -- HANNAH REED

Hannah Reed was the daughter of Rev. William P. Finley, a brother of James B. and John P. Finley, all of whom, with their father, Robert W. Finley, were members of the old Ohio Conference. Of Hannah's early life we have no knowledge. She was united in marriage to Rev. David Reed, February 28, 1837, and for thirty years shared with him the vicissitudes of itinerant life. Her husband, in the midst of active ministerial duty, was suddenly prostrated with disease, and after a brief illness closed his eyes in death, March 29, 1869. Eight years she lingered in widowhood. These were years of anxiety, of financial perplexity and domestic care. When she realized that she was the victim of a fatal malady she laid her case in prayer before God, especially praying that she might be saved from intense suffering. God heard her prayer. To the astonishment of physician and friends, she had no pain from that hour until the death-angel came with the summons to cross the "dark river." She closed her eyes in peace, October 25, 1874. Mrs. Reed possessed traits of character that greatly endeared her to all who knew her. She was faithful in all her relations to God, to her husband, and to the church. No longer numbered with us, she rejoices with the redeemed.

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014 -- MARY ANN LYDA

Mary Ann Lyda, wife of Rev. A. J. Lyda of the Ohio Conference, was born near Louisville, Jefferson County, Ky., and died in Mason County, Va., in "Retired Cottage," May 29, 1845. She was the oldest daughter of Rev. James Ward, one of the oldest Methodist preachers in America at that time, having joined the Baltimore Conference in 1792. She united with the Methodist Episcopal Church in Augusta, Kentucky, in her fourteenth year, and was converted through the instrumentality of Rev. Mr. Redford.

She was married August 1, 1844, to Rev. A. J. Lyda, of the Ohio Conference, in Augusta, Kentucky. On the 17th of October, 1846, she was bereaved of her first-born child, Mary Elizabeth. This prompted her to consecrate herself more fully to God. During the last year of her life she read the Bible regularly, in connection with Wesley's sermons. In the latter part of her illness she was deeply devoted to God. She often conversed with her husband of a happy reunion in heaven, and of the delight that would be realized in meeting their little daughter which had gone before. A few moments before her death she looked up, and, seeing her husband weeping, threw her emaciated arms around his neck, kissed him, and said, "Do not weep for me," and died in peace, without a

struggle. Thus she died in a strange land, and among strange people, but leaving to them the evidence of a pious life -- that her witness was in heaven, and her record on high.

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015 -- HANNAH DIMMITT

Hannah Dimmitt, wife of Rev. J. G. Dimmitt of the Ohio Conference, died in Piqua, Ohio, December 13, 1844, in the thirty-seventh year of her age. She was the daughter of Conduce Gatch, and granddaughter of the venerable Philip Gatch, well known in the history of Methodism. Rev. William H. Raper says, "I visited her frequently a few days before her death, and a happier soul I never saw. Death had lost its terrors, and the grave its gloom. One day as I sat near her bed she called me and said, 'Brother Raper, I wish to tell you that with my soul all is well. I long to lay my body in the grave, where it may rest. Sweet grave! Oh, how I long to lay me down in the grave to rest. There I shall rest till Jesus shall bid me rise. I had a long struggle to give up my husband and children; but I have succeeded. They are not mine. I have given them up to the Lord.' Shortly before her exit she told her husband to preach Jesus while he lived. She threw her arms around his neck and said, 'Preach Jesus and him crucified, and come on. We will meet in heaven.' She then exclaimed aloud, 'Hallelujah! Hallelujah!' and the spirit was gone."

These are thy hopes, O blessed Christianity! What are thine, O infidelity? "A leap into the dark."

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016 -- REBECCA SUSAN CASSATT

Rebecca Susan Cassatt, wife of Rev. John W. Cassatt, and daughter of Joseph Moore, Esq., was born in Scioto County, Ohio, August 31, 1829. Her grandfather Moore was long a local preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and was one of the first settlers in Scioto County. His house was long a preaching-place for the neighborhood, and a home where the early itinerant pioneers of Methodism received refreshment and rest. His name and Christian hospitality were associated with the untiring zeal, the abundant labors, and the glorious success of James Quinn, Elisha Bowman, John Meek, and others who preached the word of life in Ohio more than fifty years ago. His son Joseph embraced the religion of his father in early life, and endeavored to rear his children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. As a consequence, Susan was from infancy the subject of religious influence and training.

At the conference at Hillsborough, in October, 1853, her husband was appointed to New Richmond Station; and they removed to their charge and commenced house-keeping. Here her health began to decline, with intervals of buoyancy and hope, until she gave birth to a daughter. Subsequent to this her disease assumed a more violent and dangerous form, and defied all the efforts of medical skill and the care and attention of friends, terminating her life November 22, 1854.

A few days before her death she called her husband to her bedside, and, with her countenance beaming with heavenly joy and triumph, said, with a fervor he can never forget, "My dear husband, I feel that my labors are done. I shall soon get home." She then gave him some direction in regard to the distribution of some books and other articles to her friends, selected her burial-clothes, and the text she wished used on the occasion -- Job 19:25-27. From this time her thoughts seemed to be absorbed in contemplating death and the glory that was to follow. The morning before her death she sung distinctly the following beautiful and appropriate lines:

"Though foes and afflictions my progress oppose, They only make heaven more sweet at the close; Come joy or come sorrow, the worst may befall, One moment in glory makes up for it all."

About three o'clock p. m. she suddenly became worse, and calling her husband and friends present around her bed, told them the hand of Death was heavy upon her, but that he was a conquered foe. She bid all farewell; and while she embraced her husband she said faintly in his ear, "Be a good minister of Jesus Christ!"

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017 -- MARY C. BACON

Mary C. Bacon, wife of Rev. S. Bacon, was born in Allen County, Ohio, February 5, 1838, and died in Indiana, April 15, 1877. "Is this death?" "Do you see any signs?" "How is my pulse?" One said, "Christ has come for you." She replied, "Glory to his name."

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018 -- ELIZABETH DAVIDSON

Elizabeth Davidson, wife of Andrew Davidson, and daughter of Rev. John Meek, departed this life in great peace on the 7th of October, 1840, in the twenty-seventh year of her age. She was an acceptable member of the Methodist Episcopal Church from early life, until death dissolved her connection with all below. She was a professor of experimental religion several years; but her prospect of future bliss became much brighter a few months before the time of her departure. At an early period of her last affliction she felt that her days on earth were well-nigh numbered, and sought and obtained the blessing of perfect love. From that moment her soul continued "bright as noon, and calm as summer evenings are." In her dying moments she assured her friends that her "peace was made with God," and that

"Jesus can make a dying-bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are."

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019 -- CAROLINE RUSSEL BING

Caroline Russel Bing, wife of Rev. E. Bing of the Ohio Conference, died December 18, 1848, aged twenty-five years and eight months. Her race was short and brilliant. When informed of the near approach of death she replied, "I am glad I am so near an end of suffering -- so near the joys of heaven." She then added, "Come, Lord Jesus, why not now, and take me to thyself." She spoke frequently of her friends, whom she was so soon to leave, and added, "Don't weep for me; it is better for me to go than for you. I feel that I am prepared. The grave has lost its gloom." At another time she said to her husband, "You received me into the church, and you have been my spiritual guide and counselor. You have shown me how to live, and now I am about to show you how to die."

She was beautiful in life, but for more beautiful in death. The far-off music of heaven's sweet melody struck her ear, and she instantly exclaimed, "Don't you hear that music; it is the songs of angels." She requested her friends to sing "Christ in the Garden;" and at different times she seemed filled with ecstasy, clapping her hands. She exclaimed, "My sufferings are great; but they are nothing in comparison to His who bore my load of sin in the garden and on the cross. May I bear mine with the same degree of resignation."

Often did she repeat, "I am ready; I am waiting. The grave has no terror to me. Come, oh come, blessed Jesus, why not now, and take me to thyself?" And she would frequently add, "Perhaps I am too anxious. I will await his time." At another time she said, "Don't you see those lights? How bright they shine all the way through the valley of death, and up to heaven!" Lighted up; all was light! The luster of a cloudless heaven brightened and glowed with ravishing delight. Her prayer was for final victory; and she called on others to assist her in this her "last conflict."

As she was nearing the end of her journey she said, "I hear the roar of Jordan. But it does not affright me, for Jesus will be with me; he will not forsake me." To the question asked by her husband, "Is Christ with you now, and do you see your way clear?" she replied by raising both arms up. Speech had failed her. After the lapse of a few moments the same question was asked, and she raised up one hand. And again her afflicted and anxious husband asked, "Caroline, is the Savior with you now?" A feeble affirmative sign was given.

Thus with earnest gaze and glorious victory her blood-washed spirit passed away, leaving-upon the cold clay the impress of a most beautiful smile.

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020 -- ANNA CASAD

Anna Casad, wife of Rev. A. W. Casad, a local preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church, died after a short but severe illness. She was a daughter of Samuel and Martha Stites, and was born in Somerset County, New Jersey, December 10, 1796. Her constant testimony to her friends who inquired concerning her future prospects was, "You need have no fears for me, for I am going to heaven.

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021 -- ELIZA A. CARPENTER

Elizabeth A. Carpenter, wife of Rev. Cyrus S. Carpenter, formerly a member of the Ohio Conference, died at the age thirty-two years. From the exposures of an itinerant life her health became impaired and her husband located. She lingered some time, her health gradually declining; and toward the close of life her sufferings were severe in the extreme. But she bore all her afflictions with Christian patience and fortitude. Her faith in God and her confidence in the Christian religion were unbounded. In the midst of her severest afflictions she shouted victory through Christ, and talked of that "eternal weight of glory" which she would enjoy after passing through her "light afflictions." She said, "Oh, what words! Eternal weight of glory! Will it be possible that I, who am but a worm of the dust, shall ever mingle with the pure society of angels? Oh, yes, for me the Savior died."

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022 -- JACINTHIA SPENCER

Jacintia Spencer, widow of Rev. R. O. Spencer, deceased, of the Cincinnati Conference, was born in Athens, Ohio, December 30, 1807, and died March 13, 1877, at the Bourneville parsonage, the residence of her son-in-law, Rev. A. H. Windsor. She was converted and joined the church in 1827, and for nearly fifty years was a consistent member of the same. Her religion was of that quiet, undemonstrative, but practical kind that exhibited itself in deeds rather than words. She was capable of great self-denial for the good of those she loved, showing the admirable discipline of her Christian character. Her spirit seemed of the highest mold, sensitive and refined, yet withal strong and lofty in its views, aspiring to the highest and noblest things, believing that the soul, body, and spirit, sanctified and devoted to God's service, is the crowning glory of man.

She was married to R. O. Spencer in 1828, and for thirty years shared with him the sorrows and joys, the shadows and sunshine, the toils and triumphs of the Methodist itineracy. She often expressed a desire to depart and be with Christ. She gradually declined, till at last, so quietly did she fall asleep, that those who watched by her bedside scarcely knew when the spirit took its flight.

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023 -- HANNAH FRANCES KAVANAUGH

The following poem appeared in the Christian Advocate, and was written to the memory of Hannah Frances Kavanaugh, daughter of Rev. B. F. Kavanaugh, agent for McKendree College, who died April 15, 1839, in the ninth year of her age, at Lebanon, Illinois, much lamented by a large circle of friends and relatives.

And is she gone, that peerless gem
Of all that heaven or earth did give,
Of hearts the princely diadem --
For whom alone each deigned to live?

Yes, she is gone down to the tomb,
To sleep with those of other years;
Death cropped the flowerlet in its bloom,
And swept it from this vale of tears.

And thus we find each earth-born thing,
So fondly cherished by our hearts,
Takes to itself a seraph's wings,
And soonest from our love departs.
We loved her fondly; yes, for we
Had made her all our dotage here;
She was our heart's whole imagery,
Our fondest breathings, hope, and care.

But ah, she's gone; from us she's torn
By the fell spoiler's ruthless hand,
In the warm blushes of life's morn,
Down to that dark and shadowy land.
But still she lives in our embrace
The dearest pledge of wedded love,
And bright the features of her face
Within our minds, which death can't move.

But yet there seems a shoreless sea,
Op'd in our kindly social band --
All boundless as eternity --
Rolled darkling on this mortal strand.
But God does order all things well --
Beneath his rod we'll not repine;
He called her hence, with him to dwell,
And we shall follow soon in time.

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024 -- CATHERINE WILLIAMS

Catherine Williams, wife of Rev. Joseph Williams, of Ripley County, Iowa, was born in Ireland, in the year 1783. Her parents were attendants upon the ministry of Rev. John Wesley, and joined the church under his ministry. She joined the Methodist Episcopal Church under the labors of Rev. George Askins. She lived a worthy member of the church; and during the last three or four months of her life her soul was drawn out after God. She left this life in peace, July 24, 1839, in the fifty-sixth year of her age.

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025 -- REBECCA DAILY

Rebecca Daily, widow of Rev. Levi Daily, died in Clermont County, Ohio, July 30, 1838. She sought and found religion when young, joined the Methodist Episcopal Church at the age of fourteen, and lived a consistent Christian and a worthy member of the church twenty-five years. She was retiring in her manners, and was respected by her acquaintances. Although her health was extremely delicate for a length of time previous to her death, yet she was seldom found absent from the house of God; and in her last moments, when speech failed her, she raised her hand several times in token of victory over death.

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026 -- PHOEBE WORRALL PALMER

Phoebe Worrall Palmer was born in New York City, December 18, 1807. She was converted June 21, 1819, on the same evening with her sister Sarah: The next morning, not being as happy as her sister, she gave up her confidence and reckoned herself again with the seekers. It was a subject of perplexity with her that she could not distinctly trace the hour of her conversion, as many others.

The time came when the doubt was solved. She said, "January 1, 1837, with an indescribable weight resting on my mind, I said, 'O Lord, if thou wilt give me something from thy word to strengthen me, I will take it as my motto during the whole year.' I then opened the precious Book of books, and the first words my eyes rested upon were these, 'I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.' With a conscious power of purpose, beyond anything before realized, I then entered into a covenant with God, laying hold of divine power."

The evening of July 26, 1837, she regarded as the most eventful day of her religious career. She was accustomed, in all her after life, to speak of it as the day of days. She then entered into the rest of faith -- the Canaan of perfect love. She writes, "I now saw what faith was in its simplicity. Such perceptions of the divinity of the word I never before had; so true is it, that 'if any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine.' Giving God the glory due his name, I exclaimed, Through thy grace alone I have been enabled to give myself wholly and forever to thee. Thou hast given thy word assuring me that thou dost receive me. I believe that word. Alleluia! the Lord God omnipotent reigneth unrivaled in my heart! Glory be to the Father! glory be to the Son! glory be to the Holy Spirit forever! Oh, into what a region of light, glory, and purity was my soul at this moment ushered! I felt that I was but as a drop in the ocean of infinite love, and Christ was all in all."

In 1858 she wrote: "Had Gabriel been commissioned to come and assure me that the Lord would have me open my lips and speak of the power of his saving grace, and also of other things that appertain to his kingdom, I could not be more certain of a divine call. The hundreds we have yearly witnessed brought over to the ranks of the saved the past twenty years, -- since we received the memorable baptism of the Spirit, July 26, 1837, -- puts doubt to flight, and makes the opinions of men seem lighter than vanity, when these opinions would seem to contravene the order of God."

The last communication her busy hand wrote for the Christian public closes with these words: "Thus far my trials have been triumphs. Every new conflict has furnished an occasion for a new victory; and now, in praise of the faithfulness of God, I wish to say that just the lesson the Lord taught me in that eventful hour, -- thirty-four years ago, -- when he said, 'I have chosen thee as a signet,' has been most graciously fulfilled. While he revealed to me that I should have great trials, he also assured me that I should have great triumphs. So great and continuous have been the triumphs of truth, in connection with the precious theme of holiness, that my life has been one great psalm of 'Glory to God in the highest!'"

The closing days of her life were spent in sweet peace, calmly resting upon God, in entire acquiescence with his will, equally ready to live and suitor, or to depart and be with Christ. "Living or dying," she wrote, "I have one all-controlling desire, and that is that God may be glorified to the uttermost in me, and also in the dear ones he has given me." When a telegram was received announcing the sudden death of an elder sister she wept, and remarked, "Then Caroline has reached home a little before me." When threatened with immediate suffocation, and suffering from blindness, she said, as the hand of tenderest love smoothed her forehead or ministered to her need, "I am better off than my precious Savior. I have dear friends all around me."

Her sufferings were very great; but amid all she cried out, "Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Precious Jesus! Precious Jesus! Thy will, not mine be done." During the first part of her severe illness she said, "I want to say that my teachings have been correct; and I am now testing them in this hour of extreme suffering, and find that I am fully saved. There is not the shadow of a doubt. The altar is a beautiful type; it is a scriptural figure, and I am resting upon it. And the altar, which is Christ, sanctifies the gift. The blood of Jesus cleanses me from all unrighteousness;" and then the exclamation, "Glory, glory," burst from her lips. "The word of the Lord is a sure foundation for faith; it is a solid rock. I am resting on the word." She then requested us to sing her own hymn,

"Precious Bible, how I love it,
How it doth my bosom cheer."

The precious promises of the Bible were indelibly written upon her heart, and were breathed from her lips in the hour of her greatest agony. When one said, "Dear ma, if it would relieve you to groan, do so," she replied, "Jesus knows best. I am in the valley without a shadow, trusting in Jesus; yet, oh, so weary. Oh, I would so love to go; but thy will, not mine be done. The light of the eternal day has not yet dawned. I thought it would have dawned before this." When asked, "Do you see me, dear ma?" she replied, "No, I see no one but Jesus through faith; but I shall soon see 'the King in his beauty.' Not by works of righteousness which I have done, but of his mercy, he saves me." When bathing her feverish hands she said, "I shall soon be bathing my hands in the life-giving waters."

During the morning of her last day on earth she awoke as from a sleep, and said, "I thought I saw a chariot, and it had come for me; and oh, it was so glorious, so glorious." We have no doubt the chariot did come. She knew it, but we knew it not. Soon afterward she said, "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?" She then slowly repeated the doxology, "Glory be to the Father!

glory be to the Son! and glory be to the Holy Ghost. Amen." She sweetly breathed away her precious life in the arms of her husband, November 2, 1874, at 2:30 p. m.

Mrs. Palmer felt a deep interest in all benevolent movements, and was one of the first female class leaders in New York City. Her Tuesday-afternoon meetings at her own home, for the "promotion of holiness," were largely attended by ministers and members of all denominations, and were a great blessing to thousands. During the last fifteen years of her life she engaged in evangelistic labors, and was instrumental in the conversion of more than ten thousand souls. She was a ready writer and a fluent and forcible speaker. Her memory is fragrant in America and Europe.

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027 -- FRANCES WOOD

Frances Wood, wife of Rev. Aaron Wood, died March 19, Sister Wood was the second daughter of the late Rev. William Beauchamp. She was born in the year 1811. When about ten years of age she experienced a change of heart, and five years afterward obtained the blessing of sanctification.

During the last seven years Sister Wood suffered almost unparalleled afflictions of body, which she bore with patience and meekness, humbly relying upon the promise of God for grace to endure to the end.

Hers was truly a happy death; and her virtues while living, and her exhortations, prayers, and prospects when called to die, will long be remembered by her friends. Much might be said in commendation of Sister Wood, as a wife, a mother, and a Christian. She read such books as tended to the knowledge and love of God. She carefully perused the writings of Mr. Wesley, Watson, and Dr. Clarke, and compared these great authors in their views and expositions of the doctrines of Christianity. And that she profited by this course, her own private diary abundantly testifies "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

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028 -- ELIZABETH THOMPSON

Elizabeth Thompson, wife of Rev. William J. Thompson, and daughter of Rev. Thomas Odle, was born in Berkeley County, Virginia, May 7, 1787. Her father emigrated to the West in 1799, and settled in Brown County, Ohio, on Eagle Creek. She was a woman of strong and vigorous mind, and greatly beloved by her friends. In 1816 she was united in marriage to Rev. William Page, an able minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, by whom she had two sons and five daughters. They lived happily together until unexpectedly separated by death. She complied with the dying request of her husband to keep the children together and have regular family worship. She was subsequently married to Rev. William J. Thompson, a distinguished pioneer Methodist minister of the West. She was blessed with a remarkable talent for family government, and greatly endeared herself to all with whom she was associated. Her life was a practical

comment on the following words of the psalmist: "One thing have I desired of the Lord, and that will I seek, after that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life." She was a regular attendant at class-meeting and love-feast and social and public prayer-meetings. She was a Sabbath-school teacher in her old age, and taught her class the Sabbath previous to her death. Thus having lived a long and useful life, she bid adieu to earth, saying,

"Jesus can make a dying-bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are;
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there."

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029 -- MARY ALEXANDER WENTWORTH

Mary Alexander Wentworth, wife of Dr. E. Wentworth, professor in Dickinson College, died in Carlisle, Pennsylvania, April 21, 1852. Her last words were, "There is hope! hope! hope!" The following words were paraphrased by the afflicted husband, as follows:

"Hope of the victor's palm,
When the strife of death is o'er;
Hope of the healing balm,
That bids us die no more.

Hope of the hasting hour,
That breaks the grave's dark reign!
Hope that no hell-born power
Shall sunder us again."

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030 -- ELIZA BLAMPIED

Eliza Blampied, wife of Rev. John Blampied, died April 4, 1840, in great peace. She was born in Middle Hadam, Hartford County, Connecticut, November 80, 1804.

In early life she was taught the principles of our holy religion by a pious mother. At the age of seventeen she was awakened to a sense of her lost condition under the ministry of Rev. John N. Maffitt, and shortly after became a subject of saving grace, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1822. She came to the West, and settled in Cambridge, Guernsey Co., Ohio. She was the subject of affliction for many years, but bore her sufferings with Christian fortitude. For years she was confined to her room with a wasting consumption; but during her sufferings her soul was kept by the power of divine grace, and she often rejoiced in prospect of her final end.

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031 -- RACHEL BRANCH

Among the happy deaths which of late have graced the triumphs of the Redeemer, that of Mrs. Rachel Branch, wife of Peter J. Branch, of Abingdon, Virginia, stands preeminent. Her chariot being ready, she took her departure for her Father's house in glory, on the 19th of June, 1835 and, says a friend of hers:

Call, all is silent now within the walls,
Where lately happy voices mingled free,
And joyous mirth, and friendship's cheerful smile,
And warm devotion of the feeling soul
Are felt no more -- and solitude is there.
The desolate mourns for the wife of his bosom,
While mem'ry recalls the fond scenes of the past;
Now left a sad mourner in this world of sorrow,
Where love and enjoyment are too bright to last.

The voice whose music cheered the lonely heart,
The hand that often pressed the aching head,
Have passed away. The last prayer, too, is said,
The tear is dried, for those she cherished here,
And left rejoicing in immortal hope.
They mourn for their mother that watched o'er their youth,
No love was like hers in affliction's dark hour;
Now cold in the grave lies that fond heart of truth,
While sorrow's dark cloud still o'er them must low'r.

The gospel minister, in his journeyings, too,
Shall lose the smile that welcomed to her home,
And long as thought endures, shall cherish still
Her image in his heart, and mourn that he
Has lost a friend indeed.
For oh, how often, when toil and when sadness
Have darkened his pathway while wandering here,
He's found in her friendship a balm for his sorrow,
And blest her at parting whose name is so dear.

A stranger, far removed from friends and home,
Subject, alike, to fortune's smile and frown,
Has turned to her embrace, when sadness bowed
The spirit down to earth; for in her heart,
Affection pure and sympathy were found.
Yes, friend of the stranger, wherever I roam,
In gloom or in sunshine, in joy, or in woe,
Thy image shall mingle in scenes of the past,
While fond recollection shall bid the tear flow.

But more than all the church of God must mourn,
For one whose bright example shone to all;
Whose piety, so deep and so refined,
Amidst the scenes of life set forth to view
The Christian's life of faith.
Adieu! sainted spirit, we can not but lament thee,
While thou art exulting with angels above;
When th' ransomed of God shall come with rejoicing,
We will greet thee with songs of redeeming love."

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032 -- MARY WATERMAN

Mary Waterman, wife of Rev. John A. Waterman, was the daughter of Mr. N. Hays, of Belmont Co., Ohio. In early life she embraced religion, and with two of her sisters joined the Methodist Episcopal Church. She had opposition to her religious course; but although young, she persevered, and was an example of piety to all around her. In 1818 they were married, and she continued to be a faithful companion to her husband in all his itinerant meanderings, sufferings, and privations. She was a woman of great fortitude as well as piety, and this was evinced to the last. She died of a cancer in the breast. Her sufferings were great, but she bore them without repining. She finished her earthly pilgrimage in Cincinnati, on the 14th day of December, 1888, where she had been taken by her Christian friends to receive medical aid.

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033 -- CHARITY HENDERSHOT

Charity Hendershot, a noble pioneer woman of the West, was born December 25, 1756, in the State of New Jersey, of German parents, -- her maiden name was Dilse, -- who were respected for their intelligence and sound morality. She was educated with a strict eye to a well-ordered life, and so it proved to be. Her son, Dr. Isaac Hendershot, writes:

"Until she attained the age of twenty-one years, she had never heard a Methodist preach. About this period she heard, for the first time, a gospel sermon, preached by Rev. Freeborn Garrettson."

[I often think of this extraordinary man -- as to talents, hardly up to mediocrity, yet in point of usefulness far surpassing, I might say, all in this our day, whether from a brush or brick college.]

"She immediately," says her son, "resolved on a course of piety, and united herself, to the Methodist Episcopal Church. To yourself I am indebted for the fact that she was perhaps the first-fruit of Methodism in New Jersey."

Well, I give as my authority Brother Nathaniel Bunnell, who lived once on Deer Creek Circuit -- a stout man, who led off the ground the wretch who cursed the grace of God at the camp-meeting referred to in Brother Sale's recollections. Brother Bunnell was from the same part of New Jersey, who knew the family when they migrated to Kentucky, in 1788. He states that Sister Hendershot was the first single female, as far as was known, who united with the Methodists.

Kentucky was the great theater of the West at an early day. Everybody went to Kentucky at that day. There was no State of Ohio, -- perhaps some hunters along the Ohio River, -- no Indiana or Illinois. These were Indian countries, except old Vincennes, where there were a few whites, Canadian French, and Indians, the same at Kaskaskia, St. Louis, &c. Tennessee was then almost an entire wilderness, except a few settlements around old stations. It was in Kentucky the gospel was first preached in the West; and there the church had its nursing mothers. Most of these were mothers in Israel indeed.

My knowledge does not extend sufficiently over this region to recapitulate the names of many of the mothers in Israel in that part of the country. At Frankfort was old Sister Ratliff; at Griffith's meeting-house, not far from Georgetown, old Sister Griffith; at Metheny's meeting-house, or Mount Gilead, in Bourbon County, old Sister Smith, the mother of Samuel and Martin Hitt's wives, and Mrs. Standiford, who lived in Shelbyville. In Lexington, Kentucky, was the distinguished Sister Welch, who afterward married a Mr. Jones -- she taught a private seminary for females; in Lexington, also, Sister Fisher; near Mr. Gerizim, old Sister Jaquis; at Ebenezer, Mrs. Elizabeth Martin, who had not joined any church, but was a friend to all. Local preachers' wives bore a heavy burden of the cause. Their houses were, of course, the traveling preachers' homes. And yet there were many more I can not name -- my pious old mother being in the number of the old mothers in Israel. God, through her instrumentality, convicted a noted deist, which made more noise in Kentucky in that day than the conversion now of one thousand. I wish I could name more, but it is not necessary -- they are named in heaven, if not already there, which I presume is the case with nearly all.

But old Sister Charity Hendershot stood preeminent. I knew her well. She with old Sister Tomlinson would be a match for any logician. Taking the Bible only as their guide, I would defy the most subtle casuist to withstand their arguments, for they carried irresistibly the force of truth. When the errors of the Universalists, Pelagians, Arians, and Socinians, and I might add Unitarians -- for the latter opened the way for the flood-gate of false doctrines of the day -- these old mothers in Israel wielded their arguments with more powerful force and effect than most of the preachers. I look back at the season with wonderful astonishment.

In 1806 she came to Ohio. Here she will long be remembered as one of the pioneers who brooked the hardships and perils of a new settlement among the wild Indians of the Big Miami. Here, too, she was foremost in planting the gospel standard in a wilderness where now the light of the knowledge of salvation beams forth in meridian splendor. A thousand witnesses are yet living who would testify to her zeal and assiduity in building up the church at Piqua.

Mrs. Hendershot was a great light and the "polar star." She was a great light; and I might add at that day almost a polar star for the preachers. What, preachers! Yes, for preachers! yes; don't startle, reader. Remember John Wesley's mother, and that excellent woman, Mary Bosanquet,

whose letter to Dr. Dodd, dated February, 1777, subjoined or annexed to his prison thoughts, written just before he was hung, I have just turned to get her maiden name, known to us as Mary Fletcher, widow of that great and good man, John William De La Fletcher. After Mrs. Fletcher's memoirs were published, and her portrait or likeness prefixed, I have never looked at it without thinking of Charity Hendershot. The likeness is striking, and their course in piety somewhat similar. But her husband was not a preacher. Dear little man, who has long since gone to heaven, was almost lost in the pious, refulgent rays of Christian virtues concentrated in his pious companion.

Mrs. Hendershot possessed naturally a strong mind, and with better opportunities for an education she would have been the Mrs. Fletcher of modern days. She was deeply read in the Scriptures, and quoted them with great aptitude and facility when occasion required. If an infidel attacked her, as I have often witnessed, it was a fruitless assault. To a remarkable fluency of expression she added great vigor of thought, and by arguments happily chosen she became the victor. Profanity, in her presence, never escaped without a severe and cutting rebuke, even under circumstances the most imposing and embarrassing. The late war furnished innumerable instances of this, when her house was a continual resort of officers and soldiers, who, on any flagrant breach of decorum, were sure to quail under the reproving severity of her eye. Her patriotism in those days is highly creditable to her memory. During the whole of her protracted and painful illness, a murmur at the divine dispensation was never known to escape her lips. Her motto was, "The will of the Lord be done."

I called to see Sister Hendershot, while at her son's, Dr. Hendershot, in Springfield, Clarke Co., Ohio, a few days before she died. I fell on my knees at the bedside, and lifted up my heart and voice to God in humble prayer, and there his powerful presence was felt in my soul. She expired about seven o'clock, on Wednesday, March 13, 1833. She died as she lived, in that calm, composed, and settled peace of mind -- which, to an unusual degree, she had through life enjoyed.

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034 -- HENRIETTA AKERS

Henrietta Akers, wife of Rev. J. Benson Akers, of the Central Pennsylvania Conference, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, died at the parsonage in White Haven, Pennsylvania, July 9, 1872.

She contemplated her departure with composure and even triumph. She said, "There is not a cloud between me and the future, and it will be a blessed exchange for me. My communion with my blessed Savior has been and is now very precious." With the words, "Praise God! Praise the Lord!" upon her lips, she sweetly fell asleep in Jesus.

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035 -- MARY G. PHILIPS

Mary G. Philips, wife of Rev. N. Philips, was born in Belmont County, Ohio, September 19, 1829, and died in Goshen, Indiana, January 24, 1879. She was a loving wife, good mother, kind friend, patient sufferer, and triumphant in death. Her last words were, "All is clear! Perfectly clear!"

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036 -- CATHARINE P. HARTMAN

Catharine P. Hartman, wife of Rev. D. P. Hartman, was born in Pennsylvania, October 10, 1814, and died in Ft. Wayne, January 22, 1873, saying, "I am ready. All is right."

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037 -- SARAH BEHARREL

Sarah Beharrel, wife of Rev. Henry Beharrel, was born in Lincolnshire, England, July 11, 1799. By the care of a pious mother, she was fostered in the bosom of Methodism. At a very early age she experienced religion, and in the year 1814 joined the Methodist society. Soon after her conversion she obtained the blessing of sanctification. She recommended religion to others, and was blessed in the effort. In the latter part of the year 1836, she, with her husband and seven children, embarked for America. Sister Beharrel was a devoted Christian and much beloved. In her last illness she expressed strong confidence in God, and often praised her Lord. She died February 13, 1839, in the thirty-ninth year of her age.

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038 -- ANN E. GARDINER

Ann E. Gardiner, wife of Rev. Robert G. Gardiner, of the Kentucky Conference, died in Hopkins County, Ky., January 26, 1839. She professed religion in England, and came to America in 1830. For years was with her companion on the circuit. It was not the most comfortable condition to be among stranger, and her companion absent on his circuit; but she would not consent that her sickness should detain her husband. Her last paroxysm commenced in the absence of Brother Gardiner, who did not learn her condition until he returned home -- her friends apprehending no danger. He found her, on his arrival, struggling with her last enemy. She had strength to tell him all was well, and that she was thankful that she was dying at her post. Her last request to him was to continue to call sinners to repentance.

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039 -- NANCY R. HOLDING

Nancy R. Holding, wife of Rev. James D. Holding, died August 15, 1839. Sister Holding was a daughter of Richard H. Reeve, and was born April 7, 1806, in Scott County, Kentucky. Her Christian character was decisive and exemplary. She was not merely the associate of a Methodist

itinerant, but was herself, in spirit, a missionary. Even after her marriage she expressed an ardent wish to go to some of the missions, especially to Africa. She invariably exhorted her husband in these terms, "Never locate until you locate in heaven;" and on her death-bed she expressed the same sentiment, desiring that it should be communicated to all the preachers as her dying counsel. Class-meetings and family devotion found in her a zealous votary.

Sister Holding joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1828, and was converted about the same time. Hers was a gradual change, developing itself like the opening flower, which, however slow to evolve its beauties, shone at last with equal fragrance and splendor to those of earlier maturity. She was of a cheerful cast of mind, glorying in tribulation, and trusting that all things would work together for good to those who love God; and withal she was at once decisive and firm to her purpose in serving God, much devoted to prayer and general reading, especially the book of God, -- the Bible, -- of which the pious poet sung,

"This book -- this holy book -- on every line;
Marked with the seal of high divinity!
On every leaf bedewed with drops of love
Divine; and With the eternal heraldry
And signature of God, Almighty stamped,
From first to last -- this ray of sacred light --
This lamp from off the everlasting throne."

"Or why this disconsolate frame?
Though earthly enjoyments decay,
My Jesus is ever the same,
A sun in the gloomiest day.
Though molten awhile in the fire,
'Tis only the gold to refine
And be it my simple desire,
Though suffering, not to repine."

Whenever absolved for a moment from the exquisite tortures of pain, she was much engaged in prayer and praise. Not apprehending her approaching dissolution until Saturday night, the 10th of August, she then became exceedingly happy, and shouted so as to be heard a great distance off. She requested that some of her friends -- forty-eight miles distant, in Scott County--should be sent for immediately, to take their leave of her on earth. Her brothers, Richard and Benedict, arrived on Monday, and found her perfectly happy.

"Oh, where the Christian ends her days,
Lingers a lovely line of rays,
That speaks her calm departure blest;
And promises to those who gaze,
The same beatitude of rest."

She continued to sink apace until Wednesday evening late. She said but little, yet was resigned and happy all the time. She assured her friends that she was now about to die. She called

her brother Richard to her, and asked him to pray for her, that the Lord might cut his work short in righteousness, and expressed no desire whatever to recover. She then asked him to sing these words, of which she was very fond:

"Oh joyful sound of gospel grace," etc.

They sung the hymn through. She joined in these lines:

"He visits now the house of clay;
He shakes his future home."

Here she seemed to regain her strength, and shouted aloud. And while thus praising the Lord she seemed to have her eyes fixed on heaven; and spreading her arms as though she was about to embrace loved friends, she exclaimed in an audible voice, "Oh, here is mother, and Talitha, my sister" -- they had both died a few months previous in great triumph. She seemed to be conscious of embracing and clasping them to her breast, and in great ecstasy of soul remained in this posture for some time, and exclaimed, "The room is full of glory!" And so it was; for many friends were present rejoicing and shouting and weeping under the overflowing power and sweetness of the grace and glory of God which truly filled the room. She then spoke of her husband thus, "Head of the church, be the head of my husband," and said to him, "Tell Brother Anderson [his colleague] that I have beat him. I have beat him to heaven; for this night I shall be in glory." About ten minutes before she departed she said, "Peace, peace, all is well!" and slept in peace.

"These ashes too, this little dust,
Our Father's care shall keep,
Till the last angel rise and break
The long and dreary sleep."

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040 -- AMANDA A. SLAGLE

Amanda A. Slagle, sister of Rev. J. Benson Akers, A. M., of the Central Pennsylvania Conference, and Rev. J. Milton Akers, of the Minnesota Conference, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was born February 13, 1833, and died at Akersville, Pennsylvania, August 23, 1871. Shortly before she died she had her father and mother called into the room. She said to them, "It will not be long any more now. I'll not be with you long. Tell my classmates to meet me in heaven; and tell the boys to preach Jesus and him crucified." Then followed a prayer, in which were heard the words, "Jesus! Jesus! Je___!" But the word died on her lips. She seemed to choke or smother. A slight shudder, and all was over. The precious name begun on earth was finished in heaven.

"Through him our first fond prayers are said,
Our lips in childhood frame;
The last, low whispers of our dead,
Are burdened with his name."

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041 -- OLIVE LANGDON REEDER

Olive Langdon Reeder was born in Vershire, Vermont, April 13, 1794, and died in Cincinnati, October 26, 1876, in her eighty-third year. She came to Ohio in 1806, and settled in Columbia -- now a part of Cincinnati. She embraced religion in 1810, and in 1811 united with what was called the "Old Stone Church," -- now Wesley Chapel. April 2, 1818, she was united in marriage with Joseph A Reeder, who is now a superannuated member of the Cincinnati Conference.

In 1829 Brother Reeder entered the Ohio Conference, and for nearly twenty-five years she shared with her husband the sacrifices of the itineracy. She cheerfully accepted the situation, and gave herself up to the work of saving others, and in all things to glorify God, On account of the feeble condition of her husband, -- he being afflicted with rheumatism, -- she would often accompany him to his appointments, and close the services with exhortation and prayer. In younger life she possessed a marked talent for exhortation, and often at camp-meetings she exhorted sinners with wonderful power. Her religious life has been marked with earnestness and consistency. In her own house she went about her domestic duties singing, and then breaking forth in words of rejoicing and praise to God. She was the mother of three children, one daughter and two sons. A few years ago the daughter passed away, at the age of thirty-four years.

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042 -- HANNAH J. WHITMER

Hannah J. Whitmer was born in Preble County, Ohio, October 18, 1827. In early life she was the subject of deep, religion's impressions, and at the age of nine years she had read the Bible entirely through. March, 9, 1840, she united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. In November of the same year she was received into full connection, and shortly after was made the happy subject of justifying grace. March 6, 1848, she commenced keeping a diary, from which we learn that she was constantly exercised upon the subject of entire sanctification. On the 18th day of June, 1847, her experience is expressed in the following language, recorded by herself:

"This is a happy day. I have received the evidence that I am wholly clean -- the witness of the Spirit, whereby I cry, Abba, Father. Henceforth the life I live I live by faith in the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me."

Some months afterward her evidence of perfect love became partially obscure, yet her life evinced a mature state of Christian experience. On the 15th day of May, 1849, she was united in marriage with Rev. David Whitmer, then of the Ohio but now of the Cincinnati Conference.

Though blessed above many in her domestic relation, yet she cheerfully resigned the society of her husband, and encouraged his heart in the great work of preaching Christ and laboring for the salvation of souls. Her two little boys were also made special subjects of consecration to God. Her own language was, "Most cheerfully would I give them up to go to distant lands to

preach Christ to the perishing heathen." On the 24th day of December, while consecrating all to God, she again received a clear evidence of perfect love, in the enjoyment of which she lived, suffered, triumphed, and finally passed to the rest of heaven.

About five weeks before her death she was summoned to her father's house to witness the sickness and death of a beloved mother, who passed before her to her heavenly home. This bereavement she bore with Christian fortitude. Domestic duties called her home, and she left her father's family in deep affliction, most of the members suffering with typhoid fever, several of whom have since passed to the spirit-world. Two days after her return to her home, in Rainsborough, Highland Co., Ohio, she also was prostrated with the same disease. Although violently attacked, yet hopes were entertained of her recovery, till two or three days previous to her death. Her sufferings were intense, yet all were borne not only with resignation, but with triumphant joy.

The triumphs of grace have seldom appeared so glorious as in the experience of our dear Sister Whitmer. Death was robbed of its sting, the grave of its gloom, and the judgment of its terrors. On the Saturday previous to her death she bid her friends farewell. Her children were again consecrated to God, and received a mother's blessing. With touching tenderness she referred to her husband's kindness and her happy home. "I little thought," she remarked, "we should part so soon; but we will not be parted long, you will soon follow." With her remaining strength she exhorted those present to meet her in heaven.

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043 -- MARY TIFFIN

Mary Tiffin, wife of Dr. E. Tiffin, died September 8, 1887. Sister Tiffin was born in the State of Delaware, November 80, 1789. At the age of fourteen she became a partaker of pardoning mercy, and through her subsequent life evinced the genuineness of her conversion by a consistent and faithful piety. She was not sanguine in her temperament, but calm, modest, and reflecting. She was exceedingly diffident, so much so that even when her path was brightest, and her communion with God sweetest, she rejoiced with fear and trembling. The inroads of disease were rapid. Three days, and the work of death was accomplished. But though the attack was hasty and the crisis sudden, Sister Tiffin, clothed in the armor of light, stood prepared for the encounter. Her death was calm and tranquil. The present had no sting of guilt, and the future was the cloudless and attractive vision of everlasting life. In Sister Tiffin the church in Chillicothe has lost a useful member, and her household a bright example and a tender and affectionate mother. May they follow in her footsteps.

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044 -- NARCISSA R. ROSS

Narcissa R. Ross, wife of Dr. Henry L. Ross, and eldest daughter of the late Dr. Ruter, died of pulmonary consumption, at New Albany, Indiana, December 22, 1839, in the thirty-fourth year of her age.

Through the power of the religion of Jesus she had patience in suffering, resignation under the most afflictive providence, and tranquillity in the tumult and terror of the final hour. "Praise the Lord for such a prospect! Glory! Hallelujah! Praise the Lord forever and ever!" were her last words, and were uttered when the icy hand of Death had in a measure congealed the vital fluid, and in a degree had paralyzed her tongue.

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045 -- AUGUSTA CLARK COLE

Augusta Clark Cole, second daughter of Rev. Bishop and Mrs. D. W. Clark, died at the early age of twenty-nine, in Cincinnati, in the year 1872. She was converted early in life. She was a brilliant scholar, and a graduate of the Wesleyan Female College. Her short life was pre-eminently full of benevolent and Christian labors. She was the means of leading to God nearly all her large class of young men in one of our mission Sunday-schools. With life opening brightly before her, she was called, after only a week's illness, to leave her plans of usefulness and consecration, her happy home, those who loved her so dearly, her infant child, and answer the call, "Come up higher."

The Sunday of her death her pastor, Rev. Dr. Hatfield, called to see her. As he knelt to pray he said, "Shall I pray for your recovery?" "No," she answered, and then added, "unless it is God's will." Later in the day she made a renewed surrender of herself to God. She spoke of her beautiful home, her Bible classes, her relatives, -- naming them one by one, -- saying, "I give all up. Thou, dear Jesus, art more to me than all combined." After this she had a conflict with the powers of darkness. Her heart turned toward cherished plans of usefulness for the coming winter, and to a more complete consecration of herself to the service of God. She was oppressed by a remembrance of her sins, which seemed to rise like mountains before her. Her mother reminded her that salvation is not of works, and turned her thoughts to the scape-goat as a type of Christ, -- as it bore away into the wilderness the sins of the people, so Christ would bear away our sins. Her faith rested in the atoning sacrifice, and motioning with her hands she said, "Yes; here are my sins. I cast them upon Christ; all, all of them." Then laying her hand upon her breast she said, "I am free; bless the Lord! Glory to God. Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ! How full the room is of light! Don't you see it? Everything is touched with the divine glory." Several times during that day she said to her mother, "If this is dying it is very easy."

Just before her voice was silenced in death she sung clearly and triumphantly,

"I am trusting, Lord, in thee,
Dear Lamb of Calvary.
Humbly at thy cross I bow,
Jesus Saves me, saves me now."

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046 -- SARAH A. WOLVERTON

Sarah A. Wolverton, wife of Rev. _____ Wolverton, was born in Darke County, Ohio, September 1, 1846, and died in Leo, Allen County, Ohio, August 11, 1879.

A short time before her death she said to her husband, "I never before realized the meaning and power of the hymn,

'I long, oh how I long to be there;
I would gladly pass over the river today,
For oh how I long to be there.'"

She frequently repeated, "I am nearing the golden strand. 'Yea, though I walk through the valley and shadow of death I will fear no evil.' 'I am sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb.'" Kissing her husband she said, "Darling, this is death," and departed to glory.

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047 -- ELIZABETH L. MURPHY

Elizabeth L. Murphy was the daughter of David and Ellen Leeper. She was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, September 9, 1816. Trained for God and instructed in the gospel, she gave her heart to the Savior, and at the early age of twelve years, under the pastorate of Rev. J. F. Wright, she united with what was then known as Fourth-Street Methodist Episcopal Church, subsequently known as Morris Chapel, and now St. Paul, Cincinnati. From that period she ever maintained a consistent Christian life, by not only availing herself of the public means of grace, but tri-daily in secret seeking divine direction and support, and drawing spiritual food from the exhaustless store-house of God's word, which she read through regularly every year. Thus replenished, no wonder that she was a growing and steadfast Christian, manifesting in the temper of her mind and daily walk the gentleness and meekness of Christ.

Such religious qualities needed a wider sphere of action than was afforded in the walks of private life, and God providentially opened the way for their development and exercise. On June 16, 1859, she was married, by the late Dr. Adam Poe, to Rev. A. Murphy, long and a highly-esteemed member of the Cincinnati Conference. In this new relation she fully met every expectation of her husband, proving herself an affectionate companion, wise in counsel, patient in trials, encouraging and helpful amid the toils and sacrifices of the itinerant life, and exemplary in deportment among the membership of the church. When the sad hour came, which compelled her husband, owing to increasing age and infirmity, to retire from the active duties of the itineracy to the privacy and loneliness of a superannuated relation, the sweetness and cheerfulness of her piety tended far to lighten his pathway, and awaken the spirit of resignation to the allotments of providence.

Thus, in sweet accord of sympathy and love they moved in the path of duty, fondly hoping that many years of mutual happiness would crown their life. But, alas! the destroyer came. On July 2, 1870, Sister Murphy was summoned to her home in heaven. The daily preparations for heaven which marked her career, found her ready joyfully to obey the summons, and invested her dying

moments with radiancy and triumph. When asked if she could give up her husband the prompt reply was, "All for Jesus. I am going home to glory. Sweet Jesus. My heavenly home!" Again, when asked if she recognized him, she replied, "Yes, dear," and throwing her cold, icy arms around his neck, and giving expression to the most tender affection, she added, "I love Jesus! I'm going home!"

