

IN MEMORIA

OF MISS CAROLINE HASTINGS.

When the good die they should be kept in remembrance by the living. Their virtues should be transmitted to other generations.

The decease of Miss Hastings was an event of marked importance to this people. The death of others was felt more keenly in the family, and created a greater social void, but there are none whose life has left a more beautiful impression on the page of this people's history. Her residence among this people extended over more than a generation of the natural life of man.

The good sense of herself and sister appeared in selecting a retired country place, where the careful savings from years of teaching would enable them to live in a simple elegance that they could not command in the city. Having established themselves among this agricultural people, they at once became one with them. Their cottage home was open to all; none were so humble or poor that they did not feel at liberty to call upon them. They formed the acquaintance of most of the families of the town. It was their delight to give and

Her attachment to this, her adopted town—these natural scenes that she had loved for nearly forty years—was very strong. She loved the streets she had trod so long, the walks in which she had taken so much delight. The confinement of this cold winter was hard for her to bear. The last cold winter had passed, the spring had come, the song of birds was heard again. Though feeble she cannot be pacified; she must go out—must walk. She goes in a direction for which she had a peculiar liking, then takes a final look at the cottage, then calls on an old neighbor. It is her last visit; the nearly four score and ten of her life ends.

On a charming spring day, surviving representatives of families in which the sisters had been intimate gather to her burial. All, old and young, follow her to the sepulchre. Tenderly she was laid beside the sister she loved—the short, painful separation was ended, now forever united. All hearts were touched; all felt that the memory of these ladies must be cherished, and the story of their lives perpetuated, as the brightest chapter in this people's history, as the pride and inspiration of other generations.

receive hospitality. They entered into the sympathies of the people, and lent the helping hand that is often such an assistance to the farmer's wife, in needlework. They brought the results of their own superior advantages to bear unconsciously upon the population, and this raised the social and intellectual sentiment.

These sisters were one in heart; never was there the least discord between them. Miss Eliza's death was a shock to Miss Caroline, from which she never recovered. It broke the social habits they had so long maintained. Miss Caroline felt that she could no longer preserve these; it made her sister's death so vivid, the consciousness of it so painful. Still her interest in the families continued. She took long walks to learn their welfare; she went and inquired for the sick; she sought the poor and administered to their wants. Her life was a model for the young. Her daily journal, in which all passing events were recorded, her extensive correspondence; the interest that her former pupils continued to feel in her, teach how one can live so as to be useful and happy, and so that others shall love them, and, though not children, still a whole population shall rise up and call them blessed.

Miss Hastings' life was peculiarly free from guile. Never was any one, even the most sensitive, wounded by a word from her; her spirit was superior to everything like idle gossip. For many years she was a faithful teacher in the Sabbath school, and many of the young ladies of this town felt the influence of her kind, religious interest in them.

Her latter years were passed under the cloud of impaired mental powers.— She was conscious of the approach of this cloud, and felt sad and deeply anxious about it; but the God that she trusted, whose house she loved, while the mind retained an interest in anything, bore her through it.