us out of this world, and it is usually attended with more or less suffering, perhaps it is as well that as anything. I want thee to be cheerful and not grieve; we must be resigned to the Father's will."

Towards fall he so far recruited as to be able to attend Yearly Meeting, and after it, to visit friends at Flushing, Harrisville and Colerain, very pleasantly. In speaking of this visit, he feelingly remarked: "I shall enjoy the retrospect of it as long as I enjoy any thing." During our absence from home, which was just three weeks, he appeared to improve, even gaining a little in flesh. We were all so pleased to see him so well, and he too seemed to rejoice in his added strength and ability to do little chores with so much ease, as we had a number of Friends with us at our monthly meeting, and at our home also, in the tenth month.

But short-lived was our rejoicing, for in the afternoon of the same day, he was attacked by a severe pain in the left side, which finally settled into a soreness, causing much discomfort at all times, and frequently amounting to pain.

He had become so fully persuaded in his own mind what the character of the disease would prove to be, and so firmly believed a Doctor could do little for him, that it was with reluctance he consented to consult a Physician, saying, he would not do it himself, but for the satisfaction of his family and friends, he was *willing* to do it.

We attended Quarterly Meeting at Salem in the 11th month. At that time we called on a Doctor

who thought the cause of the trouble was an affection of the nerves of the stomach, lungs, and perhaps some other organs, and that the sudden attack had been caused by congestion of the spleen, and was not of a cancerous nature, as we feared it might be. He was then very weak, suffering from a feeling of great exhaustion. We attended the meeting at Salem on First day. He afterward told me, that while sitting in it, he was strongly impressed with the feeling that he would never be at that meeting again.

During the winter he continued variable. Sometimes he would be quite comfortable for a few days, followed by great weakness, scarcely regaining in his better times what he lost through suffering, until, as he sometimes said, he hardly knew whether he was going up or down the hill, or standing on the level, but in all probability he was losing some.

He spent much time reading aloud, when his voice would permit him to do it, but at times he could only read for a little while, until it would fail, and he would be compelled to stop. The journals of Stephen Grellett and Daniel Wheeler, were read with much pleasure, as well as many other things of interest; some of these occasions being seasons of favor never to be forgotten while memory lasts. He made more pencil drawings, when he was unable to be otherwise employed, which are much valued by his family.

He continued to take the Doctor's medicine, most of the time through the winter; while he was not ready to say it did him no good, he could realize no benefit from it, and he still held to his original opin-