Thus Mrs. Elizabeth L. Murphy, in New Carlisle, Ohio, July 2, 1870, by the grace of God, passed from earth to participate in the raptures of the beautified in heaven.

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048 -- REBECCA B. CONNELL

Rebecca B. Connell, wife of Zechariah Connell, presiding elder of Urbana District, died in the thirty-sixth year of her age, in the full assurance that "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, the things that God hath prepared for them that love him."

Sister Connell had been a professor of religion and a worthy member of our church for more than twenty years. In May, 1826, she was married to Brother Connell, and since that time she has removed every year, -- save one, by the appointment of our conference. She cheerfully encountered the toils and privations peculiar to our itinerant system, and counted not her own life dear unto herself, so she might finish her course in peace. Shortly before her death she remarked in general class that she endured the hardships connected with an unsettled life with cheerfulness, knowing that she had a permanent home in heaven.

She has moved for the last time, and no doubt has entered into that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. I need not speak of the social and moral virtues of this excellent woman. She is favorably known in many portions of our work, and will live in the memory of her acquaintances as one who possessed in a high degree the virtues that adorn our nature. Sister Connell shared largely in the benefits of the revival in this station. She was often seen bending at the altar of prayer, administering comfort to the disconsolate, and pointing the mourner to the Lamb of God.

To show the estimate placed upon her in this community, permit me to give a short extract from a communication published in the paper of our town: "She came among us a stranger; and although her stay was short, she will long live in the affectionate remembrance of this people. She here found friends ready to administer to her wants and sympathize in her sufferings; and could kindness and tears and prayers have saved her, Mrs. Connell would not have died. But she is gone, and we doubt not from a 'vale of tears' to a land of eternal delight, where there shall be 'no more death, neither sorrow nor crying.'"

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049 -- ANNA M. JEWELL

Anna M. Jewell, wife of Rev. I. Jewell of the Wilmington Conference, died February 23, 1880. She was suffering intensely when the morning of eternity rose upon her immortal vision; but

her faith in Christ triumphed gloriously. She said to her husband and family, "Let me go out in quiet. It is not dark now. All is well; all is well."

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050 -- STATIRA J. LEWIS

Statira J. Lewis, wife of Rev. Rodman Lewis, formerly of New York, but now of Indiana Conference, died September 16, 1838, in Dearborn County, Indiana, in the forty-fourth year of her age and twenty-fourth of her Christian life. The leading features in her character were Christian meekness, in word and temper, and uniformity of conduct, adorning the doctrine of God her Savior in all things. Her end was peace. After giving a minute statement of her wishes as to her household affairs, and also as to the manner of her being laid out and the place of her burial, with tearless calmness and composure she said, "My trust and confidence are entirely in my Savior's atoning merits, and I die in peace. Be sure that the funeral services of our church are read at my grave."

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051 -- CYNTHIA KIDDER

Cynthia Kidder, wife of Ray. Daniel P. Kidder, missionary to Rio De Janeiro, died April 16, 1840. Her sufferings were severe for ten days. Before she died she spoke, calling "my dear husband," at which her voice failed, and she breathed her last "without a struggle or a groan. Her epitaph is written on the hearts of her friends; and with propriety may it be said,

"Go, build her monument; and let it be
Firm as the land, but open as the sea.
Low in her grave the strong foundations lie,
Yet be the dome expansive as the sky;
On crystal pillars resting from above,
Its sole supporters -- works of faith and love."

Her husband writes to her kindred thus: "I forbear to describe to you the loneliness and sorrow with which I followed her loved remains to a foreign grave, unattended by a single relative, although surrounded by kind and sympathizing friends. Nor is it for myself alone that I have tears to shed. I mourn for my orphan children, who, thus prematurely bereft of a mother peculiarly qualified for their instruction and training, -- a mother whose affectionate devotedness to her offspring seemed to form a part of her very being, -- can never adequately know or tell the extent of their loss.

"The sympathies of kind friends were extended to her up to the latest moment of her life. They also did not fail in showing the last tribute of respect to her mortal remains. The only place for interment of Protestants in this city is the English Cemetery at Gamboa, one of the suburbs. To that place the corpse is ordinarily conveyed on the day of the decease, and interred the following afternoon. It is not the custom for females to attend; and the place being somewhat remote, it is seldom the ease that many do. I was both surprised and gratified to meet on this occasion from

sixty to seventy persons, of at least four different nations and tongues. An awning was extended over the spot; and the solemn service for the burial of the dead was read by Brother Spaulding, he having been accompanied in the procession thither by the English, and myself by the German clergyman.

"Thus died my lamented wife, aged twenty-two years and six months, and in the fourth year of her married life. Thus her dust returned to dust. She is the first of our South American missionaries called to her reward. Her bones repose on the soil of Brazil. They rest in a chosen spot, at the head of a shaded avenue which leads from the beach up a slight declivity into the midst of this lovely retreat for the dead. Thence, as the traveler lifts his eye, he will behold a scene combining beauty and grandeur on a scale which nature rarely exhibits. He will gaze upon the splendid bay of Rio de Janeiro, spotted islands, smiling in the fadeless verdure of the tropics, and hemmed in by countless peaks of mountains.

The view is northward, toward our father-land. There rests my beloved, prematurely delivered from the cares and sorrows of a sinful world. Thence she will come forth in the morning of the resurrection. May we also, when the last trump shall sound, awake to the resurrection of the just, and come forth to meet her with Christ in the air."

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052 -- DOROTHY PHILLIPS

Dorothy Phillips was born in Licking County, Ohio, January 18, 1815, and died April 15, 1874, in her sixtieth year. She was the daughter of Thomas and Margaret Taylor, who emigrated from Northumberland, England, early in the present century, and settled near Newark, Ohio. Her father was class leader in the above-named place. She was therefore blessed with early religious training. She was united in marriage to Rev. T. A. G. Phillips, her now bereaved husband, September 14, 1836, and has shared with him the toils and sacrifices common to the life of an itinerant minister. She was the mother of six children, four of whom have preceded her to the heavenly home.

During the last two weeks of her life her health failed more rapidly than before, and she felt convinced that her time was very short. Her husband, impressed with this painful thought, and desirous of learning her prospects as she neared the Jordan of death, asked her these questions: "Do you now trust in Christ as your Savior?" She answered quickly, "I do." "Does Jesus save you now?" She responded, "Oh, yes." At another time she said to her husband, on inquiry, "All is right. I love everybody, and my Savior better than all." The night before she died, while suffering intense pain, she prayed, "Savior, give me grace." Being told that death was near she said, "Yes, I know it is the pangs of death."

For several hours her sufferings seemed almost more than she could bear; and at one time she said, "How long, O Lord, how long?" In the latter part of the night she sunk into a stupor, and breathed with great difficulty; and those who watched her thought her dying. Suddenly She roused up, exclaiming in a distinct voice, "I see them -- the angels -- the bright angels. They beckon me to come down to the bright river. They are coming for me. They want me to go with them. They are in

the room -- the redeemed -- my relations -- the children! But they are not children now; they are all angels." Then reaching out her hands she inquired, "Where are you? I want to bid you all good-bye. I am ready to go. I am going now." After bidding each one good-bye, and exhorting her two daughters to live right and meet her in heaven, she said, "Oh, it is sweet! What are all my sufferings? They are nothing. I am just coasting along the river." Thus did our sister, with bright visions of the future, bid adieu to friends on earth, to join the redeemed in heaven.

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053 -- MARY SALOME LEMANOWSKY

Mary Salome Lemanowsky, wife of Rev. J. J. Lemanowsky, died December 15, 1826, in Rush County, Iowa, in the forty-third year of her age. She left an affectionate husband and four children to lament her departure. But their loss is her gain, for she was twenty-six years a firm believer in the Savior, and died in the full assurance of acceptance. Her death took place under circumstances peculiarly distressing to her husband, he being in Cincinnati at the time, on business as agent for the "Immigrants' Friend Society for the Valley of the Mississippi." Though he left her as well as usual, his return, which was hastened by her illness, was only in time to behold her a corpse, and enjoy the melancholy privilege of seeing her mortal remains deposited in the tomb.

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054 -- ANN M. RANDLE

Ann M. Randle, wife of Rev. Richard Randle, and daughter of Tilman West, died November 20, 1838, in the thirty-fourth year of her age. She experienced religion in her sixteenth year, became a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and was a worthy member until death. Relying on the atonement, she was resigned to the will of God. She enjoyed much of the presence of God during her sickness. While reviewing her past life she deplored her want of faithfulness in recommending the Savior to her acquaintances. But being forgiven also for this, she fell asleep in Jesus.

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055 -- ELIZABETH L. SMITH

Elizabeth L. Smith, wife of Rev. J. L. Smith, and daughter of Samuel and Sarah Wright, died of pleurisy, in Greene County, Ohio, February 9, 1840, in the thirty-fourth year of her age. She was a native of New Brunswick County, Virginia, and immigrated to Ohio with her father and mother, in the fall 1811, and settled near Xenia. Just before her departure she told her husband and friends who were standing around her dying-bed that "death had lost all its terror," and then said to her husband, "Prove faithful, preach the gospel, and after awhile my happy spirit will come and escort yours to the mansions of eternal rest."

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056 -- ROSANNAH COX

Rosannah Cox, wife of Rev. David J. Cox, and daughter of Peter and Phoebe Baker, departed this life in great peace, on Sunday morning, June 12, 1836. She was converted to God in the year 1809, at Hopewell Camp meeting, Hunterdon County, New Jersey. The evidence of her acceptance with God was as clear as a Sunbeam. She testified to all around what the Lord had done for her, and exhorted others to seek for redemption in Christ. She had the attention 'of the whole encampment; and no doubt many yet living remember with pleasure the time of her conversion. As she commenced her religious course in a clear light, that light continued to shine brighter and brighter until her race was run. She conversed freely with her friends, and assured them that there was not a cloud in her sky -- that her way was perfectly clear. She was much devoted to her family, and in her departure they sustain a great loss; yet they sorrow not as those who have no hope.

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057 -- ELEANOR BENNETT

Eleanor Bennett, wife of Rev. Isaac Bennett, a local preacher of Mount Gilead Circuit, Ohio, died June 15, 1835, in the 19th year of her age, She made a profession of religion in her fourteenth year, and was ever afterward an acceptable member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Her sufferings were long, and sometimes great, which she bore with Christian fortitude and patience. She often professed to her husband and friends strong confidence in God, entertaining no doubt of her acceptance with him. She retained her reason to the last, toward which she gave some directions respecting her children, and said one hour more would close the scene of her earthly existence. Her end was peace.

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058 -- AMELIA E. KENNEDY

Amelia E. Kennedy, wife of Rev. George W. Kennedy, and daughter of Jason P. and Athalinda Phillips, died on Thursday, June 22, 1854, at Lockport, Shelby County, Ohio. She was born in Frankfort, Ross County, Ohio, September 26, 1828. On the 15th of July, 1847, she was joined in marriage to Mr. Kennedy, with whom she lived in great happiness until called hence by death. Naturally possessed of an amiable disposition and engaging manners, she was ever an agreeable companion and a faithful friend. During the last ten years of her life, but particularly the last year and a half, she was zealously devoted to the cause of Christianity. For four years she had charge of an infant-class numbering about seventy-five scholars. On her leaving this interesting charge to labor and suffer with her husband in the arduous duties of an itinerant minister, in a strange and rather new region of country, the scene was one of the most affecting possible to imagine.

So completely had she won their little hearts, and so deeply were they attached to her, that it seemed impossible for them to give her up. But pleasurable as it would have been to her feelings, and grateful as it would have been to theirs, to the church, and to the community for her to

have remained, duty seemed to call her away. She obeyed the call, and went, but only, alas, to be brought back a lifeless form. But there is something so beautiful in the life of such a one; something so full of pleasure in the remembrance of it, that much of the edge of one's anguish is removed when we remember that her influence for good will live and be felt long on earth -- that her death was her infinite gain.

She has left two little pledges of her conjugal affection, yet too young to shed tears Over their loss. May heaven protect them; and in their case may it be seen that

"The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellowed by the stealing hours of time,
Will truly become the seats of majesty."

She is gone to the grave, but we will not deplore her; for it is written, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

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059 -- MARY JANE ROSS DEAL

Mary Jane Ross Deal, wife of Rev. William Deal of the Central Ohio Conference, was born in Mercer County, Ohio, March 3, 1842, and died in Elida, April 13, 1880. She was early made the subject of saving grace, and united with the church at the age of seventeen. She was married to Rev. William Deal, in Delphos, March 24, 1863, and shared with her husband the toils and cares of an itinerant life seventeen years. Her health was always delicate; and at the conference held at Wauseon she expressed a strong desire to return to her friends at Elida, there to recover her health or meet the end, as the Lord's will might be. Her husband yielded his ambitions to her wishes; and Elida, with its many reminiscences, surrounded by tender and sympathizing friends, became the home of her suffering and dying.

Her character was one of extraordinary womanliness and loveliness. She never had an enemy. Her wifely affection was rare and beautiful. Her mother's heart was tender as it was unselfish. Her love and devotion to the interests of the church always measured beyond her bodily strength. She was indeed a rare woman, a jeweled soul in a frail casket; and her last weeks of patient suffering wrought these jewels of Christian character and faith into wondrous perfection. During the time of her last illness her sufferings were often intense. Frequently was it upon her "lips, "I would not live always. Only for husband and children have I desire to live." She repeated many appropriate passages of scripture and parts of hymns expressive of her spiritual condition. Her intellect was clear and unclouded, and her departure peaceful and triumphant. One less of earth, one more for heaven.

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060 -- SUSAN LAMBTON FOWBLE

Susan Lambdon Fowble, wife of J. W. Fowble, and daughter of Rev. James Quinn of the Ohio Conference, died on Sunday morning, December 15, 1839. At her request Brother H. S. Fernandes was sent for, who talked and prayed with her and administered the Eucharist. As soon as she had received the cup she exclaimed, in strong and emphatic language, "Glory to God!" It was a solemn and melting season. From this time till death released her from the prison of clay she continued happy and triumphant, even in the midst of extreme bodily suffering. To her sister she said, "When you see my parents and friends, bid them farewell for me, and tell them to meet me in heaven." When we sung the hymn, "All is well," she said, "Oh, how beautiful! All is well; all is well. Glory to God!" The last words she uttered were, "Jesus is precious."

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061 -- SUSAN S. WATERMAN

Susan S. Waterman, wife of Rev. Joseph A. Waterman, died November 9, 1839. She was the daughter of Luther Dana, who emigrated from New England to the State of Ohio at an early period of its settlement. She was born in Washington County, Ohio, October 18, 1804. Her father died when she was an infant; but she was educated by a pious mother, who trained her up in the ways of piety and qualified her for usefulness in future life. She embraced religion in her seventeenth year, from which period her deportment was truly and decidedly pious. At first she united herself with the regular Baptist Church; but finding difficulties in doctrine and in "close communion" she withdrew, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, in whose communion she remained till death. She was married to Joseph A. Waterman, M. D., March 10, 1828. She was naturally of a delicate constitution, and disposed to an obstinate dyspeptic affection, which, after afflicting her for several years, terminated in death.

As the wife of a minister she was eminently useful, sparing no pains to enforce the ministerial labors of her husband by a constant "work of faith and labor of love." For the last ten years she has been constantly able to adopt the words of the apostle, "For we know that, if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." She was deeply devoted to the pious instruction of her children, in which she was ardently engaged till her death. Death, which she had long expected, came to her stingless, like a friend. In conversing with her a few hours before her death her confidence was strong, her hope firm and unwavering. "I know that my Redeemer liveth!" was the language of this dying Christian. In the possession of this knowledge she died "to live again."

"She needs no verse her virtues to record --
She lived and died the servant of the Lord."

She has left a deeply-afflicted husband to lament his irreparable loss.

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062 -- MARY WHEELER

Mary Wheeler, wife of Rev. James Wheeler of the Michigan Conference, died at Martinsburg, Knox County, Ohio, on Sabbath evening, February 5, 1837, of influenza, aged thirty-two years. She experienced religion at the age of fifteen, and professed sanctification. She was an excellent woman, walked with God, and was an ornament as well as a pillar in the church. Religion was her business. Her last affliction was severe; but she perfectly enjoyed her mental faculties to the moment of her departure. Four days before she left us her conversation exhibited great calmness and peace.

The last morning she was with the family she requested that the fifth chapter of II. Corinthians be read in family worship. Afterward, on seeing her husband weep at her pain, she said, "If you had such a prospect as I have you could not weep. My tears are all dried." Some time before her final departure she seemed to have gone; but she revived, and exclaimed with rapture, "How beautifully white!" On being asked by her husband to what she referred she replied, "That scene I have just beheld. I had supposed the crowns worn in heaven were decorated. But nothing can decorate them. They are beautiful beyond description. They are glory itself." She described in language that seemed new and exceedingly appropriate the scene she had beheld. One who heard her remarked that "such views and such language seemed to come from some unearthly being."

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063 -- MARY MELVINA RUGGLES

Mary Melvina Ruggles, wife of Rev. J. S. Ruggles of the Kentucky Conference, and daughter of Eli and Eliza, R. Clavell, was born April 7, 1851, and died April 27, 1880. Her conversion occurred in 1867, at which time she united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, at Arlington, Indiana. She was married to Rev. J. S. Ruggles, March 25, 1875, and immediately entered upon the arduous and onerous duties of the itineracy. She accompanied her husband to his first charge, -- Owensborough Circuit, Kentucky Conference.

Their third charge was Mt. Olivet Circuit, where they had just entered upon the sixth year of their pastorate, when an all-wise Providence, through the most appalling calamity that had ever befallen Mt. Olivet, sent a retinue of holy ones, some of whom had just preceded her to the golden city, to attend her as she "swept through the gates." When she first recovered consciousness after the shock of the death-blow she resigned all into the hands of Him whom she had learned to trust in the many sorrows and trials through which she had hitherto passed, and sweetly said, "Thy will be done." She said to her grief-stricken husband, "Try and get along without me, and do the best you can."

Her beautiful life of toil and care is crowned with immortality; and hers is the blessedness of the communion and fellowship of the saints of light. In this glorified company are two of her own dear ones, whom the Shepherd took to himself in the beautiful morning, ere their pure spirits had breathed the atmosphere of sin.

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064 -- ELIZABETH M. SIMCOE

Elizabeth M. Simcoe, wife of Rev. George W. Simcoe of the Kentucky Conference, died in Georgetown, Kentucky, December 14, 1840, in the 24th year of her age. She was born in Henry County, Kentucky, in 1816, and was married to Rev. G. W. Simcoe, May 14, 1834. She joined the Methodist Episcopal Church while at school in Shelbyville, in the 12th year of her age, and lived a consistent, pious life up to the hour of her departure. Her piety was of a retiring, unobtrusive cast; and she was most appreciated by those who knew her best. The eyes of Jehovah rested upon her as a rare example of regularity and constancy at her closet devotions.

In the fall of 1840 her delicate health proved an insurmountable obstacle to her husband's undertaking the work laid out for him by the Kentucky Conference, and he was opening a school for the support of his family, when, suddenly and most alarmingly, his beloved wife was attacked with pleurisy, which, after some weeks, terminated in a constitutional consumption. Whenever addressed by her friends during her illness upon the subject of her final destiny she was ever "ready to give a reason of the hope within her;" and at or near the last crisis, being requested by her devoted husband to signalize "that all was well," if so it were, by raising a hand or a finger, when she should be unable to speak, she accordingly, after becoming speechless, raised her hand in token of triumph, and repeated the signal, and thus died in peace, leaving a kind husband and three children.

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065 -- AMELIA TABOR DRUMMOND

Amelia Tabor Drummond was born in Brooke County, Virginia, December 18, 1835. Her middle name was given her out of respect for Rev. Joseph Tabor, of St. Louis, a warm friend of her uncle, Rev. Thomas Drummond, and who stood by him when, sinking under a fatal attack of cholera, he said, "Tell my brethren of the Pittsburgh Conference that I die at my post."

For about five weeks previous to her death not one cloud darkened her sky. She felt, as she repeatedly expressed it, "a sweet peace -- a peace that flows like a river." Her mind was clear, calm, and vigorous to the last hour. Often she expressed her astonishment that even the infinite goodness of God could confer such manifestations of love upon one "so unworthy, so unfaithful," and exclaimed, "Wondrous! wondrous!" About a week before she died, when asked if she had any fear of death, she replied, "Sometimes I feel a shrinking from the pain, from the final struggle; but beyond that I fear nothing -- all is clear." On the evening of the same day a minister who had called to see her said, "I trust Jesus is precious to you." She promptly replied, "Yes, he is going with me every step of the way."

Two days before her death her father said to her, "I am writing to our friends in Iowa. I suppose I must send your love, and tell them you hope to meet them in heaven." She replied, "Yes, tell them I will be there before the letter can reach them., A little while before she expired he said to her, "Your sufferings will soon be forever over." She answered, "Yes, this is my last night." He remarked, "Tomorrow is the holy Sabbath; but it is probable your next Sabbath will be the one that shall never end." She replied, "I am ready." Soon afterward she said, "I am passing away;" and in

a little while, without a struggle or the quivering of a muscle, she drew her last breath, in Morgantown, Virginia, February 11, 1860, and entered into her eternal rest.

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066 -- JANE B. RUST

Jane B. Rust, daughter of the late Bishop T. A. Morris, and wife of Mr. Joseph G. Rust of Cincinnati, Ohio, was born at "Spicewood Cottage," Cabell County, Virginia, February 27, 1815, and died in Cincinnati, Ohio, December __, 1842. She was educated at Science Hill Academy, Kentucky. The most striking features of her character were meekness and kindness. At the age of twenty-one she was married to Mr. Joseph G. Rust, and became the mother of three children. Her health began to decline in 1842. In September she said, "I never felt like murmuring during my affliction. I neither look forward nor backward, but live a day at a time. I am in the hands of the Lord, and am willing that he should dispose of my case." On Monday, the 17th, she said, "I am determined to trust in the Lord, come what will. Not that I feel fully prepared for heaven; but God is able to perfect that which is lacking, and I believe he will, bless his holy name."

On Sabbath afternoon, November 13th, when her father returned from church, she said to him, "Pa, this has been a blessed Sabbath to me. I have enjoyed a sweet foretaste of that Sabbath that never ends. I was in a struggle all night and all morning for a blessing, and got rather discouraged. But it occurred to me that the Lord could bless me here on a sick-bed as well as if I were in the church. I prayed earnestly, and he did bless me in a wonderful manner. I never felt so happy in all my life. I felt that I could endure all my sufferings cheerfully, and that I should be a conqueror in death, through the blood of the Lamb. I used to feel myself so unworthy I scarcely dared to call myself a follower of Christ. But he has forgiven me all; and I think I shall never again be tempted to distrust him. He will support me to the end. I feel somewhat encouraged. Thank the Lord for a little reviving! Jesus is the sinner's friend. He was made perfect through suffering. He has supported me in my affliction, and he can support me to the end. All I ask is triumph in death; and I trust he will give it to me. I can give up the world, yea, and my family; for though they will feel lonely after I leave them, the Lord can provide for and comfort them. I should rejoice to be released at any moment, even this night, if it is the will of God; but I will try to wait patiently his time, and then, oh, the heaven of rest, where there is no more suffering!"

On Sabbath morning, the 27th, she exclaimed, "Bless the Lord! I feel that I have nothing to fear. If I die this day, all will be well with me; and I can cheerfully give up my family into his hands."

During the day she said to her mother-in-law, "This is the last Sabbath I shall spend on earth; but I shall soon enjoy a Sabbath that never ends. Yes, mother, and I am not going to a land of strangers." She then named many of her departed friends, whom she expected to meet, including her own mother and an infant son. In the afternoon she said to a friend, "Sweet heaven, my happy home! I shall soon be there." A pleasant smile came over her emaciated countenance, she raised her hand, and exclaimed, "Then I shall be free. Give my love to all my friends, and tell them I am gone to heaven. My work is done. I have nothing more but to wait the will of God. Lord Jesus, receive my spirit. Jesus is with me! Jesus is with me! Jesus is with me! Death has no sting; the

grave has no victory. I have victory through Jesus Christ; and I view the grave as a sweet resting-place for my body, while my blood-washed soul will rest in paradise." She then recited the beautiful verse commencing,

"Yonder is my house and portion fair --
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home," etc.

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067 -- REBECCA A. WHITE

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Smith, was born in Pennsylvania, May, __, 1790, and died at the residence of her son Joseph, in Urbana, Ohio, November 30, 1867. She was converted in Kentucky, in the twenty-fifth year of her age. To her pastor she said, "My children love me so I may have to suffer much before they will give me up. When sinking rapidly she opened her eyes, looked all around the room, and said, "Oh, bless the Lord! Oh, how bright! Oh, how beautiful! Such a beautiful light! Here you all are, my dear children. Oh, if you only knew how beautiful this room looked when you awakened me!" "Are you tired, mother?" "Tired? No; I am resting in the arms of Jesus, my Savior. When you woke me up I felt and thought that I was entering heaven."

She then prayed for all her kindred, and began praising the Lord, "Oh, bless Jesus! Precious Savior! Oh, how good the Lord is! There is nothing true but heaven." Pointing toward heaven she said, "Let us go; let us go. Blessed Jesus!" She was a grand pioneer Methodist, and is now crowned among the saints,

"As best becomes the faithful servant of her God,
Sublime in glory, talking with her peers
Of the incarnate Savior's love,
Of past afflictions lost in present joy --
See how her face with heavenly ardors glow."

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068 -- RACHEL K. SUTTON

Rachel K. Sutton was born in Bourbon County, Kentucky, September 29, 1818. She joined the Methodist Episcopal Church as a seeker of religion in 1827, and at a camp-meeting in 1831 was happily converted to God. She was married to Rev. Jesse Sutton of the Kentucky Conference, December 18, 1837, and moved to Missouri in the spring of 1840. After an illness of several weeks, in which she patiently suffered much, on the 5th of July, 1840, she sweetly, and without a struggle, fell asleep in Jesus, leaving an evidence to surviving friends that she only died to live where death can never come. I visited her a few days before her death; and after joining heartily in prayer with those who knelt around her, with eyes upraised to heaven she clapped her feeble hands and praised the Lord aloud for the prospect of a blissful immortality.

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069 -- MARY SUTHERLAND

Mary Sutherland was born in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, September 8, 1823. In her eighth year she emigrated with her parents to Springfield, Ohio. Here, in April, 1840, under the ministry of Rev. William Young, she was converted and baptized, and joined the old Columbia Street Church. August 28, 1845, she was united, by Rev. W. Herr, in marriage with Rev. William H. Sutherland, now of the Cincinnati Conference. For more than twenty-five years she shared with him the toils, the trials, and the joys of the itineracy. She was a dutiful daughter, an affectionate wife, a devoted mother, a faithful friend. Truth, prudence, purity, and benevolence were predominant traits in her character. In all her life she never uttered an untruth. She avoided that outward adorning of putting on apparel, but chose rather the "ornament of a meek and quiet spirit." Naturally timid, she shrunk from conspicuity; and few, even of her intimate friends, were fully aware of the gift of God which was in her until it was developed in the reception and influence of the blessing of perfect love. This "pearl of great price" she sought and obtained February 19, 1870, at the altar of prayer. Of this "great grace" she was ever a humble, prudent, and yet a courageous confessor. She never offensively obtruded the subject on any, and yet never "hid her light under a bushel." "A godly walk," "a holy conversation," a life abounding "in every good word and work," evinced to all the sincerity of her profession and the divinity of her religion.

Her fatal illness was fibroid tumor of the throat. Her sufferings, which at times were excruciating, were protracted for ten months. During these weary months she was unmurmuring, submissive, serene, and cheerful -- willing to live, and yet ready, even desirous, "to depart and be with Christ," which she was assured would be "far better." She frequently exclaimed, "I never appreciated so highly as now this blessing of full salvation. What should I, what could I now do without the support and comfort of God's perfect love?" To the writer she often said, "I am waiting -- waiting for the rumbling of his chariot wheels."

To her husband and relatives it seemed deeply mysterious that one so innocent and so useful should be so great a sufferer. A single remark of hers was sufficient to solve the mystery. Her husband had been reading to her about those white-vestured ones before the throne, who came out of great tribulation, and "who had washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb," when she exclaimed, "I know what it is to be washed in the blood of the Lamb, yet I have had but little tribulation in my life; and I suppose I am now receiving my portion." Her triumph over death was complete and glorious. Among her dying declarations were these, "Jesus loves me!" "Jesus is precious!" "All is well!" "I see my way clear to glory!" "Not a cloud, not a shadow!" Her last intelligible words, uttered while her features beamed with unearthly radiance, were, "Farewell! Farewell!"

Thus, on Monday morning, October 28, 1873, in the town of Ripley, Drown County, Ohio, passed away from earth to heaven our beloved sister, one of the purest, gentlest, and most unselfish of beings. Her husband, her children, and the large circle of her friends miss her -- oh, how sadly! But they sorrow in hope of a happy reunion in the better land.

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070 -- LUCINDA BOUCHER

Lucinda Boucher, wife of Rev. Joshua Boucher, was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, March 31, 1800, and died October 2, 1872, at Kingston, Caldwell County, Missouri. The example and counsels of a pious mother made a deep impression upon her young and tender heart; and it may be said in truth that she feared the Lord from her childhood. But it was not until 1817 that she was made happy in the consciousness of sins forgiven. Immediately she connected herself with the Methodist Episcopal Church. On the 2d of April, 1820, at Hopkinsville, Kentucky, Miss Munsell became the wife of Brother Boucher, from which time to the close of life she joyfully fulfilled the duties, patiently endured the trials, and courageously met the responsibilities incident to the life of a Methodist preacher's wife.

Born in the West, and for nearly three quarters of a century identified with its rapid and astonishing growth, and for more than half a century connected with the historic scenes and events of Methodism, she beheld with gratitude the displays of the divine power in the spread and upbuilding of the church of her love, and the wonderful achievements of man in subduing the "wilderness" and making it "blossom as the rose."

For a number of years after her marriage her husband's fields of labor were in the south-west, and were distributed through Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, and Mississippi. The circuits in that day were large, the rides were long, and the work was laborious. They were days of self-sacrifice, and demanded moral heroism. Sister Boucher cheerfully accompanied her husband to his different fields of labor. Personal ease and comfort were never sought at the expense of duty. It was her delight to aid him in his great work; and much she rejoiced when souls were saved.

Removals were not then made with the ease with which they are now effected. Travel was mostly performed on horseback. An incident in Sister Boucher's experience while in the South will illustrate the difficulties then encountered, the self denial then practiced in itinerant life. After a ride of two hundred miles on horseback, with an infant in her arms, in order to reach the appointment to which her husband had been assigned, she was compelled to abide with strangers while he went to the forest, felled the trees, and built a parsonage for her reception.

Thus it was that Methodism pioneered the gospel over the West. Its mission was often fulfilled in suffering, but its labors were crowned with success. The writer is not apprised in what year Brother Boucher removed to Ohio. As a consequence of this removal, his fields of labor were less extended, and his family enjoyed increased comforts. The law of freedom was written on the soil of Ohio. The skill and energy of free labor were rapidly developing the resources of the state, and the moral field was whitening for the harvest. Here was work for the toiler; and Sister Boucher, that her husband might be untrammelled in the discharge of his public duties, assumed the principal care and management of her growing family. And well she discharged the duties of the wife and mother.

She guarded the reputation of her husband, sought the spiritual and temporal good of her children, and had their confidence and affection. The burden of domestic affairs, though great, was

not suffered to interfere with the cultivation of personal religion. She loved the public means of grace, and was prompt in her attendance upon them on every available occasion. Her piety was calm, deep, and uniform; her walk was with God; her conversation such as became the gospel. One who knew her well has said, "She was never known to speak all unkind word, or be guilty of an imprudent act." There are those yet living at Troy, Piqua, Urbana, and Springfield, who can testify to the light and force of her example. But her love for the Savior shone preeminently in her kindness and humanity to his poor and suffering representatives in the days of trial and of darkness; and that Savior was present and precious in the final conflict of his handmaid with the last enemy, for her daughter writes that in response to a question as to her prospects, though unable to speak, she raised her hand in token of victory, and pointed toward heaven as her happy home.

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071 -- ELIZABETH S. DAVISSON

Elizabeth S. Davisson, widow of Rev. D. D. Davisson of the Cincinnati Conference, was born in Crawford County, Pennsylvania, in 1786. Of her early life no data is accessible, except the fact that while young she consecrated herself to Christ, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church. In 1819 she became the wife of that noble, holy itinerant minister, Rev. Dr. Davisson, and thereafter shared with him, upward of fifty-two years, the changes and trials incident to the traveling connection. Though naturally of a desponding temperament, yet encouraged by the cheerful, patient spirit and holy example of her husband, and sustained by the grace of God, she held on her way until deprived of his companionship, in 1871. At the time of the death of Dr. Davisson, Mother Davisson was very feeble, and few thought she would long survive him. In the good providence of God, she was soon removed from her residence in Dayton to the home of her niece, Mrs. Sullivan, near West Liberty, Ohio.

Her beautiful new rural home, the fresh air, and the tender, watchful care of her niece, seemed to inspire her with renewed vitality and vigor. But some months before her death nature began to fail, and she was reduced to the condition of extreme feebleness. Her trust in God, however, remained as long as she had capacity to comprehend the subject of religion and express her personal experience. At last, on Wednesday, May 7, 1878, aged eighty-seven years, the "weary wheels of life stood still."

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072 -- RACHEL ELSIE SWORMSTEDT

Rachel Elsie Swormstedt, wife of the late Rev. Leroy Swormstedt, was born in Morgantown, Virginia, August 11, 1805, and died in Mt. Washington, Ohio, July, 28, _____. Being early deprived of a mother's care, she was largely indebted to a faithful colored nurse, from whom she received such religious impressions as led her, while in her youth, to seek Christ. Her search being rewarded, she united with the church and began a career of unswerving fidelity. She revealed her fitness to rank as a leader among the hosts of Israel; and being qualified by nature and grace she was early called to position of eminent responsibility. In January, 1833, she was married to Rev. Leroy Swormstedt, at that time presiding elder of Zanesville District, Ohio Conference.

She entered heartily into the great lifework of her companion, and stood nobly by him in the thickest of the fight. Brother Swormstedt's next appointment was to the Cincinnati District; and before the close of his official term he was elected one of the agents of the Western Book Concern.

For twenty-four years this relation remained unbroken, during which time our sister was eminent in usefulness. Her home, on Broadway, was the frequent resting-place of the weary itinerant. If these could be called from the North and West and South, and many others from the "distant shining land," they would tell of a cordial greeting and Christian hospitality characteristic of the "olden time." In addition to her household cares she was an active worker" in the Ladies' Home Mission Society, and was for many years its president. The hospital, too, was included in the list of places receiving her attention. She was accustomed to make her visits with frequency and regularity, breaking the bread Of eternal life to friendless sufferers. So great was her devotion to this work that she often exceeded her strength in its performance, and not infrequently was detained as a sufferer among those to whom she had gone forth to minister.

She was remarkably punctual in her attendance upon the means of grace, allowing nothing not absolutely prohibitory to keep her from the sanctuary or class-room; and when present she was always an earnest participant in the services. She was also untiring in her efforts to lead the unconverted to Christ, and lukewarm professors to a richer experience and greater zeal. When the active services of her husband were terminated by broken health, she retired with him to the quiet surroundings of a country home. But it was not the Lord's will that his years of suffering should be many; and on August 28, 1863, the happy union of more than thirty years' duration was broken up, and Sister Swormstedt became a widow. She was not disposed to murmur at her lot, but with calm submission bowed to the chastening rod.

In the autumn of 1876 she was induced to go South, and pass the winter in the home of her eldest son. Her stay was protracted until the latter part of June, 1877, when she returned to her home only to greet her friends and then die. She was in the class-room on Friday afternoon, June 29, and spoke with unusual fervency.

Her sickness dates from the evening of this day; and, though quite severe at the beginning, it was of that misleading type that poorly prepares the way for such a bereavement. Her expressions during her illness concerning present experience and future hope were not numerous, but were all of the most satisfactory character. Each object and act became associated with some passage of scripture; and fragments of these found frequent utterance through her fevered lips. "Water of life," was a favorite expression when about to receive a cooling draught. Some days before her death, when caused to believe that her illness might prove fatal, she expressed herself quite freely as "content to abide the Lord's will," and "sweetly trusting in Jesus." A little while before the message came, her daughter being anxious to obtain some word of recognition, and failing in an effort to engage her attention, a friend said, "Mrs. Swormstedt, Birdie is right here by you. Don't you know it?" With great effort she replied, "Yes, I know it all." Shortly after she said, "All is well;" and at ten minutes past six o'clock the "weary wheels of life stood still."

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Barbara A. Griffith, wife of Rev. A. M. Griffith of the Cincinnati Conference, was born in Harshmanville, Montgomery County, Ohio, June 6, 1851, and died at her residence near Byron, Greene County, Ohio, March 21, 1876, aged twenty-four years, nine months, and five days. Being taught from earliest childhood the doctrines of our holy Christianity, in her eleventh year, under the pastorate of Rev. G. W. Kelley, she was converted to God and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church at Yellow Springs, Ohio. From that time till her death, in all the walks and relations of life, as daughter, wife, and mother, she was the same pure-minded, noble-hearted, self-sacrificing, consistent Christian. Her great aim always seemed to be good and to do good.

On the 10th of August, 1871, she was married, by Rev. M. P. Gaddis, to Rev. A. M. Griffith. With a bright future, high hopes, and devoted heart, she entered the great itinerant field, to do what she could for the Master. But ere a year had passed the deepening shadows fell upon her pathway. Disease seized her as its prey; and for more than three years previous to her death she had been almost a constant sufferer, and the last year her sufferings were extreme. But she often said, "What are all my sufferings compared with what Jesus suffered for me? It is all right. I am willing to suffer on as long as Jesus gives me grace to endure it. I do not dread to die. The way is clear." Although she did not talk much of heaven, she talked much of Jesus. "Blessed Jesus! blessed comfort! blessed strength! Oh, what sweet comfort I have.

When death was evidently not far off her husband asked her, "How do you feel now, so near to death?" She answered, "I dread it no more than I would to go from one room to another. I do not fear to die; I welcome my release. All is bright -- bright and beautiful." Just before she breathed her last, with vision undimmed and her mind perfectly clear, she said, "Glory! glory! Jesus has come!"

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074 -- LOUISA JONES

Louisa Jones, wife of Rev. Constant B. Jones of the Indiana Conference, died September 7, 1836, in the twenty-eighth year of her age. She was a daughter of John Snider, of Shelby County, Indiana. From a child she was piously inclined. At the age of sixteen she embraced religion and attached herself to the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which she remained a worthy member till the day of her death. She was in life an exemplary Christian, an affectionate wife, and an assiduous mother. Her disease was bilious remittent fever. Her sufferings were severe, which she bore with patience. She met death with composure, and said, "Death hath lost its sting." She was a woman of much prayer, and had strong faith in the blood of the atonement. In the closing scene not a cloud was permitted to darken her sky. After arranging her temporal matters she was asked if she felt the evidence of sanctifying grace. She said she did, and then took an affectionate farewell of her husband; and in a few hours more the spirit took its flight, leaving a smile of lovely innocence on the face of its forsaken tenement.

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075 -- MARIA PEEBLES

Maria Peebles, wife of Rev. R. W. Peebles, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Mason City, Iowa, and sister of Rev. J. H. Platt of Upper Iowa Conference, died at her residence in Mason City, Iowa, May 9, 1880. She was born in Maryland, New York, July 26, 1855. Though for the last five or six years she has been confined to her home, and most of the time to her bed, she was a most patient sufferer. Not a word of complaint escaped her lips. Never alluding to her own afflictions, she was constantly studying how to make others comfortable and happy. Modest, unassuming, and possessing many excellent qualities and graces, she was loved by all who knew her. She was greatly interested in her husband's ministerial work, and sought to aid him in it to the last. Her death was one of Christian triumph. At the very last, after using numerous expressions of faith and hope, as the loved members of her family surrounded her, she added, "How sweet to die with those we love."

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076 -- SARAH ANN BUSHNELL

Sarah Ann Bushnell, wife of Rev. Asa Bushnell of the New York Conference, died in Wilbraham, Massachusetts, April 2, 1880, aged seventy-two years. She had served God faithfully fifty-five years, the earlier part of her life as a Christian being in the itineracy with her husband, though the last thirty years, since he became a superannuate, have been passed in a quiet town. Her life bore constant testimony to the power of grace. With poor health and little strength, bereft of all save two of her family of eight children, and that, too, when they had grown to mature life, she yet lived to give glory to God, and, though rent and torn, to bear fruit still for the Lord. Her consistent, holy life confirmed her children in the gospel; and "they all died in the faith," while hundreds of Wilbraham students have blessed God for the life of this good soul. She will be missed by the Lord's people and at the Lord's house; but her life will long be a "savor of sweet incense" to the church.

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077 -- JENNIE E. GREEN

Jennie E. Green, wife of Rev. E. T. Green of the Genesee Conference, and daughter of Benjamin H. and Esther Key, was born in Sherman, New York, January 16, 1837, and died in Lockport, New York, March 15, 1880. At the age of twelve years she gave her heart to God, and commenced the Christian life. On October 4, 1860, she was married, and proceeded at once with her husband to his first appointment in the pastoral relation. Without intermission she continued in the pastoral work which she then began for two decades, until her last and fatal illness compelled her to retire from the chosen field of her earthly toil. Her religious life and professions were modest and undemonstrative, and yet her relations with God were undoubted, and her confidence unwavering.

She did the work which came to her as the wife of a pastor quietly, but faithfully and efficiently, and steadily grew in the favor and affection of the people more and more, until her relations were terminated by the limitations of the pastoral term. During all the weary months of

her conflict with disease and death she was never heard to complain nor murmur, but evinced the same submissive, patient spirit that had characterized her former life. Her trust was steady and sufficient; and she proved, with the return of each new day, the fulfillment of the promise, that "as thy day is, so shall thy strength be." She sought in the midst of her affliction to cultivate and manifest a spirit of thankfulness for the little kindnesses of friends, and for all the mercies of her daily life. When friends sent her flowers or other tokens of remembrance she would say, "How good the Lord is! He covers me all over with blessings! I will bless the Lord at all times; his praise shall be continually in my mouth!"

The afternoon before her death, dreading the wearings and sufferings of the approaching night, she exclaimed, "We must fortify ourselves for the night by prayers" and immediately added, "I do not know as we praise him enough. 'Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing,'" and verses from hymns of a similar character. On the morning of her death, after a great struggle that threatened to end her sufferings at once, she exclaimed, I have been to the farther end of the bridge; and the stream is narrow, after all! I want to tell you that the Lord has taken away all my fears." She then added, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." And thus, with utterances of prayer and praise, and farewell to her loved ones, she passed safely and joyously to her home in heaven. In Sherman, the home of her childhood and the homes and graves of her kindred, she was laid to rest.

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078 -- CLARISSA RUNNELLS

Clarissa Runnells was born June 3, 1812, in Glastonbury, Hartford County, Conn. She was the eldest daughter of Julius House, of precious memory, and emigrated with her father and his family in 1815, settling in Perkins Township, near Sandusky City, Ohio. His house was the cheerful, hospitable home of itinerant ministers in those early days. She was faithfully instructed in the things of the kingdom. She was converted to God in childhood, united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and remained a consistent member to the day of her death. She was united in marriage by Rev: Russell Bigelow, August 18, 1831, to Rev. William Runnells, then stationed as pastor of the First Church at Sandusky City, continuing in the traveling connection until 1851, when they located, settling in Lorain County (his last charge), where she resided until 1865, thence removed to Cleveland. If she ever had any enemies, her husband, who still survives her, -- now in the "sere and yellow leaf of age," -- never knew it.

She was a cheerful, patient sufferer for years, sometimes given up by her physicians. But when asked, "How do you feel in view of approaching dissolution?" she would answer quickly and unfalteringly, "That is all right. That question has been settled with me long ago. I am all imperfection; but 'Christ is my wisdom, my righteousness, my sanctification, and my redemption.'" After a pilgrimage of nearly forty-nine years together, we are separated for a little season. The angel of death came to her release April 2, 1880, in her sixty-eighth year. Conscious to the last, without the power of speech or motion, she sweetly fell asleep and entered into rest.

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079 -- SARAH ANN HAYWARD

Sarah Ann Hayward, wife of Dr. Joshua H. Hayward, and daughter of Judge McLean, died at Wayland, near Boston, Massachusetts, October 8, 1840, aged twenty-seven years. Her sufferings were great; but they were patiently endured. The day before her death she requested, very early in the morning, to be placed near an east window. Being asked why she wished to be removed there she replied, "I wish to see the sun rise once more." She afterward observed, "I leave all suddenly; but it is right. I shall be happy."

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080 -- LOUISA MITTENDORF

Louisa Mittendorf, wife of Rev. William Mittendorf, died in Dayton, Ohio, January 17, 1879, in the forty-eighth year of her age. This Christian woman was sick two years and five months, and suffered very much. For more than a year she had to be fed and helped like a child. But in all her long and severe affliction she never uttered a word of complaint. She bore it all with patience and resignation, and was fully resigned to the will of God. A few weeks before she died a minister visited her and asked her how she felt. She replied, "I have nothing to complain of."

One week before her death she had a wonderful vision. About eight o'clock in the morning, being entirely rational and awake, and surrounded by her family and several friends, there appeared to her her four children who had died in infancy, more than twenty years previous. They seemed to be about her bed, as if floating in the air. She named them all, except one who had been born dead, and had received no name. The oldest child spoke to her, and said, "Mother, come now with us. Don't stay here any longer." She distinctly heard the call, and felt so strong that she raised her frail body in bed, and with outstretched arms shouted, "Oh, glory! glory! hallelujah." Then Christ appeared to her, wearing a golden crown; and he spoke to her and said, "All the glory you now see and feel shall soon be yours." After this all pain left her. She told her husband, to whom she was much attached, as well as to her children, that she would not stay with them much longer, but wanted to go home. She never forgot the vision; and when her husband, several days afterward, asked her if she remembered everything about it, she replied, "Yes; I never can forget it. But I can not express the beauty and glory of Christ."

In the morning of the day she died she called her children around her, and admonished them to give their hearts to Jesus and serve him all their lives, and to be good and obedient to their father. To her husband she said, "Do all the good you can for Christ and the church. I know you will do that."

Her last words were, "I am feeling so well;" and five minutes afterward her sainted spirit went to glory, "washed in the blood of the Lamb."

