

have the secret of unfading youth, she had not lost either the flexibility or the firmness required for the competent and joyous discharge of this finest of duties, untimely laid upon her shoulders as it was, and yoked with an irreparable sorrow which never ceased to ache. In 1911 came her third and overwhelming wave of trouble, practically her own death-blow. In that year there flickered out the last spark of what had once been a really powerful flame. Mr. Fyshe died, the man she most admired in the world. He had fretted his heart and nerve out in trying to clean the corner of our Augean stable already mentioned. She had kept him alive, by a perfect miracle of will and watchfulness, years after the doctors had completely given him up. She was one of those people who impose wonderfully restricted limits on our too facile and faithless predication of the impossible. One could never say very confidently what she could not do. But that was the last victory of her "great heart." Its strong forces ebbed and sank when love and duty's latest evening breeze of summons to their flowing died away. Very soon after the release of her son-in-law she fell ill herself and never recovered. Her work was done and well done. The time had come to rest. For some three years she lay passive and happy, a child once more as it were, in the arms of the grandchildren whom she had warmed into ministering strength and motherliness under her wings; white-haired little Tommy Fyshe her great-grandchild, playing about the downy nest that was her couch; and then she quietly fell asleep. It was

" An old age serene and bright
And lovely as a Lapland night,"

where there is no darkness at all, but only a short breathing-space and hush of twilight, and day sets into day.

JOHN MACNAUGHTON