

and it became evident that her vigorous constitution was slowly yielding to the inevitable.

Her daughter Jennie was visiting her early in January, 1893, and prevailed upon her to return with her to her home in Columbus. She then left the old Granville home forever, not realizing at the time, as was certainly best, that it would be forever. She clung to life with that indomitable will power that never had known failure, until her eighty-fourth birthday, April 5th, when, in speaking of the beautiful flowers in her home garden, which would soon be blooming, she expressed a hope that on her next birthday she would be in a land where the flowers would be far more beautiful.

From that time on she grew steadily weaker, and was given all the careful watching and tender nursing that this world could give—not to keep her in this world, from which she was now so anxious to go, but to make her last days as comfortable as possible. Never before in her long life had she laid upon a bed of sickness, but the weaker her body grew, the stronger and more