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081 -- ANGELINE WAMSLEY HOLLIDAY

Angeline Wamsley Holliday was born in Adams County, Ohio. Her parents, for three generations before her, were Methodists. In girlhood she became religious. In 1863 she was united in marriage to Rev. James T. Holliday, of the Ohio Conference. She filled the delicate position of step-mother satisfactorily. After entering upon the duties of the wife of a minister of the Lord Jesus Christ she received the blessing of perfect love. After this it was her greatest pleasure to teach others this doctrine and practice. She had been in declining health from consumption for three years previous to her death. She set her house in order in every sense, and then patiently awaited the further accomplishment of God's will.

The Bible and the "Guide to Holiness" were the only books she read for months before her death. In 1874 her home was at Clarksburg, where she received every attention the sympathy of a Christian church could bestow. In return she left them an example of Christian patience and the light that beams from the deathbed of a saint. Toward the last there was nothing so entertaining to her as the songs of Zion, The end came May 14th, 1874, when in the full use of her reasoning powers she most peacefully passed to the land of rest. There is brightness enough in her grave to disclose to us who survive her the distant hills of immortality.

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082 -- LOUISA K. JACKSON

Louisa K. Jackson, wife of Rev. J. C. Jackson of the Ohio Conference, died January 20, 1874, aged twenty-six years. She was truly modest in the estimate she made of herself, her experience, and her labors. She was diffident and shrinking in profession, studiously avoiding what some might denominate presumption. There was no occasion upon which right and wrong came up in contrast but she was found on the right side. Her actions evinced her state of devotion to God and his cause. The uniform style of her conversation showed that a profound religious conviction and feeling pervaded her entire being and controlled her outward life.

The characteristics of her piety, as all who knew her will attest, were sincerity so profound and obvious that the thought of attributing to her anything like dissimulation never occurred to the mind of any who knew her -- simplicity so unaffected and child-like that no one ever went from her company feeling or regretting that they could not comprehend or understand her -- uniformity so complete that you were never surprised by unexpected changes or developments of her principles or views, her plans or her conduct.

The same straightforward, regular action which you saw to admire at one time and upon one subject you were sure to find at all other times, and upon all other subjects and occasions -- progression, not rapid, but constant, her language was that of Paul, "Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect," but, "forgetting those things which are behind, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high-calling of God in Christ Jesus;" a self-denying spirit, for she made no strained efforts at splendid life, a life of fashion, or of outward elegance, incompatible with the limited support and pilgrim character of a Methodist itinerant; cross-bearing, for against the natural timidity of her feelings she formed acquaintances, and treated with familiar affection all classes of persons with whom she was brought in contact. Such piety spread a charm over the whole woman.

She was always gentle and obliging, but firm and independent in her judgments. There was nothing like forwardness and boldness in the tone of her voice, or her relations to the social circle. She seemed rather the bond that bound the circle together. She was always cheerful, but was never known to trifle; her sense of Christian dignity would not permit it. No one could deny her humility and gentleness; yet she was uniformly firm in her social and Christian character and life. It may truthfully be said of her, "She hath done what she could." She could not mingle in the rude, tumultuous throng; her delicate sense of propriety forbade it. She had no desire for any kind of notoriety; but she had a sphere of labor, and she understood it well.

She was the very soul and center of the itinerant's home. Her domestic circle was small. She was not a mother; and yet she had a most charming influence over children, and was a most active and efficient Sunday-school teacher. She was the light, the support, and the very heart of her husband. When his spirit was sorely pressed with the care of souls, when he groaned under the burden of approaching pulpit-labors, he felt the throbbings of that gentle, sympathizing heart which permitted him to bear no responsibilities alone. A mind naturally bold and impetuous was held in sweet restraint by a just, discriminating affection. Her work is done, and her spirit has calmly ascended to God.

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083 -- MARY C. CLARK

Mary C. Clark died in Athens, Ohio, May, 21, 18__ , in her sixty-fourth year. She was the widow of Rev. J. W. Clark, -- who was long a member of the Ohio Conference, -- with whom she shared the toils and hardships of an itinerant life many years. My first legal itinerant year in the Ohio Conference was spent on White Oak Circuit; and I found a Christian retreat in the family of Mrs. J. W. Clark. She was a most devoted and loyal Methodist and an affectionate mother, and was greatly beloved by her kindred and all with whom she came in contact. She now lives with her beloved husband in bright glory.

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084 -- SARAH CATHARINE MORRIS

Sarah Catharine Morris was born in Adelphi, Ross County, Ohio, January 11, 1838, and died at Lawrence Furnace, Ohio, March 18, 1874. She grew up under the influence of religion and of Methodism, She was married in her twenty-first year, to Mr. Daniel Hurdle, and was bereaved of her husband and two children. September 7, 1865, she was united in marriage with Rev. William Morris, of the Ohio Conference. For more than eight years she shared the joys and trials of an itinerant life. She was converted in her fourteenth year; and during the last few years of her life she was especially earnest in her religious devotions. During her illness of about a year she enjoyed uninterrupted peace; and her last days were signalized by precious Christian triumph. She often said, "All is well. The will of the Lord be done." On the morning before her death she called her children and friends around her, and bid them farewell.

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085 -- CAROLINE A. LATTA

Caroline A. Latta was a native of New Jersey, but became a resident of Ohio, with her parents, in early life. She was the daughter of James and Elizabeth Blackman. Her father was for many years a faithful class-leader in the Methodist Episcopal Church; and the memorial windows of the church-edifice at Lockland bear the record of his services, and honor his name. In early life, in answer to the faithful prayers and teachings of these godly parents their daughter Caroline gave her heart to God, and became a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Within three days of her eighteenth birthday, Caroline A. Blackman became the devoted wife of Rev. Dr. Samuel A. Latta, then a member of the Ohio Conference, chosen to have charge of its most important appointment -- the City of Cincinnati. In Dr. Latta's subsequent laborious and useful ministry his wife was sharer of his trials and triumphs. In the spirit of a true itinerant she went with her husband from field to field of church-work, sacrificing the endearments and associations of a settled home -- so dear, especially to a woman, -- at the call of duty. Of the children with which God blessed their happy union, no two of them were born in the same city. Yet of these trials this devoted pair could say, as did Paul, "None of these things move me."

In the death of her husband all the care of the family devolved on her; and she accepted the responsibility in the far of God. Henceforward she had but one care and one work in life. The welfare of her children absorbed her whole life. Soon after his death she removed to Lockland, and became identified with the church at that place. Her manner of life is well known by those who knew her. Her position has sometimes been peculiarly trying; and yet she had a quiet way of keeping her sorrows for the sympathizing ear of God only, that hid them away from mortals. Even in her own family her quiet cheerfulness and gentle smile spread a genial ray over the household, and kept out of sight her own feebleness and suffering.

While able to attend them, our older members testify to her love for the social and public means of grace. Of late we have often regretted her absence without knowing the growing feebleness that detained her at home. But she was always ready to give a reason of her hope to any that asked of her, and bore a constant testimony to the preciousness of Christ with her in her home. She was naturally fond of seeing her friends; and often the pleasure of looking upon their friendly faces lured her from the more retired apartments of her house, that she might exchange greetings with them in the store-room. Here the children delighted to see her, and confidingly trusted their little plans and purchases to her suggestions.

But these scenes and greetings are now over, and over forever. On the Monday preceding her death she was in the store for the last time, and gazed lingeringly upon the surroundings so familiar to her for the last twenty-three years, and then turned away from them forever. She sought her room for rest, and, as we have now reason to believe, with a premonition that her end was nigh. Her sufferings from the first were great. The physicians enjoined quiet.

The following Sabbath brought indications that her end was approaching. In the afternoon we held devotional services in her room, which, though suffering greatly, she seemed to enjoy.

These were followed by the administration of the Lord's supper, in which the members of the family present joined with her, and which gave her evident comfort. In taking leave of her she said, "I have faith. I am persuaded that all is well. Unless I am wholly deceived, I am saved." Again she said, "What is religion for, if not for such an hour? It sustains me, and has for many years." At another time she said, "If we have not the grace of God, what can we have besides? Nothing!"

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086 -- SARAH SCHIVELY

Sarah Schively, wife of Rev. George C. Schively, joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1806, in which she lived a devoted member till death. In 1835 she moved from Philadelphia to New Albany, where soon her consistent piety and amiable Christian conversation raised her up a new circle of friends. But again the circle was broken, and she made her last remove. Her end was peace. Never have I seen severe and protracted sufferings more patiently borne, or the power of religion more triumphantly exhibited. Lifting her hand after a severe coughing, and calmly fixing her eyes as upon the throne above, she said, "Patience, my Lord, patience! Give me patience to drink this cup." A little before the closing scene her husband repeated to her,

"Jesus can make a dying-bed
Feel soft as downy pillars are."

"Yes," said she, in an unfaltering tone,

"While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there."

The last words she audibly expressed were, "All is well."

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087 -- MARTHA HANCOCK

Martha Hancock, wife of J. Hancock, and daughter of Rev. B. King, died near Hancock Chapel, Iowa, April 28, 18__, in the thirty-eighth year of her age. She joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in her fourteenth year, and soon after experienced justifying grace. She also sought and obtained sanctification. She was confined to her room for six months. Her sufferings were severe, but she bore them with Christian patience. The Sabbath morning previous to her departure she observed, "This is the most beautiful morning I ever saw. My work is finished." She talked much of heaven, and exhorted all to meet her there. Just before her departure she asked for some of the friends to be with her, after which she requested her companion to sing the hymn commencing, "Brethren, see my Jesus coming," etc.

When they had sung to the ninth verse she joined them. She then called her family and friends around her, and gave them an affectionate farewell, saying, "Had I the tongue of an angel I would tell to the ends of the earth the goodness of the Lord." When her speech failed her husband

asked her to give a sign by raising her hand, if all was well. She raised both hands in token of holy triumph, and then closed her eyes in death.

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088 -- SARAH A. RUST

Sarah A. Rust, wife of Rev. R. S. Rust, D. D., corresponding secretary of the Freedmen's Aid Society, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, died January 28, 1873. She was born in Middletown, Connecticut, and in very early life gave herself to Christ. She united with the Congregational Church of that city, entering with the zeal of her youthful piety every open door of usefulness. For several years she was assistant superintendent of the Sunday-school of this church, and labored most earnestly in gathering poor and neglected children, and pointing them to him who says, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

In the year 1841 she was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Rev. R. S. Rust, then a member of the New England Conference, and for thirty-two years bore the burdens and made the sacrifices peculiar to the families of itinerant Methodist preachers. She was a cheerful coworker with her husband in every field of labor which he was called to enter in the order and economy of the church, leading souls to Christ and consoling by her presence and active sympathy those who were in distress. It can be said of her in truth, she was a "help-meet" to him who chose her as the companion of his joys and sorrows, never hindering but ever helping him in the office and work of the ministry. Her piety was deep and positive in its character, and yet unobtrusive. Love for the Holy Scriptures and private prayer was a marked peculiarity of her Christian life. Daily were hours thus spent in searching the mind of the Spirit and holding communion with God. She took great delight in the house of the Lord and was never happier than when worshipping in the beauty of holiness.

For several years preceding her death she devoted herself with great earnestness to the work of God in connection with the "Cincinnati Union Bethel," an institution that directs its efforts especially to the poor and neglected of the city. In teaching a class in that great mission Sunday school, in visiting the poor in their wretched homes, and in making garments for the destitute, she took great delight. When her health, which had been failing for many years, gave way, so that she felt compelled to desist from labor, it was to her a great trial. But in the feebleness of ebbing life she was able to say, "Father, not my will, but thine be done."

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089 -- CATHERINE LAWDER

Catharine Lawder was born at Mt. Holly, New Jersey, May 7, 1810, and died at Hamilton, Ohio, July 17, 1872. For fifty years did this saintly woman serve God on earth, and in all that time her life was pure and blameless. She was married to Rev. William H. Lawder, February 9, 1832. None save those who have experienced them can ever know the hardships of the early ministers of our church in the West, or how large a proportion of the burdens of the position fell to the lot of the

wife and mother. That Mrs. Lawder faithfully performed her duties to her family and to the church is well known in all the fields of labor to which her husband was appointed. The care of five sons and two daughters devolved largely on her, in the necessary absence of her husband from home; and as a true woman and mother, her first and chief work was in the sacred sphere of the domestic circle. Although the multiplicity of her home cares prevented her from taking any very active part in church-work, she was, nevertheless, a most ardent lover of the means of grace; and no one prayed with more fervor or faith for the peace and prosperity of Zion.

Mrs. Lawder was a peculiarly sensitive and modest woman, and her piety was of the type that is seen more than it is heard. If she talked less than some do, no one ever more cheerfully worked and suffered in the Master's cause. She was a charitable Christian, always putting the best construction on the acts of others, though she would often write bitter things against herself. She was, in the language of her stricken husband, "a devoted and faithful wife, a tender and indulgent mother, and a sincere and abiding friend."

During her last sickness she was, for the most part, in a peaceful, happy frame of mind; but about a week before her death, as often occurs with the purest Christians, she was sorely tried by doubts and fears. These fiery trials, however, could not shake her faith in Christ, and the clouds soon passed away. To her husband she said, "I rest sweetly in Jesus. He will save me. He saves me now! Blessed be his name!" Soon after, as if she had a foretaste of the coming glory, her countenance glowed with a serene, sweet joy, and she exclaimed,

"O Jesus, what delicious fare --
How sweet thine entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love."

At the funeral, which was attended by a very large concourse of citizens, every one seemed to be a mourner. She had evidently a very strong hold upon the affections of all classes, both in and outside of the church.

"Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night -- -
They hide themselves in heaven's own light."

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090 -- LUCY PUMPHREY

Lucy Pumphrey, whose maiden name was Joseph, was the only daughter, by her first husband, of Mrs. G. W. Large, of Yellow Springs, Ohio. She was born in West Liberty, Ohio, March 15, 1845, and after a brief illness departed this life in Harrison, Ohio, November 20, 1871, aged 26 years, 8 months, and 5 days.

She was converted to God and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church at Yellow Springs, under the labors of Rev. M. Gaddis, Sr., in the winter of 1865, and was joined in marriage to Rev. John S. Pumphrey, of the Cincinnati Annual Conference, October 11, 1866, and with her husband was successively assigned to Fairfield and Bethany Circuits, and to Harrison Station. In these she rendered herself very useful as organist and chief chorister in the Sabbath-school and in the public worship of God. Nor were these the only spheres in which her influence was felt for good, but at the bed of sickness, in the social circle, and in all the social means of grace, she exerted a mild and cheerful influence by comforting the sick, lighting up the social circle with her pleasant smiles and her sweet voice of song, and bravely, yet meekly laboring by the side of her husband in all special efforts to promote the work of salvation and urge on the triumph's of the Redeemer's kingdom.

Such a woman gave promise of extensive usefulness to the church, being in full sympathy with all its enterprises. This fact was clearly recognized by all the charges in which she lived and labored. Gladly would the people have retained her longer, for deeper and stronger became their attachment to her as they became acquainted with the qualities of her mind and the genial nature of her heart. As an illustration of this, the official board of the last charge in which she lived unanimously adopted and presented on the day of her funeral a preamble and resolutions not only of sympathy for the bereaved husband, but of their high appreciation of her piety and usefulness while among them.

Sister Pumphrey was not surprised by the approach of death. She believed, from the first attack of her last illness, that she would die, and so assured her mother, her husband, and attending friends. Though she suffered much, she was patient and triumphant, for her soul was trustfully resting upon its God. She seemed even anxious for the end to come, and told her friends on the day before she died, "If I die, all is well. My peace is made with God." To her physician she said, "I am going to die; but I wish it distinctly understood that I am prepared." Frequently she said to her friends, "I shall go straight to heaven," Though severe had been her affliction and sufferings for several days, yet the last few bouts found her on a more calm and quiet sea.

The storm had spent its force, she had braved the fury of the deep, the wail of the tempest was dying in the distance, and she was permitted to gently glide into the harbor, fanned by celestial breezes, illumined by the Sun of Righteousness, and doubtless amid the shouts of welcome by friends upon the golden shore, she was escorted to one of the many mansions in our Father's house above.

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091 -- AMANDA BLOCHER

Amanda Blocher, wife of Judge William L. Blocher, and daughter of Captain Alexander Doke, was born near Bellefontaine, Ohio, August 28, 1822, and died May 12, 1859. She united with the Methodist Episcopal Church about the year 1840, and made a profession of religion, which she exemplified in her life by pious example and scrupulous attention to the public and private means of grace. She well understood the doctrines and teachings of the church of her

choice, and daily and hourly endeavored to live with reference to the time when she would be called to exchange worlds.

Naturally of a cheerful disposition, her religious enjoyments were as that peace which "flows as a river." In her social relations she was a devoted wife and mother, a kind neighbor, and a firm friend. The weary itinerant always met with a warm reception at her fireside, and her hospitalities to this class of men will be remembered with gratitude by very many whose good fortune it was to form her acquaintance.

Her last illness was painful and protracted. I think I never witnessed so great suffering in any single case; and I never met with the patience approximating so near that exercised by Job, or the faith that of Paul, in so eminent a degree as was manifested by Sister Blocher. During her entire illness her mental faculties remained unimpaired, and down to the moment when Death set his signet seal upon her brow, her mind was vigorous; and though the tongue refused its office, hearing and sight were perfect, and she freely and satisfactorily answered by signs, and communicated her wishes by the same means.

Some days before her death she called her husband, children, and friends to her bedside, giving each such counsel as she deemed necessary, urging a thorough preparation for death, and earnestly impressed upon them her desire to have them meet her in heaven. While singing, "And let this feeble body fail," she joined in with a strong voice. The brightness of her countenance I shall never forget. It appeared like the glory of the upper sanctuary had burst upon her enraptured vision, and that she was breathing the very atmosphere of heaven.

On another occasion, when it was thought she was dying, she revived, and appeared better; and in answer to the inquiry whether she had any fears in regard to her approaching dissolution, she answered, "Oh, no, not now. When in health I always thought I would be afraid to die, and looked upon death as something very alarming, but now I feel as if I were starting on a pleasant journey, and that these sufferings are but the beginning of an immortality of happiness." And in this happy frame she surrendered her beloved husband, and commended him, with her six little children, to the care of an all-wise Father, in whom she had trusted, and whose grace had enabled her to bear up under every sorrow and trouble, and to meet her last foe in triumph. May her many prayers be answered in the sanctification of the entire household!

Thus lived and thus died this good woman. While we shed the tear of sorrow over her green grave, we know that

"God keeps a niche
In heaven to hold our idols! and albeit
He break them to our faces,
We know we shall behold them, raised, complete
The dust shook from the beauty, glorified,
New Memnons, singing in the great God-light."

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092 -- NANCY TIMMONS

Nancy Timmons, wife of Rev. F. A. Timmons, of the Ohio Conference, died at the residence of her son-in-law, Professor C. W. Bennett, in Piqua, Ohio, August 14, 1879. Her maiden name was Wiley. She was born at Chillicothe, Ohio, October 10, 1818. She was converted and united with the church in 1828, and was married December 10, 1889.

In the year 1875 they removed to Clarksburg, Ohio, where her husband died June 12, 1877. For well-nigh forty years she cheerfully endured the labors and freely made the sacrifices of an itinerant preacher's wife. She threw all her energies in the line of her husband's work. All she was, heart, hands, and voice, was consecrated. Her husband was more a preacher because she added her own personal power to his. She had a well defined Christian experience. The doctrine of justification and the witness of the Spirit were realities to her. She had fine powers of expression. In class-meetings and love-feasts she spoke often of her religious experiences. She had a zeal and courage that fitted her to stand in the front ranks of the King's army. She engaged persistently in every department of church-work, seconding her husband and encouraging the membership of their various charges. She had a prudent judgment, and her piety made her advice in church and other matters to be sought and valued by all who knew her.

Mrs. Timmons, in the days of earlier itinerant life, was a sweet singer. Her voice was rare for its richness and power. Her early conversion, her well-defined Christian experience, her calm and godly judgment, her constant piety, her rich voice, fitted her in a wonderful degree to be the wife of a pioneer Methodist preacher. She did not forget her children, but secured for them all a collegiate education.

The last few years of her life were full of affliction, so that she had to give up active church work. Failing health deprived her, too, of attendance upon the public means of grace. This to her was a great deprivation. But the same faith that sustained her in the days of active toil kept her when she could work no more. Her last illness brought great suffering. Still, as she went down into the valley she cast back to her friends many tokens that all was well. She said to her children, "You'll miss me; but you will know that I have passed the great ordeal, and am safely at rest."

Thus she passed quietly away. August 15th, the day after her death, a brief and tender religious service was held at the house of Professor Bennet. The remains were taken to Brown's Chapel, Chillicothe, for interment. She was buried by the side of her husband. They lie in historic ground. They sleep side by side with many whose names are familiar in the minds of early Methodism.

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093 -- SARAH J. NATION

Sarah J. Nation, daughter of Isaac and Nancy A. Hagle, was born in Adams County, Ohio, March 5, 1812, and died in Mechanicsburg, Ohio, August 24, 1874, in the sixty-third year of her age. Her parents were members of the Presbyterian Church, and governed their family in the fear of the Lord. Sister Nation's mother dying when she was twelve years old, she became more

intimately associated with members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and became so attached to them that she was led by them to seek a saving knowledge of Christ and join this branch of the church of God, in the fourteenth year of her age. At this early period she gave evidence of that strong religious devotion which characterized her future years, causing her to be admired for consistency of Christian character by all who formed her acquaintance.

During the years of their itinerant labors, Sister Nation proved herself worthy of the relation she sustained to the work; and during the remaining years of her husband's afflictions she was as an angel of comfort, ministering to his wants, cheering his spirit, guiding the family, and sympathizing with him in his protracted sufferings.

Sister Nation's chief characteristics were gentleness, meekness, patience, sincerity, and steadiness of Christian purpose, which kept her ever in the path of life. She was a faithful wife, a fond and indulgent mother, an excellent and kind neighbor, ever ready especially to minister to the comfort of the afflicted, and a worthy member of the church.

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094 -- MARY KIMBALL

Mary Kimball, wife of Rev. Mr. Kimball, died Jan. 19, 1836, in the thirtieth year of her age. She was born in the town of Adams, Jefferson County, New York, in January, 1807.

When she was thirteen years old her parents removed to the city of Cincinnati. In the sixteenth year of her age she became serious and obtained religion. She was received into the Methodist Episcopal Church under the ministry of Father Collins. From that period to the end of her life she was firm and unwavering in the faith of the gospel, and faithful in the discharge of all her religious and social duties. She loved to acknowledge her Lord at the sacramental board, to tell of his goodness in classmeetings and love-feasts, and wait upon him at the family altar. She cultivated a taste for reading -- and few excelled her in reading well.

During her husband's labors in Indiana she manifested much interest in the Redeemer's cause, and always sustained that character which becomes the wife of an itinerant preacher and a follower of the Lamb. In her last illness she appeared to entertain a hope of recovery, till a little more than two weeks before she died. From that time she became sensible of her approaching dissolution, and engaged with great earnestness in persevering and successful prayer to God for a clean heart and a full preparation to meet him in glory. Satan, however, thrust sorely at her at this time, and endeavored to shake the foundation of her confidence. But she had built upon the "Rock of Ages." Persevering prayer dispelled the momentary gloom which the great adversary had collected around her, and the closing scene of her life was bright and cheering. She frequently repeated some of the animating promises of the word of God, and praised him in "hymns and spiritual songs." Her mind was particularly directed to these words, "But we all with open face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." As death drew nearer she often repeated these beautiful lines, --

"Jesus, lover of my soul,

Let me to thy bosom fly."

A few minutes before she expired her eyes appeared fixed upon some object, her countenance expressed an air of triumph, she raised both arms and exclaimed, "Rise! rise!" Then gently folding her hands she said distinctly, "Come, Lord," and fell asleep in Jesus. Who would not desire in this manner to go off the stage of life?

"Oh, let me die the death of the righteous."

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095 -- HANNAH PIERCE REEVES

Hannah Pierce Reeves, a preacher of the Methodist Protestant Church, was born in Devonshire, England, in the year 1800. At the age of nineteen she commenced traveling a circuit in England. Subsequently she came to America, and was married to Rev. Mr. Reeves, of the Methodist Protestant Church, and preferred always to accompany him in his work. In her sixtieth year her health became so impaired that she was obliged to desist from regular public ministrations. She died November 13, 1868, reclining in an arm-chair. Previous to this time she had been exceedingly joyful, and had said, "He is with me. He told me he would abide with me to the end. He has kept his word. Open the doors wide, and let it be seen how happily a Christian may die."

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096 -- ELEANOR M. MITCHELL

Eleanor M. Mitchell, daughter of Col. Francis and Grace Thomas, was born in Frederick City, Maryland, February 24, 1780. About the year 1802 her father removed to Botetourt County, Virginia. Up to this period the family had moved in the gay and pleasure-taking circles of life, having never learned that the human soul is capable of any higher enjoyment than is found at the festive party and in the ball-room. True, they had attended the forms of the religious observance on the Sabbath, but the minister who officiated there gave proof that in his estimation religious pleasures were small, by associating with the youth of his congregation in worldly amusements. How powerless do the sublime truths of the gospel fall upon the ear, when he who utters them connects with their delivery such an example. In that part of Virginia where Colonel Thomas fixed his residence, the Methodist and Presbyterian churches were, at that time, enjoying spiritual prosperity; and under their influence several members of the family were converted to God, and united with the Presbyterian Church.

In the year 1804 the subject of this sketch was united in marriage with Rev. Samuel Mitchell, a local preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church. Shortly after her marriage she united with the same church, as well from a full conviction of the truth of the doctrines and admiration of the economy of Methodism, as from a desire to occupy a position best suited for the discharge of the weighty and important duties connected with her station as the wife of a gospel minister. The responsibilities of a preacher's wife she ever after regarded as only inferior to his who is called of

God to the care of souls, and her whole religious character was formed under this conviction. In her dress she conformed to the simplicity and plainness of the early Methodists, from which she never departed. In works of piety and mercy she was ever ready to share; and to encourage the desponding, to comfort the mourner, and to point the conscience-stricken sinner to Christ, were labors of love for which she was peculiarly adapted.

Her house was the home of the toil worn itinerant, where an Asbury, a McKendree, and many others, less noted, but not less beloved, for their sacrifices and labors, were cherished as angel visitants. Though her husband was a local preacher, all his sympathies were with those men of God who literally left all for the privilege of carrying the gospel to the destitute; and all his feelings on this subject were heartily seconded by his companion. Hence, it is not surprising that her sons, when they felt that God had called them to this work, were cheerfully laid upon this altar, and encouraged to make sacrifices from which a mother's tenderness would gladly have reserved them. But this refers to a later period. In the year 1817 the family removed to Illinois, then a territory, and comparatively a wilderness.

But one consideration induced this exchange of all the advantages and pleasant associations of cultivated and refined society for the toils and privations connected with a residence on the frontier of civilization. It was the desire of the parents to bring up their children apart from the institution of domestic slavery. In early life her husband had emancipated his slaves, of which he had a number. Mrs. Mitchell was one with him in sentiment on this subject; and that her children might be trained to habits of honorable labor, in circumstances free from embarrassment and from temptation, she was content to leave kindred and friends, conveniences and luxuries, and encounter what was then a long and fatiguing journey to a far-off and rude region for a future home.

When they arrived at their new home important changes were made in their domestic arrangements. Mrs. Mitchell's father was the owner of slaves, and consequently his daughters had never been suffered, much less required, to perform what was regarded as servile labor. During her residence in Virginia the superintendence of her household had been the extent of her domestic cares. But she now deemed it important that her daughters, who might not in after life be able always to obtain hired domestics, should learn all that is necessary in conducting the business of a family -- in a word, all kinds of kitchen and house work. Successfully to teach her daughters, the mother proposed to learn herself and set them the example; and thenceforward the labors of the house and kitchen were performed by mother and daughters, the reproach and fatigue of labor being forgotten in the delightful consciousness of duty and independence.

Though subjected to many privations incident to a new country, Mrs. Mitchell and her family were not without the institutions of religion and the means of grace. The Methodist itinerants appear to have made it a rule to keep pace with the tide of emigration to the West. A Walker, a Thompson, a Drew, and others, who still survive, were heard lifting up their voices in the wilderness, and thrice welcome were they to the best comforts her cabin, and afterward her mansion, could afford. Societies were organized, and under the faithful labors of these men of God Mrs. Mitchell had the joy to see her children brought into the fold of Christ.

Several members of the family having married and settled in Platteville, Wisconsin, in 1838, Mrs. Mitchell removed thither with her husband. Though this removal was still toward the extended frontier, so rapid has been the progress of improvement in the West within the last few years that Mrs. Mitchell found a state of society there far more congenial than upon her arrival in Illinois. Here she finished her course, on the 21st of May, 1842, in the sixty-third, year of her age. Her disease, bronchitis, was of long and painful continuance, but with fortitude and patience; nay, with a tranquil and cheerful spirit she endured months of deep affliction. Often while nature was sinking her soul rose above all pain and weakness, and the shout of joy and praise ascended to God her Savior; and when no longer able to speak, she raised her hand in token of final victory. Thus ended the earthly pilgrimage of one whose character is worthy an enduring record.

As a Christian, her profession was nobly sustained by the whole tenor of a well-spent life. Her manners were dignified without ostentation. Truth formed the substance of her character, courtesy its graceful adornment. At a comparatively early period in her religious history she sought and found the blessing of "a clean heart" -- the grace of "perfect love;" and her life, rather than verbal profession, evinced the reality of this attainment.

Eleanor M. Mitchell lived to see her five daughters and three sons united with her in the fellowship of the church, and in the adoption of the children of God. The sons were all members of one annual conference, as itinerant preachers in the Methodist Episcopal Church, two of whom have since died. One daughter preceded the mother to the heavenly rest. May they all meet in that world of light and love!

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097 -- LOUISA WOOD

Louisa Wood, wife of Rev. Enoch G. Wood, died April 20, 1835. Although seriously impressed with the necessity of a new heart, she did not become decidedly religious until after she was twenty-five years old. In the fall of 1831 her well-cultivated mind and affectionate heart embraced the religion of Christ. A few months subsequent to her conversion an acquaintance commenced between her and Rev. Enoch G. Wood, which resulted in a happy matrimonial union, which they and all their friends fondly hoped would last many long, pleasant, and useful years. But death severed them after a pleasant union of a little more than three years.

Sister Wood's religious enjoyments were not usually of the passionate or ecstatic kind, but of that tranquil nature that prepared her to endure all the sufferings and privations to which she was incident with that cheerful resignation which is calculated to present religion in such an amiable light as to make a favorable impression on the more thoughtful and intelligent part of the community. From the commencement of her religious course she was deeply convinced that the doctrine of perfect love, or entire sanctification, as held by the Methodist Church, is a doctrine of divine revelation, and that its attainment is essential as a preparative for the enjoyment of heaven and the society of heaven. Her faith in this Bible truth was not a mere theoretic opinion, but was vitally operative in urging her to seek it with vehement desire, and a diligent use of all the means appointed to so desirable an end. About two weeks prior to her death she was permitted to realize

that the doctrine of full sanctification as an instantaneous work -- is a blessed verity of the Bible, and of God.

Much more might be written of this amiable, literary, and very religious woman; but the design is to give only a brief notice, for the edification of the living, who may profit by the example of the riches of the grace of God manifested in the conversion and sanctification of her happy soul, which now rests among the bosom companions of Abraham.

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098 -- MARGARET LAVINIA KELLEY

Margaret Lavinia Kelley was born at Campbell's Station, east Tennessee. Col. David Campbell, her father, had been a soldier in the Revolutionary War. Her mother, Jane Montgomery, was the daughter of Col. Hugh Montgomery of Salisbury, North Carolina, and sister of Maj. Lemuel P. Montgomery, who fell at the battle of the Horse-shoe. Her parents were both strict Presbyterians. She joined the Methodist Church in her girlhood. When she was about sixteen years of age her father removed to Wilson County, and she was placed in school at the Nashville Academy, then conducted by Mr. Hume. She made her home while in this city with her mother's relatives, Col. Balch and Dr. Newman. She was married in 1832, to Rev. John Kelley.

Her mind was well cultivated. For forty years she read and wrote daily, and was besides a careful and thrifty housewife. Her character reached its highest and fullest exposition in her devotion to Christianity and the church. When she had been married thirteen years her husband, coming into a room where she had just been writing in her diary, marked as the closing sentence the statement that the day then passing was the first in her married life without the house having other inmates than her own family. She reared only one child of her own; but so long as she was a housekeeper groups of orphans gathered around her knees. Before her marriage, there being no church near her home, she secured from her father the use of an old storehouse, and in this began a Sunday-school, in the conduct of which she was afterward aided by a niece.

Year after year she kept up this school, which, at so early a date, when Sunday-schools were little known, attracted the attention of the people for miles around; so that the place became too straight for the pupils. In after-life from six different states came to her messages and letters from lawyers, doctors, farmers, and mothers, acknowledging their life-long obligations for what this Sunday-school had been to them, both as an intellectual and spiritual incitement. The school-room being too small, a church was enterprised; and to procure the funds she taught a neighborhood school, though at this time a young mother. Years afterward, when her boy was ready to enter college, she preferred to be with him, and, removing to Lebanon, filled her house with young men, students at the university.

The influence she wielded over them was such that, though perhaps not less than one hundred young men and one hundred and fifty girls were from time to time inmates of her home, only two young men and not one girl are remembered to have left, it without professing the Christian faith. During these years her table and its conversation, inspired by her, offered the highest intellectual and spiritual profit, begetting in the young persons she so delighted to draw

around her a high enthusiasm for excellence, both of mind and heart. Her mind was so thoroughly judicious, and her heart so full of sympathy, that not the young only, but women of all ages, especially mothers, were drawn to her for sympathy and advice. At one time this made her correspondence burdensome.

In all the family troubles that were thus brought to her she won the glorious beatitude which the Master awards to the peace-maker. On untold homes has her calm wisdom and gentle spirit brought out of tempest the dew of peace. From girlhood the poor were her special care, but not by way of thoughtless gifts. She sought them at their homes; and there, with the children gathered about her, her Bible in hand, she endeavored to inspire and lift them out of their degradation, always closing the visit with a prayer, so that it soon became a habit of this class to hunt her up for counsel in all their perplexities.

Her sympathy was world-wide. Perhaps the most earnest work of her life was her efforts in behalf of the heathen. Upon this work she concentrated every treasure she had -- money, friends, child, grandchild, tears, prayers, and persistent, unceasing labor. She had organized in the city of Nashville, Tennessee, a "Woman's Missionary Society," which, besides the work of securing a home for the poor of that city, and originating the "Mission-Home," -- an institution for the benefit of fallen women, -- has contributed in three years nearly three thousand dollars to the cause of the Christian elevation of the women of China. Her religious character, from an emotional point, is well exhibited by a remark made during the last week of her life: "Amid all the trials and prosperity of life my trust in God has always given me calm, never tumult; and if he should not give me triumph now, I trust him still, for I know that the everlasting Arms are about me, though he may not give me one ray of light." Her last message to her granddaughter, who had just set sail for China as the wife of a missionary, was, "Hold out to the last for Jesus." She had nearly completed her seventy-second year.

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099 -- LUCY HARRIS

Lucy Harris, daughter of Rev. Nathaniel Harris, died September 14, 1836, after a painful and protracted illness. She had been a professor of religion and an acceptable member of the Methodist Episcopal Church upward of twenty years, during the whole of which period her piety was uniform and consistent. With a mind enlightened by the word, and a heart purified by the Spirit of God, she filled up the measure of her duty in all the various relations that she sustained in a manner every way worthy of that religion which she professed. As a child, she was affectionate and dutiful; as a sister, kind and agreeable; as a friend, sincere and devoted.

Modesty, meekness, benevolence, and cheerfulness were among the prominent Christian graces which adorned her heart, and added, when carried out in the unaffected simplicity of her conduct, a moral loveliness to her entire character. She was the delight of her family, and the joy of her numerous acquaintances. The pleasing calm of her serene spirit was seldom ever ruffled by an unkind or turbulent passion. Her presence amid the circle of her friends always inspired a generous glow of hallowed emotion. In her life the world saw a practical demonstration of the transcendent purity and excellence of our holy religion.

A few hours before her departure she took her last leave of her venerable father, affectionate sisters, and all who were present on the occasion. She thanked them for their kindness and unremitting attention, assured them of her acceptance with God through the merits of Christ, and in strains of the most tender and fervent affection exhorted them to meet her in heaven. Her joy was full. Nor did its mighty tide cease to roll on and flow out in thanksgiving and praise until she fell asleep in the arms of Jesus.

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100 -- RACHEL DIXON

Rachel Dixon, wife of the late William Dixon, formerly of the Ohio Conference, died at her residence in Attica, April 10, 1855. She was born in South Carolina, October 20, 1798. Early in life she removed with her sainted father, Rev. Jacob Pearson, to Ohio. Having received early religious training she became impressed when a child that she ought to give her youthful heart to God, which she did by joining the Methodist Episcopal Church; and in answer to prayer and the exercise of living faith in Christ she was soundly converted to God.

She was united in marriage to Rev. William Dixon, February 24, 1818; and after having shared for a time the privations and toils of itineracy with her husband, he, in consequence of failing health, asked a local relation to the church, and soon after removed to Indiana, and settled on the Shawnee Prairie.

About eleven years previous to her death her amiable and highly-esteemed husband died, leaving her not only the weighty responsibility of a large family, but the settling up of a large estate, which she promptly and correctly attended to in a satisfactory manner. About five years before her death she left her farm and removed to Attica, in order to relieve her mind from the care and perplexity of so much business, and to have the better opportunity to attend upon the means of grace and enjoy more fully the blessings of the house of God.

Early in her last sickness she became impressed that the time of her departure was at hand; and upon reviewing the past she said, "For fourteen years death has had no sting, and the grave no gloom."

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101 -- JANE HENNINGER

Jane Henninger, wife of Rev. John Henninger, died December 18, 1838, in the fifty-second year of her age. In the year 1815 she became the wife of our beloved brother, Rev. John Henninger, who was an itinerant preacher in the Tennessee Conference. She was emphatically the preacher's wife, possessing a mind rarely found among women. She consoled her husband in all his difficulties; was admired and beloved by all her acquaintances, and in her sickness was patient and resigned. I visited her a short time before her death, and her mind was calm and at peace with God.

A short time before I left, Brother Henninger believed "her hour was come." He was lying sick with fever in the same room, and with difficulty reached her bed for the last conversation this side of heaven. He said to her, "My dear, you are about to leave us. You have nursed me in all my sickness. I thought I should have gone before you and obtain the crown; but you will precede me and obtain it first. I shall not be long in coming after you. How is your mind?" She replied in her usual calm and deliberate manner, "I have nothing to fear nor dread. My way is clear." Soon after this she fell asleep in the arms of Jesus. Five days afterward her husband died, and they are now reunited in bright glory.

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102 -- ELIZA PITEZEL

Eliza Pitezel, wife of Rev. John H. Pitezel of Adrian Station, Michigan Conference, and daughter James P. Holstock, died in Adrian, Michigan, December 17, 1837. She was born in England, July 8, 1820, whence, with her parents, she came in 1824 to the State of New York. When twelve years of age she obtained pardoning mercy, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, which, to use her own words, she found to be "like a wall about her."

To impress more indelibly upon her mind her happy change and renewed obligation, she wrote the following in her diary: "Blessed be God, that I am enabled in my youthful days to make a public profession of religion. I feel that I am not ashamed of Jesus. I am not ashamed of my profession; but I glory that I have the privilege of being counted as one of his. I have chosen God for my portion -- a choice which I trust I shall not relinquish through time or eternity. I will forsake all youthful vanities, worldly pleasures, and sinful companions, serve God, and strive to keep his commandments. I will endeavor to live to his glory, and not give way to giddiness and levity, but forsake all that is contrary to the will of my heavenly Parent. O thou Most High, keep me! Though in my youthful days, I resolve to be thine. I am not too young to live a Christian, for I am not too young to die."

On the 8th of August, 1837, she was married. In September, being appointed to Adrain, they hoped in this field of labor to be successful coworkers; but only a few weeks had elapsed when disease began its fatal work. She was prepared. Her soul was fortified with divine grace. She looked "upon death with magnanimity," for she knew "the grace of God was sufficient." A few days before her death, being asked if she was happy, she said, "Yes, Jesus is with me. Who would not have religion? What could I now do, were it not for religion? 'Praise the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me praise his holy name.'" On the morning of the day which closed her life she said, "I feel that my trust is in the Lord; he is my only refuge." A few minutes before she expired, being asked if all was well, she said, in faltering language, "Yes; Jesus is precious. Happy! happy!"

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103 -- MARY ELIZABETH HEATH

Mary Elizabeth Heath, wife of Gen. Thomas H. Heath, was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, November 25, 1872, and died in Lockland, Ohio, in the arms of her husband, exclaiming, "I am clear as the sun. I have no fear. I have trusted in Jesus Christ my Savior, and I will trust him still. He will never leave nor forsake me. All I want is my Savior. I am very happy!"

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104 -- NAOMI GADDIS

Naomi Gaddis, wife of William F. Gaddis, died in Higginsport, Brown County, Ohio, January 30, 1839, in the thirty-ninth year of her age. She lived the last nine or ten years of her life a faithful member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. She enjoyed much of the life and power of religion. In health it sweetened all her tempers, and in affliction it enabled her to sink with tranquillity into the arms of her Savior, and say, "The will of the Lord be done." Her death was truly interesting.

"You will now see to what purpose I have lived -- that I might glorify God in my death." These words she addressed to her weeping and disconsolate husband, a short time previous to the closing scene of her earthly pilgrimage, during the last few months of which she patiently endured the most excruciating suffering. In this strong expression of assurance she was not disappointed; for He whom she had wisely chosen in the morning of her life for the portion of her inheritance was still present to cheer and strengthen her upon the bed of languishing, and to be her song of rejoicing amid the swelling waves of Jordan. His grace enabled her to triumph, and "in her final hour to bring glory to her God."

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105 -- HARRIET H. CHAPLIN

Harriet H. Chaplin, wife of Rev. D. E. Chaplin of the Michigan Conference, died at Tiffin, Seneca County, Ohio, January 27, 1840. She was born at Windsor, Vermont, and attached herself to the Methodist Episcopal Church at a camp-meeting near Mechanicsburg, Champaign County, Ohio, in August, 1830. The Savior to whom she then committed her soul with its eternal interests sustained her through her last severe and distressing sickness, of more than four weeks' duration, vouchsafed her a gentle exit and a peaceful death, and we humbly trust received her into everlasting habitations.

The character of Sister Chaplin is thus drawn by one (Theophilus Arminius) who knew her well, in a letter of condolence to her bereaved and afflicted husband:

"She was sincere in her friendship and attachment, and grateful to those who reciprocated them or duly appreciated her motives, She was slow in making her advances, but cool and inflexible in her principles. This she carried out in her religious profession. She weighed the matter well in her own mind, and became first well assured that she possessed before she made an open profession of religion. She sought for a sure and firm foundation before she began to build

her hopes and enjoyments of heaven; but when she became rooted and fixed on a solid foundation she was ready to go all lengths in the service of her Lord."

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106 -- MARGARET WILLEY

Margaret Willey, wife of Rev. Dennis Willey, died in Paris, Jennings County, Indiana, January 12, 1841, in the thirty-eighth year of her age. She was the daughter of Thomas and Elizabeth Gasaway, and was born December 18, 1803, in Clarke County, Iowa, where she remained until the spring of 1811, when her parents moved from Clarke to Jefferson County, at which place they remained until the fall of 1812, when the merciless savages commenced their barbarities upon the frontier settlers of this country. In those perilous times gospel privileges were few and far between. During the early part of her life she had but little to depend on in the formation of her moral and religious character but the pious instructions of her mother, by which she was brought to see the necessity of embracing Christianity.

In 1817 she joined the Methodist Episcopal Church as a seeker of salvation; but it was not until the summer of 1822, at a gracious revival of religion on the old Charleston Circuit, through the instrumentality of Rev. James Armstrong, of precious memory, that she was led more fully to seek salvation by faith. It was at secret prayer very early in the morning in a private room, that she fully realized the pardoning mercy of God; and from the fullness of the mercy and power of Christ to save which she there realized, she expressed the sentiments of the prophet Isaiah, "O Lord, I will praise thee; though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortest me."

Sister Willey was amiable in her disposition, chaste in her conversation, unassuming in her manners, always avoiding the two great extremes into which thousands plunge, -- levity on the one hand and despondency on the other. And amid all the afflictions and privations common to human life, she bore them with cheerfulness and Christian fortitude. She was much esteemed by a large circle of friends and acquaintances, whom she has left to mourn. Her sickness was short, but severe.

A short time previous to her death she appeared unusually calm and serene, and in her right mind for a moment. Father Willey, that old veteran of the cross, deeply anxious to know her opening prospect for future glory, asked her if she loved the Savior, to which she answered in the affirmative. She seemed to have had impressions of mind for some months previous to her illness that the time of her departure was near at hand; and at a prayer-meeting an evening or two previous to her affliction her soul was filled unutterably full of glory and of God. She died in January, 1841.

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107 -- EUNICE DUBOIS

It is said that "God is in history." But much more is He in those narratives which delineate Christian character in the peace of its inward and the purity of its outward being. Then let us for a few minutes seek God, his grace, and his image, by tracing the features of one whom Christ had wrought into a fair resemblance of himself, and has now reclaimed to his presence and his glory.

Mrs. Eunice Dubois moved with her parents from the State of New York to Cincinnati in 1818, she being then eleven years of age. She was religiously trained, and had a serious regard for her soul from her childhood. In 1825 she became a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and in August of that year experienced religion. She lived a devout and consistent disciple until 1834, when she was happily married to Mr. John Dubois, of Cincinnati, with whom she walked in all the commandments of God until her decease, which occurred November 30, 1839. In connection with her Christian life the following particulars are worthy of special notice:

She was remarkable for Christian decision. At her conversion she resolved to renounce the world. She did renounce it fully and forever. "Come out from among them, and be ye separate," she received as a command; and she obeyed it. Nor did she keep this baptismal vow grudgingly, or with a constrained will, but cheerfully and with gladness of heart. Setting her face as a flint, and eschewing the world, she cleaved with all her might unto the Lord. Can any one who knew her recollect through her twenty years' pilgrimage an instance of unwarranted regard for any earthly interest or good? Probably not. She was a persevering Christian. She turned not to the right hand nor to the left, but pressed forward continually, and endured to the end. Her zeal and diligence were unremitted; nay, more, were increasing to the close of life.

