

As she was sinking into the arms of death, "Do you know me, darling," asked a voice that was to her the dearest; but it awoke no answer. All at once a brightness stole over her countenance, her eyes opened, her lips parted, and she threw up her arms as if in the act of embracing some one, and exclaimed with transport, "*Mother!*" and passed with that breath into Heaven. A distinguished divine said, who stood by that bed of joyous death, "If I had never believed in the ministrations of departed ones before, I could not doubt it now. We shall not only see our departed friends again, but know them."

Soon we shall know it all. A day may unfold it. It will burst upon us like a revelation when the bitterness of death is past. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the whole scene will be changed. While the weeping friends are yet caressing the still warm clay, the loving watches at the gates of Paradise will be lavishing their kisses of welcome. Not as strangers approaching some lonely shore shall we depart, but as loved and longed-for pilgrims, who return to open arms and welcoming hearts. I long to see Jesus and the angels who watched over me, and all the great and good whose virtues have enriched the ages, but as I