

would at the same time rejoice that all the happy memories and hallowed associations and influences of *that* past are imperishably and forever ours. They have become part of ourselves. Neither time nor space, distance nor death can separate them from us or us from them. They will go with us through life, lie down with us in death, rise with us at the resurrection, stand with us at the judgment, and abide with us throughout eternity.

"And while we cannot without a pang of sadness say, "Farewell" to the relationship that has so happily existed between us, yet we rejoice that all that has made that relationship a benefit and a blessing, will still remain when the formal tie that bound us has been severed.

"It will still be yours to watch over and seek to cherish the seed you have been honored of God to sow, by kindly counsel and intercessory prayer. It will be ours to cherish these counsels and seek to live in accord with them, that in us you may live to reap your highest earthly reward, in seeing us growing up reverential, loving, true-hearted and God-fearing men and women.

"And now, as we bid you a kindly and regretful farewell, we pray God that every kindly, loving word spoken by you, in His name, may be owned and blessed by Him and bear abundant fruit. May He grant you many happy days and much good in them. May he bless you and make you a blessing all your life, and when life's pilgrimage, with all its meetings and partings, its labors and toils, its joys and sorrows, is ended, may we all meet around the throne above, and spend eternity together."

(Signed on behalf of the school.)

"Valens, Dec. 20, 1887."

Miss Robertson made a brief and touching reply. The gathering joined in singing "Shall we meet Beyond the River?" and then gathered around the Throne of Grace, and under a sense of His gracious presence, commended all the past to Him, committed all the future to His unerring wisdom, His covenant-keeping faithfulness and Almighty help, until life's pilgrimage should end. And as the evening shades began to fall, she passed out from that room, sacred to so many memories of the past; hallowed by so many tender associations, and sanctified by so many prayers, and her formal connexion with the Valens school and school section was severed for ever.