

and put her arms around me as she used to, and I have been wondering if we shall know each other there."

"I should like," he said, continuing, "if you could be here to sing that hymn when I am dying." Miss Reid expressed her willingness to do so if able to be present.

The following winter, Ralph Taylor was in Winnipeg, and Miss Reid went out with him to stay a week or so with her friends. On the way out he passed some remarks about his uncle not being quite as well as usual, but little attention was paid to it. Upon their arrival, Mr. Taylor seemed to be unusually pleased to meet his friend. The next day he became quite ill, and in three or four days from the time Miss Reid arrived he departed this life and was gathered to his people. Being unconscious for a long period before he died, no good purpose could be served by singing the hymn which he requested, but out of respect to the request and promise made it was sung at the burial service.

He was the last to get home, but home at last. What joy in heaven over the reunion. They came out of great tribulation, but life's sad story is ended—or, shall we say, abruptly