She was painfully diseased for months. Chronic inflammation wasted her away little by little, till the slow, expiring lamp went out. But under the painful decline, when others came expecting to minister to her, they found her ever ready to minister to them. "Extreme unction" was by the dying to the minister rather than from the minister to the dying. Nor shall many of us soon form get the anointings of gladness which we received in the holy communions of that consecrated chamber where she was finally and forever espoused to her Lord. Well may it be said of her, as of Fletcher, while others were caring for her feeble and dying body she was caring for their souls.

Near the close of her life the "Beulah," where she rested and refreshed herself, seemed all one paradise of holy and almost insupportable delight. The glowing fervors of her soul, enamored of the divine beauties of her Lord, were almost too much for mortal to bear. Among many admirable sayings indicative of her triumph and spiritual exultation she often exclaimed to her husband, "I feel such a weight of glory that it seems to me my feeble frame will sink under it." Thus she reclined awhile on the bosom of her Beloved, waiting for the chariot, till at last it came and bore her to "The palace of angels and God."

Would you, dear reader, die thus? Then, like her, be a decided, meek, devout, consistent, growing, sanctified, fruitful, and persevering Christian. They, and they only, who live as she lived may expect to die as she died.

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Mary Frazier Gaddis, my beloved mother, departed this life October 10, 1889, in the seventy-fourth year of her age. She was of pious ancestry -- the only daughter of Mr. Andrew Frazier, of Ireland. From childhood she was recognized as a member of the Seceders, and placed under the pastoral care of Mr. Knox. At the age of ten she was convicted of sin, through the dying admonition of a devoted mother. But notwithstanding her connection with the church, she lived in its bosom a stranger to the "joy unspeakable," -- resting in a regular attendance upon outward ordinances, until long after her marriage and emigration to America. While listening to the prayer of her son John, in secret in her behalf, she was aroused to a sense of her danger. About twelve o'clock, the same night, she was powerfully converted; and notwithstanding her former deep-rooted prejudices against the Methodists, in a short period after her conversion she obtained a certificate from the Seceders, and united herself with the Methodist Episcopal Church, at Mr. Samuel Fitch's, in Ohio. After her conversion she manifested a tender sensibility for the mental improvement, and a deep, pious solicitude for the spiritual welfare of all her children. The writer of this article attributes the first religious impression, which finally resulted in his conversion to God, to her fervent prayers in secret and at the family altar.

In family affliction and distressing bereavement she was singularly resigned, ever reminding us of the language of the psalmist, "I was dumb, and opened not my mouth, because thou didst it." Seven or eight years previous to her death, in the absence of all the members of her family, on New Year's day, she was found alone, like Jacob, wrestling with the angel of the covenant, for the blessing of perfect love, or what she then was pleased to call it, "A New Year's gift from heaven." Like Jacob, she prevailed, and was filled "unutterably full of glory and of God." Such was her burning love and zeal that, "in age and feebleness extreme," she was always glad when it was said, "Let us go into the house of the Lord." She lived to witness the triumphant death of her husband, and the conversion of all her children. She lived to witness the answer of her prayers in regard to her youngest child, who, like Samuel, was given by her to the Lord, and his entrance to the itinerant ministry. She lived to hear her grandchildren arise up and call her blessed.

At the close of the last conference I returned with haste, again to meet a mother's smile and receive a mother's blessing. We met on Wednesday morning, but it was for the last time. She conversed cheerfully with me until a late hour of the night. After retiring she was taken very ill with fever. The next morning, although very feeble, she arose and joined us in family devotion. In answer to the inquiry I made before my departure, -- for I still fondly hoped "her sickness was not unto death," -- "Mother, is Jesus precious unto you now?" -- she replied, with a smile, "Oh, yes, my child, he is all my trust." Although I was deprived of the melancholy pleasure of witnessing the closing scene, yet I have assurances from a beloved sister, who watched over her dying pillow, that in all her lucid moments she could give -- while her strength lasted -- cheering testimony that death was only about to release her happy spirit, to mingle with the redeemed in the purer joys of immortality forever --

"To the house of our Father above.
The palace of angels and God."

A few days before I returned to this city, at twilight hour, I stood alone beside my mother's grave, and lowly kneeling, I renewed the solemn vow of my earlier youth, "that her people shall be my people, her God my God."

"Mother, I'll keep thy precepts in my heart, and do thy bidding, so when God shall say my days are finished, He will give me leave to come to thee, and find thy home, and see thee with thy glorious garments on, and kneel at the Redeemer's feet -- that where the mother is, thy child may dwell."

Maxwell P. Gaddis,
Cincinnati, Ohio, Nov. 9, 1839.

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109 -- MARY ELIZABETH CLARK

Mary Elizabeth Clark, wife of Rev. Lucien Clark, of the Cincinnati Conference, was born in Lebanon, Ohio, October 19, 1889. Her parents, Robert and Jane Morris, were members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. From her infancy she was taught, by precept and example, the doctrines of the Christian religion. But it was not until she was fifteen years of age, that she was enabled to clearly see that a change of heart was absolutely necessary to bring her into fellowship with God, and to fit her soul for the inheritance of eternal life. At this period she was at Yellow Springs, Ohio, where she had gone to perfect her education. While pursuing her studies a gracious revival of religion occurred in the Methodist Episcopal Church. During this revival she was powerfully awakened and clearly converted. Her life, after conversion, was always consistent, her piety deep and uniform, and her labors abundant.

It was under the ministration of Rev. S. A. Brewster, while pastor of the church at Yellow Springs, that our sister became convinced that it was her privilege to enjoy, by a more perfect consecration of herself to God, a higher state of grace than simply regeneration. In accordance with this conviction she commenced immediately, intelligently, and earnestly to seek for the fullness of the blessing of God in Christ Jesus. And it was not long until she realized the truth of God's words, "That if we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

In the faith and enjoyment of this great blessing our sister lived and died, and her bereaved and faithful husband's testimony is, that she not only professed, but that she possessed and lived this blessing in every-day life. Quiet and unassuming in her manners, she was not forward to proclaim the enjoyment of this higher spiritual life; and yet she was not reluctant, on suitable occasions, to glorify God in the acknowledgment of it.

On the 11th of October, 1864, she was joined in marriage to Rev. Lucien Clark, then stationed at Lebanon, Ohio. This holy union then bid fair to be of long duration, and fruitful in happiness and good works. Congenial spirits, they readily molded into one, and were helpmates indeed to each other. Smoothly and beautifully flowed the stream of their married life, as they with united effort sought to fill the holy mission to which God had called them. But, alas! how soon a

shadow fell on their path! About two years previous to her death a severe hemorrhage of the lungs announced the presence of that insidious and fatal disease that bears annually so many Americans, young and old, male and female, to the grave.

Slow, but steady and sure were the steps, gaining more and more power over its victim, until for three months previous to her death she was confined to her room. During this time she was visited by many of the ministers and members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and to one and all the same testimony of uniform joy, peace, faith, and hope was clearly given. Not one who visited her would hesitate to pronounce her ready for death. To her husband, when lamenting her sufferings, she said, "You ought to be thankful when this poor body is at rest! Oh, when shall this poor, tired body be at rest?" Again she said, "What a sweet release I will have from all this suffering when I am called home!" On another occasion she said, "It is hard work for these poor bodies to wear out. It takes all the grace I have to bear it. Why should I be discouraged? I must suffer it out. I know, in all probability, this will end in death; but I have no fear." She expressed herself in the clearest terms as being fully prepared.

After she was convinced that she could not recover, she was very anxious that before her departure she might receive an extraordinary blessing on her soul. She longed and prayed for this. The day before her death she said to her husband, "I have had some doubts." He spoke words of comfort to her, and commenced repeating the twenty-third psalm, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want... Thou anointest my head with oil." At this point she took up the language and exclaimed, "My cup runneth over." From this time there was no doubt, no shadow, nothing but peace and joy. Without losing her sight, or having any wandering of mind whatever, she called her husband, and saying, "Good-bye, good-bye, precious husband," departed to be with God. Thus died our sister, on the 18th day of February, 1869, aged twenty-nine years.

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110 -- INDIA GOODRICH DEEM

India Goodrich Deem was born in Winchester, Indiana, April 19, 1840. Her father, the late Judge Goodrich, was a very devoted Methodist, but at his death the family were left to struggle with many privations during their minority. But, notwithstanding this Sister Deem obtained a good education, and early devoted herself to the work of teaching school. In her fifteenth year she was converted to God, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, and on the 20th of June, 1867, was united in marriage to Rev. R. K. Deem. To this new relation she brought a rich Christian experience, a well-cultivated mind, a hopeful disposition, and an ardent desire to be useful. Although she always manifested a lively interest in all the enterprises of the church, yet for the Sabbath-school cause she evinced the deepest sympathy, and in it she labored with great zeal and eminent success. For the moral and intellectual training of children she had a peculiar adaptation, and in this department of Christian effort took great delight, until failing health compelled her to desist. Notwithstanding she was an invalid most of the time from her marriage, yet she evinced an ardent zeal for the salvation of souls, and a willingness to share without complaint in all the toils and trials of the itineracy. She was never afraid of doing a little for Jesus, because she was unable to do much, but while the day lasted did what she could, and when restrained by a painful and lingering illness, submitted to the discipline with cheerful obedience, and like the Captain of our

salvation, "was made perfect through sufferings." She always took delight in the Scriptures, and searched them daily; but during her last sickness she read with an increased devotion, especially the twenty-third psalm, and the fourteenth chapter of John. While conversing on the subject of her departure, she was told that she could not possibly live until morning. The intelligence was received with great calmness, and after a short pause a heavenly smile lighted up her dying face, and she said, "in my Father's house there are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you," when her voice suddenly failed. Her husband repeated, "And if I go and prepare a place for you I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am ye may be also." Having recovered her strength a little, she replied, "Oh, yes, that is it! Oh, how precious!" When she felt that she had actually entered the valley and shadow of death, she commenced repeating her favorite psalm, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want;" but her voice again failed. But, blessed be God, when the dark valley was nearly passed, she was permitted to signal back to her weeping husband that "all is well." Thus died, January 25, 1869, the young itinerant's wife.

"Weep not for her; there is no cause of woe;
But rather nerve the spirit that it walk
Unshrinking o'er the thorny path below.
Victorious over death to her appears
The vista'd joys of heaven's eternal years
Weep not for her."

* * * * *

111 -- RUTH JONES

Ruth Jones, widow of Rev. Greenbury R. Jones, was born near Brownsville, Pennsylvania, November 6, 1787, and died in Cincinnati, at the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. William Sackett, December 18, 1868. Her parents, Amos and Eliza Hough, were members of the Society of Friends. At the age of thirteen she was left an entire orphan, her father and mother having both been removed by death. In her twentieth year she was married to Mr. James Ross, and for nine years she resided in Steubenville, Ohio.

She moved to Hamilton in 1821, and three years later settled in Monroe, Ohio. Here she found a small class, which had been during the previous year -- 1823 -- taken into the Miami Circuit. They had no church, but had week-day preaching in a school-house, and class-meeting on Sunday evenings in a carpenter-shop. But the Master met with them, and they soon increased to four classes, having a comfortable church and preaching on the Sabbath. We infer that this signal success was attributable largely to the zeal, labors, and influence of this devout Christian woman.

In the year 1834 she was married to Rev. Greenbury R. Jones, a minister of the Ohio Conference, and with him shared the toils and privations of an itinerant's life for tell years. In 1844, while attending the session of conference at Marietta, Brother Jones was taken suddenly and dangerously ill. His wife was sent for, and the messenger, Rev. A. Meharry, found her looking for his return, as he had been absent two weeks. She hastened to Marietta, and found him suffering much, and with no hope of recovery. He had prayed earnestly that his life might be spared until her

arrival, and now he rejoiced that God had granted his request. Four days later he passed to his home in heaven. She now returned with a heavy heart to her home at Bethel, Clermont Co., feeling that her only source of support and comfort under this severe bereavement was God and his religion.

For some years previous to her death she lived with her daughters, one of whom, Mrs. Sackett, lived in Cincinnati; and the other, Mrs. Boyd, in Middletown, Ohio. Sister Jones was an earnest, consistent, and devoted Christian. In the whole circle of her acquaintance she was highly esteemed and loved. And it is generally believed she came very near a full compliance with that important injunction of St. Paul, "Rejoicing in hoped patient in tribulation, continuing instant in prayer." Truly, she endured as seeing him who is invisible, and has left an example worthy of imitation.

In her diary, which she kept for nearly fifty years, the last entry bears date, Middletown, Ohio, July 19, 1868, and is as follows: "Yesterday our quarterly meeting commenced, but I have not strength enough to attend it; and while others are worshipping in the sanctuary, I am confined at home by affliction; but my Father knows my heart, and is able and willing to bless me here alone. O my Savior,

"Thy presence makes my paradise,
And where thou art is heaven."

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112 -- FRANCES KIRK THURBER

Frances Kirk Thurber was born in Zanesville, Ohio, December 22, 1825. She was the daughter of William Kirk, of Piqua, Ohio, and was brought up in the "nurture and admonition of the Lord." At the early age of fifteen she gave her heart to Jesus, and experienced the renewing power of the Holy Ghost. During the powerful revival of religion in Green Street charge, Piqua, she united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, under the ministry of Rev. Maxwell P. Gaddis, Sen., in 1852, and the following December was united in marriage by the same to Rev. William J. Thurber. For sixteen years past she learned to endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

During her entire life in the itineracy she cultivated a cheerful submission to the will of God in all things, and in seasons of discouragement and disappointment cheered on her husband by her noble example of patience and self-sacrifice. She was a woman of great purity of heart and rectitude of purpose, in spirit sweet and gentle, in manners affable and engaging, dignified and exemplary in all her deportment. Like her departed father, who for more than fifty years was a successful class-leader, she was greatly attached to this means of grace, and what she had at first, for conscience' sake, bore as a heavy cross, she at length learned to appreciate as a delightful privilege, and never was absent from the class-room when her health permitted her to attend. In the absence of her husband she never allowed the hallowed fire to go out on the family altar. She died of pulmonary consumption, at Gratiot, Licking County, Ohio, May 5, 1869, and was buried at Piqua, Ohio.

During her protracted sufferings she was patient and resigned, willing to live and suffer in the vineyard, yet more desirous still to depart and be with Christ, which was far better. As might have been expected, "her last end was peace." When her departure drew near she called her husband and three children one by one around her dying-bed, and gave them each a kiss and her dying benediction, and "entered into the joy of her Lord,"

"Where none with fruitless labor sigh,
And care awakes no lingering groan,
And grief no agony."

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113 -- SARAH ROWE

Sarah Rowe, widow of the late Wesley Rowe, of the Cincinnati Conference, died September 28, 1868. She was the daughter of Mr. John Hitch, of Clermont County, Ohio. Her education was strictly religious, her parents being both members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and their house the home of the itinerant. At an early period of her history she was made the subject of converting and regenerating grace, at a camp-meeting held at Olive Branch.

She was united in marriage with Brother Rowe, September, 1844, and took upon herself the sacrifices and responsibilities of an itinerant life. And well did she meet those responsibilities, and cheerfully make those sacrifices. With her husband, she was a faithful co-laborer in the Lord's vineyard.

When, in 1862, Brother Rowe was called from labor to reward, she was left, with slender means and feeble health, to provide for the family, consisting of several children, some of them quite young and helpless. To be the better able to do this, she removed to Cincinnati, and opened a boarding-house, where, with unremitting diligence and toil, she sought and obtained but a meager subsistence. But the burden was too great, the toil too exhaustive. She soon broke down, and was compelled to seek a place in which to pine and die. Such a place she found in the comfortable home of her brother, Mr. Nelson Hitch, of New Richmond. Here, after a few weeks of patient suffering, she gently fell asleep. Her sufferings were not only patiently, but cheerfully endured. Indeed, she was often very happy. When about to enter the cold waters of Jordan, her countenance bright with unearthly joy, she exclaimed,

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly;
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high,
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last.
Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;

Leave, oh leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on thee is stayed."

Before her departure she had a season of rest from suffering, during which she talked freely with her friends, and counseled her children. Then she said, "I am ready to go;" and folding her cold and emaciated hands upon her dying breast, she fell serenely asleep in Jesus.

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114 -- ELIZA JANE SMITH

Eliza Jane Smith, wife of Rev. Moses Smith, of the Cincinnati Conference, was born in Cincinnati, March 13, 1829, and died in great peace in Dayton, Ohio, March 26, 1869.

The writer is in possession of but few facts in relation to her early life. It may be safely inferred, however, from the character of her excellent mother, -- Mrs. Isaac Demarest, -- that Mrs. Smith was early instructed in the doctrines and duties of Christianity. Religious culture, wisely directed, never fails to produce its desired results. Inspiration has so declared. A child trained in the way "he should go," will not "depart from it." This is illustrated in the life of the subject of this memoir. At the age of fifteen, under the pastorship of Rev. J. W. Weakley, she gave her heart to the Savior, and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. In February, 1847, she became the wife of Rev. Moses Smith. Her cheerful disposition, sound judgment, and Christian activity, eminently fitted her for the position which she had assumed. For twenty-two years she shared with her devoted husband the labors, sacrifices, and successes of our itinerant ministry. Last year her health was greatly impaired while nursing her husband through a long and severe attack of fever. Early in the winter the symptoms indicated the presence of consumption. Steadily the disease progressed, until in a few weeks she was confined to her room and then to her bed. During her last sickness she had, as is usual, some severe contests with the enemy; but soon she triumphed, and triumphed completely. Stronger expressions of confidence in Christ I never heard than those that were uttered by Mrs. Smith. "I trust only in Jesus," said she. And again, "All is right, and all is bright."

On the Wednesday morning before her death, while her friends were sitting quietly by her bedside, she exclaimed, "Oh, the beautiful, beautiful sunlight! Don't you see it? But no, you can't see it, and will not till you are called. I see the morning; it is all light!" While she spoke her countenance was all aglow with celestial light and joy. At another time the glories of heaven seemed to be unveiled to her vision, and she said she saw her father and sisters, and also her child, who but a few days before had been called home. When near the last struggle, she said, "It is not hard to die; Christ is so precious!"

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115 -- JENNIE F. FEE

Jennie F. Fee was born in Brown County, Ohio, in the year 1839. When quite young, being piously educated, she gave her heart to the Savior, and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church.

She was married June 20, 1861, to Rev. George W. Fee. With flattering prospects she entered the itinerant field with her companion, joyfully to endure the privations, toils, and sacrifices incident to such a life. She rejoiced greatly in the prosperity of the church of God, and dearly loved the means of grace. Often while worshipping in the congregation tears would flow from her eyes. Her piety was deep, uniform, and sincere. In all her severe afflictions the grace of God wonderfully sustained her. Though the providence of God seemed dark and mysterious, she could say, "Thy will be done."

Sister Fee was a woman of more than ordinary intelligence, and amiable in disposition. She greatly endeared herself to those with whom she mingled. Though it cost her a hard struggle to resign her companion and babes, yet she gloriously triumphed at last. After lingering for many weeks, on the 17th of July, 1869, she closed her eyes on earthly scenes, and went to join her sainted mother and kindred spirits on the other shore.

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116 -- ELIZABETH MYERS LOCKE

Elizabeth Myers Locke died April 9, 1880. Because her holy life and godly example have been an inspiration to so many Christians, we bring this tribute to her memory, that those to whom her name is precious may know that she "finished the course" with a full hope of immortality.

Elizabeth Myers was born in Forty Fort, August 14, 1789, and most of her life was spent in Wyoming Valley. She was married to Emmeus Locke, of Oxford, New York, September 22, 1825. After residing a few years in that village she removed to Kingston, Pennsylvania. Her husband was a devoted follower of the Savior, and many years ago preceded her to the heavenly home.

In the "Life and Times of Rev. George Peck," whose sister-in-law Mrs. Locke was, is given a full account of her remarkable conversion, from which we take a few extracts, abridging much. He says:

A camp-meeting was held in the mountain west of the valley, near the present camp-ground of the Wyoming District. The novelty of this meeting attracted the young people composing the family of Philip Myers, and they took a tent and encamped on the ground. Elizabeth was the ruling spirit of the circle, the gayest of the gay. She was deeply convicted, but resolved not to yield to her convictions, at least until she reached home. The meeting closed. A long line of wagons came down the mountain, and the Myers young people were near the head of the procession. The anguish of Miss Myers became so intense that she began to cry aloud. Everybody was inquiring in alarm what had happened. A young lady friend of hers, divining the cause, exclaimed, "Get out of the wagon; get out immediately." Obeying her friend, she went to the edge of a grove, fell on her knees, and began to cry for mercy. That has always been called the "Little Camp-meeting," for right there about a dozen persons besides herself found peace in believing.

Well do those who have attended the noon class-meetings in the old Methodist Episcopal Church in Kingston remember her clear experience, as related Sabbath after Sabbath. That "old tree in the grove by the roadside" was pictured by our imaginations as it lived in her memory. Her experience was not a profession of self, but a confession of Christ; and we all felt that the word abided in her. It was not uttered in half truth, as if she hardly knew Christ reigned in the heart, but we always felt that Jesus was the absorbing theme of her living. Hers was not to conceal herself under a universal experience; she had a well-defined hope in a present Savior, with whom she daily walked and talked. Though she entered into rest after carrying the burden of life ninety years, it was not a long journey from that "tree by the roadside" to "the city of her God;" it was only a short Emmaus journey, with Jesus as a companion. This companion did not forsake her when she most needed him. Her life, as we now look at it, seemed a quiet chant of "Praise God," and death was only going to sleep, with home in prospect. Often during the past winter she sung of heaven as "Home, sweet, sweet home!"

Her health had been slowly failing all winter. She said of herself that her "heavenly Father was dealing so kindly with her, taking down this earthly tabernacle so gently and gradually." She was sick only about four weeks. The last two weeks she seldom conversed; but when aroused from seeming unconsciousness she testified her reliance upon Christ." Over and over she said to her pastor, "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith." When asked, "Mother, is Jesus precious?" almost too weak to speak, she slowly pronounced the words, "He takes care of me."

Our desire would have been to have had many words spoken in these last hours, but it was not His will; and the life was sufficient, for it always had over it the glow of the presence of the Master.

Sabbath afternoon, April 11, Mrs. Lock was taken to the new church, which she had never been able to enter during life, where her many friends listened to a tender and beautiful tribute to her memory by the pastor, Rev. O. W. Scott, from the words, "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of the righteous." From thence she was carried to the beautiful cemetery at Forty Fort, on the banks of the Susquehanna, where repose the remains of Dr. George Peck, her brother-in-law, and her esteemed friend, Dr. Reuben Nelson. We read, "Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter into the city." The doing his commandments was the law of her life. Having, therefore, through his blood the right to the tree of life, we think of her only as an inhabitant of that city "whose builder and maker is God." She leaves, to grieve her departure, a large circle of friends and loving relatives, and all only daughter, who, today, is an anguished mourner, yet feels that "she mourns not, even as others which have no hope;" for "believing that Jesus died and rose again," she also believes "even so them that sleep in Jesus will God bring with him."

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Mary Beall, wife of Mr. James H. Beall, died December 25, 1839, in Mount Carmel, Wabash County, Illinois, aged thirty-four years. She is the last of the children of Rev. William Beauchamp. All only son died in 1822, and Mrs. Wood and Mrs. Bagwell in March, 1838. Their father died in October, 1824 -- all happy deaths! I have seen many suffer and die, but this was indeed a family of patient sufferers. It is well for the Christian world that many can live and die according to the principles and doctrines of the gospel that others preach.

Mrs. Mary Beall was the mother of seven children. She was a woman of retiring and meditative mind, deep piety, and one of the most uniform, tranquil women I ever knew. She was beloved by all; but she was detained to suffer long. But she is gone to enjoy the bliss of saints redeemed from the earth. When praying with her on Thursdays an uncommon blessing rested upon us; and on bidding her farewell I held her hand some time, thinking to send a message to her dear father, little brother Williams and two sisters, Fanny and Hannah, and to my old father, mother, wife, two children and sisters! But I paused and asked, Why so? They are here, and "see as I am seen, and know as I am known." Blessed be Gods I do not worship them, but I believe in their "ministration."

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118 -- MARTHA. BEAUCHAMP

Martha Beauchamp, wife by second marriage of Rev. William Beauchamp, father of Rev. William Beauchamp, of Mr. Carmel, died at her son-in-law's, Mr. Samuel Riggs, in Wabash County, Illinois, April 29, 1835.

Old Sister Beauchamp embraced the truth when in her eighteenth year -- in a dark day. She sought the Lord seven years before she obtained the assurance by faith in her acceptance with God. In her thirty-seventh year -- about 1794 -- she was married to Rev. William Beauchamp, then living perhaps on Little Kanawha, in Virginia, by whom she had one daughter -- Mrs. Riggs. She served the Lord nineteen years. A more firm, settled, fixed, and uniform child of God I have seldom seen. She was buried the next day after her funeral sermon had been preached, from "I have fought the good fight." She died at the age of eighty years. She was an extraordinary female, up to the time of her death possessing vigorous powers of body and mind, and looked young for a person so old. She indeed "fought the good fight, and kept the faith," even in death.

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119 -- ANNA E. MCHUGH

Anna E. McHugh, wife of Rev. E. McHugh, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Georgetown, Ohio, and daughter of Alexander and Sarah A. Lievranc, of Clinton County, Ohio, was born near Wilmington, March 11, 1838, and died at the parsonage in Georgetown, Ohio, Nov. 11, 1879, in the forty-first year of her age.

In early life she was blessed with the counsels and prayers of pious parents, and the good seeds sown soon sprung up in her young heart, and resulted in her union with the church of God.

Twenty-two years ago she attended a protracted meeting at the Methodist Episcopal Church, in New Vienna, Ohio, and was deeply impressed with a sense of sin and her need of pardon, and went forward to the altar of prayer. She did not seek in vain, but found that Jesus stood ready to pardon the penitent sinner. Believing in him, she realized that the burden of guilt was taken away.

On the 25th of May, 1858, she was united in marriage to Rev. E. McHugh, of the Cincinnati Conference, and entered upon assiduous labors of an itinerant minister's wife. The result of this union was six children, one of whom died some fifteen years since.

As a pastor's wife she was faithful and true to all his interests. The church of God was dear to her above every other consideration. In a letter to the bereaved husband, from one who knew her well, we make the following extract: "She was faithful and true -- true to all your interests, and to all the interests of the church. She was pious and patient, making the best of the shady side of an itinerant life. She threw light into many a dark abode, and her words of encouragement to you when dispirited were full of inspiration." She was a true friend to the poor and afflicted, especially while she lived in Cincinnati, where she saw so many objects of pity and charity, which excited her benevolent heart to its fullest exercise.

Many times was she found going forth as a good Samaritan, with well-filled basket, on errands of mercy, visiting the abodes of the poor and unfortunate and hungry, and administering to their temporal wants and adding consolation and comfort to their spiritual natures. She was an active worker in the cause of temperance; and every impulse of her nature was awakened in her efforts to crush the evil of intemperance, and to save the poor inebriate. After much thought and prayer she entered upon the work of the crusade in the city of Cincinnati; and for many weeks through cold, rain, and snow, followed by hooting, howling mobs, she knelt upon the cold stones in front of saloons and offered her prayers to God for victory over this great enemy of humanity.

At last she, with forty-two other ladies, was arrested by the city authorities and marched through the streets to the Third Street Station-house, and for three or four days was imprisoned for no other cause save that of singing "Rock of Ages," and praying for the salvation of lost men. Never in all her life did the Christian graces shine out with more luster and brilliancy, more gloriously beautiful than then. She possessed the true martyr-spirit, and clung so closely to her loving Jesus that she was ready and willing if need be to give up her life for the sake of his cause.

In the various places where she has labored hundreds will rise and call her blessed, and her influence will be as "precious ointment poured forth." Her last sickness was short, but her sufferings were intense; yet she endured as "seeing him who is invisible" without a murmur or complaint. She entered the valley, and in the strength of Jesus gained the victory.

Just before her death, while life's sparks were fast going out, and she knew the time of her departure was at hand, she called each member of the family by name, and gave them her blessing. She then asked for the colored servant and thanked her for her kindness and attention, and with the words of "Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus," upon her lips she stepped into the chariot of life eternal

and went "sweeping through the gates washed in the blood of the Lamb." The husband and children mourn her absence from the parted household band; but to them

"It seems not half so hard to die,
To cross death's darkly foaming river,
To leave the world without a sigh,
And dwell with Christ in heaven forever,"

since she, the loved, the adored wife and mother has gone there to dwell.

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120 -- ELIZA PARSONS

The life of Mrs. Parsons, which was prematurely closed at the age of thirty-three, was passed in the quiet, unostentatious discharge of domestic and Christian duties, unmarked by any of those striking incidents or events which serve "to point a moral or adorn a tale." This circumstance, while it makes it difficult to prepare a biographical sketch, enlivened by details of general interest., does not lessen the obligation on those who knew her worth and witnessed her active and useful exertions for the benefit of her fellow-beings, and her devotion to God, to contribute in every possible way to the preservation of her memory.

The woman who, like Mrs. Parsons, devotes herself -- not with momentary vigor, but with unwearied fidelity and persevering resolution to the discharge of the duties incumbent on the wife of a Methodist minister, possesses a character and performs services inestimable in her day and generation. But the extent and reality of her merits are seldom appreciated. In most cases, all she did was soon lost and forgotten. The husband, if he be an eloquent speaker, or a successful minister, receives the undivided applause of the community which witnesses the displays of his talents, or is benefited by his labors; and it is an after-thought, a tardy justice, seldom exercised, that goes back and gives credit to the aid, the counsel, the encouragement which he received from his wife, and which most probably contributed to those displays and prompted those labors.

In the wish to commemorate such merit, and give it some more permanent memorial than tradition, which must daily become weaker, the following sketch of the life and character of Mrs. Parsons is furnished.

Mrs. Parsons was the daughter of Seba Squires, of Ontario County, New York. Her attention was called to the subject of religion at the age of fourteen, by an afflictive dispensation in the death of her mother. She soon after became the subject of pardoning mercy and converting grace. She was happily united in marriage to Rev. De Forrest Parsons, on the 22d day of October, 1829. Her premature death occurred at Seneca Falls, on the 24th day of October, 1843.

From the time of her conversion she was a living, active, member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Though with Christian liberality she extended her affection to all who bore the image of Christ, yet from taste and habit, as well as from principle, she was deeply attached to the peculiarities of Methodism. During her married life she met the difficulties and privations,

sacrifices and toils, which must of necessity fall to the lot of the wife of an itinerant minister, not with repinings at her lot, and wishes that her husband might locate, but with patience, meekness, and cheerful courage. Before she entered upon her new relations she surveyed the ground upon which she was to stand and the duties to which she might be called; and she was prepared to meet all her obligations well. Her sense of responsibility was enlarged by just views of the duties of her station, and she never shrunk from the performance of them.

Rev. M. Tooker, in an obituary notice, from which the following particulars relative to her death are copied, says:

"Her steady and zealous devotion to the best interests of the church allowed no compromise, no relaxation, no end, but the end of life. But the part she had to perform is early and peacefully accomplished. She rests from her labors, and her work of piety and benevolence will forever follow her in blissful retribution.

"The state of her mind continued tranquil under the most alarming apprehensions and the severest paroxysms of pain. Soon after her husband's return, while watching over her on one occasion, she said to him, 'I have been praying that you might preach the gospel in all its clearness, in all its purity, in all its power.'

"She said, on witnessing the tears of her husband, 'Do you think I am dying?' To which he replied, 'I think you are.' Immediately she engaged in earnest prayer that God would reveal to her the light of his countenance, and give her a triumphant exit. After a brief struggle in prayer she clapped her hands in token of the victory of her with, and with a heavenly smile upon her countenance exclaimed, 'now I am happy! Now I am happy! Faith in Christ! Faith in Christ! How sweetly those words sound in my ears!' After a momentary pause she repeated, with joyous animation, the following lines:

'When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise,
Than when we first begun.'

for thou art with me: thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.' Soon after this she inquired of her husband how the day had passed with him at Rushville, and what reception he met with. On receiving a favorable answer she manifested strong feeling of gratitude. Finding her strength rapidly failing, she called for her children, Watson, Ellen, and Schuyler, and charged each of them in turn to obey their father, and avoid everything that is wrong. After kissing Schuyler, the youngest son, she raised her trembling voice, and with great emphasis said, 'God bless the child!' She then took leave of her husband. Throwing her arms around his neck, she said, 'Study to be useful, study to be good, cultivate the higher powers.' She next called on her sister, and other attendants, and bid them each an affectionate farewell. Perceiving that she was almost gone her husband said, 'Ah, my dear, you are crossing the cold Jordan of death. Does the grace of God sustain you? Is it sufficient?' She replied, 'I'm crossing, I'm crossing over. I long to gain the port. I long to be gone and to be with Christ.' Retaining her hand in his, when signs of life had nearly disappeared Brother

Parsons remarked to those by the bedside, 'It is fourteen years and a day since she gave me this hand, and she has ever been my faithful, unchangeable friend.' At the moment of saying this, he was not aware that she heard him, but almost simultaneously she gently pressed his hand, and entered the desired haven of eternal rest."

Thus ended the life and labors of our deceased sister. To the church and community the loss sustained by her death is great, to her family it is irreparable.

Among the many admirable traits which adorned her character, the love of knowledge was conspicuous. This was never checked -- perhaps increased -- by the difficulties in the way of gratifying it. Few persons, in similar circumstances, acquired an equal amount of general knowledge, or made so extensive an acquaintance with the works of general literature; but as religion was her peculiar element, she especially delighted in such authors as dedicated their talents to the inculcation of the principles and practice of piety. But cultivated as was her taste for the charms of literary excellence, ardent as was her love of intellectual pursuits, pleasing as the paths of knowledge were, painful as it must have been to quit them, yet she did not suffer literary pursuits to engross her mind; but, as a wife and mother she was ever assiduously attentive to the wants of her family; ever ready to sacrifice her own gratifications to the benefit of those dear to her. She lived not to herself, she lived "to please and support, to comfort and to bless all connected with her in the social and domestic relations. She had indeed a heart formed for love and friendship. No person with the same circle and acquaintance could have more friends or fewer enemies. It is not known to those most intimately connected with her that any person ever entertained toward her an unkind, unfriendly feeling. It would hardly be exaggeration to say, that

"None knew her but to love her,
None named her but to praise."

The law of kindness was on her lips; and though a person of unyielding moral principle, great firmness of character, independence of mind, and freedom in expressing her opinions, she was never known by a rash, ill-timed expression to wound the feelings of another.

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121 -- MRS. BISHOP MORRIS

Mrs. Bishop Morris died on Monday, November 6, 1871. She had been for many months a great sufferer, but bore all with Christian meekness and triumphant faith. As the life and world receded, heaven and its hopes brightened; and she passed away without a regret for earth, and with a hope full of immortality. She was born May 27, 1800, and had passed her seventy-first year. She was converted while praying in secret, at the age of nine years. Before that she was extremely timid -- afraid of her own shadow, but subsequently was not afraid of darkness, or any of its imaginary evils. She joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in Louisville, Kentucky, under the ministry of Dr. H. B. Bascom, in August, 1819, and continued a consistent member until death, over fifty-two years. She was married to Bishop Morris, June 25, 1844, being the widow of Dr. Meriwether, a prominent member of the same church, in Louisville.

The bereaved bishop speaks thus of her worth: "She was a genial, kind-hearted Christian lady. She was scrupulously honest. Her early opportunities were tolerably good for the times. After leaving school she made considerable efforts to improve her knowledge. Her favorite study was history, both ancient and modern. But of all books she preferred the Bible, which she read daily. She became well versed in the Holy Scriptures, especially the historical part thereof. She excelled in the management of household affairs. Although not extravagant, she was fond of having the best of everything in a plain way, and of seeing all tidy about her house."

Dr. Lowrey, until recently presiding elder of the district where the bishop resides, and who was long and intimately acquainted with Sister Morris, thus characterizes her:

"Sister Morris will be remembered as a cultivated lady -- comely in person, graceful in manners, soft, gentle, and pleasing in address, amiable in disposition, refined in feelings, affection, and taste, polite in social intercourse, prudent and chaste in conversation and conduct, generous and sympathetic -- especially to the needy and those who act in the capacity of servants. Though possessing sufficient spirit to maintain her self-respect and repel any unjust imputation or innuendo, she was careful to avoid personal difficulties and neighborhood wrangles. She coveted and strove to merit the good will and friendship of all.

"Having a good mind, a cultivated taste, and general intelligence, she was an appreciative hearer of excellent preaching and classic thought. This was more especially characteristic of her in former years before her health became impaired, and while the mind retained all its natural vigor and vivacity.

"Not only was Sister Morris attractive and enjoyable personally, socially, and as a Christian, but such was her skill in housewifery that her home was always a seat of order, neatness, and chaste beauty. She made home a most amiable tabernacle -- a sanctuary -- a center of attraction and domestic enjoyment. She flung over it an air of comfort.

As a Christian, our departed sister was sincere and profoundly conscientious. Though timid and retiring, she was a woman of stern fidelity and deep devotion to God and his cause. She had a rich spiritual experience, which was recently perfected to the extent of being saved from all sin."

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122 -- REBECCA L. MOFFITT

Rebecca L. Moffitt, wife of Rev. Allen S. Moffitt of the North Ohio Conference, died in the parsonage at Crestline, August 9, 1873, in the forty-fifth year of her age. She was born in Bloomfield, Morrow County, Ohio, of Christian parents. She experienced religion and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in her thirteenth year. From that period she continued a consistent Christian and a punctual attendant upon the means of grace.

She was united in marriage to her surviving husband October 31, 1866. During the last two years of her life she was a great sufferer; but she bore her affliction with Christian fortitude. Her experience was deep, full, and oftentimes overflowing. She felt that the blood of Christ had been

freely applied to her heart, to the cleansing of all sin. Grace and the assurance of a blessed immortality caused her heart to rejoice in the midst of her affliction.

As she came down into the valley she trembled not; for she felt her Savior was with her. When the cloud of death was settling down upon her she was asked by her husband how it looked, to which she remarked, with emphasis, "All is bright!" At a later period, as she neared the river, she exclaimed, "Oh, this can not be death!" Her husband replied, "No; it is only walking through the valley of the shadow of death. Light is breaking on the mountain-tops." Thus passed away the spirit of a noble woman, one who had done her part in the itinerant field laboring for Jesus. Could mortal ears have caught the sound they might have heard the voice of redeemed spirits, saying, "Sister spirit, come away." Hence her spirit is home at last, "washed in the blood of the Lamb."

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123 -- MARTHA LEWIS

Martha Lewis, widow of Rev. John Bowen of the Baltimore Conference, died August 28, 1877. She was born October 14, 1800, in the city of Williamsport, Pennsylvania, then only a small trading-village. Her early childhood was passed in Muncy, Pennsylvania. The scholastic training was received at Bellefont, Pennsylvania. When sixteen years of age she was married to Matthew B. Grief, M. D., became a widow at eighteen, and soon thereafter a mother. She and a few other self-sacrificing and devoted women were the founders of the first Sunday-school in Williamsport, and were attendants and participants in social religious services held in private houses. At the age of twenty-two, through the instrumentality of the Methodists, she was converted and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Eight years of widowhood having elapsed, she was joined in holy wedlock with Rev. John Bowen, of precious memory, and shared with him almost forty years the shadows and sunshine, toils and triumphs of an active itinerant life. Eighteen months before her death she returned, with her only child, Mrs. Dr. Wright, to live in her native valley.

Sister Bowen was cultured and intelligent. Endowed by nature with a strong and vigorous mind, she stored it with knowledge derived not from works of fiction, but from valuable books, chief among which was God's word. She was unswerving in her fidelity to Christ and the church of her choice. Her experience was clear, steady, scriptural, and heart and life transforming. To her husband she was a helpmeet indeed, and contributed not a little to his success as a pioneer of Methodism. A peaceful and triumphant death, though sudden, was a fitting close to such a life.

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124 -- SARAH E. POLLARD

Sarah E. Pollard, died at Little Rock, Arkansas, April, 19, 1875. Her disease was consumption. When it was apparent that she must soon die, her husband asked her if she still believed that the grace of God would support her in the last conflict. She replied, "He whom I have served so long will not forsake me now. His grace will bear me up." When going away she

took her husband by the hand and said, "Good-bye. Preach Jesus as long as you live, and save as many as you can I am going home to die no more. Glory be to God! I am going across Jordan. But Jesus saves me, bless his holy name." She then shook hands with all present, and called for her babe, Isaac Haven Pollard, kissed him, and said, "Good-bye, my dear little boy. Meet your mamma in heaven." And as she gave him back to his father she said, "Raise him up so that I may meet him in heaven." Then quietly crossing her hands upon her breast she entered the port of life in safety. She was a good wife and a devoted Christian woman.

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125 -- ISABELL HARE

Isabell Hare, of Highland County, Ohio, died February, 22, 1840, in the eighty-eighth year of her age. She was a native of Pennsylvania, but in the year 1795 emigrated to Mason County, Kentucky, and in 1798 to Ross County, Ohio. Rev. Henry Smith, who formed the Scioto Circuit, by her consent, made her house a house of preaching. She and her companion (Michael Hare) embraced religion that year or the following, joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, and continued to hold a worthy standing in that church till death. They both died in great peace, -- he on the 23d of January, 1837. They lived holy, and died happy. Their good name and good deeds will not soon be forgotten by the living who knew them best.

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126 -- FRANCES FELLOWS

Frances Fellows died in Terre Haute, Indiana, January 19, 1880. Her maiden name was Cushman. She was born at Plainfield, Connecticut, November 29, 1794. When a child she removed to Massachusetts, and then to New York. She was married to her first husband, William Banister, at Toronto, Canada, in 1819. In 1820 she removed to Bloomington, Indiana, where her first husband died, in 1831, leaving two children, William and Mary. In 1885 she married Col. Levi Fellows, with whom she lived thirty-four years. She had the early New England type of character, -- intellectual, introspective, with a deep vein of religious feeling, and an abiding conviction that the salvation of the soul overshadowed in importance every other interest. Conscientiously faithful to duty, growing out of any and all the relations of life, -- wife, mother, sister, or friend, -- gentle and refined, she was an honor to the period in which she lived, and a model worthy of the study and imitation of the young of the present time.

She realized the drawings of the divine Spirit early in childhood, but did not yield to its influence until she was twenty-two years of age. When she was brought near to death she promised the Lord if her life were spared she would serve him; and one day while her father was reading to her promises of the word of God, they were applied to her heart by the divine Spirit. From that time until the close of life, a period of over sixty years, she never lost the witness of her acceptance with God. Her own children and her husband's children, six in number, early became Christians. Living to extreme old age, she had trials which were a severe test of the strength of her faith and the quality of her religious character. Having an active mind and quick sympathies with all around her, living largely with her books and pen in correspondence with numerous friends,

with every perception and sensibility keenly active, she became blind, and almost entirely deaf. Thus shut off from the external world, she retained her confidence in the loving kindness of her heavenly Father. The word of God she had not only "hid in her heart," but laid up in the store-house of memory, so that now she could recall a large portion of it. She often repeated whole chapters.

During the last few months of her life, when "heart and flesh were failing," and sometimes she could not remember her own children, she never forgot the promises of God. Some of her last sayings are very precious to her children. Rousing herself from a season of stupor she exclaimed, "Saved! saved! with an everlasting salvation!" Near the close she said, in a clear, strong voice, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." This was her last quotation; for with this her life-work closed and she peacefully passed away, aged eighty-six years.

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127 -- MARGARET JANE BALDWIN

Margaret Jane Baldwin, wife of Rev. Charles R. Baldwin, and daughter of the late Col. Andrew Lewis of Mason County, Virginia, was born July 11, 1811, and became a probationary member of the Methodist Episcopal Church in June, 1833. Her convictions were neither sudden nor overwhelming, nor was she ever able to tell when or where she first felt herself a sinner. But she had uncommonly clear and distressing views of the corruption and utter depravity of her nature, and felt most painfully her need of Christ. Yet she often lamented that her heart was hard, that her convictions were not as deep; nor was she as much engaged as others in working out her salvation, when at the very time the pursuit of religion seemed to engross all the powers of her soul.

It is believed that in the very act of taking up her cross, and publicly avowing herself to be a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, the burden of guilt was removed and the regenerating grace of God communicated to her heart. She had peace with God, exercised faith in his Son, enjoyed almost uninterrupted access to the throne of divine grace, and felt no condemnation for past sin. The promises of the gospel were again and again applied powerfully to her; and she found great comfort in the service of her Maker. Yet she had no ecstasies, and her enjoyments as well as her sorrows seemed so far short of what others experienced that for nearly a year she called herself only a penitent, and upon every suitable occasion presented herself as a mourner at the altar of prayer. At last the Lord manifested himself more powerfully to her while waiting on him in a class-meeting. She was made to rejoice in hope of his glory, and to testify aloud that Jesus was unspeakably precious to her soul.

Her history is soon told. In December, 1833, she became the wife of a traveling Methodist preacher, a station which she always felt to be one of great responsibility, into which she entered with the most painful distrust of her qualifications, but the duties of which she was enabled by divine grace to discharge with the most exemplary fidelity and success. She always endeavored to facilitate, not retard, the labors of her husband. She never hinted a wish that he should under any circumstance remain at home when his duty called him away, or hurry back before his work was

fully accomplished. And when in her last illness it became necessary for him to leave his field of labor, to wait around her sick and dying bed, she was reluctant to give her consent, and was painfully apprehensive lest she should be the cause of drawing him away from what she deemed the more important work of winning souls to Christ.

As a member of the church which Christ hath purchased with his own blood, she was an ardent lover of the doctrines and discipline of that branch to which she belonged, and a faithful attendant upon all the means of grace which its rules, privileges, and ordinances pointed out and afforded. She regularly fasted twice a week, while her health permitted; and her mind, naturally clear and discriminating, and highly improved by education, was enriched in spiritual things by a familiar acquaintance with the writings of Wesley, Fletcher, Watson, and Clarke, and above all, by a deep knowledge of the Bible, which was her constant study and delight. Her piety was deep, her conscience excessively tender, her sense of her unworthiness great, and she felt habitually that every moment she needed the merit of Christ's death. In her happiest hours she served the Lord with fear, and rejoiced with trembling. Her growth in grace was uniform and permanent. Religion with her was not the mere excitement of a meeting, a happy flow of feeling, when congenial spirits meet to pray and sing and talk of heaven, and which sometimes dies with the occasion. It taught her to suffer as well as to obey to bear with patience the crosses and disappointments of life, as well as to look with joyful anticipation to a blessed immortality beyond the grave.

On Saturday, May 30, 1835, it was evident that her end was drawing nigh. Her eyes, after gazing kindly upon her relatives and friends who stood around, were fixed upward. Her breathing became more and more soft and gentle, and without a sigh or struggle her disembodied spirit took its flight, and is now happy in the Lord.

"So fades the summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale where storms are o'er;
So mildly beams the expiring day,
So dies the wave along the shore."

