

There was a time when their eldest-born, their joy and pride, had caused them trouble. The quiet western village was too quiet for him, and his father's daily toil on the sea too slow. He wanted to see large cities and other lands. He left his parents and his cottage home, and sailed far away. The mother and father waited and prayed, and not in vain. Long afterwards they received a letter from a foreign country, telling them of their son's death, of how he wished he could have seen them once again, just to say "good-bye." But that could not be. He died far away from home and kindred, but happy in the knowledge that his sins were forgiven him for Christ's sake. The page in the old well-worn Bible that recorded the births, marriages, and deaths of the family was well filled up. The ink was hardly dry in which, with a trembling hand, John had written down the date of his wife's death; one line was left, to record his own name by the side of Margaret's. As he thought over the events in his long life, the old man looked up and said reverently, "Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life," and soon "I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."

The stars grew faint and pale as the rosy flush of coming day broke in the east. By-and-by the light brightened into perfect day, and the anxious ones hurried to the cottage to tend and cheer the old man. No need to cheer him. God had called him to the rest prepared for him, and for him an everlasting day had dawned. As they laid him gently on his bed, someone said with a sob, "The dear old man and woman are together now; well, 'they were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided.'"

L. S. P.