

therefore, believe that it is the partiality of personal friendship which leads me to place Miss Lyon among the most remarkable women of her generation. Her history, too, shows the guiding hand of special Providence almost as strikingly as the miraculous history of Abraham, of Moses, of Elijah, or of Paul. O, it tells us all how blessed it is to trust Providence implicitly when we are trying to do good, though the darkness be so thick around us that we cannot see forward one hand's breadth, and bids us advance with as confident a step as if all were light before us.

This picture, too, is a complete one. Her life was neither too long nor too short. She died at the right time, with her armor on and yet bright. But her friends saw that, strong as her constitution naturally was, it was giving way under such severe and protracted labor, and the infirmities of declining years beginning to show themselves even at the age of fifty-two. But with her Saviour she could say, "*I have finished the work which Thou (God) gavest me to do.*" All her important plans had been carried into successful operation, and tested by long experiment; and the institution was in the right condition to be committed to other hands. She had also of late been rapidly ripening for another sphere of labor. One of her friends, who had been more intimately connected with her for several years past than any other, when at a distance she heard of her sickness, felt confident that it would be unto death; for she had known how, for some months previous, her friend had been feeding daily on manna, and pluming her wings for her upward flight. Severe, therefore, as her removal seemed, when first announced, it happened just at the right time, and I cannot wish to call her back. But I do feel, and many who hear me, I doubt not, feel it too, — I do feel a strong desire to be borne upward, on an angel's