It is perhaps worthy of remark that she was the first of her family to attach herself to the Methodist Church; and before her death she had the rich consolation of seeing her mother and three sisters all acknowledging "one Lord, one faith, one baptism."

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128 -- MARY ELLEN DAVENPORT BROOKS

Mary Ellen Davenport Brooks, wife of Rev. Cyrus Brooks, was born in Jefferson County, Virginia, February 6, 1817. Her husband says:

"Her victory was complete; and when questioned concerning her spiritual state her reply almost uniformly was, 'Jesus is precious.' In the evening I had one of those delightful and to me intensely interesting conversations with her, which are now so hallowed in my memory. She spoke of the past and of the future, of the friends she had loved on earth and the friends she would meet in heaven. And she spoke especially of the Savior, whose blood had redeemed, whose spirit

had regenerated, whose grace had sustained her through life, and into whose glorious presence she was so soon to be admitted. We did not then expect her to live through the night.

"She continued, however, till noon the next day, when she felt that the hand of Death was upon her. I was at the moment in an adjoining room, and she sent for me. She had already given her dying advice to her children, and had spoken with much, feeling to her kind-hearted physician and other friends. She had also urged upon me fidelity in the ministry to my life's end. She had made all her arrangements, and had nothing now left but to take leave, for a time, of those whom she soon hoped to hail on the shores of immortality: And with characteristic delicacy she now requested that all except myself would retire, while we should take leave of each other. The children then received her dying benediction and the last maternal embrace. Her affectionate farewell was finally extended to all, and she calmly awaited the last moment. And soon -- alas! we felt too soon -- it arrived. She raised both hands, and at tempting to clasp them breathed forth, in almost inaudible whisper, 'Oh, glory!' Her hands sunk gently down her eyes became fixed, she gasped a few times, and was gone. There was no groan, no struggle; but she sweetly sunk to rest.

"For Some hours a smile lingered upon her placid countenance; and a friend remarked 'It seems the image of Jesus, which himself has stamped on the clay of his disciple.' In my desolate heart I cherish the memory of these interviews as a legacy of untold value. She was always calm, and, up to the very hour of her death, thoughtful of everything that could bear on the happiness of her family. Yet during the most of this time she had occasional misgivings; and the closing up of her probationary privileges was not contemplated without intense solitude. She had a lively sense of her condition as a redeemed sinner; and the hymn beginning, 'Rock of Ages, cleft for me,' was peculiarly expressive of her feelings. She several times requested that it might be sung, and often repeated, with deep emotion,

'In my hands no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.'

"On Wednesday morning, the 7th of January, she sunk so low that it was thought she could not live through the day. She revived, however, and lingered a short time on the shore before she passed over."

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129 -- ELIZABETH M. MAYO

Elizabeth M. Mayo, wife of Rev. W. I. Mayo, and daughter of John and Elizabeth Hancock, died October 20, 1840. She was born in Fluvanna County, Virginia, January 3, 1773, and was married April 11, 1790, to W. I. Mayo. They removed from Patrick County, Virginia, to Floyd County, Kentucky, in the winter of 1803, and from there to Edgar County, Illinois, in the fall of 1825.

Sister Mayo embraced religion in 1811, and soon after attached herself to the Methodist Episcopal Church. Her husband soon after sought and found the pearl of great price, and joined his companion in the service of their Master. He was licensed to preach in 1818. The disease that

proved fatal with Sister Mayo was dropsy of the chest. For more than a year she had not enjoyed good health, and was looking for her departure. During her confinement (which was about three weeks) she conversed frequently and freely of her approaching dissolution, and charged her husband to tell all her children to serve the Lord and meet her in heaven, at the same time exhorting him most tenderly to live up to his duty, and meet her in glory. Her departure was sudden; but she left this world of trouble without a groan or struggle.

Her every-day walk and conversation corresponded with the gospel she professed; and this spirit and practice she maintained to her last moments. During her last illness, being convinced that her dissolution was at hand, death seemed to have no terror to her; but she rejoiced in prospect of soon hailing the blessed above. Thank God for that religion which enables its possessor to die triumphantly.

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130 -- ELIZABETH TASKER

The death of the lovely in character and person and pure in heart, while impoverishing earth, enriches heaven. Their good deeds ascend before God like holy incense, permeating and sanctifying society. This is especially true of those who have lived blamelessly long and beautifully personified "mothers in Israel." They who have truly honored God and the church for over threescore years are indeed the "salt of the earth," and fit meet for heaven. Few are permitted to remain on earth until they have passed fourscore years; but life is sometimes wonderfully lengthened to illustrate the beauty of holiness in old age, and furnish a type of the perfection that saints may attain to in this life before being transplanted to the bliss of heaven.

Among the more recent deaths our church and society mourn, whose excellences are worthy of the highest portraiture here outlined, was that "elect lady," Mrs. Elizabeth Tasker, the honored and devoted wife of Rev. Thomas T. Tasker, Sr., of Philadelphia. A native of Delaware, married in 1829, and resident in Philadelphia about fifty-four years, she entered heaven in holy triumph, after a pilgrimage on earth of over eighty years. From her early married life she enjoyed the higher graces of the Holy Spirit, sometimes termed the second blessing, -- though her religious deportment was without much outward expression of feeling, but, as she often expressed it, "You know, the Holy Spirit does not operate in all hearts alike; and there is not the same manifestation." [This sentence was truncated with "manifes-" -- I added the "tion" on it and inserted a period and close quotation marks. -- DVM] From that time forward there was steady growth in the divine likeness until death, and she feasted daily on the manna of heaven.

There was a nobility of mind, as in personal appearance, that impressed others with whom she came in contact; and those who mingled with her in the family circle and society felt her molding power. Her winning ways and gentle manners made her a favorite wherever she went. These elements of character developed in her early womanhood; and to her frugal habits, wise counsels, methodical ways, and consistent Christian life doubtless much is due in helping to lay the foundation for the wonderful career of her honored and successful husband. No sacrifice with her was too great for the comfort and success of her husband. No barrier ever stood in the way of his compliance with the numerous calls of the church through her act. Nothing was allowed to be

wasted in her house, and prodigality was avoided; and yet her generosity and labors for the good of others and the glory of God were without stint or measure. With the advance of years and increase of wealth at her command she still was, as she had always been, the meek and loving disciple of the Lord.

In person she was of a fine, majestic appearance. With a countenance radiant and winning, her society was a benediction in every place. Her stalwart sons, like her devoted daughters, thought no gift that money could purchase or affliction bring too great for her to enjoy. [This sentence does not make good sense, but thus it was printed. There seems to have been a printer's errors on this page. -- DVM] No wonder they would rise up while living and call "her blessed;" and now her name and memory to them is like "ointment poured forth."

After she had passed the meridian of life her health became so impaired as to prevent her from enjoying much of the "communion of saints" in the house of God. Seemingly there was but little evidence in her movements to indicate pain as she moved in her orbit of every-day life; and yet she silently suffered without complaint. Her mission was to make others happy and contented without caring for her bodily sufferings. This sweet spirit was maintained to the last; and as she neared her fourscore years the noble structure by degrees began to crumble. First, sight failed, and suddenly her limbs yielded to the touch of time; and then in helplessness she lay on her couch for the "coming of her Lord." Under the inspiring watch-care of her devoted husband and family she lingered some time on the edge of Jordan.

Among her last utterances she said, "Home, sweet home! heavenly home! glorious home! and my home!" She raised her hands and joined her fingers together, pointing upward, and said, "O Jesus! precious Jesus! thou art mine; and always hast been since I first received thy blessing! Glory! glory! hallelujah! Praise the Lord!" Thus she triumphed till the chariot of the Lord appeared and transported her to the realms of glory.

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131 -- ELEANOR EVANS COOK

Eleanor Evans Cook, wife of Rev. J. S. Cook Of the Philadelphia Conference, was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, April 21, 1831, and died at the same place, November 29, 1879, aged fifty-eighty years. It is impossible to overstate her faithfulness as wife and mother. She abounded in zeal and self-sacrificing love. Some time after her marriage her husband was called to the ministry, and was received by the Philadelphia Conference. In his new relation he was sustained by her faith, sympathy, and practical help. She sought untiringly to meet all its demands, and invariably won the love of the people.

About twenty months previous to her death her health began to fail. By advice of her physicians she was brought to her son's home, where all that medical skill and filial affection could suggest was done for her. She was so grateful and patient and self-forgetful that it was a delight to minister to her. The day before her death she spoke calmly, but without reserve, of her departure. To her faith it was simply transition. She responded exultantly when they sung, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," or repeated, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will

fear no evil." Among her very last words were, "I have the rod and the staff" Referring to her husband, providentially detained from her side, she expressed her satisfaction, knowing that he was doing his duty.

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132 -- MARY MCDONALD

Mary McDonald, wife of the late Mr. William McDonald of Brooklyn, and mother of Mrs. Dr. F. Bottome of the New York Conference, and Mrs. Dr. T. H. Pearne of the Cincinnati Conference, died May 4, 1880, after a protracted illness, in the seventy-fifth year of her age -- a beautiful example of the fruit of early piety on the stock of equally beautiful Christian parentage in a life of earnest but simple consecration to God.

She was converted in the thirteenth year of her age, and at once associated with the Methodist Episcopal Church in Forsyth Street, New' York, from which church, while yet young, she removed with her husband to Brooklyn, and at once with him affiliated with the Sands Street Church, in which she maintained her membership up to the time of her rising to the home above.

Here, for nearly sixty years, her name has been as ointment poured forth, for the last twenty-eight years fulfilling to the letter St. Paul's characteristics of a widow indeed, "well reported of for good works; if she have brought up children, if she have lodged strangers, if she have washed the saints' feet, if she have relieved the afflicted, if she have diligently followed every good work." To her fidelity in all this the wide interest and sympathy excited in her last illness, through so large a circle of the community in which she had so long lived, bore most touching testimony.

Day after day the house of her son, Mr. Edgar McDonald, of Brooklyn, where the aged saint was closing her last hours, was the scene of constant inquiry and desire on the part of friends to see her once more, and to hear a last benediction from her lips, so used to the blessed work of blessing others.

A life-long motto with her had been the divine admonition, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." All her life- she had been sowing kindness and Christian love; and now in her age and long infirmity she reaped an abundance of tenderest sympathies from both young, and old; so that her room was rather a place of social greetings and constant religious joy and service, than of any sadness and tears. Her mind, so richly stored with spiritual truths, especially from the Bible and the hymnology of the church, seemed to recover all the vivacity of her youthful days; and her conversations were remarkable for their cheerful wisdom and persuasive unction, so much so, indeed, that several of her visitors, until then strangers to God, were won to him, and declared their determination from that time to seek the same grace which had so wonderfully transformed that chamber of death into the vestibule of life.

A friend, in speaking of Mrs. McDonald, says: "Her children, a dozen or more in number, every one of them God-fearing men and women and members of the church, speak in their lives the blessed influence of a godly mother.

"During her last days, with a bright and undimmed intellect, her mind constantly clear and her memory wonderfully tenacious, she called up passages of scripture, and repeated verse after verse of the old standard hymns; and if any one commenced a passage of scripture and hesitated about the correctness of the quotation, she promptly took it up and completed the verse. So it was, day after day, caring nothing for her pains, only waiting, patiently waiting, for the hour of her departure; and when it came she fell asleep as peacefully as an infant would fall asleep in the arms of its mother.

"I stood by the bedside of the dying woman twice during the last few days of her life, and will never forget the wonderful influence of her strong faith in God. Heaven, indeed, was a reality to her; and those who were privileged to see her in her last days received a lesson of the faith and never-doubting belief that a life-time of devotion to God had strengthened until there was nothing wanting."

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133 -- RUTH YOUNG

Ruth Young, wife of Rev. Jacob Young, died August 6, 1837, full of faith, hope, and charity, aged fifty-five years. This brief account is by her husband. This excellent woman was the daughter of John and Rebecca Spahr, and was born in Washington County, Pennsylvania, in the time of Indian wars, where her parents had to endure many privations. When little Ruth was a child they left that part of the country, and settled in Ohio County, Virginia. Her parents were both intelligent and pious; and Ruth was trained in the ways of religion and truth, from which training she never departed. In the fifteenth year of her age the Lord permitted her to see light in his light. She saw the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and the deep depravity of her own heart. She became a great penitent, and sought and obtained the forgiveness of her sins.

After having united herself to the Methodist Episcopal Church, she made an entire surrender of herself to God; and in this happy frame, and in happy circumstances, she lived in her father's house eleven years. She then became united in marriage to the writer of this memoir, who was, by the providence of God and the appointments of the bishops, called to travel far and wide over high hills, and through low valleys and dismal swamps. She sometimes went with me on my long journeys; but for the most part she lived at home, worked hard, and raised her family alone, while she had to contend with narrow circumstances. The degree of prudence, industry, and economy which shone in all she did is not for me to mention at this time. As a neighbor, a Christian, a wife, and a mother, she had few equals. Patience and fortitude were prominent features in her character, and stood out in bold relief whenever she was called to speak or act.

She was the subject of much affliction, which she, always bore with Christian fortitude, She was blessed with many friends; and those who knew her best loved her most. She was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church forty-one years, and was never censured or reproved by any member of the church, to my knowledge. She was a married woman twenty-eight years. But with all her intelligence, moral purity, and happiness, she is gone, and gone from me. I loved her much; and while I write I feel most exquisitely. The loss to me and my family can never be repaid;

but I am resigned, Though I sorrow, I sorrow not as those who have no hope. I would not call her back if I had the power.

On the 4th day of April, 1837, she had a paralytic stroke, from which she never recovered. She suffered; and she suffered much. To make an exhibit of all she endured from April to August would be unpleasant and unprofitable; but during the whole time God never left her for a moment. Though she had not the lively ecstasies of faith at all times, yet she had the most unshaken confidence in God; and as she drew near her end her sky became quite clear. She had some temptations; but for days and weeks there was

"Not a cloud to arise, to darken her skies,
Or to hide for a moment the Lord from her eyes."

She fell asleep in Christ without a sigh, a groan, or a distorted feature.

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134 -- MRS. CURRENCE CAMP

Mrs. Currence Camp, wife of Rev. Harvey Camp, formerly of the Ohio and North Ohio conferences, but at present writing a member of the New York Conference, was born in New Canaan, Connecticut, January 21, 1798. Her father was a member of the Congregational Church, and a strong Calvinist. She was regular in attendance with her father on the services of the church. The church to which her father belonged was sustained by the authorities of the state. All persons owning property were required to pay tax for the support of said church, unless they could produce a certificate of membership in some other society. The subject of this memoir evinced a love for the amusements of the day, especially dancing, which was much practiced by the professing Christians of that day.

The Methodist people at that period were few in number, and much persecuted and despised by the members of other churches. They were regarded as an ignorant and fanatical people, engaged in propagating strange and erroneous doctrines, and would, if possible, deceive the very elect. They were found in isolated neighborhoods and sparse settlements, holding their meetings in private dwellings, barns, school-houses, and under the shade of forest-trees. They had a regular preaching-place at the house of Captain Crowfoot, not far from the residence of the father of Miss Currence. Occasionally they held quarterly meeting at the same place. These were generally seasons of great religious awakening.

On one occasion some fell to the floor under the mighty power of God and remained in that state several hours, much like a person that was dead. These strange exercises attracted many persons to the place of worship. Miss Currence, with others, out of mere curiosity, went to the meeting to see what was then termed by way of derision "a dead Methodist." However, during the meeting it pleased God, by his Holy Spirit, to arrest her in her youthful career of sinning; and for days and weeks her anguish of spirit was so great that she could not conceal it from her friends. Her father became angry, and forbid her attending the meetings in the future. So great was her

anxiety to attend the evening meetings of the Methodists that after retiring to her bed-room she would climb out the window, although she knew severe punishment awaited her.

No doubt her professed Christian father thought he was doing God service by whipping his beloved daughter. He at last prohibited her from reading the family Bible. But the Lord soon opened a way. A young friend loaned her his pocket-Bible, which she read daily in her room and concealed it in her bed. At length, while pensive and alone in her room, the Lord in infinite mercy removed the burden from her heart and spoke peace to her troubled soul. She now greatly desired to unite with the Methodists, who had been instrumental in her conversion to God from Calvinism to the doctrines of free and full salvation as taught by Methodist preachers. But she met with severe and continued opposition.

In the year 1818 she was united in marriage to Mr. Camp, and emigrated to Sharon, Ohio, which was then comparatively a dense wilderness. Mr. Camp was licensed as a local preacher, and in 1838 was received on trial in the Ohio Conference. Mrs. Camp cheerfully made the needed preparations for removal, and left her pleasant home in Mansfield with her husband and four small children, knowing not the trials, the inconveniences, and the privations she would be called to endure as the wife of an itinerant preacher at that early period of the history of the church. She was a great help to her husband during his itinerant career. She held female prayer-meetings, attended Sunday-school, and acted as teacher, or female superintendent. Her husband often had to travel large circuits, and was seldom at home. But during his absence she regularly kept up family prayer, governing well and instructing her children faithfully in the good and the right way; and in answer to her fervent prayers all her children were converted and became members of the church before they were twelve years of age.

In 1849 while residing in Sandusky City, during the prevalence of the cholera, Mrs. Camp, in company with her husband, went to the village of Republic, where she was violently attacked by the dreaded disease, and died in less than twelve hours. She retained her reason, and was enabled to give her dying charge to her youngest son, who closed the eyes of his mother. Before her death she requested Bro. Ward to preach her funeral sermon from these words, "He that endureth to the end, the same shall be saved."

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135 -- MRS. _____ BOUDINOT

The Conqueror's Song.

[Written on reading in the New York Observer the dying words of Mrs. Boudinot, ' And then how sweet will be the conqueror's song "]

The dying saint, serenely sweet,
Has laid her all at Jesus' feet;
And looking upward to the skies,
She presses on to reach the prize.

She sought not for an earthly crown
By deeds of glory and renown,
But hath the palm of victory won,
To sing in death The Conqueror's Song.

And fearless, she could smile on death,
And, with her last expiring breath,
Speak of triumphs Christ has won,
And sing by faith The Conqueror's Song.

Her spirit has been welcom'd home
By saints around the Father's throne,
To mingle with that happy throng,
And sweet is now her Conquering Song.

But oft the red man thinks of one,
Who shared with him his forest home,
And tells his babes of her who's gone
To sing in heaven The Conqueror's Song!

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136 -- JANE TRIMBLE

Jane Trimble was born in Augusta County, Virginia, March 15, 1755, and die at the residence of her eldest son, Governor Allen Trimble, in Hillsborough, Ohio, August 1, 1839. She was the eldest of the numerous family of James and Margaret Allen, and married James Trimble, who then resided near Staunton, Virginia, but who emigrated with his small family to Kentucky, in 1784, and settled in what was afterward Wood County. Here he lived till the fall of 1804, when he died, leaving his wife and eight children, the oldest a minor.

Some years before his death Captain Trimble became satisfied that slavery was a moral as well as a political evil; and in 1802 he manumitted his slaves, and determined to remove with his family to Ohio. In 1804, after having made a small improvement and put up a cabin on his land in Highland County, Ohio, and returned to Kentucky to remove his family to their new home, he was attacked with bilious fever, and died. Mrs. Trimble had not been anxious to remove with a young and large family from their comfortable home in Kentucky to a new country. But after her husband's death she determined to carry out his purposes on this subject; and in 1804 she removed with her young family -- six sons and two daughters -- to her humble cottage in the wilderness. Here she remained till 1812, when, for want of suitable schools, she sent three of her sons and one daughter abroad to be educated, and removed with the residue of her family to the residence of her son, Allen Trimble, who had settled in Hillsborough, Here she remained until her children were settled in business, and afterward considered it her home for life.

Mrs. Trimble embraced religion at an early age, and became a member of the Presbyterian Church, to which her parents, who were eminent Christians, belonged. In this church she remained

a number of years; and it is not known that she ever formally withdrew from it. About the year 1797 some of her husband's relatives in Virginia embraced the doctrines of the Methodist Episcopal Church. This led Captain Trimble and wife to investigate those doctrines, which resulted in the conviction that they were more in accordance with the Bible than any other; and they embraced them. Mrs. Trimble, however, was no bigot. Her feelings toward other denominations were of the most liberal kind. No matter by what name a Christian might be called, she was ever ready to say, If thy heart be right with my heart, as my heart is with thine, give me thy hand.

She was no ordinary Christian. Her whole heart was devoted to the cause of Christ. She was a woman of much prayer, and of strong faith in her approaches to a throne of grace. Often were her supplications heard by the bedside of the sick, in the hut of poverty, and even in the cell of the prisoner. No difficulties could prevent her from searching out the wretched and afflicted, and administering to their necessities. She was the first person that established a Sabbath school in Hillsborough; and though the difficulties were great, it was kept up, with occasional intermissions, until it became permanently established.

She was a woman of strong intellect and excellent conversational powers. But the subject upon which she delighted, above all others, to converse was religion. She would introduce it upon all occasions, and in all companies. Trivial matters were waived; and she always found occasion to say something about Christ Jesus and him crucified.

The afflictions that terminated her life were considerably protracted; but during the whole time she enjoyed the presence of the Savior, and had a hope full of immortality. Though her memory so failed that she scarcely knew her friends, she did not forget Jesus. At the mention of his name she was in raptures; and to the last moment she was happy in his love.

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137 -- ANN CARTELS

Ann Cartels, wife of John S. Carter, died at Bethel, Clermont County, Ohio, March 31, 1840, in the forty-eighth year of her age. She was born near Squankurm, New Jersey, in 1793. She embraced religion and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church when a little girl, and from that day until her death -- upward of thirty years -- remained a faithful and worthy member. In the year 1815 she, with her husband, removed to the then far West. Truly it may be said she was a patron of piety.

Her affliction, which was severe, lasted twenty-seven days. She was then released from a world of sorrow and pain, and went to a world of immortality and eternal life. But in all her sufferings not a murmur or complaint dropped from her lips. A short time before she departed she took her husband and nine of her children (one being at a distance) by the hands and bid each of them a final farewell, requesting them all to meet her in heaven. The evening before she expired, as long as she could raise her hands she waved them in holy triumph, and gave every sign she possibly could that she was both willing and ready to depart; and there is not a doubt but that her peace was made with God. Her husband lost a kind and loving wife, her children a good Christian mother, and the church a worthy member; but their loss was her eternal gain. Her funeral was

preached by our venerable father, Benjamin Lakin, from Num. 23:10, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

"Thus shall the soul be truly blest,
That seeks in Jesus his only rest."

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138 -- ANN KING

Ann King died in Baltimore, Maryland, July 13, 1836, in the seventy-seventh year of her age, after a protracted illness of nearly two years, which she bore with exemplary patience and resignation. She was a native of Leicester, England, but for the last thirty-two years of her life a resident of Baltimore. She was among the early fruits of the labors of Rev. John Wesley and those preachers in connection with him, being brought to the knowledge of God in Christ Jesus about the eighteenth year of her age. It pleased God that she should have a full share of the persecution and tribulation of those days for the trial of her faith, which in after-life proved to be more precious than earthly treasure. Through all the vicissitudes of her eventful life she was never known to murmur nor charge God foolishly, but in patience possessed her soul; and when unable to speak she gave every intimation of her willingness to depart and be with Christ, which is far better. She was remarkably careful in bringing up her children in the doctrine and discipline of our holy religion; and her labors in this respect were not in vain in the Lord. Out of seven children that attained maturity, six are acceptable members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, although scattered in different parts of our country. One of them died in the triumph of faith a short time before the death of her aged parent.

The affliction that terminated the earthly career of this venerable mother in Israel was peculiarly painful. Being taken with a paralytic stroke on the 18th of December, 1884, she was deprived in a great measure of the use of her limbs and speech. it was not that her relatives and friends knew: how to appreciate the value of those instructions and admonitions which had fallen from the tongue that now refused to do its office. It pleased God to take her from suffering to reward, July 13, 1836.

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139 -- SOPHIA MCLEAN

Sophia McLean died at Ridgeville, Ohio, on Friday, November J, 1839, aged about eighty-six years. She was a native of New Jersey, where she was married: in 1789 the family removed to Kentucky, where they continued to reside until 1797, when they removed to the north-western territory, and settled on the farm occupied by her son, Judge McLean, where she continued to live until her death.

Her disease was protracted; but she was not heard to murmur. She suffered patiently, and with an entire resignation to the will of her heavenly Father. From the commencement of her illness she looked to the hour of her departure as the hour of her deliverance. When extremely low she

heard of the death of her youngest son, William McLean. This expected and melancholy intelligence she received with Christian fortitude. It rather increased her desire to be absent from the body; but in this she was resigned to the will of God. At length when the hand of death was upon her, and her children and friends were around her bed, her words were, "Peace -- all is peace within." She said she was not in pain; and she did not seem to suffer. Her respiration required a little more labor than usual; and in this state she continued, retaining her faculties until she fell asleep in Jesus. No death could be more tranquil. There was no struggle, nor distortion of a muscle. A slight movement of the muscles of the face was the only indication of pain that was witnessed. When dying, her hands were clasped and her heart uplifted in prayer. In such a death there was no terror. It was peaceful, eminently peaceful; and it was her prayer that she might thus die. She was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

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140 -- MARTHA. J. LEWIS

Martha J. Lewis, wife of Rev. Joseph S. Lewis, and daughter of John and Ann Keeley, was born in Oxford, Ohio, January 1, 1825. When only eight years of age she united with the Methodist Episcopal Church on probation, giving her hand to Father Crame. This good old man took the child in his arms and blessed her. Though strictly moral, and adorned with all the outward virtues and excellences that could interest and please, she knew not the pardoning love of God until she was about eighteen years old. On the 28th of March, 1843, after he who was afterward her husband had preached from I. John iv. 16, she came to the altar of prayer; and after struggling long and earnestly, just as the minister was about to dismiss the congregation, God spoke peace to her soul.

From this time her peace flowed as a river; and for months she realized that not a cloud arose to darken the prospect which faith opened up before her. In the class-room, the Sabbath-school, the prayer-meeting, and the social circle she labored to glorify God in the salvation of those among whom she was providentially thrown. Amid the privations incident to a new country the hands of her husband were often weary, and his heart often waxed faint and well-nigh failed him. But our sister proved to him a helpmeet in his calling. When he was bowed down, she would kneel with him, and with strong faith call upon God to support and strengthen him in the performance of his duty. She never refused or seemed unwilling to share his labor, but rather was eager to do more than her strength would allow, never did she express a wish, or even harbor the thought of his desisting from the work.

In the last conversation of any extent she had with her husband she told him that her trust was in her Redeemer; that she reposed upon him as the child upon its mother's arms; that she was safe. At this time she became so happy that she praised God with the feeble remnant of her voice. The day before she died, in a lucid interval she called her husband to her side and said, "I want to tell you that you are as loved as ever in my eyes. I want you never to cease teaching religion." The same night she became very happy, and thought she was in heaven and heard angelic songs.

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141 -- MARY SHADFORD EASTON

Mary Shadford Easton was born November 14, 1775, in Scotten, a small town in Lincolnshire, England, five miles from Epworth, the early home of the Wesley family. She received her middle name from her cousin, Rev. George Shadford, one of the missionaries sent to America by John Wesley, in 1773. Her parents were Wesleyan Methodists of the primitive stamp, whose motto was, "Holiness to the Lord." They brought up their children in the "nurture and admonition of the Lord," and opened their house for the entertainment of God's ministers, and for the preaching of the word. Mr. Wesley was a frequent guest at her father's home; and she enjoyed, when quite young, the blessed privilege of conversing with him and hearing the gospel from his lips. Under these hallowing influences, in 1793, while in her eighteenth year, she was happily converted to God. She joined the Methodist Church at a quarterly meeting in Gainsborough, at which Rev. Richard Watson, then a young man, was present and exhorted.

She was united in marriage, February 2, 1800, to Rev. Edward Easton, a gifted and cultured local minister of the Methodist Church. They emigrated to America in 1816, settling in Maysville, Kentucky, but afterward, in 1838, in Ripley, Ohio. Here she had a happy home until October 2, 1871, when she exchanged it for a happier, "even a heavenly." Her noble and pious husband had preceded her thither by about twenty years. She was the mother of thirteen children, two of whom died in infancy and were buried in England. Eleven grew to maturity in this country, all of whom became members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Two of these departed this life at Ripley, Ohio, in hope of the better life above. Nine survive her, the youngest of whom is more than fifty years of age. Her descendants number in all one hundred sixty-three, more than one hundred of whom are still living. Her blessing was more than that of the good man referred to by the psalmist. She saw not only her "children's children," but the children of her grandchildren, as well as "peace upon Israel."

She was an earnest and eloquent pleader for human liberty, and an ardent lover of her adopted country. During the gate rebellion, although then in her eighty-sixth year, she knit socks at the rate of one per day for the feet of our noble soldier boys. But above all, she was a Christian, "holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners," -- a lover of the house of the Lord, faithful to the last in attendance upon its ordinances, and "abounding in every good word and work." "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all." Her children rise up and call her blessed," and "her own works praise her in the gates."

Her last illness was brief, but her sufferings were at times severe; yet she bore all with uncomplaining patience. Her confidence in Christ was unshaken, her peace passing understanding, and her hope full of immortality. Thus, in her ninety-sixth year, full of days and honors, and gently as sinks a babe to slumber in its mother's arms, she reclined her head on Jesus' bosom, and "breathed her life out sweetly there." Of her it may be eminently written, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them." -- William H. Sutherland

I have known Mother Easton personally more than fifty years. She was a humble child of God; and from a knowledge of her life and Christian experience I know that I shall meet her in heaven. Endeared by her unassuming manners and gentleness to a large circle of friends, we can not but mourn her absence from the society which she enlivened by her presence, and sweetened

by her holy life and godly deportment. She Was instant in season and out of season, always abounding in the work of the Lord. The mourners in Zion were comforted by the sweet words which fell from her lips; the impenitent were humbled in her presence; and many disconsolate and backslidden members of the church were wooed to their duty and to their God by her faith and zeal in the Master's cause.

Her heart was the abode of all that is excellent in the affections, sanctified by constant communion with God and an ardent desire to promote his glory and the general good of the church. Her conversation was in heaven, administering balm and consolation to the afflicted and joy to the glad of heart; and such was her peculiar tact and knowledge of Christian experience that she did truly weep with those that wept and mourn with those who mourned. Sympathetic and tender of heart, her friendship was genuine. A dear lover of her brethren and sisters in the Lord, and a most devoted wife and mother, she threw around her cheerfulness and joy wherever she went, while her happy countenance and singularly soft and amiable manners spoke volumes to the heart and to the eye. But she has passed away like a beautiful dream. She has gone to join her kindred spirits about the throne. -- M. P. Gaddis, Sr.

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142 -- MRS. ALEXANDER MEHARRY

Mrs. MeHarry, wife of Rev. Alexander Meharry, of the Cincinnati Conference, died near Bainbridge, Ohio. In the fall of 1842 she became acquainted with Rev. A. Meharry; and after an acquaintance of two years they were joined in marriage by Rev. Joseph M. Trimble.

The hand of disease was laid upon Sister Meharry. Her health continued failing; and the moon had scarcely made a single circuit around the earth, when her friends were called to stand by her dying-couch. As death approached the adversary struck sore at her, and for some hours a darkness thick and painful hung around. But her fervent prayer entered the ears of the Highest. The adversary was rebuked and repelled, the cloud of darkness gave way, and the Sun of Righteousness arose with healing in his wings, to be obscured no more. When the frail bark was about to launch out upon the cold water of the Jordan of death she called for her husband to receive her parting words and see her die.

As the weeping husband approached her bed she exclaimed, "Husband, my dear husband, I must leave you. Our union has been short, -- not quite three years, -- but it has been sweet. You have been a kind husband to me." The husband rejoined, "Do you feel the Savior precious?" She replied, with emphasis, "God is love -- my God is fully reconciled -- I am now fully ready to die if my friends were here." At that moment her friends gathered in from the adjoining rooms, and approached the dying saint. She said, "I want to tell you, my friends, if I am not deceived, (O God, let me not be deceived!) that God is love. I feel that my peace is made, and I enjoy a sweet foretaste of that rest which I shall soon enjoy." Turning to her husband she said, "Go forth, preach the gospel, be faithful to your charge, and the Lord will sustain you. Weep not for me. Farewell -- meet me in heaven."

Casting her eyes upon the form of her aged mother she said, "Mother, my dear mother, little did I think when I last visited you in your affliction that I should go before you. You are now old, and leaning upon the top of your staff You will soon follow me. Farewell, my dear mother; meet me in heaven." To her sisters she said, "I can not call you all by name, for want of strength. Be faithful -- farewell -- meet me in heaven." To her brothers-in-law, "I bid you an affectionate farewell -- meet me in heaven." To her brothers, "Say to each of them, Farewell -- meet me in heaven."

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143 -- JESSIE MOORE SUTHERLAND

Jessie Moore Sutherland, daughter of Edward D. and Elizabeth L. Moore, was born in Seymour, Connecticut, July 17, 1851, and died at her home in Fairmount, Cincinnati, Ohio, February 2, 1880. She graduated with honor from the Cincinnati Wesleyan College in the class of 1871.

Mrs. Sutherland was religiously endowed by nature, and religiously inclined from childhood. She knew herself to be a child of God by faith in Jesus Christ. She ripened early into womanhood. When but a girl she presided at the organ in Blanchard Mission-School, and was afterward, for a time, organist of York Street Church, Cincinnati. She was a successful teacher in the Sunday school, and was ever efficient in such parts of church -work as fell to her lot. In her convictions, professions, and friendships she was thoroughly honest, without guile, without hypocrisies, wearing the white flower of a blameless life, and the adornment of a meek and quiet spirit.

She was married to Rev. John W. Sutherland, of the Cincinnati Conference, August 21, 1878, and proved herself thereafter, under varied circumstances, the devoted wife of a faithful Methodist preacher. She was entirely in sympathy with her husband in his ministerial labors, and greatly endeared herself to the people of the charges served by him after their marriage.

She loved her friends with all the ardor of her nature; and friendships once formed were for life, such as no reverses of fortune could change. She was the companion and joy of her mother, the pride of her father, and the loving adviser and wise counselor of her brothers and sister. They miss her, but think of her as gone on before -- as waiting for them; for she said it seemed to her that in heaven her husband and kindred must be nearer to her than others. Accustomed to watch from her door for the coming of loved ones, she looked forward to the speedy reunion in the eternal home, and said, "I'll be waiting at the gate."

Her last illness was sharp and short and quick. She met death with resignation, and gave directions for her funeral with utmost composure. At one time she said, "I want to be ready to die if it is the Lord's will;" at another time, "If God wants to take me, I am ready to go." "The Lord has forgiven all my sins. The blood of Christ has cleansed my heart." While her mother was repeating the twenty-third psalm, at the words, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want," she looked up into her face and said, "My God shall supply all your need; he will satisfy all your

wants." The last morning of her life she tried to sing, "Tell me the old, old story;" but her strength failed, and she could only look the words she was unable to speak. Once when spoken to of those already at rest, she rejoiced and said, "The best of all is Jesus." Living and dying she was the Lord's and is now eternally safe with him. She has left the rich legacy of her Christian life to those who deeply mourn her loss.

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144 -- MRS. WILLIAM PHILIPS

The following account of the death of Mrs. Philips, wife of the late Rev. William Philips, formerly editor of the Western Christian Advocate, and father of J. M. Philips, book-agent at New York, will be read with peculiar interest, being prepared by a lady acquaintance

My first acquaintance with sister Philips was on being called to watch with her, early in her confinement. I went in the early part of the evening, and found her very feeble, and not in a condition to converse. When we were alone I took my seat close by the bed. She asked me to feel her pulse, and see if she was dying. I did so, and told her I apprehended no immediate danger. I inquired into the state of her mind. She told me the Lord was with her, and that she never had been so sustained in passing through severe trials. She said, "I never before felt such a struggle of soul for sanctification." I remarked to her that she must continue to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ with all heart, and that he would perfect that which was lacking. She replied, "I never had such faith before. My faith does not waver in the least."

She also remarked, "I never felt such a spirit of prayer. The Lord pours it upon me continually." I then told her that such strong faith was an evidence that God was sanctifying her in the furnace of affliction; that I trusted the Lord was bringing her more fully unto himself, and making her to partake more fully of his divine nature. She answered, "I feel that something is before me, and I believe it is death. I can tell you, however, that all is well." A short time afterward I told her she had better compose herself to sleep. She replied, "I can not; I must pray." After this she remained in silent prayer until toward morning.

For two days after this her mind was wandering. I continued to visit her until her death, inquiring from time to time into her spiritual state. She seemed at all times to be perfectly patient, and to enjoy the presence of the Lord. She was delighted with spiritual conversation, and several times expressed herself thus to me: "If it should be the will of the Lord to raise me up again for the good of my family, it would be desirable; but the Lord knows best. I am willing that his will should be done." She Sabbath morning previous to her death I visited her, and asked how she felt in her mind. She replied, "I have received grace to give up my family into the hands of the Lord. I have obtained faith to believe that he will provide for them. And since that time my confidence has been greatly increased, and I feel much happier." I told her she was near her journey's end -- at which she seemed exceedingly pleased. Her mind was perfectly calm and happy.

I visited her the evening before her death. I went up to the bed and said, "Sister Philips, your sufferings will soon be over, and you will unite with your husband and children around the throne of God and the Lamb, in the praises of that Jesus who hath redeemed you and washed you in

his most precious blood." She replied, "I know nay husband is there, but I do not know that I shall get there." I saw she was suffering severe temptation. I asked her if she desired prayer. I knelt, with two or three pious sisters, beside her bed. Prayer was offered, and an answer was given. We arose, and found that the Lord was blessing her.

She said, "The Lord is able to do" all things. His grace is sufficient for me. Nothing in this world deserves one thought but God and heaven. Several passages of scripture were read to her. Placing her arms around my neck, and drawing my face to hers she said, "I mount; I fly to heaven!" She then asked us to sing. An appropriate hymn was sung, and she joined in repeating some part of it. She continued very happy through the night, and approached death with such holy triumph that several times she inquired if she were not in heaven. The children were all present, and received her dying admonition.

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145 -- HESTER ANN PERRY

Hester Ann Perry, wife of Rev. H. J. Perry, of the Kentucky Conference, died September 15, 1838. The deceased was a native of Jessamine County, Kentucky. She was a child of Methodism, and taught the doctrines and precepts of our holy religion from her childhood. When about fourteen years of age she identified herself with the people of God, and earnestly sought till she obtained the pearl of great price.

She was married in the fall of 1832, and entered immediately into the privations, fatigues, and difficulties consequent upon the life of an itinerant, all Of which she endured with much fortitude and patience. She never intimated a desire for her husband to locate, but often expressed astonishment that any lady would marry a traveling minister, and then wish him to cease to travel. It was indeed foreign to her feelings. She wanted her husband to travel as long as the Lord would give him health and strength to do so. She ever felt much concerned about the cause of God generally, but especially in that portion of the work where she was stationed.

She fell a victim to death in the morning of life. But, thanks to high Heaven, that religion which had sustained the ills of life to her, was her crown of rejoicing in the trying hour. Ministers and other friends conversed with her frequently during her short illness. Her sky was always clear and her prospects brilliant. She conversed with calmness about her departure, and gave instructions relative to her children and domestic concerns, as one going a journey of a few days. She conversed with equal composure about the fearful realities of eternity.

At one time she said to the choice of her youth, "When we are well we look on death and eternity as being a great way off; and when looking thus upon death it appears as a fearful monster" But now there seems to be only a thin veil between me and eternity, and when death is near it is but a shadow?" I want all the people in this town to meet me in heaven. Tell them so; for I am bound for the kingdom." She repeated many appropriate fragments of poetry, would join in singing the songs of Zion, and was often heard to praise God.

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Maggie Mullenix was married on the 15th of June, 1876, to Rev. W. M. Mullenix, of the Kentucky Conference. She was converted when about eight years of age, in Charlottesville, Virginia. Her preferences were with the old Methodist Episcopal Church, and when an opportunity offered she united with the church in Charleston, West Virginia. She died in Newport, October 26, 1878.

Sister Mullenix combined in a marked degree those qualities of mind and heart which made her presence a blessing in any home. She was the embodiment of innocence and purity. She was perfectly unselfish, always caring more for the comfort of others than for herself; and never did she utter a word which could be construed into the slightest disregard for the welfare of others. She always delighted in the work of the church; and at the early age of sixteen she had' charge of the primary class in the Sabbath-school in Charleston, in which work she continued during her residence there. She was so thoroughly enlisted in all that pertained to the prosperity of the Master's cause as to win the love of the Christians with whom she was intimately associated in that work. She was anxious to live for the sake of her husband and little boy, whose young love clung so tenaciously about a mother's heart.

Her religious experience was evidently deepening during these months, as was evinced by her increasing appreciation of the sacred word and prayer and the work of the church. There was not a cloud on her spiritual sky, and the promises of the Bible were to her the voice of a kind and loving Father. Her appreciation of the worth of souls was now all-absorbing, and to secure their recovery was a great object for which she desired restoration to health.

There were features in this experience which must well-nigh carry the conviction of a demonstration to all minds. Every spiritual interest appeared to culminate in the night of the 23d of October. It was probably the time when the Holy Spirit came with the power and evidence of a full and complete salvation. That room was filled with a glory as of the Pentecostal days. She desired her husband to kneel at her side in prayer; and while the burden of his soul was poured out before the throne her faith claimed the great promise, and her peace flowed as a river.

She praised and gave thanks to the Lord for his wonderful love -- for the perfect rest and the complete victory. For five hours she continued in this state of exulting rapture, and only reluctantly ceased her audible praises at the earnest solicitation of her friends, who were anxious for the exhausted body. This baptism of love was true to its kind, and immediately its subject, with the apostolic spirit, began to think of others, and to send spiritual messages to the absent friends, especially to the members of Grace Church, for whom she had manifested a very peculiar attachment.

Her interest in the church and in her husband's ministry were beautifully blended in a scene of the day she died. She called him to her side, and as he knelt to hear her message she breathed a fervent prayer that he might be wholly consecrated to the great work of preaching the gospel, and that God would make him very effective and successful in the salvation of souls. She continued in this state of transport until her death, coming down with the brightening glory to the closing scene.

About two hours before the last she began praising the Lord aloud. It was the triumphant spirit trying to tell of its weight of glory. The voice of her rapture might have been heard beyond her home. It was "Glory to God! Glory to God in the highest!" She felt that the solemn hour was approaching; but it had no terror. She rejoiced in an old and time-honored experience, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

She was in the possession of every faculty. Not a face was there whose love she did not intelligently answer back. With a power of reason that disproves materialism, she resigned husband and babe and friends into the keeping of the heavenly Father.

She asked her husband to sing the "Sweet By and By," while she joined in the cheering chorus. It was about this time that the glory came out in unnatural majesty on her face. It was a supernatural brightness which left all impression on those sorrowing hearts never to be effaced. She turned her transfigured gaze heavenward. Never did Paul's words find more complete verification than on those whitening lips, as she exultantly exclaimed, "O Death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" "But thanks be unto God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." "I can not bear it," fell from her lips; and when asked if it was her sufferings that were so great, she replied, "No. It is my joy; it is too great for the frail frame." She exclaimed, "I am so happy! so happy!"

She was consciously nearing the shining portal, and with a clear reason and a perfect resignation she exhorted all to meet her on the blissful shore. Thus she continued to praise the Lord while strength endured; and when no longer able to articulate a word, she continued to wave her hands in the glorious triumph until the spirit took its flight to the rest of which she had such a blissful foretaste.

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147 -- RUTH WHITE

Ruth White was born in Pennsylvania, March 19, 1760, near Brandywine battle-ground. In her nineteenth year she was married to William White, of Carlisle, Pennsylvania. They lived on the banks of the Susquehanna and Allegheny rivers till about the year 1790, when they crossed the mountains and settled in new Virginia, near Wheeling. In 1796 they set sail on board a "broad-horn," in company with two other families, with cattle and farming utensils, intending to continue southward to New Spain, in the then Spanish or French settlements.

After floating on the Ohio River for many days, and passing sundry settlements of whites and Indians, they landed, at Maysville, then Limestone. After a fortnight's rest they weighed anchor, and in three days were landed at Fort Washington, now Cincinnati, -- and fastened their ark to one of the numerous sycamore-trees, at the foot of Main Street. After an interview with the principal men of the village, -- namely, Messrs. Wade, Whetstone, Dick, Sunderland, Flint, and Cutler, -- it was concluded that if they ventured further south the red men would certainly take their

boats, goods, and scalps, and they made fast the bark for the season, and planted and raised corn out of the village of Cincinnati, where now is Fifth Street, and where stands the court-house.

During their stay at Cincinnati they abandoned their southern expedition, and concluded to locate in the neighborhood of the most populous town in the territory of Ohio, -- having at that time fifty drunken soldiers, -- that they might be saved from the knife of the forest-men. Mr. White, thinking property too high in town, concluded to emigrate from that wicked place, -- which had neither preachers, prayers, or Sabbaths, -- and in 1797 settled north of the Great Miami River, -- the first white family from Lawrenceburgh to Fort Hamilton, -- where they lived peaceably among the red men -- partly civilized -- for eight or nine years, when they began to have some white neighbors six or eight miles distant.

In those days there came a certain tribe called "Saddle-bags," traveling over the hills and valleys of the Miami. Many things were said of them as to their standing on logs and crying repent, and taking people into the rivers and plunging them. Some said they were the deceivers spoken of in a Bible we heard read in Pennsylvania. Others said they were hunting lost sheep that had strayed into the wilderness. Among them was one Robert Finley, of whom it was said he had been a Calvinistic preacher in Kentucky.

William and Ruth White, through curiosity, ventured to go several miles -- to John Morehead's -- and hear the strangers. They both returned home Methodists; and from that day they became praying people, and continued to live in newness of life until the 12th of April, 1821, when William left his friends below for better society above. Ruth continued faithfully watching and adhering strictly to the things she heard of the stranger until September 1, 1838, when she called her only son and daughter to her room to say "farewell until the resurrection."

During her last sickness, which continued ten days, she suffered much, but with perfect resignation; and when those that look out of the window had become darkened, so that she could not read, she requested those that watched with her to read the word of God, which had so long been her only solace and comfort. She often arose to pray after she was too feeble to return without assistance. On the day above mentioned, the eyes-dimmed with the sorrows of seventy-eight years-suddenly brightened with unusual luster and again faded, while she exclaimed, "O my son, I am blind, -- my ears sound, -- I shall neither see nor hear more." He asked if Jesus was with her. "Yes," said she, "I have a strong confidence in Christ's power and will to save me," and expired in his arms

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148 -- NAOMI JANE PEREGRINE

The task assigned me is a mournful one. I sit down to write a brief memoir of my niece, Mrs. Naomi Jane Peregrine, late wife of Rev. J. S. Peregrine, of the Cincinnati Conference. The deceased was the second daughter of William F. Gaddis, by his first marriage and was born in Morgan County, Illinois, May 20, 1836. Her mother was a daughter of the late John Sargent, of Clermont County, who died in Ohio while Naomi was an infant. The guidance of Naomi's tender years was committed to other hands. In her fourteenth year she became a member of my own

family, where she was watched over for the period of three years with deep solicitude, and daily taught those principles and religious duties which so signally marked her character in afterlife.

