

beautiful was her Christian faith. Her daughter Mary (Mrs. Bell) came from her home in Wichita, Kansas, and her niece, Mrs. Rose, came from Granville, to assist in the loving duty of caring for her. Mrs. Grimsley, a former neighbor in Granville, and a very dear friend, often came to spend the night in the sick room, so that, even if away from her old associations and among strangers, she was surrounded by faces that she loved. Several times during the month of May it was thought death had come, her heart seeming to give out. Her vitality surprised even the doctors, who pronounced it equal to that of any young person. On wakening from the sinking spells she would recognize those about her, and speak almost as naturally as when in health, each time expressing a feeling of great disappointment that she must come back to this world again to be a care to those she loved, and to suffer so much pain; but she always comforted herself by repeating some scriptural promise, or the lines of some favorite hymn. On Sunday afternoon, May 28, 1893, at half past two o'clock,