

hand of each was taken, no word was uttered, but tearful eyes told how deep the feelings were, told how strong a hold she had on the affections of those among whom she labored during the last years of her life. A few words were spoken by the superintendent, her favorite school hymn was sung, the same that closed her teaching days a little over ten months before, and that company, overcome by the sorrow that crushed them, separated, to gather once more on the following Sabbath to hear Mr. Carruthers, her former pastor, deliver an address from the words, "Prepare to meet thy God." He sought to improve the opportunity by urging a true Christian life as the best preparation for death, striving to make each day beautiful and sacred and tender by love's holiest memories and ministries, kindest sentiments and delicate attentions, and pleaded with her scholars individually to let the long forgotten but now remembered words their teacher had spoken to them, sink deep into their hearts, and bear fruit in their lives.

In tones manly, tender and true, without flattery, he commended her life to them, and prayed God that the Holy Spirit might carry home all her instructions by word and example to the heart of each, that thereby they might be constrained to yield their hearts to Christ, and consecrate their life to Him.

Ere the prayer had closed the sunset hour had come—that hour when in other days she commended the erring feet of the little ones to the tender care of Him who through life had guided her own pathway. The same dear faces were there—the flowers she tended, the scholars she loved, and the old familiar voices sang "Gathering Home." Alike the aged sire, with hoary head and bowed, and the little ones that scarce had learned to lisp her name, —like Jesus at the grave of Lazarus—wept, some of whom since, like their friend and teacher, have been called from earth and in eternity behold the things we know not. The evening sunlight like a benediction rested on the heads of the mourners, and amid the falling shadows, the turrets and towers of the New Jerusalem seemed not so far distant. Away beyond in the light of eternity we beheld her, and who shall say in the years that are not, when life's history is disclosed, "What shall the harvest be?"

From the holy impressions of that day of tender memory