I shall not attempt to write her eulogy -- she needs it not. Her record is on high, and engraved on the hearts of all who knew her. Her youthful heart was graced by some of the best qualities of our nature. She had a mind susceptible of great improvement, and was of a naturally modest and unobtrusive disposition. A nice sense of propriety, combined with a delicate taste, gave her a refinement that was intuitive. Her character was constantly maturing, while her every-day walk and conversation gave full proof to all who knew her that she was in possession of that knowledge that is more precious than the "jewels and rubies" of earth, her conversion took place in the seventeenth year of her age.

From that period her faith became more and more steady, and a deep and growing piety, united with great humility and kindness of heart, characterized her daily deportment. Her Christian life was consistent in all its relations, strongly marked by self reliance and a firm trust in the gracious providence of God. The grace of piety; which led her to bear with dignified composure the ills and injuries of life, to manifest much forbearance and love for her enemies and deep affection for her friends, was in itself sufficiently characteristic of the true Christian.

Less than twelve months ago she became the wife of a Methodist minister, and assumed the responsible relation of a step-mother. This union necessarily opened before her a wide field of usefulness which she had just begun to occupy, when unexpectedly summoned to die, having an infant daughter but six days old. "O insatiate archer, Death!"

"Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee! -- but thou art not of those
That want the ripened bloom to seize their prey!"

The dart is thrown and a young wife and mother is dead. Her sun has set before it reached the meridian, but the mild luster of his departing rays was shed upon scenes rich with the grace of God, and a harvest ready for the skies. Her death, which transpired at the parsonage, in Ripley, Ohio, May 15, 1860, under the most deeply afflicting circumstances, has afforded another remarkable demonstration of the reality of our holy Christianity, in the glorious manner in which she was enabled to triumph over the fear of death. When the grim monster stealthily entered her bed-chamber, she was calm and undismayed at his sudden and unexpected approach, and sustained the last severe conflict, leaning firmly upon the strong arm of her Savior, until she was crowned a victor on the plains of immortality.

To her own sweet little sister she said, "Judy, Naomi is going up in the sky, and if you are good you shall come too, after awhile." Her words of comfort and encouragement to her weeping husband can not be written. They were such words as a good wife only can utter. But among other things she said to him, "Continue to warn sinners and preach Christ; and if you meet with opposition, never mind it. I do not know how many more appointments you may have; but Jesus will make one after awhile, and then we shall meet again." How full of sweet consolation to the bereaved traveling minister! "We shall meet again." She then asked for some water; and some one

handed her in a glass, water that had been slightly diluted with spirits. She handed it back and said, "Give me water, the emblem of purity!"

She then asked for a basin of water and a cloth, with which she sponged her face and her arms up to her shoulders, remarking at the same time, "I am not afraid but you will wash me when I am dead, but now I am free from earth, -- pure; my conscience is now satisfied." And before her sleeves were put down she quietly folded her arms across her breast. This whole scene must have been solemn and impressive. After this she revived and lived three hours longer, during which time she suffered much. But about an half hour before she breathed her last the violence of her disease abated, and she seemed calm and collected.

Again she united the hands of her husband and her little son, and after embracing with all the strength of her affection him whose happiness seemed now almost her only concern, she turned upon her side and without a struggle closed her eyes in death and entered upon the happy scenes of the redeemed and glorified who stand before the throne of God and serve him day and night in his temple. M. P. Gaddis, Sr.

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149 -- ELIZA SMITH

Eliza Smith, wife of Rev. E. C. Smith, of the Cincinnati Conference, was born in the city of Maysville, Kentucky, October 26, 1831, and died at the parsonage in Catawba, Clarke County, Ohio, March 24, 1879.

In the winter of 18487 at a meeting held in Maysville by Revs. Moses Smith, A. Meharry, and L. F. VanCleve, she was happily converted, and at once became a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. From the time of her union with the church till her decease she lived an active, devoted life, being always found at her place in the Sabbath-school, class-meetings, and public services; always delighting in all the means of grace.

She was married May 14, 1862. From that time till her death she nobly sustained the relation to the church which she then assumed. Truly it could be said of her, "The heart of her husband doth safely trust her, and her children rise up and call her blessed." She was ever careful of the peace and prosperity of the church.. In all the fields in which she shared the toils of itinerant life with her husband, she maintained the most cordial and harmonious relations with the members of the church, constantly laboring for the unity and spiritual prosperity of Zion.

In June, 1878, she was attacked by bronchitis, which progressed so rapidly as to baffle all medical treatment, terminating in death as stated above. As she neared the close of life she found the grace which had sustained her in life's earnest struggles sufficient in this last of earth's trials. As she came very near the close of life she said to her husband, in tones of confidence, "I am almost home. Jesus is very precious." And then, trustingly giving her family into the hands of the Savior, she fell asleep in Christ.

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Hattie L. Keck, daughter of Colonel J. S. Dunham, and the wife of Rev. H. M. Keck, of the Cincinnati Conference, was born in Clermont County, near New Richmond, August 10, 1835, and died at Yellow Springs, November 18, 1878. She was married thirteen years, and has during that time faithfully performed the duties of an itinerant's wife.

She united with the Methodist Episcopal Church at Franklin, twenty-eight years ago, under the ministry of Rev. Enoch G. West; and from that time on until her death her confidence in God has never been shaken. Her piety was not demonstrative, but its presence and influence were felt in every circle in which she mingled and throughout every field of labor in which she has toiled. She was of a gentle, loving disposition, ever ready to look upon the bright side of every one's character. She was everywhere beloved, and died without an enemy. She was a loving companion, an affectionate mother, and a laborious Christian worker. Her piety manifested its presence in toils and self-sacrificing labors in the church of Christ.

Her last illness embraced a period of about two weeks, during almost all which time she suffered excruciating pain, with general prostration. She was impressed with the belief that she would not recover, and also that she would die suddenly. Her sick-chamber was constantly thronged with sympathizing friends, representing the members of her own and other churches, and those not connected with any. Her death was sudden and unlooked for by her friends. She sat up in bed and eat a moderate supper. Shortly afterward she complained of unusual sensations, which proved to be the precursors of apoplexy.

Seized with a sudden pain she fell backward, with a sharp cry of anguish, in the presence of her husband and child. Her eyes were fixed, and her features calm in death. Neighbors were summoned, her physician was quickly at her bedside, but she had ceased to breathe. Shortly before supper she called her little daughter to her bedside and said, "Lida, if your mamma dies be a good girl and meet her in heaven." A short time before her death she wrote a letter to one of her sisters, in which she says, referring to her mother, "How I would love to see her once more. If we never meet again on earth, I trust that we shall all meet in that blessed land where pain is unheard of, and where we will never feel the need of a mother, brother, or sister.

"I will sing you a song of that beautiful land,
The far-away home of the soul,
Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand
While the years of eternity roll."

The last verse of this hymn was her special favorite:

"Oh, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain;
With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands
To meet one another again."

Now her spirit has found that beautiful home in the city of God.

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151 -- MARY A. LORAIN

Mary A. Lorain was born in Mason County, Kentucky, October 30, 1801. She was the daughter of Rev. George Mitchell, a local preacher. She was converted and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in the sixteenth year of her age, at a meeting held in her father's house by Revs. William Hohnan and Samuel West.

On the 22d day of Dec., 1825, she was married to Rev. Alfred M. Lorain of the Ohio Conference, afterward of the Cincinnati Conference, with whom she lived until April 25, 1863, when he was taken to his reward. For thirty-six years she shared with him the trials and triumphs of the itineracy, and when, on account of failing health, he was compelled to retire from the active work of the ministry she accepted the Situation with Christian submission.

A short time before the death of her husband they removed to Clarksville, in Clinton County, Ohio, where she has since resided. To say that she loved the church and all the public and private means of grace seems but feebly to express in words that which she powerfully demonstrated by unflinching devotion to the church and faithfulness in the use of all the means of grace.

She missed only one service from the house of God by her last sickness, and was not entirely confined to her bed a whole day. On the fourteenth day of May, about noon, she became suddenly worse, and after nine hours of extreme suffering she died. A short time previous to her death she said to her pastor, "My days are numbered, and the appointed hour is near at hand," and then said,

"If this be death, I soon shall be
From every pain and sorrow free,
All is well."

A little later she said, "Home, home, sweet, sweet home! Oh, how I long to be at home! O blessed Jesus, come and take me."

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152 -- MARY C. EDGAR

Mary C. Edgar, daughter of J. P. and E. S. Brindle, and wife of Rev. George M. Edgar, died at the parsonage in Sinking Springs, Ohio. She was born in Wilmington, Ohio, October 10, 1838.

At the age of sixteen she joined the church in Hillsborough, Ohio, under the pastorate of Rev. W. I. Fee, and began a Christian life, which was constant and consistent, approved of God by his presence and comfort in its closing hours.

In September, 1856, she was united in marriage to G. M. Edgar, of the Cincinnati Conference, whose labors and sacrifices for the work of the Master she bravely and cheerfully shared for more than twenty years. In this relation to the church she was faithful. The honor and interests of the church were above everything else in her estimation. Amid the disappointments and perplexities of itinerant life her love for the work was true and constant.

Often because of her cheerful countenance and hopeful words has her husband gone forth with lighter heart and better courage to speak the word of life. There was no care of the home or family she did not gladly assume to free the pastor's heart and hands for the work of his charge. It was her care that her life and that of her family should commend the gospel, and make the influence of the parsonage help and not hinder that of the pulpit.

Her last sickness was protracted and severe. The parsonage for three months was the scene of much physical suffering and of great spiritual triumph. Death was expected every day, but there was no "hurrying to get ready to die." Her "house" was "in order." "I am so happy!" was her last testimony, religion had sustained through life, now it cheered in death. The husband, with five children, sadly miss her in his home and his work.

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153 -- MAGGIE J. STOKES

Maggie J. Stokes, wife of Rev. Henry Stokes, and daughter of Rev. Edward and Mary A. Burnett, was born near Marshall, Highland County, Ohio, July 22, 1837, and died at Feesburg, Brown County, Ohio, January 8, 1878. Sister Stokes united with the church and professed conversion in her thirteenth year, and was ever ready to confess Christ. She was active in every good word and work while aiding her husband to cultivate Emmanuel's fields. Just previous to her decease she very sweetly said, "I am just waiting." She leaves a husband and three children deeply bereaved, but sustained by the hope of an ultimate reunion in that spirit land where parting is unknown.

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154 -- SARAH ELLEN STAFFORD BAKER

Sarah Ellen Stafford Baker, daughter of George W. and Nancy E. Stafford, and wife of Rev. William J. Baker of the Cincinnati Conference, was born in Clarke County, Ohio, September 27, 1846. She was converted to God and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in the eighteenth year of her age.

Reared under the hallowed influences of a Christian home, and taught both by precept and example the grand principles of our holy Christianity, she was an obedient child, an affectionate

sister, a sweet-spirited young lady, and became an amiable and devoted wife. From the time of her conversion she not only walked in all of the ordinances of God's house blameless, but was a faithful attendant at the prayer and class meetings, and a diligent worker in the Sabbath-school. When she married, though a great trial to leave parents, an only brother, hosts of friends, and her home of plenty, yet she entered heartily with her husband into the work and sacrifices of an itinerant minister's life.

From the enlarged field she seemed to draw a new inspiration for increased Christian activities, and therefore she re-consecrated herself to Christ and his holy work. Not satisfied with the morning and evening prayers alone, she suggested to her husband that they set apart certain hours of the day, when time and place and circumstances would permit, for special secret prayer for God's blessing upon them and their work. She always had words of encouragement and good cheer for her husband in his trials, and when health and circumstances permitted, aided him in his work of pastoral visitation and at revival services. She had the happy faculty, wherever she went, of making hosts of friends for herself and winning souls for Jesus.

Thus consecrated and devoted, though gentle and unobtrusive, her life bid fair to be one of great usefulness in the church. But with a constitution not rugged, under the exposure and excessive labor of protracted meetings her health soon began to fail, and disease claimed her as its victim. With great variableness, for about two years, she was almost a constant sufferer. Yet amid it all she never murmured, but often, and especially after the protracted meeting at Camp Dennison last December, when she received a most wonderful baptism of the Holy Spirit, she spoke of the preciousness of Jesus and of her prospects of heaven. She seemed to live a great deal nearer to and enjoy more of God.

A day or two before her death, her reason being clear, she saw her husband near, reached out her emaciated hand, and, calling him by an endearing name, said, "Come near, and let me bless you." When it was apparent to all that her end was near, to a question asked by a friend standing by, "Sister Baker, do you love Jesus?" she tried several times to give an answer; but failing, she smiled, waved her hand in token of holy triumph and sweetly fell asleep in Jesus."

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155 -- LYDIA K. HARRIS

Lydia K. Harris, daughter of Samuel and Mary Kenaga, was born near Shippensburg, Pennsylvania, September 28, 1831, and died in Bluffton, Indiana, November 18. In her early childhood she moved with her parents to Ohio; and in her twelfth year she sought that heart-renewing power which shed its luster over her after life, and made her domestic and social relations so beautiful and useful. Without mistaking nature for grace, and making every proper allowance for her native mildness, her superior abilities, her liberal education and polished manners, did she not exhibit in steadily increasing effulgence that supreme love to her Father in heaven, that faith in Christ, that love to the friends of Jesus, that zeal for the church of the Redeemer, and that benevolence for all, which are the genuine expressions of a holy and a humble heart?

At the age of twenty years she was married to Rev. George Wharton Harris, then, and till his triumphant death, a worthy and honored member of the Cincinnati Conference. Her devotion embalmed his memory till her own death, and her life of purity, sympathy, and beneficence made her own memory fragrant. In all the pastoral charges in Ohio, favored with the labors of her noble husband, the kindest expressions of highest regard and tenderest love are still expressed with regard to his worthy consort and co-laborer in the Master's vineyard. Nobly, beyond eulogy, she filled the measure of her responsibilities.

Modest, neat, industrious, domestic, thoughtful, intelligent, sympathetic, genial, hopeful, and true as the dial to the sun, she were the white flower of a spotless life; and in her the young itinerant found a suitable companion, whom he justly admired and ardently loved. She was especially endeared to the various families with which she became united by marriage. Her coming among us was an evangel of love, and her departure has made earth poorer and heaven dearer. The long season of affliction through which she passed previous to her release was, indeed, her shining time.

Her passive graces were made perfect through sufferings. When the hour of death drew nigh, with failing accents she said to her mother, "It is all right. Home, home, almost home;" and without a struggle or a sigh she slept in death and awoke in heaven. Now, lovely, loving, and beloved, she has regained the coveted companionship of those who were not lost, but only gone before.

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156 -- MARY ANN KEYES

Mary Ann Keyes, daughter of Samuel L. and Rosannah Fenton, and wife of Rev. Edgar D. Keyes, of the Cincinnati Conference, was born in Brown County, Ohio, December 13, 1853. She united with the Methodist Episcopal Church quite early in life. She was married September 19, 1877, and died at the parsonage at New Market, Highland County, Ohio, August 20, 1879, in the twenty-fifth year of her age. Her married life was brief, but it was one of happiness and perfect contentment. She endeared herself to all with whom she became acquainted, and gave promise of being a great help to her husband in his future itinerant labors.

Sister Keyes' life Closed beautifully, as that of a Christian always does. As her physical nature weakened, her mental and spiritual nature was quickened and strengthened. The day previous to her death she kissed her precious babe, and commended it to the care of the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. A few hours before passing away she bid her husband good-bye, telling him to be true to God and the church, and that ere long they would meet where parting is unknown. Those surrounding her bed in her last hours heard her several times engaged in prayer, offering petitions in behalf of her family and near relatives, calling them by name. Her end Was peace.

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157 -- ELIZABETH FISHER KEELEY

Elizabeth Fisher Keeley, wife of Rev. G. W. Keeley, M. D., was born in Chillicothe, Ohio, February 20, 1811, and died August 18, 1847. She was married June 27, 1837, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1827. In the winter of 1846 she was clearly convinced of the necessity of holiness of heart, and began immediately, and in earnest, to seek for the blessing. Her comforts greatly increased, and thus she became prepared for the long-protracted suffering to which she was soon called.

On July 17, 1847, she was made the happy subject of sanctifying grace. The blessing was overwhelming, and her evidence was clear. She exclaimed, "Glory to God! Jesus reigns in my heart without a rival. I have laid all on the altar, and God has accepted the sacrifice, and

"Never will I remove out of his hands my cause,
But rest in his redeeming love, and hang upon the cross.' "

From that time to the day of her death the power of the grace of God was fully and signally illustrated in the tranquil and joyful state in which her mind was kept. Jesus, the cross, and holiness were her constant theme. To her class leader she said, "Seek holiness; exhort your members to be holy. Jesus is mine. My soul clings to Jesus, who bore my sins on the cross."

I never witnessed a more triumphant death. During the last seven days of her life I penciled on the fly-leaves of my pocket-Bible some of her language as it fell from her lips:

August 11 she said, "Jesus is mine. My soul clings to the blessed Savior who bore my sins on the cross. But I want a clearer sight of him. Perhaps I want too much. Jesus loves me. What for? What have I done to merit his love?" In the evening she said to her husband, "I pray that you may have grace to support you. I believe you will be faithful, and we shall meet in heaven. Preach holiness; preach Christ and him crucified; and never stop preaching so long as you have strength of body or mind." To the question, "Is your mind composed?" she replied, "Yes, and if I die I am the Lord's. Living or dying, I am the Lord's; remember that. 'Christ in me the hope of glory.'"

Father Quinn called to see her; and as she took him by the hand she said, "Father Quinn, I am almost home." At another time she exclaimed, "Hallelujah! the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth. Jesus reigns in my poor heart. Things this morning seem to have an unusual brightness, When I close my eyes to the world I feel that all is heaven. Glory to God!" The last words she was heard to utter in reference to her enjoyment were, "Glory to God!" A few minutes after she sweetly fell asleep in Jesus.

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158 -- MARGARET WILLIAMS

Margaret Williams, widow of the late Samuel Williams, of Cincinnati, was born in York County, Pennsylvania, July 17, 1787, and died in Springfield, Ohio, September 13, 1879, aged ninety-two years. Her father, George Troutner, whose ancestors came from Germany about the

beginning of the eighteenth century, emigrated with his family to Ohio, in 1796, and settled at "Big Bottom," in the Scioto valley, when the country was almost an unbroken wilderness.

Here they experienced all the hardships and privations of the early pioneers; for there were few settlers, and bread-stuffs were scarce and dear. But there was abundance of game. Her father could stand in his cabin-door and shoot both deer and turkeys, the latter of which were often seen in large flocks; and many were caught in traps. Occasionally a bear was killed, and its skin dried for robes. Squirrels and opossums were so common they had to be shot to keep them from eating the corn. Young turkeys were procured in great numbers, and prepared for the table by skinning instead of plucking, and roasting on spits, or frying. Of venison there was no end. The women of the household were tired of seeing it brought in, as they had to cure the meat not needed for immediate consumption; and the preparation of the skins for clothing increased the work of the house.

In the new settlement Mr. Troutner prospered and gradually added cattle, horses, and swine to his possessions. When schools were established he gave his children such education as they afforded; for though himself and wife spoke German, as did also the children in their younger years, he wanted them all to learn and study in English. He learned himself to speak it well, and his wife imperfectly; but he read and sung only in his mother-tongue.

Six years after their arrival in the western country, Mrs. Troutner died of a bilious fever, and the management of the house fell to her daughter Margaret. She was now fourteen years old, and a stout girl for her age. Upon her devolved the labor of washing, cooking, milking, churning, and mending for the family, as the other daughters were too small to be of much help. She was expert with the needle, and could spin both flax and wool. After her work at the house was done, she was accustomed to assist her father and brothers in the field -- hoeing corn, potatoes, cabbages, etc.

Mr. Troutner's family had few opportunities to attend religious services of any kind, until the Methodists established preaching-places in the neighborhood. In 1805 James Quinn and Peter Cartwright were appointed upon the Scioto Circuit. Margaret Troutner, with one of her neighbors, went to hear Mr. Quinn preach, and under his sermon she was powerfully convicted of sin.

Her distress of mind continued, and she saw no hope of relief except by severing her connection with "the world," and seeking salvation among the people whom she had despised. She united with the Methodist Church, March 7, 1806, at Big Bottom, on the Scioto. When her father learned that she had joined the Methodists he became greatly enraged, and forbid her to attend their meetings. Finding that his remonstrances were of no avail to make her give up her religious associations, he declared that she should no longer remain in his house. It was easier for her to forsake kindred and home than to give up her dear Savior, and accordingly she left. She found refuge at the house of Richard Foster, where she spent that summer -- 1806.

Feeling the need of her services, her father recalled her home; but there her religious life was one of insults and persecutions, so that she could not long remain, and thus she alternated between staying at home and living abroad until her father's second marriage-two years later. Mr. Troutner's wife was herself a Methodist, and this reconciled him to his daughter's being one also.

He now often attended Methodist preaching, -- though himself a Lutheran, -- and was frequently melted to tears under the sermons. His prejudices against the Methodists gradually relaxed, and it is believed that when he died -- in 1819 -- there was hope in his death.

In the year 1812 she went to board at the house of Judge James McClintock, in Chillicothe, where she supported herself by her needle, and began to accumulate money as the result of her labor. In 1821 she was married to Mr. Samuel Williams, of Chillicothe. And now she began a life of labors more abundant. For thirty-eight years -- until her husband's death, in 1859, -- she conducted the affairs of her house with discretion and economy, and was active in all church and neighborly duties. She bore her husband four children, three of whom lived to mature years, and survive their mother.

In the year 1829 Mrs. Williams removed with her husband and family to Cincinnati; but both in Chillicothe and Cincinnati her house was the home of many an early itinerant. Bishop McKendree was always fond of stopping with her when he came to Ohio; and more than one preacher has been nursed by her from sickness to health and life. She often looked back with pleasure to those earlier days of her active life, and declared that the visits and prayers of the itinerant preachers fully repaid her for all her care and labor in waiting upon them. Very highly, for their work's sake, did she esteem them.

In her religious life she was a Methodist of the old school. It was her habit to retire three times a day for private prayer; and her reading was mostly confined to religious books and papers, at least during her later years. The Bible was her constant companion, and during the minority of her children, whenever her husband was away, she always asked a blessing at her table before eating, herself and family all standing. She gave largely to the benevolent enterprises of the church, and during life was liberal in the distribution of her charities. At the bed of sickness she was a minister of consolation, and soothed the last hours of many a suffering friend. In her home, in the church, in society, she was constant and true, and "her children arise up and call her blessed."

Since the death of her husband she made her home mostly with her eldest son in Delaware, and with her daughter, Mrs. Margaret Ellsworth, in Springfield. About five years ago she met with an accident which resulted in the fracture of her thigh. From that time forward she was not able to leave her rooms; but she still preserved her serenity and cheerfulness. She was always glad to see her friends, and never showed any of the fretfulness and peevishness of old age. For many years she lived in intimate communion with the divine Spirit, and often expressed her "desire to depart and be with Christ," yet submitting all her issues both of life and of death to the will of God.

Her final illness was of brief duration. It was only on Wednesday that she took to her bed, and on Saturday morning, September 13, 1879, at two o'clock, she breathed her last. Although in her ninety-third year, her hair had not changed its color; and she retained her faculties and consciousness up to fifteen minutes before her death, when she fell into a peaceful slumber and awoke in heaven! It was my privilege to have a personal acquaintance with this saintly child of God for more than forty years; and oftentimes have I shared her hospitality. If strong faith, patient suffering, persevering action in the cause of Christ, deep devotion and ardent love to God and man, can afford ground of confidence, we will not "sorrow as those who have no hope."

The vail has dropped. Her inward eye
Has seen the mysteries of God,
And onward through the star-paved sky,
'Mid heaven's bright glory she has trod;
Angels are guarding her along,
While her sweet voice unites in their triumphant song.

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159 -- ELIZA A. STEVENSON

Eliza A. Stevenson was born in Albemarle County, Virginia, July 11, 1802, and died in Harrodsburgh, Kentucky, June 6, 1840. Bishop Kavanaugh said at her funeral: "To a mind naturally strong and discriminating had been added, in early life, the advantages of a thorough English education. Her reading was extensive. During the last two years of her life she had read with much interest and profit, in her closet, the principal part of Dr. Clarke's Commentary on the Holy Scriptures.

"As a Christian she was intelligent, devoted, and uniformly pious. Deeply experienced in the things of God, she exemplified in her conduct and conversation the benign and heavenly spirit of the gospel of the grace of God. Modest and unpretending in her religious professions, firm and unshaken in her Christian confidence, consistent and upright in all things, she was ever recognized by those with whom she had to do as a faithful, submissive, and prayerful disciple of the Lord Jesus. Distrustful as she always was of her pretensions to piety, and hesitatingly as she may have seemed to prefer her claim to an interest in Christ, it was, however, manifest to those who knew her best that she stood at the fountain-head of Christian enjoyment, and drank deeply of the pure waters of life as they emanated fresh from the throne.

"Fully satisfied in relation to the divine institution of an itinerant ministry for the propagation of the gospel to the ends of earth, she submitted to all the privations, sacrifices, and afflictions incident to her condition as the partner of a Methodist traveling preacher with a degree of fortitude, resignation, and patience seldom, if ever, surpassed."

She embraced religion and joined the Methodist Church in Tennessee, in 1822; and on the 3d of October, 1825, she was married to Rev. Edward Stevenson, of the Kentucky Conference. At an early period of her illness she informed her husband that from a knowledge of the enfeebled state of her general health, in connection with the peculiar symptoms of her case, she was fully satisfied that there was no reasonable ground to hope she could ever be restored.

On Thursday morning, May 2, she seemed almost overpowered with the spirit of gratitude and praise. To her husband she said, "Why do you not rejoice with me?" Hesitating in his reply she continued, "I know the cause. You do not think the worst is yet over. Neither do I; but let us praise God for the past and trust him for the future. I am resigned to his will, and I want you to be so too." In the course of the evening she called her two daughters to her bedside, and after a solemn and impressive pause, with all around in tears, she said, "My dear daughters, your mother is about to be taken from you. In losing her you will lose your best earthly friend. But if you will be good

children, the Lord will take care of you. And now, my dear children, above all, remember, be Christians -- humble, pious, prayerful, unpretending Christians. And then when the will of God shall have been served by you here, you will be permitted to come up and live with your mother forever in heaven."

On Monday, June 3, her husband told her if she had anything more to say, or any additional desire or wish to express on any subject, he would be glad to hear it. After adverting to various matters she said, with a peculiarly animated tone of voice, "Well, my dear, as you have desired me to express all my wishes freely, there is one subject more that I will name. You have long known my sentiments respecting your continuance in the traveling ministry. They have not changed. Never quit the itinerant field. Let your temptations and embarrassments be what they may, trust in the Lord, continue on the walls of Zion, and die with the trumpet of the gospel in your hands. Yes, my dear husband, I want you so to live and so to preach Jesus that you may be more useful after my death than you have ever been heretofore; that when your work on earth is done you may come up to meet me in the heavens, joined with the stars you shall have won for Jesus; and that I shall not be ashamed to meet you at the portals of glory, own you as my husband, and welcome you into the paradise of God."

While they were singing she exclaimed, "Endless felicity! What an overwhelming prospect!"

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160 -- REBECCA MCCORMICK

Rebecca McCormick, daughter of Johnson Easton, of Virginia, died in Anderson Township, Hamilton County, Ohio, February 22, 1840, in the seventy-third year of his age. Though not one of the very first, she was among the early fruits of Methodism in that part of Virginia, when Methodism was only another name for reproach. In 1785 or 1786, under the ministry of Rev. Lewis Chastien, she was brought to the experience of the truth, and joined the Methodist society. In 1795 or 1796 her husband, Rev. Francis McCormick, removed to Kentucky, and thence to the then northwestern territory (now State of Ohio), where the first Methodist class north-west of the Ohio was formed at his own house, and mostly of his own family.

Sister McCormick's house was the chapel of the first society, and the home of the first Methodist preachers who, under God, planted the fruitful vine of Methodism in the new territory. She lived for nearly half a century to see this vine send out its boughs into the sea, and its branches into the river; and often did she experience the fruits to be pleasant to the taste.

During the last three or four years of her life she was ripening for the inheritance of the saints in light. For the last few weeks there was such an increase of heavenly-mindedness, such a filling with all the fullness of God, that it was observed by those with whom she had intercourse. Her last sickness was of but few hours' continuance, and was rather the weary wheels of life standing still than the violence of disease. She had long been preparing and watching for the coming of her Savior; and she entered as one that was found waiting -- "blessed." Her end was peace.

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161 -- CLARISSA EMERY

Clarissa Emery was a native of Middletown, Connecticut, and the daughter of John and Deborah Frothingham. She was born November 12, 1782, and was early impressed with the importance of religion from the instructions of her pious relatives, especially the exhortations of her pious grandfather Frothingham, who separated from the Established Church in the days of Mr. Whitefield, and was a settled minister over a congregation called Separatists. Her parents not being professors of religion, she was not baptized until she was about ten years of age. Her father, who commanded a vessel sailing from New York to Middletown, had for one of his passengers Rev. Richard Swain, one of the first Methodist ministers who visited that place.

This acquaintance soon ripened into esteem; and he solicited Mr. Swain to baptize his family, at a suitable time after they arrived at Middletown. The ceremony was accordingly performed at the house of Mr. Frothingham. Clarissa was deeply impressed with the solemnity of the ordinance and the piety of Mr. Swain. She frequently stopped at a neighbor's, and when she found he was about leaving she would go to the house to shake hands with him and receive his blessing. At this time she was impressed with the idea that if she ever embraced religion she would join the Methodists, although they were few in number, poor in property, and but little respected.

Soon after this misfortune attended her family, and she was left an orphan. At the age of fourteen she went to live with a respectable widow lady, of considerable property, by the name of Alsop, where she continued four years. This lady and her family treated her with so much kindness, and manifested such an interest in her welfare, that she ever spoke of them in the highest terms of commendation. She had access to a good family library, and here contracted a taste for reading which she ever after retained. After leaving this amiable family she resided with her pious relatives, members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, where she enjoyed many religious advantages.

Although Sister Emery lived a strictly moral life, yet she never fully embraced religion until the year 1803. At a meeting held in the open air in the town of Haddam (camp-meetings were then unknown in that part of the country) the Lord made bare his arm and manifested his saving strength, so that numbers were brought to rejoice in his pardoning love. On the morning of the 4th of September, the last day of the meeting, she was made to exult in a knowledge of sins forgiven. She then became a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

In the year 1806 Sister Emery was united in marriage to Rev. Nathan Emery. Having become the wife of an itinerant preacher, her great concern was to promote the cause of Christ; and her constant theme was revivals of religion. To this end the toils, privations, and suffering incident to an itinerant life were endured with the greatest fortitude and patience. Whenever anything was said by her husband on the subject of locating and entering into secular business, her reply was, "If God has called you to preach, he has not called you to enter into any other employment."

Sometimes when the health of both failed, and her toil-worn companion had grown faint in the battlefield of God, and was thinking of retiring from the conflict, for a time at least,

Sister Emery, by her prayers, burnished and strengthened his armor, held up his hands for victory, and urged him on to further conquests. Owing to the comparative smallness of Brother Emery's family, in order to accommodate appointments, they were under the necessity of frequently entering into new and distant fields of labor. Thus in the first fourteen years of their married life they moved thirteen times. Her strength then gave way. The northern winters and the toils inseparable from her condition reduced her to a very feeble state of health, and frequently to the margin of the tomb.

In 1821 she moved with her husband to Ohio, where they were received and treated with marked kindness, both by preachers and people in the Ohio Conference. Here her health partially revived; yet the shock sustained by a naturally delicate constitution was too great for entire recovery. Notwithstanding this, she was always ready to do all in her power to promote the cause of God; and, to use the language of her aged companion, "She did much to aid me while I have labored as an itinerant preacher in Ohio." Ah, who can know or fully appreciate the trials thus endured, the difficulties thus encountered? They are written in the book of God's remembrance. Her sighs and tears are bottled as fragrance before the throne; and eternity alone will unfold the whole.

In her last sickness, which was of six months' duration, she was most of the time confined to her bed, with that fatal disease pulmonary consumption. She manifested the greatest patience, and uttered no murmurings or repinings. Her characteristic trait was still predominant -- anxiety for others. Her will seemed to be absorbed in the will of her Savior. Her language was, "It is the Lord; let him do what seemeth him good. Christ is near."

A short time before her death she called upon her husband to pray with her, preparatory to her conquering struggle with the last enemy. A few moments after this I entered the room and saw that life was rapidly waning. She extended me her hand, when I said, "Brother Emery, you are almost home. Is all well with you?" She roused herself to whisper, "Yes;" and a few minutes after she peacefully and triumphantly fell asleep in Jesus, to awake in heaven. She died on the evening of the 18th of December, 1845, in Blendon, Ohio, aged sixty-three years, one month, and one day.

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162 -- JULIA L. DUMONT -- By The Late Thomas M. Eddy

One of earth's sweetest spirits, most toil-enduring and earnest workers, as well as one of its noble minds, has been transplanted from earth to heaven -- from a home below to a home in heaven. I speak of Mrs. Julia L. Dumont, one of the earliest and most popular writers of the West. She was the daughter of Ebenezer and Martha D. Corey. Her parents emigrated from Rhode Island to Marietta, Ohio, with the "Ohio Company," who settled at that place. She was born at Waterford, Washington County, Ohio, on the Muskingum River, in October, 1794. Her parents returned to Rhode Island during her infancy; and while yet a mere babe her father died. Her mother removed

to Greenfield, Saratoga County, New York. Her mother married the second time, to a Mr. Maurill; and they had their residence on the Kyda Rozeras Mountain, at Greenfield.

With the mother of Mrs. Dumont I had the pleasure of acquaintance during the closing years of her life. From her, doubtless, Mrs. Dumont inherited her delicate organism and strong emotional nature -- her large-heartedness, united with shrinking sensibility. And in that mountain home her soul learned communion with nature in its noble forms -- learned to love the mountain, with its beetling brow, and the gentle hyacinth which blossomed at its base.

She spent some time in the Milton Academy, in Saratoga County, where she gave unmistakable evidence of superior mental powers. Indeed, at the early age of eleven her faculties were almost startlingly developed. She had even then great thoughts. In 1811 she taught school in Greenfield. In August, 1812, she was married to Mr. John Dumont, and in the following October they went to Ohio.

In 1814 they settled at Vevay, Indiana. Here were the struggles incident to a new country. To Mrs. Dumont was given a number of children. Her husband, -- being a lawyer, -- according to the custom of those times, was much from home attending the courts of other counties. The care of that band was upon her; and she met it nobly.

Schools were scarce and poor. Her own children were to be instructed, and she determined to do that work herself. She opened a school; and thenceforward much of her life was spent in the school-room. For this she was peculiarly fitted by her sympathy and keen intuition. Indeed, we may claim for her a high position among western pioneer teachers. She had a lofty idea of the mission of the instructed; and if she did not attain it, it was because she placed it above what a mind of for more than ordinary abilities, a tireless effort, and a loving heart could reach. She was successful in imparting what she knew; and her impress is upon hundreds.

A dear friend of hers, who often saw her in the school-room, says: "How faithfully did she obey the command, 'Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong!' How zealously did she labor to confirm the feeble knees! Was there one in her school particularly unfortunate, that one was immediately taken especially under her maternal wing. I have known of her having in her school-room at once several cripple boys, some of whom were poor and friendless; and it seemed to me no mother could have surpassed her care to fit those boys for usefulness." We claim special honor for her early and successful devotion to education in the West.

It may be as well just here to state what is to said as to her religious character. I do not know precisely when she first made a profession of religion; but it was more than thirty years previous to her death. There seemed to have been a time of darkness, of sore trial. This was of painful duration, but was succeeded by a glorious light, which filled her soul with gladness. Of this she often spoke in social meetings, and in converse with friends, as filling not merely her soul, but even her room. It dispelled the gloom of despair; and in that light she continued thenceforth to walk.

Her nature was so finely strung that few were capable of sympathizing with her, either in her sorrows or her rejoicings. She dwelt in some sense alone, and yet her heart was full of

sympathy. When a great grief was pressing upon her soul she was still in the parlor, surrounded by a promiscuous circle, capable of interesting and rendering happy those with whom she mingled.

Her health gave way. Her constitution, though elastic, was delicate, and bowed at length. And can we wonder? She went South. Among the orange-groves and palmettos she sought to regain her former strength and activity. It was not to be so. She was marked for death. A year, or nearly so, was spent in the South, and then she returned home; for Vevay was still the home of the living and the resting-place of the dead.

And now when the dark shades rolled up from the gloomy valley into her very room, where was that light? Had it expired? Was the candlestick there with socket all rayless? No. Heretofore that light had flickered, had been unequal. Now it grew stronger and burned with a clear, steady flame, filling again "her soul, her room." "She trusted and was not afraid."

The light grew brighter, trust ripened into joy, and she, whose whole life had been one weary battle-field, now had triumphed. Her soul caught the rapture of heaven, and she heard the minstrelsy of the skies. She saw clear across the mystic river, and went up to be forever with the Lord.

I can not forbear transcribing one other passage from her daughter's letter to me, though it was written without the least idea of publication: For many years she suffered with a nervous restlessness, which prevented her sleeping; but the blessed promise, 'He giveth his beloved sleep,' seemed graven on her heart. Again and again have I found her with eyes closed, hands clasp, and voice uttering, as in thanksgiving pray 'So he giveth his beloved sleep.'"

The following beautiful lines were written memoriam by Mrs. A. L. Ruter Dufour:

Moan, winds of summer, for the loved one sleeping;
A tried and gifted soul has gone to rest;
At last her weary heart has ceased its throbbing,
And grief no longer is its somber guest.
Too fond and tender for life's rugged pathway,
Too they gifted for earth's common throng,
Her spirit soared beyond its portals dreary,
Beyond its blighting atmosphere of wrong.

With magic grace she swept the spirit's harp-chords,
Till every breast an answering echo woke;
Such music as is timed alone by heart-throbs,
O'er her lyre trembled ere its fine chords broke.
Life's sternest trials woke its sweetest music,
As rarest perfumes are from blossoms crushed;
Her gifted spirit breathed its loftiest numbers
In darkest hours, till death its cadence bushed.

Her waiting soul oft heard the gentle rushing

Of angel pinions from the world of light,
That sent the life-blood through her pulses gushing,
To join them in their free and heavenly flight,
Until at last her lofty, eager spirit,
Impatient, burst its fetters worn so long,
And full of freedom, life, and love and beauty,
Swept upward with the bright and glorious throng.

Her path through life had less of light than shadow,
The brightest hope by death was often shorn,
The fairest day oft closed in gloom and tempest;
Her loveliest blossoms bore the keenest thorn.
But still, with firm and holy trust in Heaven,
Her suffering soul bore calmly every ill;
Crushed back the grief-tide in her bosom swelling,
And bowed submissive to her Maker's will.

Oh, we should weep not, though her harp is silent,
And never more our hearts its tones may thrill I
The' hushed that voice whose melodies oft cheered us,
Its sweetest echoes dwell around us still.
The perfume of her blessed spirit-pinions
For aye will linger in Ohio's vale,
Made hallowed by her tender love and presence--
Love which no changes e'er could blight or pale.

Tears are but mockery, mourning on so gifted;
Grief for such souls is silent, long, and deep;
And yet, alas! sad memories brood my spirit,
That my full heart all reckless turns to weep.
I weep with those by her so fondly cherished,
With them look upward with a trusting heart,
And a bright hope, long for that blessed reunion,
Where kindred spirits never more can part.

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163 -- ELIZABETH ROWE

Elizabeth Rowe was born in eastern Virginia, and died at the residence of her son, Rev. Reuben Rowe, January 6, 1839, in the one hundred and first year of her age. At the time of her death she was the oldest Methodist in Fayette County, Ohio, and the oldest person known in the county. She was converted, as near as we can ascertain, sixty-five years before her death. She and her husband, William Rowe, joined the Methodist Episcopal Church near the same time, when the Methodist Church was like "a handful of corn on the top of the mountains." Then it tried men's souls to be Methodists.

Their house became a preaching place; and for many years the church of God assembled there. By use of the means of grace, Sister Rowe was brought into a state of sanctification, or perfect love. Ten years after she became a Methodist she was left a widow in charge of eight children. They had sold out their possessions to move to Kentucky. Mr. Rowe's agent, hearing that he was dead, made a purchase in his own name, and cheated the widow and children out of nearly all their possessions. Sister Rowe found it necessary to tarry in her native state.

With industry and care she struggled on with her family. Her son -- a gentleman of truth -- says he knew his mother for weeks never to take off her clothes, except on Sabbath. She would work until late, rest a little on the bed, then up and at it again. He says she never neglected family prayer. The small children had to kneel around their mother, when she would place her hands upon them and pray for them.

God took care of this pious lady, and gave her, in the early life of her children, all, or nearly all of them converted to God. Two of them became able ministers of the gospel; and a third, one of the best exhorters I ever heard. Three grandsons were traveling preachers. Her numerous descendants are nearly all in the Methodist Episcopal Church. Nearly thirty years previous to her death she moved to Ohio. She gave a strong testimony in every department of her life that she was a faithful and devoted servant of Jesus Christ.

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164 -- ANN KINLOCK MARTIN BRYSON

Ann Kinlock Martin, daughter of Major Thomas Martin, of the United States army, was born at Washington, Wilkes County, Georgia, October 8, 1790. Her father, being an officer of the army, was subject to frequent changes. In 1802 his health was greatly impaired, and his name was finally struck from the roll.

The major concluded to make a visit to his brother, John Martin, in Clark County, Kentucky, who was a zealous Methodist. While his youthful daughter Anna remained at her uncle's she was awakened by the Spirit of God to a sense of her lost condition. This displeased her father, and he sent her to Lexington, among his friends, with instructions to put her into gay society and merry company. This was unfavorable to her becoming a Christian, and she feared that she had grieved the Holy Spirit.

When Anna returned to her father's residence, in the barracks at Newport, she made the acquaintance of Miss Patsy Hinds, a daughter of the venerable Dr. Hinds. From this new-made friend she received instruction in regard to the salvation of her soul that was of great advantage to her; and she resolved to continue to seek until she was converted.

On a certain occasion her father had several old friends visiting at his home; and he greatly desired to interest and please them during their stay at Newport. He asked his daughter to come in and sing for their entertainment, expecting, of course, a worldly and lively song. Without any premeditation, Anna commenced and sung, to the surprise of her father,

"Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days.

"Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name."

In company with her uncle, John Martin and family, and many others, Miss Martin and Miss Hind attended a quarterly meeting in Bourbon Comity, at Bethany meeting-house. Bishop Asbury, William McKendree, Learner Blackman, and Benjamin Lakin -- the latter being in charge of the circuit -- were in attendance. Sunday was a day of salvation; and the two young girls knelt on the outside of the congregation in deep penitence.

Rev. Learner Blackman went and prayed for them. Anna said to her young companion, Miss Hinds, "I have done all that I can do. If I am ever saved, Christ must save me." Miss Hind replied, "I have done all that I can;" and at that moment both were saved by the renewing of the Holy Ghost, and on the same day, April 1, 1804, joined the Methodist Episcopal Church. October 8, 1804, being Anna's fifteenth birthday, she came to reside with her father permanently at Newport, Kentucky. There being no church at Newport, she attached herself to the society at Cincinnati.

The class in Cincinnati, when organized by Rev. John Sale, in 1803, consisted of eight persons only, who worshipped in a public house which stood on Main Street, between First and Second streets. In 1804 Ann Martin and Patsy Hinds were added to the little flock.

Miss Anna Kinlock Martin was married to Mr. James Washington Bryson, June 27, 1809. Mr. Bryson died December 16, 1818. Mrs. Bryson had five children, one of whom died. There are yet living four children, ten grandchildren, and eight great-grandchildren. Mrs. Bryson always reflected with pleasure that she experienced religion in early life, and dedicated her youth to God. She was present at the first love-feast ever held in Cincinnati.

The year after the church was organized Rev. John Meek and Rev. A. Amos were the preachers on the circuit including Cincinnati. The preachers and people agreed to hold a two-days' meeting in Cincinnati. They procured the privilege of holding their meeting in the court-house, which then stood opposite the north-east corner of Main and Fifth streets, on the south side. Rev. John Collins, then in the prime of life, came to their help; and, according to the promise, the Master came with him. They had a precious season on Saturday; and on Sunday they held a love-feast in the grand-jury room -- the first meeting of the kind ever held in the city.

Rev. John Meek, who was then preacher in charge, thus reported the feast of love: "Our blessed Savior met with us of a truth, and made the hearts of his people to rejoice in his love. The voice of triumph was heard by the people on the streets, which was something new in Cincinnati.

They rushed up stairs and burst open the door to see what it all meant. And lo! they found a few faithful followers of the Lord Jesus, rejoicing in hope of heaven, and also of better days in Cincinnati, which was soon realized."

The number that desired to worship with the Methodists rapidly increased, In 1805 they purchased a large lot and commenced building a stone church. There were but few Methodists; and none of them were rich. The church was about 20 by 40 forty feet in the clear. In the next year, 1806, it was finished and dedicated.

The above sketch was written by the late John F. Wright, D. D. When I was stationed at Wesley Chapel, Cincinnati, in 1889 and 1840, I was the leader of the female class of which Sister Bryson was a member. She was a deeply experienced Christian, and worthy of being associated with such saintly women as Mrs. Neff, Mrs. Bakewell, Mrs. Hamline, Mrs. Wright, Mrs. Elliott, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Searles, and many others who were members of the same class.

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165 -- ANNA W. SIMMONS

Anna Whiticar Gant was born in New Jersey, December 28, 1808, and died at Xenia, Ohio, July 31, 1879. At the early age of sixteen she was married to Mr. John Bodine, a merchant of Philadelphia. After a few years of happy married life she was bereaved of her husband. While spending the years of her widowhood in Cincinnati, Ohio, she met and married Rev. William Simmons, with whom she shared the joys and trials of a Methodist itinerant's life until his death, which occurred August 6, 1874. Since that time she has lived at Xenia, Ohio, and held her membership with Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church of that city.

