

of the dear invalid, that shewed how ripe she was for Heaven.

"Would you not like to get well, Bertha?" Donald Wilson asked of her one day.

"For the sake of you and my father I would be willing to live some years longer, but only for you; I would rather depart and live with Jesus, which is far better."

"I cannot understand this longing to die, Bertha. When age has dimmed our perceptions of enjoyment, or sorrow has blunted our appetite for earthly pleasures, then it seems to me but natural that we should wish to die; but to one like you, who has all that can make life attractive—wealth, beauty, friends—the feeling seems strange and unaccountable."

"Ah! Donald, over earth's fairest bowers the destroyer has left his traces. It is only in Heaven the rose is without a thorn, the sunshine without a shadow. In all your life, Donald, how many hours of unalloyed