

within but the wood fire. Tom Marshall came to see me sometimes, and does still; the sight of him pains me even now, though I have a great respect for him, he bears a kind of mocking-bird resemblance to his brother, there is likeness enough to renew my loss every time I see him.

"At the end of two years I went to England, but I only stayed a month; I could not bear it, the clouds were so near to the earth that they seemed to shut out heaven; in Canada I felt nearer to Richard. After six years I came to this place once more, 'the flat' was cut, denuded of all its beauty, and scarred with ugly stumps and weeds; the plough had passed through it, and not a wild flower remained. I felt an affinity to the rough field; like me, a ruthless hand had been laid upon it, and its glory had departed.

"Ten years after my bereavement, I went back to Niagara, I went alone, telling no one of my intention. The first sound of the Falls shook me like the roar of an enemy, a merciless enemy who had taken my all. That night I slept in the same inn, in the same bed I had occupied with Richard, and I dreamt of him, but he was not alone; he came to me and with him that *One* who died that we might be saved. That dream comforted and soothed me. I recognized the Father's hand in all my woe. I began to work for others; I became a Sunday-school teacher, I dispersed tracts, I sought out distress and relieved it, I invited sick people to my house, and cheered and made them well again; I grew happy. I have been a happy woman for forty years, Mary, I am contented to wait till it's God's pleasure to take me home to Himself and Richard. I feel now that it was in kindness and love to me that God took Richard away. If he had been mine all these years, if we had been blessed with children, I should have been so tied and wedded to this world that I should have wanted to live on forever, and now I have nothing to leave that I greatly regret to leave, my ties are all on the other side. Some day when I feel the end is not far off, I shall once again visit the Falls.

"And now you have heard my story, Mary, from my own lips, and you are the only person to whom I ever told it. It was a fitting place to tell it, for I sat on this flat stone with Richard years before you were born, and listened to the far away frogs, and pronounced them musical."