Sister Simmons was a woman of superior culture and earnest devotion. As a Christian she was never demonstrative, but full of quiet fervor and child-like simplicity. For many years she was a constant and devout student of the Holy Scriptures. During the last year of her life especially, her Bible was her constant companion. As a natural result of such devotion to the word of God, her Christian character was beautiful and symmetrical. Her last illness was brief and painful; but through it all she was divinely sustained. To her pastor, on several occasions during her illness, she expressed herself as fully prepared for the change awaiting her, and fully resigned to the will of God. Her end was peace; and now she rests from her labors, while her works do follow her.

"When the loved that now are thine
Leave thee for a brighter clime,
When the grave -- the bier -- the pall
From thy gaze hath taken all,
When thy lonely heart cloth mourn
Hours that never can return,
'Look beyond' the silent tomb,
Christ hath scattered" far its gloom.

"When thy days are finished here,

Death's dark valley drawing near,
When thy feeble frame decays,
Faintly fall life's flickering rays,
When bright angels o'er thee bends
Home, thy spirit to attend,
Look beyond' the parting hour,
Trust thy Savior's grace and power."

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166 -- MARY DANA DUSTIN -- By Lorenzo D. McCabe

Mary Dana Dustin was born in Newport, Washington County, Ohio, November 9, 1816. Her father, William Dana, Esq., was a man of great intelligence and very commanding influence in the county. Mr. Dana and his excellent companion were persons eminent for piety. The privilege of such parentage and such associations can not be computed in rubies.

Mrs. Dustin's mind was of a superior cast, and highly cultivated. In her mind one faculty did not appropriate the strength designed for several. Her will was equal to any emergency of duty, sacrifice, suffering, or suspense. In perusing her letters written at the age of seventeen, one is struck with the vivacity of her intellect, the piquancy of her wit, and her strong common sense. In addition to these mental endowments, she had a large share of the instinctive wisdom of woman's nature. God gave her a soul susceptible of profound feeling, tender affections, and magnanimous impulses.

On the 28th of September, 1837, she was married to Rev. M. Dustin, of the Cincinnati Conference. Never were hearts better or more happily mated; for each threw a blessed light over the way, and down deep into the heart of the other. Said one, "I would prefer a wife with a good natural disposition, though unconverted, to one naturally turbulent, though unmistakably renewed." But Mrs. Dustin was richly endowed both by nature and grace. Never did a wife better serve, comfort, counsel, and support a husband. Dr. Marlay, a very observing and discriminating mind, says of her, "I never knew a minister's wife more generally beloved."

The sun could no more be in the heavens and not shine than Mrs. Dustin could be in any community and not exert a benign influence. In her company the wisest ministers felt that they were in the presence of one worthy of high consideration.

The mission of the wife of a minister is a very high one; but I know of no one who more perfectly met its various responsibilities. "She was a model wife for a minister of the gospel," said an aged and venerated itinerant. The Preachers' Meeting, in Cincinnati, Ohio, resolved "that in her character were mingled those qualities of mind and heart and manners which pre-eminently fitted her for the position of a pastor's wife, which she filled with signal propriety and success for a quarter of a century." Emphatically she was a woman of one work, and that work to give prominence to and aid in the great mission of the gospel of the grace of God. Said one, "She did more for the church than any woman with equal strength I have ever known."

She had lived so faithful and walked so softly before the Lord that when, on the 15th of April, 1862, she drew near to her house not made with hands God honored her with a view of the golden gates of the eternal city. She saw its celestial spires glittering in the sunbeams of immortality.

"Already from the seat of God
A ray upon her garments fell."

She said, "The angel of death is spreading his wings over me; but Jesus has taken from me the fear of death. Though I walk through the valley, I fear no evil. I hear the Savior saying, 'Come home, weary pilgrim; come home.' I know that in heaven there is a beautiful place for me. After such suffering will not the rest of heaven be sweet? My father and mother and two sisters are in heaven; and soon I shall be there. My father saw the angels coming for him, and now they are coming for me.

"Oh, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terror as she passed."

"As my friends crowd upon me my soul exults. Do not think I have forgotten the Savior because I have not been talking of him. I am too feeble to talk. It excites me. But I have his presence all the time. Precious Jesus! I love him, and I know that he loves me. As far as the East is from the West, so far hath he separated my sins from me. We shall not meet here again, Brother Marlay, but we shall meet on the shining shore." In a few minutes she sweetly rested in Jesus.

"After life's fitful fever she sleeps well."

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167 -- MARY LOUISA CHITWOOD

Mary Louisa Chitwood was born near Mount Carmel, Franklin County, Indiana, October 29, 1882, and closed the brief but beautiful story of her life on the 19th of December, 1855. Of one who died so early, it could not be expected that either incident or thrilling narrative would furnish the power of her history.

In her rural home, in the society of her mother and a few female friends, Miss Chitwood spent all her days. The heartless pride and delusive fascinations of the world she never knew. The waters of which she drank were pure; and the flowers which bloomed around her, like her own sweet spirit, sent forth their odors in innocence and beauty. Her simplicity was only equaled by her intelligence and the goodness of her heart; and though idolized by a fond mother and eulogized by many admiring friends, she never lost the simplicity of her childhood, or seemed to know that a wreath of fame was on her brow.

Strong in her affections, and governed in her perceptions by the love of the beautiful, the whole nature of this "child of song" seemed made for love. She saw something to admire in everything she beheld; and with the emotions of the innocent, her heart was ever patiently and happily at work to picture it in the language of her numbers.

"Blest hope! like some clear shining star,
It gilds the clouds from which it started;
The way will not be dark or far,
And then no more shall we be parted--
No more be dead."

These beautiful death-thoughts were but the first flutterings of her own soul for the flight she was soon to take

"To cross death's darkly-foaming river;"

and it would appear that thus early was she won away from the struggle of long-protracted years. Her young heart, as innocent of the world's corruptions as consecrated virtue could well make it, had been washed and made pure in the blood of the Redeemer. In a letter to a friend, written in 1853, she thus tells the simple story of her Christian experience:

"The past two or three weeks have been the happiest of my life. I have found a new Friend. Yes, I have found One to love who will love me constantly and forever; one who will never deceive me if I place full confidence in his affection. I thought I loved him in by-gone days; but now I know it. To him I have given myself, for life and death, for time and eternity; and, thank God, he has accepted the sacrifice through Christ, my Savior. Yes, I have given my poor, weak life to Christ, and he has blessed me. I know that to some the life of a Christian seems stern and barren; I know there are trials and hours of gloom; but

'Sorrow touched by thee grows bright with more than rapture's ray,
And darkness shows us worlds of light we never saw by day.'

Oh, I never knew what true joy was till God heard and blessed my petitions! I never before knew happiness. May I be kept faithful, and all will be well!"

George D. Prentice says of her: "Miss Chitwood had extraordinary genius; and, up to the time of her death, she cultivated it with diligence and success. She was rising rapidly to fame, when suddenly her fiery heart sunk down to be quenched in the cold damps of the grave. It was as if a tree in the midst of all its wealth of April blooms were uprooted by the whirlwind; as if a young eagle, springing upward to the sky, were struck down by the fowler's shaft; as if a young star, mounting brightly forward to the zenith to take its place in heaven, were suddenly and mysteriously blotted in mid-career from existence.

"When the sad knowledge that she was dead came home to us we felt for a moment as if beauty and glory had perished from the universe; as if something beautiful in nature had stopped; as if an exquisite harmony in creation had ceased. We remembered not that her pure spirit still lives,

exalted and strengthened, and rendered even more heavenly than in its lovely pilgrimage of earth. We loved her as dearly as we could love one whom we had never seen; and her pure and gentle and child-like and enthusiastic and holy love was to us, surrounded as we ever were by the fierce strife of politics, like a tone of music among rude voices -- a sweet benediction in the eternal curse."

This beautiful tribute of heart-felt eulogy, from the pen of the talented editor of the Louisville Journal, was no more than honest-deserving praise; for the genius of Miss Chitwood was indeed "intensely poetic," while the moral beauty of her life and character fully sustained the thought that she seemed "as one who had wandered down from heaven and was moaning for her home in the skies, as the sea-shell moans for its parent sea."

The last record made in her "Diary of Thought and Feeling" was dated November 30, 1855, three weeks before her death, -- which we copy, as it will give the reader the "thoughts and feelings" and emotions which last moved her pen and heart:

"November 30, 1855. Cloudless morning; cold and chilling. This, I think, is the last day of autumn... I feel down-hearted.

"O weary life! O aching human heart!
O craving soul, the earth has not a fount
Whose draught will satisfy! There surely is
In the beyond a brighter, fairer land,
Where weary ones may rest, Oh, were this all,
This little speck of being -- this clay home,
That faileth day by day -- this prison shrine,
In which the yearning soul keeps struggling,
Restless and hungry, for some higher joy--
This state of turmoil -- oh, were this all
Of life and death, what poor mocked worms we were!
What clipped-wing -- eagles! Yes, oh -- yes,
There is a life beyond, where the chained soul
May grow, and climb, and bask in God's own light,
Drawing with love and faith a-near the throne!
There is a life of such celestial bliss
That all the joys of this are but the throes
Of the soul's birth-hour -- compared with those
Which the soul's Father hath reserved for us."

This written, she laid down her pen to pass the ordeal of death, which found her mortal and frail and perishing as a flower. Her mother and a few friends gathered around her and wept in the deep agony of their souls, that one so dear, so innocent, so gifted in love and song should die. But the death-waters were at her feet. In a few brief hours the struggle was over, the earth-song of the lamented child of genius died on the ear, and Mary Louisa Chitwood was an angel forever.

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168 -- SARAH WHITNEY HERR

Sarah Whitney Herr was born in Harmar, Washington Co., Ohio, June 20, 1810, and died in Cincinnati, August 15, 1843. She was the only daughter of James and Ruth Whitney, the founders of Methodism in Marietta, Ohio. Although she was nurtured in the bosom of a pious family, she was a stranger to the renewing grace of God until the spring of 1829, when she was "born again," by the Spirit of God. hers was a thorough work, changing her entire being, and preparing her for a grand work in the future, yet unrevealed to her new-born nature. She never swerved from her integrity; and the softer graces of the Spirit dwelt in her heart and were attractively displayed in her life.

She was married September 21, 1830, to Rev. W. Herr, then of the Ohio, but now of the Cincinnati Conference, and thus became identified with the itinerant ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Thenceforward her whole being was devoted to the interests of the church; and the sacrifices made for the cause, and the extent of the field covered in her itineracy, may be estimated by the fact that her labors, in conjunction with her husband, stretched from West Virginia to the State of Michigan, through central and western Ohio, and comprehended circuits, stations, and districts, during a period of thirteen years. The results of those years of toil and sacrifice -- the souls saved, the friendships formed, the sacred ties severed, and the triumphs of grace, -- eternity alone can reveal.

The leading traits of Mrs. Herr's character were meekness, gentleness of disposition, strong attachment to friends, devotion to the interests of her family, ardent fidelity to the institutions of Methodism, and love for the Savior and the cause of God.

Although from the nature of Mrs. Herr's disease -- congestion of the brain, she could not give what is termed a dying testimony; yet the uniform piety of her life, exemplified by all the Christian graces and the rich adornment of personal purity, evinced Christ formed in her the hope of glory, and a meetness for an inheritance with the saints in light. Her memory is embalmed in the affections of the living, hoping to meet her on the resurrection morn.

"Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour
That manifests the Savior's power."

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169 -- SOPHIA ALLEN

Sophia Allen, wife of Rev. Samuel Allen, was born in 1798, on the Monongahela River, in Virginia, near the Pennsylvania line. When quite young she emigrated with her parents, Thomas Hogglan and wife, to Cincinnati, when it was yet a garrison, and lived in a block-house where the city now stands. She was married August 10, 1821, to Rev. Samuel Allen, who writes as follows:

"She obtained religion in 1826, in Fayette County, Ohio, and, with myself, joined the Methodists in 1829. In 1832 we moved to Marion, Marion County, Ohio, where we formed many religious acquaintances. In 1836 we moved to Arkansas. Here I joined the conference, and received an appointment by J. Harrell, presiding elder, to a school in western Cherokee nation, Canadian Forks. I was afterward appointed to Choctaw nation, then to Sevier Mission, and then to Greenville Circuit, where my companion died. As a wife, she was equaled by few and surpassed by none; as a mother, she was kind and affectionate; as a Christian, she was humble, devout, and cheerful. The female prayer-meeting in Marion, Ohio, will long remember her. She loved the class-room, where she often spoke of the love of God to her soul in such a thrilling strain as never failed to awaken lively emotions in the bosoms of her class-mates.

"In 1836-7 she formed an unyielding attachment to the Cherokees. Often she has taken the Indian mothers by the hand and bowed before a throne of grace, and taught them how to pray. The tawny daughters have often gathered around her to hear the story of Jesus' death. When appointed to the Choctaw nation the Cherokees were unwilling to give her up. They pleaded and wept for her to stay. Among the Choctaws she did much the same -- endeared herself to all. At Sevier Mission she formed endearing attachments," and on Greenville Circuit also.

"None feel the loss more than myself and family. My only earthly stay is gone. When on my circuit she led the family devotion at home. She knew my appointed hours for preaching all around the circuit; and at those hours she was found at prayer. Often have I seen her in church, as I ascended the sacred desk, bow her head in prayer. She died while I was on my circuit. On being requested to send for me she said, 'No; I want him to preach, and meet me in heaven. Tell him I am going to heaven. My peace is made.' Her tongue faltered, and soon she fell asleep in death, in the forty-third year of her age."

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170 -- ELIZABETH MCLAUGHLIN

Elizabeth McLaughlin was born in Fayette Co., Ohio, November 4, 1795, and died near Indianapolis, Indiana, February 8, 1880, aged eighty-four years.

She was the daughter of John and Susannah Hannaman, from whom she inherited a strong, physical constitution and a good mind. Of the children, of whom she was one, there is only a single survivor -- Judge Robert L. Hannaman, of Knoxville, Illinois. When she was about seventeen years of age she was married to William McLaughlin, with whom, in sweetest Christian wedlock, she lived till his death, in 1836. A few years after her marriage, her husband went to the war of 1812 and served till the close. For almost forty-four years she remained a widow, counting herself still the beloved wife of him who was the object of her first and only love. She was the mother of five daughters and two sons, four of whom survive -- Mrs. E. W. Robe, of Kalamazoo, Michigan; Mrs. E. J. Miller, and Greenly H. and William H. McLaughlin, of Indianapolis, Indiana.

All the children she brought up to adult age, and they became religious. She gave four daughters to be the wives of Methodist preachers, and her elder son to the itinerant ministry. The other son has long held an official relation to the same church. The deceased children all died in

the faith in the church of their parents. In addition to her own family, she assisted in raising four orphan children, three of whom survive her -- Mrs. Elizabeth Denny of Indianapolis, Mr. Harrison McLaughlin of Missouri, and Mrs. Martha Beck of Greencastle, Indiana, the wife of Rev. Asa Beck of the Indiana Conference.

The deceased joined the church and was converted in girlhood, and was devoted to God for about seventy years. She was a member of the first class formed in Indianapolis, Indiana. It is doubted if there be a single survivor of that class. They are now a complete class in glory.

From Ohio her family moved to Rush County, Indiana, in 18127 and thence to near Indianapolis in 1821. Here, on this same spot, for more than fifty-eight years she lived and labored. For a number of years her house was a place for worship, and until a church was built on her own land, and her house was also the quiet resting place for the preacher. The lamented, but the then young and gifted Richard Hargrave, in the second year of his married life, spent nine months in the same room where this good woman died.

Funeral services at the homestead were conducted by Thomas H. Lynch, who discoursed most appropriately from 2 Cor. 5:1-5, the very same chapter used by Rev. Calvin W. Rater, at conference -- in 1836 -- in Indianapolis, for her husband's funeral, Dr. Lynch knowing nothing about that service. This was a most remarkable and grateful coincidence to those who called it to mind. Mrs. McLaughlin's religion was not only of an aggressive, practical character, but it was to her a constant comfort and support. She rejoiced in God as her Savior from all sin, and for many years was almost constantly enthused with the theme and experience of "holiness to the Lord." As may be inferred, her end was not only peaceful, but victorious and glorious. She was permitted to have, as the answer of an almost life-long prayer, a clear mind in the dying hour.

Nearing the end she exclaimed, "I am so happy! Come and bid me good-bye." And then, as nearly forty-four years ago, in the same room, where a departing husband and father called his family about him for the last time and bid them farewell, so she gives a good word and a good-bye to the remnant of her children and children's children, and sending a last, and loving message to some absent ones, she sunk into a quiet slumber, from which none wake to weep.

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171 -- MATILDA HARTMAN BOWMAN

The record of this life, crowded with labor and adorned with love, must necessarily be brief. Matilda Hartman, wife of Bishop Thomas Bowman, the third daughter of John and Mary Hartman, was born in York, Pennsylvania, March 17, 1821. Her father, being a successful merchant and a man of culture, for the time gave his children every educational advantage.

While attending the Female Seminary at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, in her seventeenth year she became interested in the subject of religion, was converted and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and she being the first of her family to join that church, by the influence of a zealous Christian life and persuasive words won her father and mother, who soon followed to the

same fellowship; then the family altar; the exemplary Christian life; then the conversion of others of the family. These were her first-fruits.

In July, 1840, she was united in marriage with Rev. Thomas Bowman, and at this early age assumed cares and responsibilities which were to increase all through her future years, and to be laid down only with her life. To the fulfillment of her duties she brought a cultured and cheerful mind, rare energy of character, industry, economy, and hospitality, and crowned these with love for God and humanity. The active and public sphere of most women is more circumscribed than that of their husbands, yet often not less responsible, nor less influential.

While her husband became the steward and principal of the Williamsport Academy, which was founded in 1848, Mrs. Bowman became the superintendent, laborious and careful, of the dormitories and boarding-house, to control and mold the home-life and character of the hundreds, who, in nine years, were to be placed under her watch-care, and after whom the sleepless vigilance of love went as a guardian angel. Here she was sowing seed for a coming harvest, and securing rightful claim to share in her husband's success by lifting from him the wearing care and annoyance of domestic responsibility, and giving him leisure for mental development, such as would fit him for all after-career.

In 1858 Bishop Bowman was unexpectedly, and without his seeking, elected president of the Indiana Asbury University, himself a stranger in the West, as also his family. Others had sought this distinction, and it is difficult to estimate the peculiarity of her position, and the circumspection essential to give her husband his highest success and usefulness; but with the skill of the courtier, yet with the simplicity and guilelessness of an earnest woman -- the highest title I can give her -- she went forward, winning all hearts. Society customs differed from her former homes, but she adapted herself with facility to her surroundings.

Hardly established well in her new home, the war of the rebellion came on, and with her accustomed energy and spirit she entered into all plans for the aid and comfort of those far away from the fostering care of home, giving not only her time and means, but three of her sons to the service. Without bitterness for those who espoused the cause of secession, yet with love for the flag of her country, no sacrifice was too great.

Not vigorous in health at any time, the demands of her large family, the absence of her husband as chaplain of the United States Senate in 1864-65, her ambition to leave nothing undone at home, were too great a tax upon her, and her health gave way, and from that time till her departure -- fifteen years -- she was a constant sufferer. Her life became a struggle. Absolutely compelled to rest awhile, often confined to her bed, the energy of her character soon aroused her to execute the plans matured during her forced confinement. Few families in Greencastle were without some token from her hand, as a witness that she thought of them -- that for which most people long, to be thought of.

The children's Easter, the poor boy's flag, the student's table, the widow and orphan, all testify to her sympathy and desire to promote their comfort and happiness. That Mrs. Bowman had the ambition common to most, rejoicing in her husband's elevation, and looked upon the position and distinction that the election to the episcopate would confer may be readily confessed; but when

she surveyed the whole field, the greater home-burdens, and yet the homelessness to follow, she was in both judgment and preference adverse to such choice.

But when the result was reached she submitted her will and preference to God and the church, grieving much that she must give up, with the companionship of her husband, her home in Greencastle also, where her warm friends were so numerous, and her two children slept. Yet in this, when duty became plain, she gathered up her household goods, and with her Savior went to found a new home, which she was to exchange for "the house not made with hands."

Gradually the demands upon the bishop called for longer journeys and prolonged absence from home. When it was decided he should visit the conference in India and other nations, she interposed no objections, though it must have been apparent to her that she was looking upon his face for the last time in the flesh.

When early in February she became dangerously ill, and friends urged the recall of her husband and daughter, -- who had accompanied him, -- she promptly declined, affirming that it would do no good, and she did not wish them even to know of the danger. Her desire was that they might visit and enjoy to the full every scene of interest without care or sorrow to mar their joy. Thus in her Christian growth she had come to lay all dear to her on the altar, and without selfishness, joy in the joy of others. She passed weary days of confinement and suffering in reading. Of late especially she had come to love such books as taught and illustrated the finest type of Christian character and life. Everything which interested the church and tended to the spread of the Redeemer's kingdom became a source of interest to her. As they appeared she read carefully and with pleasure and profit the Yale Lectures of Bishop Simpson, saying, "These will be of great benefit to the ministry and the church."

Her friends at a distance were not forgotten. The circle of intimate associates she had gathered about her in St. Louis were drawn closer in the bonds of love; her companion and his work, her own children, prized as earth's choicest jewels, loved and longed for more than life -- these all shared and filled the hours of waiting till the return and reunion, which was to come in April or May. But now when it became manifest that the end was not far distant, her sisters from Frederick, Baltimore, Cincinnati, and Greencastle, and her brother from York, came to her; her children gathered home about her, that by every care and ministry of love her last hours might be made as near like heaven as could be. The Rev. Benjamin St. James Frye, editor of the Central Christian, Advocate, at St. Louis, in his paper gives additional particulars of her departure:

"We announced that the wife of Bishop Bowman was seriously ill, but with scarcely a thought that her death was so near at hand. She had been so many years in feeble health, contending so bravely and cheerfully against the encroachment of disease, there were so many reasons for one's taking the most hopeful view of her case, we naturally indulged in the hope that her life would be spared some months yet. But the wise and loving Father, in whose hands are the lives of us all, has seen well that it should be otherwise.

She passed from a long and weary experience of pain to eternal peace and joy. Happily she had every compensation that the absence of her husband and youngest daughter could afford, in the presence of her sons and sisters, who, with the friends, contributed everything possible to her

comfort. Her mind was clear and calm, and faith strong as death came. She had made every arrangement in regard to her death. Memorial services were held at the Episcopal residence in St. Louis, conducted by her pastor, Rev. Dr. Houghton.

Then, in accordance with her desire, the body was conveyed to Greencastle, Indiana, where she had passed fourteen years of happy home-life, and where, in Crown Hill Cemetery, two of her children are buried. The funeral services were at the residence of the oldest son, Theodore G. Bowman. Her old friend, Rev. Dr. P. Wiley, whom she had chosen years ago for the duty, had charge of the services, preaching from Prov. 5:18. The sermon, writes Prof. DeMotte, was a simple narration of the facts of a useful Christian life, showing that the light on the Christian's pathway grows brighter and brighter to the perfect day.

"Why are friends torn from us? 'Tis to bind,
By soft affection's ties on human hearts
The thought of death, which reason too supine,
Or misemployed, so rarely fastens there."

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172 -- HANNAH WRIGHT BENTON

Hannah Wright Benton died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Judge Knapp, in Keosauqua, Iowa, June 16, 1880. She was born in Washington, Pennsylvania, of John and Rachel Wright. In 1817 she moved with the family to Indiana; in 1831 she was married to Norman Benton; in 1839 she came to Iowa with her two little girls, to keep house for her brother, now Hon. George G. Wright. When her brother, Governor Wright, of Indiana, lost his wife, she took charge of his home. She then returned to Iowa, and up to the time of her death has made her home either with her daughter, Mrs. Judge Knapp, of Keosauqua, Iowa, or Mrs. Judge Caldwell, of Little Rock, Arkansas.

In her early life she united with the Methodist Church, and for more than fifty years has been an honored and consistent member of it, watching its progress and loving all its doctrines and usages; especially loving her church associations in Keosauqua; hoping and praying that she might meet once more her classmates in God's house on her return from Little Rock.

She had great trials and afflictions in her earlier life, yet they seemed only to make her faith stronger, her patience more perfect, and her resignation more sublime. Her life proved her piety, her labors bespoke her faith, and in all her afflictions and sorrows she manifested "a meek and quiet spirit." She ministered in love and well doing to all the needy around her, so that today "many rise up to call her blessed," saying, "She never thought of herself, always of others -- others first, self last."

An aged Christian said to the writer, "I have seen Sister Benton in the sick-room, in the social circle, in church-work, in many trying circumstances, and I never saw aught I could call wrong in her life of conduct."

During her last illness, which was long and painful, she was patient and cheerful, declaring unwavering faith in the Redeemer, and a readiness "to depart and be with Christ, which is far better." Surrounded by many friends, tried and true, and receiving every attention that could be bestowed by devoted children and relatives.

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173 -- MRS. BANYARD -- By Gideon Draper

In the death of Mrs. Banyard the world has lost its foremost woman worker. She was the organizer and life-long superintendent of the "Bible Woman's Work" in London.

Livingstone, whose honored remains rest in classic Westminster Abbey, on his last departure from his native shores dropped this remark -- "If I were not a missionary to Africa I would be a missionary to the poor of London." This seed utterance fell into the heart of this Christian woman, and, germinating, resulted in her great life work.

It was in the year 1857, in the streets of St. Giles, -- the Five Points of London, -- with a solitary Bible-reader and five pounds in the treasury, the gift of the British Bible Society, that it had its humble beginning. It has multiplied, until today there are upward of two hundred lady superintendents, an aggregate of hundred warm, loving hearts engaged in this Christly labor. Throughout all these years Mrs. Banyard was its embodiment and inspiration. She furnished both brains and heart. Although an invalid, her home was the center of unremitting activity. It was a workhouse from early morn until the late hours at night.

Mrs. Banyard was not only pre-eminent in zeal and persistent toil, but also in administrative ability. There was wisdom and comprehensiveness in planning, and a patient mastery of details. In addition to constant onerous burdens, she was the editor of the monthly magazine, Missing Link. Besides a volume bearing the same title she gave to the world "Life-Work," wherein it is shown that the link has been found. To this succeeded the "Book and its Story," undertaken at the request of the British and Foreign Bible Society. This volume has had a large circulation, and been translated into the German French, and Dutch languages. Thereafter followed "Fresh Leaves From the Book," "Stones Crying Out," "God's Message in Low London," and "Nurses for the Needy." How much of loving labor crowded into the busy years of one invalid life!

What a troop of mourners are there today in the city of four million! Not only the "Bible women" they themselves dug out of the pit, but the thousands saved through this divinely-appointed agency. Mrs. Banyard was mother to them all. Her monument is around her, in the hearts of many grateful rescued women. Many Mary Magdalenes will arise and call her blessed. The woman heathendom of great London will feel the shock; but there will be tears of joy that it felt for so many years the thrill of that Christly life.

Mrs. Banyard was a humble and devoted follower of the Lord Jesus, of an undemonstrative and teachable spirit. We remember with gratitude the hospitalities of her cultured home, the

refreshing Christian converse, the opportunities and courtesies extended for a study of Christian work in the British metropolis.

The funeral services took place at the Scotch Church, Regent Square, of which the well-known Dr. Dykes is pastor, successor to the still more widely-known Dr. James Hamilton. Mrs. Banyard was a regular attendant at this church, and was a lover of the meaty sermons of the Scotch pastors.

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174 -- ELIZA J. MEAD

Mrs. Eliza J. Mead, wife of Rev. Nathaniel Mead, of the New York East Conference, closed a glorious Christian life June 8, 1880. Through the instrumentality of Rev. Cyrus Foss, father of the three admirable younger brethren of that name, one of whom is now a bishop, she was led to seek God. Her mental struggle was sharp and long, during which she was received on probation in the Methodist Episcopal Church. Subsequently, at a camp-meeting at Sing Sing, she received such assurance of pardon and adoption that she never after doubted her acceptance with God.

Mrs. Mead's Christian life covered a period of nearly fifty years, during which there was no break or flaw. She never turned aside -- never for one moment looked back. When she avouched Jesus Christ to be her Savior and Lord, she did it once for all.

For forty-five years she was the constant co-laborer of her husband in all his fields of pastoral and ministerial work. In the Sunday-school she was a most successful teacher. In the prayer-meeting and class-meeting she had very few equals. Among the poor and sick her words and acts always brought comfort; and her presence itself was a benediction.

To be what Mrs. Mead was, and to do what she did in society, required, of course, far more than ordinary gifts and culture. Her gifts were improved to the last; and when both voice and hand trembled, she was the delight of her circle of friends as she presided at the piano, and sung with clear voice songs and beautiful hymns.

Mrs. Mead was a marked example of perseverance in her private devotions through the whole of life. In the early part of her Christian life she was so baptized with the Holy Spirit in a Sunday school prayer-meeting, that the visitation was never forgotten. Her firmness of religious character always asserted itself in declining all invitations to such amusements as she thought were not for the glory of God. These invitations came from those whom she tenderly loved; and yet she never, in declining them, forfeited their esteem. The sacrifices of her itinerant life, whatever they were, were cheerfully accepted. She rarely so much as alluded to them, and I do not propose to do more. It is enough to know that she did all she did for the Master; and that Master never leaves his faithful ones unrequited.

And now thou art gone to thy home. Rest thee! Thy loved ones will come to thee, and God will wipe away all tears from thine eyes; and where the pure and lovely meet there shall thy habitation be forever.

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175 -- LUCILLE GREEN CHENEY

The subjoined letter, describing the great sorrow in Nynee Tal, India, consequent upon the death, September 30, 18__, of Mrs. Lucille Green Cheney, daughter of Rev. Green of New Jersey Conference, and wife of Rev. N. G. Cheney, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Mission-Church in that city, will awaken the most tender and sympathetic emotions in the hearts of multitudes of friends:

We sit in sorrow, and with bated breath we say, "Surely it can not be; we needed her." And yet it is true. On Saturday before daylight cholera came, -- that most dreadful scourge, -- and after forty-eight hours "she was not, for God took her." Only forty-eight short hours -- to her of pain and weariness, of physical restlessness, but of spirit calm; to us, hours of anxious watching, of varying hope and fear, yet hours of calm confidence that it would be well, for she was the Lord's own loved child.

Two years and a half previous to her death she reached Bombay. Memory recalls the evening we met in Lucknow. She seemed the same fresh, simple-hearted girl we had known in by-gone years at home; and we thought with some anxiety of the heavy responsibilities she must soon assume. But the days rolled into months, and the anxiety gave place to calm assurance that she was equal to her task. As each month fell into the past we watched with loving heart the increase of womanly poise, the calm confidence of faith with which responsibilities were met. Once she said, in referring to the weighty cares of her position in Bareilly, the thought that the church at home had chosen her for that work gave her power to meet care with calmness. Many a lesson was learned through catching something of the simpleness of her trust in God. Indeed, the prominent characteristic of her life was her wonderfully simple faith. It included everything which entered into her daily life, and found nothing too small to refer to her all-loving Father.

In her work in Bareilly she showed great adaptability. In shorter time than any one would have believed it possible, she gained a practical knowledge of the language. Her winsome, unaffected manner won the hearts of all about her; and her skill in her profession was such as to command the admiration of all who looked on. Many who were inclined to despise her youth have been obliged to confess that she had wisdom beyond her years.

In January,____, she was married, and by the first of March was settled at work in her husband's large parish in Nynee Tal. Only eight months of happy, consecrated work were to be hers. Had she known the shortness of the time she could hardly have used it better. Here, as elsewhere, her winsomeness made her many friends, as the long procession winding up the hill-side attested. Not only those were there, who were known as her friends, but many natives from the bazaar followed close, feeling that one who had lovingly helped his loved ones was gone

from his sight and reach. In that long line were many sad faces, to whose hearts had come her true and tender words like the gentle dew from heaven.

It has been Mrs. Cheney's practice since coming to Nynee Tal to spend two days in the week in zenana work, a department of missionary labor in which she manifested the very keenest interest. In all his parish-visiting she was her husband's constant companion. Often after a visit together she would go back again alone; and before she left, the lonely would be cheered, the weak-hearted strengthened, and the sorrowing comforted. And so it was that she and all who knew her looked forward to many years of increasing usefulness for her. But we miss her, and know only this, that in His hands was the ordering of all her ways, and to Him the work and plans so dear to her and to us are even dearer; so we send the coming tears back with the whispered words, He knows."

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176 -- MISS IVVA BRAND -- My Mission: An Unbroken Family in Heaven.

Miss Ivva Brand died in Urbana, Ohio, February 25, 1875, in her eighteenth year. She was the youngest daughter of Joseph C. and Lavinia Brand, and the youngest child of a family of eleven children. Her experiences of the world were much beyond her years. Modest and reserved in tall things, her strength of character and mind was known only to her family and more intimate friends. Under the light of a mother's good example she grew into womanhood, and into a conscious enjoyment of a Christian experience. She had no doubts, but walked the paths of righteousness for her Master's sake, with a hope that fears not and falters not.

She had been an invalid nearly twelve months, and exhibited a great degree of fortitude and patience. She suffered, and enjoyed the parallel between her sufferings and those that ended on the cross; and the soft, bright sunshine that fell upon her heart was always a clear token that God had proved her. Death placed his icy fingers upon her brow two days before the final dissolution; and while she knew that he had claimed her his own, in those slow and tiresome moments her spirit was led on, and on, to the supreme eminence of earthly glory -- a triumphant victory over the shadows and sorrows and tears of a death-bed. There was constantly with her a greater Presence than suffering; and her mind held and fed upon a greater philosophy than science can herald. Pain had forsaken her, and her only suffering was great weariness. Tired, she wanted rest; but there was no sleep for her save in the sleep of death. Out of this feeling, she looked with calm and dignified composure, and sweetly said, "Christ suffered!"

Years ago she formed an idea that she had a mission to perform on earth; and it was consoling to her to believe that it was the care of her aged parents. When she saw the approach of death, and the early hope of her mission fade away, she looked for other work that must have been appointed for her to accomplish. As the star in the East, that work rose up before her and became as distinct as that which directed the wise men to the Savior. Three weeks before she had confided to her mother a message to one of her brothers, one who was out of the pale of the church and not devoted to the duties of the active Christian. The day before her death she called for that brother, and requested the message to be delivered. The loving mother could not tell it there; and it was communicated in a distant room.

This was the message: "How fondly she had loved the delaying brother; how her affection for him was stronger, more intense than for the others, because of solicitude; how an abiding faith in Christ had sustained and comforted her throughout her affliction, and made her love her family and be good to them. And she asked him to seek and find and depend upon in every hour that Christ who had given her such peace and happy days." The brother came to her side with a heavy heart, for he loved her as his own soul, saying, "My darling Ivva, the message is delivered."

"The promise! oh, the promise!" she cried. And fondly kissing her questioning face he gave her the promise. The face beamed with the glory of her joy. She looked angelic as she exclaimed, "Thank you, oh, thank God. Bless you, my dearest brother." A halo of glory seemed to wreath her brow as she said to her elder brother, "Oh, pray, pray!" When the prayer was ended she said, "Oh, you have made me so happy -- you and you -- all. Oh, I feel like I would almost get well again."

The doctor said to her, "Ivva, you know you are dying; don't you, dear?" "How long?" she asked. He said, "You are almost home; it's only a little while." Smiling as one who ascends a throne to reign and govern, she raised her eyes to his and replied, "Thank you, thank you. Bless the Lord for rest!" She had reached the summit of her greatness, and made her appointments as composedly as one who sets her house in order. Nothing was forgotten in the hurry of death.

Calling for her physician, she thanked him for his care and attention. Kind friends, who during her sickness and last hours ministered to her, received her warm thanks and God's blessing. One by one the family approached, and from each was exacted a promise to meet her in heaven. As she kissed her father, dearer to her than life itself, she said, "Don't cry; we'll meet above." Through his tears he answered, "Yes, daughter, you are almost there."

One brother approached, and she made the wonderfully significant remark, "There is the one!" The youngest brother-in-law stooped down and received the last words from her, kissed her fondly, and bid her good-bye; and then she said, "My work is finished." Looking up into her loving mother's eyes, with a slight wave of her hand sweeping the entire family there, she said, "My mission -- -an unbroken family in heaven!" Her mission was accomplished. Christ had led her on; and from the topmost height of spiritual greatness she reached out her hands and was welcomed into heaven.

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177 -- ELIZA A. KANAGA

Eliza A. Kanaga, daughter of Christopher Kanaga, was born in the vicinity of Urbana, Ohio, October 28, 1822, and died October 16, 1840. She joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which her parents were pious and worthy members, in the twelfth year of her age; and to the day of her death she lived a blameless, pious, and faithful member of the church. Eliza was the only daughter, and great care was taken in her education and moral and religious instruction. She was remarkable for mildness of temper and sweetness of disposition; and to these the religion of the

meek and lowly Jesus added a charm that made her beloved and esteemed by all who were acquainted with her.

But it remained for religion to show itself in all its richness, its beauty, and its excellency in her last illness, and at the closing scene. She was seized with an affliction of the lungs in February, 1840. That most deceitful and yet most certain destroyer of mortal life continued its ravages until the work of death was accomplished. She bore her sufferings with the utmost patience and resignation to the will of Him from whom she believed she received it all as a divine chastening.

The influence of that religion which she obtained in early youth, and which she had enjoyed for more than five years, was visibly seen by her friends in the heavenly charms that it threw around her, and in the comfort and strong consolation that it afforded her through the whole of her protracted illness. During the few last weeks of her earthly being she talked much of the comforts of religion, the joys of heaven, and the glory of things eternal. She spoke with peculiar pleasure of the time when she embraced religion as the most eventful period of her life and the brightest spot in her short existence. She was often transported with delight when she conversed about the rich seasons of grace she so frequently enjoyed in the prayer-meetings, in the class-room, and in the public congregation under the ministry of the word of life. With almost ecstatic soul she rejoiced that she was favored with pious parents, the Holy Bible, and the numerous means of grace.

Having given this general outline of the life and experience of this amiable young Christian, we will come to the most pleasant as well as the most important part -- the closing scene. This is esteemed by many as the most important, and indeed the only safe period in which to test the reality of the religion of the Bible. With Eliza death had lost its terrors; and so triumphant was religion in her approaching dissolution that she conversed as freely and with as much pleasure about death, the grave, and a future state as about her most beloved and familiar earthly friends. At one time, with a most pleasant smile and joyful exclamation, she said, "Religion lights up the dark and silent tomb and points to a rest, an eternal rest in heaven." She was familiar with the Scriptures, and seemed to be wrapped up in inspiration. She said, "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace;" and, "Soon shall I change a sick-chamber for heaven, mortality being swallowed up of life."

At another time, when a friend asked her if she still enjoyed the divine presence, she answered, "Peace without and peace within," and then continued, "Indeed, in religion there is no deception; for I know that my Redeemer liveth;" and with her eyes fixed upward said, "Soon these eyes shall see that country that is afar off, and behold the King in his beauty." Some time after, to the inquiry of a friend if religion still comforted her, and if the presence of Christ was still with her, she replied,

"His arms embrace, and his hands,
My drooping head sustains."

Her theme was religion. She talked to her friends who visited her from time to time, and exhorted them individually to be faithful and prepare to meet her in heaven. When her sufferings seemed most severe she was most happy, and would frequently break forth and sing,

"I'll praise my Maker while I've breath," etc.

In short time before her departure the writer of this sketch called to see her. She coughed much, and her friends were attending to her at her bedside. She said to her brother. "Tell Brother Connell that my Savior is still with me, and suffers not a cloud to arise to darken my sky. I just wish him to know that religion still comforts me. Religion is a glorious treasure." She would often repeat the dying-words of Bishop McKendree, "All is well; all is well." Among her last words were, "Heaven and Christ are mine."

A few days before her death she feared she would not be able to talk to the last, and tell her friends of her continued settled confidence in the Savior, and would often express her belief that though she might not have the power of speech, her confidence would remain unshaken to the last. She requested that Rev. John Stewart should preach her funeral sermon from Numbers 32:10, and sing on the occasion the 556th hymn. As she anticipated, the power of speech failed; but her reason continued. And when a friend said, "Eliza, is Jesus still your friend and with you? If so, lift your hand," she lifted both hands, with countenance beaming bright with glory. All present had the clearest evidence that

' The peaceful slumber of the saint forgiven--
Bright was the opening gleam of promised heaven."

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178 -- ANN WILKINS -- By J. P. Durbin

More than half a century ago there dwelt among the mountains which embosom West Point, on the Hudson River, a few plain Quakers and some devoted Methodists. Of these was born, in 1806, one whose life and death have illustrated the grace of God in renewing and sanctifying the soul, and the love of God, in an entire consecration of the whole life to the missionary cause. This person was the late Mrs. Ann Wilkins.

She was converted to God at the age of fourteen, and thus escaped the snares and fascinations of the world. But the indomitable spirit that God had given her, and the vigorous person in which he had placed that spirit, were not willing to defend her Christian purity and life by retiring into privacy, where there would be but little danger, because little temptation; but with a proper Christian confidence, at nineteen years of age she stepped forth into the arena of active life as a teacher of youth -- moved thereto chiefly by the desire and hope of leading her pupils to Christ.

In 1886 Mrs. Wilkins was at the Sing Sing camp-meeting; and there, for the first time, she early comprehended the importance and the wants of our missions in Liberia, on the western coast of Africa. This she learned from an address of Rev. John Seys, who had recently returned from Liberia. When the collection was taken for this mission she gave all she had, and sent the following note to Rev. Bangs, then corresponding secretary of the Missionary Society:

"A sister who has but little money at command gives that little cheerfully, and is willing to give her life as a female teacher, if she is wanted."

It is impossible to read this note without being struck with the propriety, clearness, and delicacy of its language. It was a spontaneous reflection of the spirit within.

Early in 1837 Mrs. Wilkins was on the mighty deep, sailing for Africa in company with Rev. J. J. Matthias, Dr. Goheen, and Miss Boers. From the hour that she beheld the low, palm-bearing coast of Liberia, she never forgot it in her conversation, her labors, or her prayers. Upon landing she immediately commenced her work by gathering around her a company of the children, and became their teacher. Out of this movement sprung the Millsburg Female Boarding-School, the very mention of which gives out an odor of sweet smell to the name of Mrs. Wilkins.

Twice her health failed her, and she sunk down to the verge of the grave, but would not desert her work till the counsel and constraint of those who had influence and authority in the matter caused her to make a voyage home. When she returned home in 1853, without afflicting her by telling her we thought possibly her mission was ended in Africa, the board quietly accepted as a fact that her work in Africa was done. But this was a mistake. Three devoted young Christian women insisted on going out to Liberia as teachers; and the board, seeing they were intent on this, said, "The will of God be done." But the board thought it prudent to ask Mrs. Wilkins if she would return to Africa with these three young women, and watch over them and assist them till they should become acclimated and established in their schools. Without the slightest hesitation she consented, and they sailed in October, 1854. Her health gradually gave way, and she was forced to return in 1856.

It was now evident, beyond a doubt, that her residence in Africa was at an end. And yet the return voyage, and the society of friends, and the comforts which she found wherever she went, much improved her health. Upon the first gleam of hope and confidence that she could still do something toward promoting the happiness and salvation of her fellow-beings, she began to ask for work, and would not be content till she was admitted as an officer, in active service, in the Juvenile Asylum of New York. Alas! this effort still to do good was but the spasmodic exhibition of a life which panted to be useful but had expended its power. In forty-eight hours from her entrance on service in the asylum she lay upon her bed gradually sinking, till, at the end of the sixth day, she died in great peace.

But those six days were eventful days, crowned with glory and honor. None approached her without being illuminated by the depth and gleam of her piety; it literally shone upon and penetrated every one that came into communion with her during these six days. The words she uttered were listened to with eagerness and treasured up in the inmost recesses of the memory and of the heart. They are still repeated within the circle of those friends who knew her inner life, as oracles issuing out of the temple of God. Their practical power may be faintly realized by the reply of the proper officers of the Juvenile Asylum to the Missionary Society when its recording secretary said he had come to make the asylum suitable compensation for their trouble and kindness to our Sister Wilkins during her illness. The/ksylum said, "No, indeed, we have had

reward enough; it was as if waiting upon an angel of God; we never saw such a person; such dying we never witnessed."

As the Sunday after her decease approached, all that was mortal of Ann Wilkins, accompanied by her mother and by the recording secretary of the Missionary Board, was conveyed to the old homestead of the family near Fort Montgomery; and, after appropriate funeral services, her remains were deposited in the sepulcher of her fathers, where she now sleeps sweetly amid the everlasting hills on the banks of the Hudson.

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179 -- ELIZABETH RAYNER

Elizabeth Rayner, wife of Rev. John Rayner of Piqua, Ohio, was born in Newark, England, in 1795, of pious parents. She was left motherless at the age of three years. Her mother taught her infant lips to pray. She was converted when only six years old, and was taken into church-fellowship at the age of thirteen. In her twentieth year she first commenced speaking, but not until after her marriage was her name regularly enrolled on the "Local Preacher's Plan." In company with her husband, she joined the Primitive Methodists, because they encouraged the women of their church to preach the gospel. She was popular, and so zealous that she would carry a child in her arms several miles rather than fail in filling her appointment to preach to sinners. After her emigration to this country, in 1820, she exercised herself in the public ministrations of the word. When settled at Piqua, Ohio, she still preached in the country churches.

She was always deeply interested in the work of the church, and, as I well know, in times of revival labored earnestly and successfully at the mourners' bench with seekers of religion. But it was in times of spiritual dearth and coldness in the church that she exerted herself with greater earnestness and zeal. Her faithful and appropriate words of exhortation in the prayer-meeting, the love-feast, and the class-room were often blessed to many Souls. And also in her own house, where some like-minded with herself met for prayer, she dropped words of cheer or warning-always intent, everywhere, on doing something for Christ.

And she did not neglect her own household. Seven of her children were converted at home, in answer to her unceasing prayers in the wild woods of Mercer County, Ohio, in a log-cabin, before even Methodist itinerants had found their way into the settlement. A very remarkable fact I wish here to record is that two of her children were happily converted to God at what Mother Rayner called "the little bed-time prayer-meeting."

Her son says: "I think it was in 1833 that my mother experienced the blessing of a clean heart; or, if not the first time, it was a renewal of the all-cleansing blood. I remember it well. I was home helping her with the work. The struggle was so great that she could not conceal the inward agony of spirit from her children. But the joy that followed was greater still, her soul was full of glory and of Christ. And she lived in that blessed light and comfort the balance of her earthly pilgrimage."

She was a firm believer in divine providence -- that God does hear and answer prayer. In many instances he interposed to the supply of food and clothing in cases of extreme necessity, and by means the most unexpected.

In the latter part of her life her regard for God's law touching the sanctity of the Sabbath was severely tested. Her husband had engaged to keep a toll-gate on a pike coming into Piqua; and although the directors gave orders to collect toll on the Sabbath, she never did it. She would go out when people stopped, and tell them they did not take toll on the Sabbath; and more than that, she did not think it was right to do so. Her faith and trust in God triumphed over cupidity.

