

valid life, which lasted for upwards of twelve years, but cheered some other life ; and her own burden was never heavy while she could lift the burden of another. One day she fell asleep and never woke. God spared her all the pain she would have felt, had she known she must leave Mary alone. I hurried back to relieve the surviving sister's pressing cares. Then I saw, for the first time, what a fountain of beneficence flowed from No. 34. Endeavoring to shield Mary all I could, I kept myself in the way of callers, and it was strange how impossible it seemed, to those accustomed to "Miss Hannah's" bounty, to believe that she was dead. On the day of the funeral, I found an old colored woman breakfasting in the kitchen, who had enjoyed that pleasure, at Hannah's order, every Wednesday and Saturday for seventeen years ! Never would Hannah consent that any one should go "empty away"; an old-fashioned virtue worthy of record. As we turned away from the old "Common" burying-ground I felt that Mary would not long survive her sister. As we entered the house she paused for a moment before the new front door : "Hannah never saw it," she said ; "it was made for her to be *carried through*." As long as anything remained to be done Mary's strength held out, but Hannah's long illness had been a severe strain upon her. Day by day she took up her old cares, resumed her reading late at night, and slept, she said, like a baby.

At last it became necessary to call in a physician. She had taken "a little cold," she said ; "it was nothing." On Tuesday night she gave her usual orders. She promised to stay in bed the next day because the doctor desired it.