

of waiting, yet she could say through all, "It will soon all be well." About half an hour before she died she attempted to sing a verse of the hymn beginning, "In the Christian's home in glory."

Thus she entered the dark valley of the shadow of death, feeling that the Lord's rod and staff were with her. We may say of her in life, in the words of Holy writ, "She opened her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue was the law of kindness. She looked well to the way of her household, and ate not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also and he praiseth her." But she is with us now no more. Her labours and her sufferings are past. She has gone home to mingle with the blessed, to walk in the fields of bright glory, and to be for ever with the Lord.

Gleanings.

A LOVE SONG—BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

(Recently addressed to his wife, from Hull.)

Over the space which parts us, my wife,
I'll cast me a bridge of song,
Our hearts shall meet, O, joy of my life!
On its arch, unseen but strong.

E'en as the stream forgets not the sea,
But hastes to the ocean's breast,
My constant soul flows onward to thee,
And finds in thy love its rest.

The swallows must plume their wings to greet
New summers in lands afar,
But, dwelling at home with thee, I meet
No winter my year to mar.

The wooer his new love's name may wear,
Engraved on a precious stone,
But in my heart thine image I wear,
That heart has been long thine own.

The glowing colors on surface laid,
Wash out in a shower of rain;
Thou needest not be of rivers afraid,
For my love is dyed in grain.

And as every drop of Garda's lake
Is tinged with the sapphire's blue,
So all the powers of mind partake
Of joy at the thought of you.

The glittering dew-drops of dawning love
Exhale as the day grows old,
And fondness, taking the wings of a dove,
Is gone like a tale of old.

But mine for thee from the chambers of joy,
With strength came forth as the sun,
Nor life nor death shall its force destroy,
For ever its course shall run.