About two years before she died she had a slight paralytic stroke, which considerably affected her mind. Her bright days after that were fewer; and she sometimes gave way to doubt. Her son said: "Father died about a year before her; and I could but think of that passage where it says, 'Behold, an angel strengthened him.' She sat by his bed with his hand in hers, and seemed to hand him over to the angels. She had a wonderful regard for father; and after they were separated she would arrange their chairs, as night closed, as they used to be in the evening, and sit in sweet remembrance of former years." The suddenness of her departure precluded the possibility of leaving a dying testimony.

"Sudden came the mortal foe--
Soon the parting pang was past;
Sainted spirit, gladly go
To thy heaven, gained at last.

Firmly on the field of strife,
She the conflict long maintained--
Struggled hard for endless life--
Now the victory is gained."

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180 -- MARIE ANTOINETTE HAUME -- Seven years a missionary in India -- By J. M. Yates

The Master wants our confidence and courage, and they come only through trial. Veteran soldiers are the most reliable. Having become familiar with the sounds of the strife, and seen their bravest comrades slain by their side, they are calm in the midst of tumult, and steadiest when battalions are dissolving and the battle goes awrack. And it helps to make us veterans to have a sanctified private sorrow, or to study the lesson when Jehovah permits a holy, useful life to be quenched while in the fullness of its strength and height of its usefulness.

The subject of this memoir would have shrunk from the obtrusion of her name and history upon public attention, unless it might in some way be made to subserve the glory of the Lord Jesus. And these lines are written in the prayerful hope that some Christian hearts may be stimulated to like precious faith and devotion.

Marie Antoinette Hawkins was born at Waitsburg, Pa., August 29, 1829. "A truly good mother" taught her the fear of the Lord, and in her early girlhood she was awakened and converted. At the age of twenty-one she united with the Methodist Episcopal Church at Aurora, Illinois, "and from that time," says an intimate friend, "her life was one of steady growth in grace and the knowledge of Jesus Christ." Gifted with a fine intellect, well disciplined by meditation, and richly stored with available knowledge, she laid all at the Master's feet in the humility of conscious unworthiness. Upon such a foundation her character grew up into beautiful proportions.

On the 20th of June, 1852, she was united in marriage with Rev. James Haume, of Rock River Conference, Illinois, with whom she lived fifteen happy years. The fruit of this union was five children, -- two boys and three girls, -- two of whom were early gathered by the Shepherd to his fold. To an urgent call for help for India, in 1858, they promptly responded, and in two weeks were on the way. A tedious voyage of five months brought them to the land of their longings, and the work to which they felt God had appointed them. For five years her health continued nearly as good as usual, but during the next two an insidious disease, baffling all remedies, marched steadily in upon her limb. She struggled against the thought that her missionary life was ending till all hope was gone, and then was fain to remain and 'die among the heathen she had loved so well. But the opinion of her physicians that a change of climate might yet be blessed to her recovery; and especially the wants of her children, induced her at last to yield to importunity, and after seven years of toil and suffering, which had only deepened her love for the work, she set sail with the children for America. Fading slowly, like the morning star, "which melts away into the light of Heaven," she sweetly fell asleep in Jesus on a brilliant Sabbath morning, February 24, 1867.

In person Mrs. Haume was delicately organized, -- almost frail, -- but possessed more power of endurance than appeared. Her fragile body was the temple of a martyr spirit, singularly ready to do or to suffer as the Master might be pleased. She kept a journal; and not the least interesting feature of it, to those who knew her best, is its fidelity and freedom. She did not write for other eyes, but dipping her pen in her heart wrote out her feelings and thoughts with charming simplicity and naturalness. God was in all her thoughts, and the question, "How shall I be like him?" was the one with which she constantly wrestled. A habit of introspection made her familiar with human weakness; and no sin of worldliness, or fear, or doubt could escape her search. She brought every lurking evil resolutely to the light, and held her soul up to the sight of mercy till all the guilt was shriven, and she had learned to hate ungodliness more and more.

Christian biography is useful less for its incidents than for showing how spiritual power was attained. And the histories of all the holy show that ever next after prayer is habitual and earnest meditation. This sainted missionary would be much alone with God. She would pray without ceasing, and hold heaven and earth under constant survey. And what a blessing it was to be near her! From the mount of communion she ever descended with a new odor of sanctity, like the fragrance of the ministering angel's wings, and a new light on her face, the very reflection of celestial glory. This made her a missionary. Her faith was illustrious. A few weeks before her death she said to a friend, "I am wholly on the altar, and have all my family cares there too. Thoughts about my family sometimes weigh a little upon me in my weakness. I am enabled to praise the Lord for all that is past, and to trust him for all that is to come." With a sweep of vision, such as God often gives his faithful ones in the valley, she comprehended two worlds at once. Calmly she surveyed this one she was leaving, joyfully that which was drawing so near.

But no disciple is above his Master, and this victorious believer found that the tempter was preparing another assault for her last hours. Early on one Sabbath morning the attack commenced. "Pray for me every moment," she said. "Victory is mine; why should I not have it?" "I had not thought," she said, "that the enemy would follow me into the valley -- I am in the valley now -- at the very gates of death." "Have you perfect peace?" "Yes, but by grace alone, by grace alone!" "My dear," said her husband, "this is the Sabbath; your Sabbath-keeping in heaven will soon begin. All is bright and beautiful without. How is it with your sky?" "Not a cloud, not a cloud! Jesus is all I trusted him to be; he does not disappoint me."

"Do you feel the foundation under you?" was the last question just before she breathed her last. She answered, "Rock! Rock!" and, without a struggle, fell asleep upon the Rock of Ages.

On a lovely sunset slope, in the cemetery of Rockford, lies the sainted missionary's grave. With pious hands her sisters in the churches have reared a costly monument of the purest marble to mark the spot where her dust reposes, and point to the heaven where her weary spirit rests. The shield bears the inscription, "Marie Antoinette, the beloved wife of Rev. James Haume," with the dates. The scroll above records the missionary charter, "The field is the world," and below is the eloquent legend, "Seven years a missionary in India." On either side is an infant epitaph--

"Named softly, like the, household name,
Of one whom God hath taken."

"Ella Ruth,
Died at Dixon, Illinois."

"Mary"
Died at Shajahanpora, India."

The bishop of Chichester a hundred years ago voiced in the tenderest words, for a noble wife deceased, the feelings of many another bereaved husband.

"Sleep on, my love, in thy cold bed,
Never to be disquieted;
My last good-night; thou wilt not wake
Till I thy fate shall overtake:
Till age, or grief, or sickness must
Marry my body to that dust
It so much loves, and fill the room
My heart keeps empty in the tomb.
Stay for me there, I will not fail
To meet thee in that hollow vale.
And, hark! my pulse, like a soft drum,
Beats my approach, tells thee I come
And slow howe'r my marches be,
I shall at last sit down by thee."

* * * * *

181 -- SARAH VANDERBELT -- By Bishop Joshua Soule

Mrs. Sarah Vanderbilt departed this life on Friday, November 18, 1836, in the vicinity of Lebanon, Warren County, Ohio, in the forty-eighth year of her age.

She removed from the city of New York for the purpose of attending to her aged mother, Mrs. Mary Ross, who had many years before removed to this country. She continued to discharge this office of filial affection and gratitude with unabating fidelity and zeal, till death removed her from her charge. She sustained the sufferings of her last sickness -- consumption -- with great patience and sweet resignation to the will of God, and died in perfect peace and joyful triumph. Her venerable and pious mother, Mrs. Ross, survived her daughter but one week. She died on Friday, November 25, 1836, in the eighty-seventh year of her age.

She attended the funeral of her daughter on the Saturday before her death, and returned to the house of her grandson, Mr. Abner Ross, where she continued to sink, till, without apparent pain or bodily suffering, she sweetly fell asleep in Jesus. A calm and heavenly serenity of mind distinguished the last hours of the devoted child of God. She had been for more than seventy years in the communion of the church of Christ, -- a woman of sound understanding and courteous and amiable manners, of which she gave an admirable example even till the close of life. But above all, her life, from a very early period, was distinguished by a sincere and ardent piety, charity, and kindness to her fellow-creatures. She was verily a mother in Israel. No doubt she has gained the blessed port of heavenly rest -- -

"There with her Savior forever to live,
And anthems of praises unceasingly sing."

I never felt more sensibly the suitableness and solemnity of our most excellent funeral service than while I was repeating it over the mortal remains of these two amiable and pious women. The scene was rendered peculiarly interesting from the fact that four generations were laid side by side in sepulchral silence before me, waiting for the sound of that trumpet which shall demonstrate to a rising universe that Jesus Christ is the resurrection and the life. Here lay Mrs. Ross, around whom religion had cast a kind of heavenly luster for more than three-score and ten years, and whose last departing hour was illuminated with the light and rendered triumphant by the hope of immortality. By her side lay her daughter, Mrs. Vanderbilt, who had died in the full triumph of faith; and three of her infant children, whose spirits had been carried by angels to Abraham's bosom, lay by her side. What an interesting epitome of the history of human life! In view of such a scene who can hear, unmoved, that declaration of Christ, "I am the resurrection and the life?"

* * * * *

182 -- MRS. W. W. WILLIAMS

A short time previous to the death of Mrs. Williams, wife of Prof. W. W. Williams, of the Ohio Wesleyan University, she said to her sorrow-stricken husband, "I'll meet thee at the eastern gate."

Since the death of Mrs. Bishop Thompson, the following beautiful lines, composed by her soon after the death of Mrs. Williams, will be read with unusual interest:

ILL MEET THEE AT THE EASTERN GATE

By Mrs. Annie E. Thomson

"I'll meet thee at the eastern gate."
O friends beloved, there I'll wait,
And gaze adown the shining road
That leadeth to yon blest abode,
Until within its light I trace
Each cherished form, each beaming face,
And then across the fields of blue,
Will shout my welcome down to you.
Dear friend, for thee I'll wait,
Close by the eastern gate.

"I'll meet thee at the eastern gate,"
And then with rapturous joy elate,
That we are safely entered in,
Far from these dark abodes of sin;
Hand clasped in hand we'll pace each street,
And join the hallelujahs sweet,
That burst from yon immortal throng,
And thrill the jasper walls along.
Dear friends, for thee I'll wait,
Close by the eastern gate.

"I'll meet thee at the eastern gate."
Oh, there my ransomed soul shall wait,
Within the splendor of its pearls,
Until each soul its wing unfurls.
E'en now, within my drooping frame,
I feel the kindlings of the flame
That makes the bliss of heaven complete,
When we within the gate shall meet.
Dear friends, for thee I'll wait,
Close by the eastern gate.

* * * * *

DEATHS BY CHOLERA.

In West Union, Adams County, Ohio

183 -- REBECCA FOSTER

On Sabbath, June 27, 1835, Mrs. Rebecca Foster, wife of Rev. Jedediah Foster, of the Kentucky Conference, and granddaughter of Rev. William Page, was sudden attacked and died in triumph.

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184 -- MISS SUSAN HOLLINGSWORTH

A few days after, Susan, daughter of Abraham and Nancy Hollingsworth, died in the twelfth year of her age. She was taken ill early in the morning, and in four or five hours was in a state of collapse. While her mother and younger sister sat weeping by her bedside, -- her father lying in the adjoining room ill of the same disease, -- she said to them, "Don't weep for me, I am going to Jesus," and lifted her little blue hands, and clapped them, and shouted, "Glory! glory!" and departed in triumph, after an illness of about eight hours.

* * * * *

185 -- SARAH ARMSTRONG

Among the number that fell victims to the dreadful disease was our much-esteemed sister, Sarah Armstrong, widow of the late William Armstrong, of West Union. She departed this life after about thirteen hours' illness.

Sister Armstrong was a native of Virginia. She was born near Winchester, August 22, 1787. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lee, at an early period of her life, removed to Kentucky. She became a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the seventeenth year of her age. She was a member of the first class that was formed in West Union -- by Rev. J. Collins -- and was one of the only two that remained of that class at the time of her death; and she was truly a pillar in the church. Her house was a constant and welcome home to the Methodist preachers, both before and after the death of her husband. Providence having blessed her with a large share of this world's goods, she was not sparing in the use of it for the good of the church and benefit of the poor. After the decease of her husband, she was called to bear a heavy burden -- the settlement of a large estate, which subjected her to many trials; but amid them all she sought her help in God. She more than once told me that amid those trials her enjoyments were not such as she desired them to be, but said everything must bend to her determination to serve God and save her soul.

I had known her well for many years previous to her death. She was in every sense of the word a "great and noble woman." Her children -- a number of whom are still living -- speak of her many virtues with the tenderest emotions. While the judgments of God hovered over the land in the form of "wasting pestilence," how appropriate the words of the poet Shelley--

"Death is here, and death is there,

Death is busy everywhere;
All around, within, beneath,
Above is death -- and we are death.
Death has set its mark and seal
On all we are and all we feel,
On all we know and all we fear.

First our pleasures die -- and then
Our hopes, and then our fear -- and when
These are dead, the debt is due,
Dust claims dust -- and we die too."

* * * * *

186 -- ANNIE H. THOMSON

Annie H. Thomson was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., May 29, 1838. She was early given to Christ. She was baptized by Bishop Simpson, and was received into the church by Granville Moody -- coming at the early age of sixteen a sweet young bride to Christ, bringing meekly as dower to that altar a more than usual beauty and perfection of face and form and character.

In May, 1866, she was married to Bishop Thomson, a marriage that each believed was made in heaven, so beautifully for four years did those two lives blend in a union as full and perfect as it was beautiful. As evidence of how sacred was this sacrament of marriage held by each, just before their union was consummated, as if to cement still stronger its holy bonds, in an upper room with none but angels as witnesses of their beautiful covenant, they each with the other partook of Christ's holy communion -- a communion they are sharing now in his kingdom today. And then for seven long years she walked in a lonely widowhood that honored his name and memory, and gave many added pages of noble work, patient waiting, quiet suffering, to that life once so sweetly lost in his, and which had on them not one blot of inconsistency. Her life was one long, beautiful poem, sadly cut short when telling its strongest, sweetest numbers. And as we today take up our pen to chronicle the death of this gifted lady it is with weeping eyes for the dear friend we have lost, no less than sad thoughts for the beautiful pen that once wakened such rich music, now laid down forever.

A little more than a week before her death she was prostrated with disease; and with it seemed to come to her premonitions of its final issue -- fears which, though she would patiently and sweetly lay aside from time to time when re-assured by hoping friends, kept coming back as prophecies of her approaching end. A consultation of physicians was immediately called, her attending physician realizing to its full extent how precious and valued was the life in charge; and all that love and tenderness could do was done, but without avail.

When all hope of life was past, her little Paul was brought for a mother's blessing; but it was too late. She turned with a face full of unuttered blessings to her little boy who was nestling close and calling piteously, though softly for a mother's love once more. The film of death even then gathering seemed for a moment to glow with a kind of tearless agony; and a spasm of the deep

love with which she had guarded him for ten years swept over as she tried once more to answer back his love-call. These told how deeply-rooted is a mother's love. And now death's bitterness seemed all past. The "boatman pale" had come; "the gates of pearl," of which she had so often sweetly sung, were opened wide to receive the pure soul of Annie E. Thomson.

And then she was no longer afraid. There came to her eye a faraway look, full of heavenly assurance, as if listening to the first voiceless whispers of friends on the other shore, and still to another voice, -- "It is I; be never more afraid." As she listened, a last tear, too clear and bright to have been one of sorrow, stole out and rested on her cheek just as her life as quietly and calmly as a summer's evening went out; and we knew not when her gentle spirit passed away. And when we laid her down in the bed of flowers that loving friends brought from every part of the city, the angels came and kissed away all trace of suffering, sorrow, and care from that face beautiful even in death, and left instead that first glad smile that was born to her in heaven,

From the time the sad news of her death was known, the love in which she was held where her richest, and most beautiful development of character had been seemed to waken anew everywhere sweetest memories of that life; and flowers, which she loved so well, came pouring in from all parts of the city, until her room became a bower of bloom and beauty. Wreathes, anchors, crosses, and crowns, beautiful emblems of her faith, with many an exquisitely-arranged basket of flowers, came as love-offerings, until their fragrance, mingled with the fragrance of that pure life just gone out, made it seem no longer a chamber of death, but only as some beautifully-garlanded door, open for a moment, and through which we might look out into the life eternal.

An immense congregation of young and old friends filled the house and yard; and all the services of the hour were most impressive. The opening hymn, "Rock of Ages," one of her favorites, and read by Dr. Merrick, seemed to hold in it new depth and meaning -- followed by prayer of tender appeal, as bowed under a personal sorrow, "simply to his cross he clung." The selections of scripture read by her pastor, Rev. Mr. Newton, were most appropriate. The "Sweet By and By," another favorite, then carried all hearts up into an appreciative atmosphere of the short addresses that followed by Rev. L. B. Gurley, a life-long friend of her husband's, and Rev. Dr. Payne.

Dr. Gurley traced her pathway from a quiet and beautiful girlhood up to her exalted seat beside the husband on whom in turn she had reflected back all the graces and beauty of a gifted mind and beautiful womanhood.. Very tender and touching was the tribute this old friend and kindred spirit brought, and laid at feet grown earlier tired and laid sooner down to rest.

Dr. Payne then caught up the strain, and with a bright and glowing faith that waited not to weep over a broken casket with its jewel missing, -- an empty tomb with its captive gone, -- led mourning hearts out through the "portal we call death" into the life Elysian; and then on fancy's wing for awhile he indulged conjecture, wakening with his fervid imagination new desires after the joys and companionships of heaven. And on coming back to earth he gave wing to another beautiful thought, that the mother might not be lost to the little boy she had so loved, -- that an angel mother might still, as "ministering spirit," enfold him with her influence. -- Delaware Gazette, August 2, 1871:

How significant the following beautiful poem:

Call Me Home -- By Mrs. Bishop Thomson.

Call me home, the day is dying,
Cold and cheerless blows the blast;
Voices in my soul are sighing,
O'er the fair and vanished past;
Love's sweet flowers in graves are lying,
Joys sink deep beneath the foam,
Weary, sad, forsaken, sighing,
Heavenly Father, call me home.

Call me home, relentless sorrow
Sweeps her dark wings over me,
Not a ray to cheer the morrow,
Mid the troubled night I see;
Fettering are my steps and weary,
As I through the darkness roam,
From this changeful life and dreary,
Heavenly Father, call me home.

Call me home, to joys eternal,
Where no cares shall e'er molest,
Where in pastures fair and vernal,
Weary souls untroubled rest;
When the jasper walls are ringing,
As blest souls rejoicing come,
And their sighs are turned to singing,
Heavenly Father, call me home.

Call me home, loved friends in glory
Beckon from that radiant shore,
Whispering of the bliss before me,
When this weary life is o'er.
See, my soul her wings are pluming,
Soon 'twould scale yon starry dome,
Where celestial flames are blooming,
Heavenly Father, call me home.

* * * * *

187 -- CATHERINE WINDSOR

The subject of this memoir closed the great issues of her probationary life February 29, 1880, at the advanced age of eighty-four. A volume could scarcely recite all the living and

precious memories of her unpretentious and saintly life; but the legacy of her familiar name is an oracle both to the good and to the froward. Especially in our feasts of charity and holy work it is that this cherished name is a very synonym of all goodness.

Sister Windsor was brought to Christ and his church in the early days of Methodism. Her father's house, in Fairfax County, Virginia, was a munificent, welcome home and rest for the noble men who had consecrated their lives to the one work of "spreading scriptural holiness over these lands," and that, too, while the "sum of villainy" was dictating terms of citizenship both to church and state; so that to assume all the franchises of the gospel and "put on Christ" in that day was simply to don the "crown of thorns." And despite the allure of human prudence and worldly policy, this was the deliberate choosing of our elect lady Windsor, whose subsequent life of divine charity and holy fruitage was only the sequence of the high birth and superhuman endowments of character which marked and blessed her life with the honor of "walking with God" and receiving the benedictions of the poor for over half a century.

For many years the earnest life of this servant of Christ was passed in the feebler light of justifying grace, with its fluctuations of "mountain and valley" experience, until, weary with failures and "being overcome with evil," her oscillating faith cried out in an agony of deep-felt need, "Is this all the assurance he can give? this all the strength our almighty Jesus can put into the human weakness of his best friends as he sees them grappling with numberless diabolical forces arrayed and pitted against them?"

This resume, this extremity of need, and this "save or perish" cry of agonizing faith, pierced the very heavens, poising only for a moment, when divinely-imparted strength was given her to receive Christ as her full sanctification as well as her redemption and justification; and this "all hail" of the Master in the moment of her extremity was to her subsequent life the "pillar by day" and the "fire by night," bringing that abounding grace which enabled her to act up to the convictions her new-found treasure had inspired. Hence her testimony was always full, clear, and definite, denominating her present grace the "second blessing."

But this un sinning child of God soon found that a large majority of church-members were even more offended with her witnessing to the advanced experience of "perfect love" -- although strictly Wesleyan -- than common sinners were to her becoming a Christian at first; and as the animus of church-skepticism on the question of entire sanctification became more pronounced and intolerant, she determined to open her own house for meetings expressly for the "promotion of holiness."

Such a meeting soon became attractive, far beyond the expectation of its originators. They were always led by some clergyman of their own choosing, and strictly under Methodist teachings and formula. Nevertheless the meeting was non-sectarian, as it was composed of orthodox Christians, "having the form and seeking the power of godliness," willing to be counted singular for Christ's sake. One cogent reason for the marvelous power and efficiency of this meeting was that for some ten years it was kept free from the bane of parochial dictation, during which "Passover" the meeting at the house of "Mary and Martha" (or Windsor palace) became widely known as a grand rallying-center for "the elect of grace" from all sections of the country, and among the British Methodists, from whom letters respecting its success are still being received.

For years this weekly gathering in her own parlors of genial-sainted spirits was not only a fair exponent of Sister Windsor's true religious status and Ruth-like devotion, but equally convincing that these companionships had become almost a necessity to her growing spiritual life, to which she would frequently allude in terms of tender and touching strains, as occasions so free and trustful, and as the sunshine and dew of heaven, upon the closing hours of her earth-life.

It was only a few days prior to her demise that this beloved servant of Christ experienced a baptism of divine power which exceeded by far all previous revealments of similar grace to her. I saw her in that ecstatic joy, and heard her say, "Oh, what a delight I experienced today in forgiving (unsolicited) one who had despitefully used me." In this Christlike spirit she seemed talking to me from the beyond -- quite in the vestibule of heaven; and while her whole being was still wrapped with this holy effulgence, as if by a divine order, she was smitten with paralysis, and thus, unconscious of a single pang, fell asleep in Jesus, while the watchers could almost hear the glad acclaim echoed from the glory-land, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." --
William M. Ferguson, Washington, D. C.

What has the recoiling, the shuddering, bewildered, horror stricken atheist, to offer as a substitute for a religion so holy, which affords happiness so sublime? Infidel,

"Come to the bed of death!
Step lightly, -- check that rising sigh;
Behold the parting of the breath,
Without an agony.

Behold how softly fades
The light and glory of that eye,
As gently as the twilight shades
The azure of the sky."

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188 -- ELIZABETH TALBOT STRICKLAND

Elizabeth Talbot Strickland was born near Picketon, Ohio, November 22, 1815. In an early day her father removed from Virginia to the Scioto valley, having purchased a large plantation, where he settled around him his liberated slaves. She was sent to Mrs. Truesdell's Academy, Cincinnati, where she received her education. She was married to Rev. W. P. Strickland, at Waverly, July 26, 1833, and departed this life in Brooklyn, New York, August 10, 1863. The following tribute to her memory is from the pen of Rev. Randolph S. Foster, D. D.

"It has been in my mind to give a more extended notice of our late lamented and estimable friend, Mrs. Dr. Strickland. It is fitting when a useful and honored minister enters into rest that extended mention should be made of his labors and sacrifices in the cause of his Master. It is rarely not less proper to honor the memory of the devoted wife, upon whom not infrequently the principal part of the toils and sacrifices fall, and to whose retired virtues much of the usefulness of

the minister must be traced. Indeed, if either be worthy of more honor than the other as the braver, more self-immolating servant, in most cases, we doubt not, it is the wife. Unobserved, and when unsustained by sympathy, alone amid the privations of a scanty home, she uncomplainingly suffers and toils, that her husband may be unembarrassed in his great work; supported by the amenities and applause of the admiring multitude, content to be unknown and solitary, and even suffering, if he may acquit himself like a man of God.

"It has fallen to my lot to know but few brighter examples of this kind than Elizabeth Talbot Strickland. Twenty-eight years ago, young, beautiful, cultivated, and admired, she, turning away from offers of wealth and worldly ease, and renouncing a home of abundance, where she had been tenderly reared, accepted as her earthly heritage the afflictions of a youthful but talented and admired minister, and gave herself without hesitation or reserve to a partnership of his -- unremunerated in this world at least -- toils as an itinerant minister. Inexperienced, but rich in love and all womanly virtues, she entered upon her work. How faithfully she kept her covenant to the end all that entered her home well knew, and will long remember. If ever a woman abnegated herself for husband and children, she did. A truer wife, a truer mother, never graced a Christian home. Nobly, splendidly she began and finished her work even to the last. When she had given all, even the last remnant of inherited abundance, without complaining, she continued to give her hands and head and heart till they were worn out in the service. Other Christians have said more; few have done more for the Master.

"When war broke out to desolate the land, in the same spirit in which she offered all when a blooming girl she gave up husband and son for the cause of her country. Sunkly [sic] slowly and consciously to the grave, she only asked that her Dudley, who was major of a distant regiment, might return to see her for a few days, when she cheerfully bid him return to his duty, and kissed a mother's final farewell.

"Her last words were worthy of such a Christian woman, a sublime exit befitting such a life. She was suffering dreadfully the last night of her life, when Margaret, the eldest daughter, amid the agony of tears and an almost broken heart, exclaimed, "Merciful God, for what were we made?" The dying mother turned her loving eyes to the sorrowing child, and beautifully said, 'My child, we were made for heaven;' and then in a few moments she passed away to be with God. Her loved husband and children, with the exception of the major, were kneeling about her in prayer as she entered into rest; so that as her eyes closed upon the sorrowing group on earth, they opened upon the rejoicing throng in the heavens."

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189 -- CHARLOTTE THIEBOU JANES

Charlotte Thiebou Janes, wife of Bishop Janes, died August 13, 1876. Early planted in the house of the Lord, of few can it be so truthfully said, she flourished in the courts of God. The promise, "Flourish as the palm-tree, and grow like the cedar in Lebanon," was gloriously fulfilled in the beauty, stability, and usefulness of her Christian career for near half a century.

Her youthful profession of faith was made in the Protestant Episcopal Church. Light shining upon the blessed word soon revealed to her the King's highway of holiness cast up for the redeemed of the Lord to walk in. Immediately she sought and obtained the most satisfactory assurance of purity of heart, and was ever an unwavering, joyful witness, "that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."

She now began to long for fellowship with those of like precious faith, and looked with desire to the Methodist Episcopal Church; but her honored Christian parents said, "No." The loving daughter acquiesced and said, "No;" but for months her longing heart kept it before her heavenly Father. She said nothing more to them about it. One day her father said, "Charlotte, your mother and I have decided to give you our full consent to enter the Methodist Episcopal Church, if it will add to your happiness."

This early incident was but the beginning of a whole life of quietly committing every desire to Him who will surely bring it to pass. It showed also her unswerving loyalty to her convictions of right, and a test of individual force of character as well as the power of grace. She early found her way to the Tuesday Meeting for the promotion of holiness, and for the last thirty years was a constant attendant when in the city.

Her whole life was a life of triumph. All the exceeding great and precious promises were hers, the key was given her, and her ever happy face gave all to know how much she enjoyed her treasures. Did our space allow, many precious sayings might be recorded. Words and looks, the sweetness of which will never leave us, especially as we were singing at her bedside, "I have washed my garments white in the blood of the Lamb," looking in our eyes with a heavenly smile she said, "He does more than that for me. He washes me himself. He fills my soul with his love. He lives in me. He does everything for me." At another time she said, "I have long since committed all my interests to the Lord Jesus. There is a good understanding between us; we are very intimate."

Early in the morning, after a restless night, she would say, "He gave me moments of rest!" "He brought me this precious promise," or "this heavenly comfort, this gracious view of salvation." "He has given me this night a glimpse of heaven, a sight of the King in his beauty." She lay like a child in the everlasting Arms, and many days every beat of her heart seemed just a throbbing out of its thanks and love.

Kept for nearly a year on a couch of suffering such as rarely falls to mortals to endure, never once in all her anguish was her faith in God's unfailing goodness to her known to waver; and never until the hand of Death was upon her, did her eye refuse to glow, or her cheek to kindle at mention of One who sat beside the furnace, watching the refining fires.

"As long as he pleases. He knows how long. He does not think it best to take me just yet. I want to go when he is ready," etc., were frequent answers to the love that feared her suffering was more than she could bear.

Heaven was very real to her, and early in her illness she never tired of hearing Bunyan's description of the land of Beulah. Yet in all her talk of the blessed country she would end where

she began, with "I don't know what it is like; but he, the Redeemer is there, and it needs only his presence to make it beautiful."

In the last days, as she neared the Father's house, excessive anguish checked the flow of strong Christian words, scattered like flowers all along her previous pilgrimage of pain; yet the very dumbness of these days of silent endurance, when only moans told of her spirit's struggle to be free, was almost as eloquent as the after stillness of death. Now and then she raised her eyes upward, as if questioning an unseen face that watched her, and asked the one word, Now? Many times she asked it before the answer came, "Yes, it is enough. Enter now into the joy of the Lord!"

It needed not that the half-escaped spirit should throw back in these days words from the valley she was entering. Her life spoke then, as it speaks today, and she needed no fuller or sweeter utterance. Yet once or twice, when we thought she would hardly know evening from morning again, until there broke upon her the eternal dawn, she bid those who would be left in the gloom a brave and strong "good-night;" and once she said, slowly and solemnly, "Out of darkness into light." The last intelligible utterance was "light; all light."

On Wednesday, August 16, at four o'clock in the afternoon, there gathered around her in her own home a great company of friends, to sorrow with those who mourned for her, to speak, or to listen while others spoke, of her beautiful life, her prolonged illness, and her peaceful death. Those who came with tearful eyes to look their last upon the dear face, found that the patient smile that had marked her long months of suffering had passed away under the steady touches of pain. Gone, too, the glory that overswept and transfigured her countenance so often when the glow of her great love flashed up from her heart to her eyes, as she talked of the Savior at whose feet she had lain so long, waiting till he should be ready to lift her to his breast. Yet there was left a look so solemn, so exalted, as almost to make one feel that in the supreme moment the entering in had been so "abundant" as to leave, even on the earthly house of this tabernacle, a beautiful impress of peace.

One of her pastors said at her funeral, "An alabaster box of precious ointment has been broken, and we have a subtle, spiritual consciousness of its fragrance all in the air, which we must gather up and bear away if possible;" and I almost fancied the still lips answering, as they would have answered I am sure, "Yes, but the box was broken on Jesus' feet. The fragrance lingers only where he walks. You who would cherish anything that was me or mine will find it in keeping close to him; for I, at least, am fully and forever his!"

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190 -- RACHEL TRIMBLE

Rachel Trimble was born near Winchester, Va., August 27, 1785. She emigrated to Ohio with her father's family in 1810, and settled in Hillsborough, which at that date consisted of a few rude cabins, while all around lay an unsubdued wilderness.

In 1812 she was married to Mr. Allen Trimble, then a young and rising man, afterward governor of Ohio. Mr. Trimble's first wife had died a few years before, leaving two children,

Joseph M. and James M., at a very tender age, when a mother's place is filled with the greatest difficulty, if indeed it can be filled at all. A letter from the eldest of these two boys, Dr. Trimble, says, "She was one of the best step-mothers the Lord ever gave to motherless boys." With her husband, her son Carey, and her daughter Eliza, she united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, in December, 1828, the oldest son, Joseph, having preceded them in this important step by about a year. For nearly sixty years she was a faithful, helpful, affectionate wife, and for more than forty years an "elect lady" in the church of God.

She was a woman of rare good sense, of extensive and various information, and of charming manners. Even after she had passed the utmost limit of life, as estimated by the psalmist -- fourscore years -- her sweetness of temper, kindness of heart, and uniform cheerfulness of spirit made her society not merely welcome, but attractive to both old and young,

As a Christian, she was as nearly "blameless and unrebukable" as any one I ever knew. Her piety was not a garment, put on and off, as occasion might seem to demand; it was rather an influence streaming out from a pure heart, affecting the entire life and conversation, such as the Savior doubtless had in mind when he said, "Ye are the light of the world." She made no parade of her religion, but was never ashamed to own her Lord and Master, in any company, or under any circumstances. She was always happy, thankful, and resigned. Even in the midst of severe bodily sufferings, and in the endurance of the infirmities of old age, she always found some ground for gratitude and praise. The poet could not have better expressed her unvarying frame of mind than when he wrote,

"I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers."

I have never known a person so happily exempt from the petulance, jealousy, and fretfulness so often sadly characteristic of extreme old age.

Her religion was of that practical kind which feeds the hungry, clothes the naked, and comforts the sorrowing. Eternity alone can reveal how many suffering poor were relieved by her quiet, unobtrusive benevolence. Her contributions in aid of foreign missionary work were ever generous, but it seemed her specialty to care for the destitute and neglected at home. Mrs. Trimble was a firm believer in the dignity of labor. It was indeed a part of her religion to be always usefully employed; and whether in the humble domicile of her early married life, or in the exalted position she subsequently filled, industry was one of her most marked characteristics. When she was eighty-three years of age, and until within a few days of her death, she was never unemployed. She would very often quote to her friends a poem commencing,

"I work, while I'm watching and waiting,
For that which may speedily come," etc.

After the death of her husband, about ten months previous to her own, she seemed to be daily looking for the summons to rejoin him above. She was by no means impatient of the delay, for she had a sublime faith in God; but at the same time, with Paul, she felt that to die would be

gain, and longed to depart and be with Christ. I think it extremely doubtful if any one ever was better prepared to die, or received the final call with a holier joy or a more serene composure. A few hours before her death, when some one referred to her intense sufferings, she said, "Yes, but they will only make heaven the brighter." And then she quoted the following lines:

"Afflictions, though they seem severe,
In mercy oft are sent," etc.

In this happy frame of mind she continued as long as consciousness remained, and at last she was not, for God took her; and thus in extreme but beautiful old age passed away from earth one of the noblest specimens of womanhood. Her death occurred on Friday, November 25, and the funeral services took place on the following Sabbath, in the Methodist Episcopal Church, in the presence of an immense concourse of citizens; and all were mourners,

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191 -- CHARLOTTE KERR LEWIS

Charlotte Kerr Lewis, long known, respected, and loved by many friends, died January 18, 1879. Another link that bound this generation to the remarkable one that laid the foundations of Cincinnati has been broken. Of these ties there are now but few left.

Mrs. Lewis was born September 9, 1802, on Front Street, west of Vine, Cincinnati. Her father, Dr. William Goforth, married Miss Elizabeth Wood. Mrs. Lewis may thus be said to have been as old as the State of Ohio. In her early girlhood her father removed to Louisville, and became a judge of one of the courts, and was a delegate to the convention that framed the constitution of that state.

During the battle of New Orleans the family was in that city. It is a curious incident that the pirate Lafitte was at that time a guest of Judge Goforth, and fought on the American side in the battle of New Orleans.

Mrs. Lewis' grandfather, Judge Aaron Goforth, was a member of the Constitutional Convention which framed the constitution of the State of Ohio, and we believe was also a member of the Constitutional Convention which framed the constitution of New York.

She married the late Samuel Lewis, who in 1813 moved from Falmouth, Mass., to Cincinnati. After her marriage she became a member of the Methodist Church, with her husband, who subsequently became a minister. The career of Mr. Lewis is a matter of public history. His connection with the movement to create a system of public instruction in the State of Ohio, his association with the plans of William Woodward, and his sincere, ardent, and politically unprofitable advocacy of the antislavery cause are so well known and so thoroughly appreciated by this generation that further reference is unnecessary, except to say that the departed lady was in every sense an intelligent and hearty sympathizer and co-worker with her husband in his efforts to benefit his fellow-men. The loving encouragement of an approving wife did much to buoy up that

strong man in his heroic efforts to stem the strongly-opposing currents of prejudice and timid conservatism.

The visiting acquaintances of a man of the public prominence of Mr. Lewis were very numerous, and included many prominent and influential persons from all parts of the country. The hospitality of Mrs. Lewis' house was free and lavish. Many of the rising generation of thirty and forty years ago will feel sorely the loss of the kindhearted lady, who so often met them with kind words and with substantial accompaniments. Her interest in children continued to the last, as was shown by the pains she took in seeing the last born of her descendants.

If many of us could leave such pleasant memories behind us it would be some reward for having lived at all.

While Mrs. Lewis was religious, even devout, there was no asceticism in her faith. Life to her was pleasant; and her wholesome religious faith helped largely to make it so. She had suffered, too, greatly in her affections through the loss of her husband in 1854, and four children previously.

Mrs. Lewis' interest in the welfare of Woodward High-School was deep, and continued to the last. When it was suggested by the committee having in charge the erection of the statue of Mr. Woodward that Mrs. Lewis would be the proper person to unveil the long looked-for work, cordial assent was immediately given; and the name of no other was mentioned in connection with that ceremony in any contingency. How well the idea was carried out has been fully acknowledged by the public.

Till within about a year before her death Mrs. Lewis enjoyed remarkably sound health. For some months, however, signs were not wanting which showed that while her mind was perfectly clear, time was telling upon the body. An attack of paralysis, ten days before she died, was without premonition. After that she was not able to communicate to those about her, except by signs. She was conscious but speechless, and took but little nourishment. On Wednesday she was unable to take further nourishment, but still was able to show that she recognized familiar faces.

This state continued till 2:00 p. m. Friday. Shortly before that time, feeling that as she was rapidly passing away some religious exercises might be grateful to her, a member of the family repeated appropriated texts of scripture and sung, "Jesus, lover of my soul." The recognition of what was taking place was perfect. Her countenance became radiant, and her eyes sparkled. Shortly after this a spasm ensued; and then, evidently without pain for the space of several hours, she peacefully slept her life away, surrounded by those dearest to her.

Born and bred in pioneer life, she acquired the fortitude to enable her to endure the vicissitudes of an active life in a new community with great equanimity. She was a woman of fine personal appearance, and retained her pleasant manner and cheerful expression to the end of her long life. Her life's span included the most eventful period in the world's history. In all the stirring events of her life she kept up a lively interest in all that went to benefit her race. It is not too much to say that not often a death occurs in private life which is so deeply felt, and by such a large circle of friends.

Mrs. Lewis was the mother of six children, two of whom survive; namely, Rev. W. G. W. Lewis, rector of St. Ann's Church, Middletown, Delaware, and Almira, wife of M. B. Hagans, of Cincinnati.

I will close this interesting biographical sketch with an extract from a letter written by Mrs. Bishop Hamline, to Mrs. Judge Hagans of Cincinnati, in relation to her mother, the lately deceased Mrs. Charlotte K. Lewis:

Evanston, Illinois, June 9, 1879
Mrs. M. B. Hagans

My dear sorrowing friend: -- To write a tribute to the memory of departed loved ones ever gives me sincere pleasure; but in recalling the memory of your parents some of the most interesting incidents of my own life are recalled. And yet the demands of gratitude would compel me to a labor to which my strength is inadequate. My acquaintance with them must have commenced as early as 1830, and continued to multiply, during their lives, unbroken kindnesses and tokens of Christian affection. In steadfastness of Christian character and friendship I am sure they could not have been excelled. Often were my husband and myself guests at their hospitable dwelling, always unpretentious, but always a place of comfort, giving one the consciousness of a welcome home.

Your dear mother, a single year my junior, was the center of her family-circle, always cheerful, making all around her happy. I never knew one who was more entirely herself, never did I hear her refer to any advantages of ancestry or kinship, or to any claims to position from the extensive usefulness of her husband. She seemed the embodiment of sincerity and truth. I do not remember to have heard her speak of her own religious experience; but her whole life was all expression of Christian experience. It was while enjoying her hospitalities at a little camp-meeting on Muddy Run, in the vicinity of their summer residence, in August, 1843, that an experience of my own, which formed an era in my life, deepened and sealed my attachment to her. To yourself also, that was a memorable season. At that meeting you received a heavenly baptism never to be forgotten.

The years which followed, bearing to me great and unexpected changes, bore also to me tokens of unremitting regard from your parents. Their kindness was never suspended by change and sickness and death in their own circle, or change of circumstance and place in time. Therefore I most deeply feel their loss. The closing of your mother's life, though sudden and painful to her friends, was well suited to her history. Her tongue was paralyzed; but in the beautiful language of Doddridge,

"Joy through her swimming eyes did break,
And mean the bliss she could not speak."

Apparently free from suffering, yet perfectly conscious, clasping the hands of her loved ones with the one hand she could use, and giving other tokens of affection, she calmly passed away to her heavenly home.

I intended to refer to the times when I saw her amid the sorrows of deep bereavement, -- a beloved son snatched from the ministry, a darling little one called away in infancy, a beloved daughter in the hey-day of youth and a husband whom she justly revered and loved, -- how submissively and heroically she said in all, "Thy will be done." But I am not able to add. Accept these thoughts as a simple token of my sympathy in your sor-row. A little while, and we hope to hail her on the blessed shore. Till then, my beloved sister, live as she lived, to bless those that remain to you.

Yours, in love and sympathy.
M. Hamline.

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BRIEF MENTION OF SAINTS ASLEEP IN JESUS

Mrs. S. Winslow, a missionary to India in 1835, when dying in that far-distant land, said, "Sweet to lie passive in the hands of Christ. He does all things well. I know that my Redeemer liveth." Mrs. Elizabeth H. Monroe, wife of Rev. William Monroe of Baltimore, said, "Victory I victory I victory! Jesus is present. Oh, sweet heaven t I am going straight to heaven!" Mrs. Permelia Burford, wife of Miles Burford, of Harrodsburgh, Kentucky, and daughter of Rev. A. Rucker, when asked how she felt, replied, "I must still say, like the dying Fletcher, 'God is love.'" Mrs. Frances Fellows, of Terre Haute, Indiana, died January 19, 1880. Rousing herself from a season of slumber, she exclaimed, "Saved with an everlasting salvation." Mrs. Sarah R. Price, of Cincinnati, after serving God for nearly half a century, exclaimed when dying, "Palms of victory! Crowns of glory!"

From a most excellent work by Mrs. E. McCalister, "Sunshine Among the Clouds," I am permitted to make the following extracts:

Mrs. C. E. McCalister, wife of Rev. J. E. McCalister of the Michigan Conference, before the crown immortal was placed upon her brow, as her feet dipped in the river, she sweetly sung, "There is sweet rest in heaven." Miss M. L. Smith, of Michigan, said, "'Tis nothing to die. Jesus is here." Mrs. Harriet Brockway, wife of Rev. N. I. Brockway of the Michigan Conference, while in the midst of the swelling tide, exclaimed, "Strong consolation! strong consolation! who have fled for refuge to Christ." Mrs. Eleuteenia Crane, wife of Rev. Elijah Crane of the Michigan Conference, often expressed a wish to "cease at once to work and live," and it was granted. "Oh, those rays of glory!" said Mrs. Clarkson, when dying. "My God, I come flying to thee, said Lady Alice Lucy. Lady Hastings said, "Oh, the greatness of the glory that has been revealed to me! " Beautiful is the expression of the dying poetess, Mrs. Hemans, "I feel as if I were sitting with Mary, at the feet of Jesus, hearing the music of his voice, and learning of him to be meek and lowly."

Hannah Moore's last words were, "Welcome, joy." "Oh, sweet, sweet dying!" said Mrs. Talbot, of Reading. Mrs. Glenorchy said, "If this be dying, it is the pleasantest thing imaginable." "Victory, victory, through the blood of the Lamb," said Grace Bennett, one of the early Methodists. "I shall go to my Father this night," said Lady Huntingdon. The dying injunction of the mother of

Wesley was, "Children, when I am gone sing a song of praise to God!" To this may be added the last words of Mrs. Manchester, who died in Pittsburgh, aged one hundred and five years. She said, while dying, "I was afraid God had forgotten me; he has left me in this world of sorrow so long." Lady Jane Grey said, "Lord, into thy hands I commit my spirit." A moment afterward her head was severed from her body. Anne Askew, when her faith was assailed at the stake, "had an angelic countenance and a smiling face," and responded, "I have not come here to deny my Lord and Master."

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POEM: RECOGNITION -- By William Cullen Bryant (1794-1878)

"So they pass
From stage to stage along the shining course
Of that fair river, broadening like the sea.
As its smooth eddies curve along their way
They bring old friends together. Hands are clasped
In joy unspeakable; the mother's arms
Again are folded round the child she loved
And lost. Old sorrows are forgotten now.
Or but remembered to make sweet the hour
That overpays them. Wounded hearts that bled
Or broke are healed forever."

Mr. Bryant has unquestioning faith in immortality and recognition, as appears from the following:

"Cummington, Mass., Aug. 10, 1876.

"I believe all that is said in the above lines. I believe in the everlasting life of the soul; and it seems to me that immortality would be an imperfect gift without the recognition in the life to come of those who are dear to us here.

Yours truly,
"William C. Bryant,

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POEM: ONE BY ONE -- Author Not Given

As their weary feet touch the shining strand,
One by one,
Their brows are encircled with a golden crown,
Their travel-stained garments are all laid down.
And clothed in white raiments they rest on the mead,
Where the Lamb loveth his children to feed.

One by one.

Before they rest they pass through the strife,
One by one;
Through the waters of death they enter life,
One by one.
To some are the floods of the river still,
As they ford on their way to the heavenly hill
To others the waves run fiercely wild,
Yet all reach the home of the mild,
One by one.

We, too, shall reach that river-side,
One by one
We are nearer its waters each eventide,
One by one.
We can hear the noise and dash of the stream,
Now and again through our life's deep dream
Sometimes the floods all its banks o'erflow,
Sometimes in ripples the small waves go,
One by one.

Jesus, Redeemer, we look to thee,
One by one;
We lift up our voices tremblingly,
One by one.
The waves of the river are dark and cold,
We know not the spot where our feet may hold,
Thou who didst pass through in deep midnight,
Strengthen us, send us thy staff and thy light.
One by one.

Plant thou thy feet beside as we tread,
One by one;
On thee let us lean each drooping head,
One by one.
Let but thy strong arm around us be twined--
We'll cast all our cares and fears to the wind,
O Savior, Redeemer, be thou in full view,
Smilingly, gladsomely shall we pass through,
One by one.

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THE END