

naturally arise. To many a personal tie had been severed. Here and there was heard the expression, "He was like a brother to me." But when we speak of loss, that sustained by his beloved family will be remembered above all the rest. A young wife and five children feel the painful absence of an indulgent and loving protector as none but the widow and fatherless can.

There is Winona Grace—a bright, womanly girl of eleven summers; Arthur Lyman—a thoughtful, industrious boy who reached his tenth birthday during his father's illness; Jennie Louise—motherly and wise—eight years of age; Charles Albert, who bears his father's name—a precocious, active boy of three and a half years; and Bessie Irene—the baby darling, two years and six months old.

The manner in which these younger ones have missed their dear papa is quite remarkable. Master Bertie does not forget the sad scenes connected with his father's funeral, and has painful recollections of his loss. On one occasion he stood with his mamma in the reception-room, where the loved one had lain in the casket weeks before, when he exclaimed to her: "Don't stay here! Come out, mamma. Papa dead here all the time." He thinks his papa is in every funeral he sees.

At another time, Bertie and Bessie entered the room where the crayon portrait presented by the employees had been placed, and the moment they saw it their faces gleamed with delight, their joy was exuberant, and, recognizing the likeness of their darling papa, they gave vent to their ecstasy in rapturous exclamations and wanted to embrace the picture.

Little Bertie talks of his papa with great seriousness, and longs to go where he is. One day, while rummaging about the house, he happened to come across his papa's overshoes, and picking them up, with delight and astonishment he ran to his mamma and shouted: "Mamma, mamma! papa left his overshoes! Papa left his overshoes!" and so great was his feeling that he kissed them.

Thus were the little ones affected by the loss of their dear papa. The thought gathers sadness as one thinks of the young household bereft of its devoted head. The human heart falls back on God's promised care of the widow and fatherless, and His sufficiency to prepare believing souls for the trying separation. Through the entire illness of beloved Charles, God was manifestly with him. There was a firm

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