

JUST ONE BLUE BONNET.

lished in the *War Cry* a year later, about the time of her death, for she did not die at this time. She recovered, to my great joy, in July, 1904, enough to return home, only a short distance.

PANSIES IN GETHSEMANE.

"I know the thoughts that I think toward you, saith the Lord; thoughts of peace and not of evil, to give you an expected end."

It was kind of the rector to send me those pansies—me, a poor sick Salvationist, hard pressed with pain!

And such a bunch of great, glorious pansies, lovely, velvet pansies—purple and gold!

"Have you brought me a message?" I asked them, for they seemed to be trying to speak with their loving, laughing faces, generous, genial heartsease.

"Pansies!" from the French "penser," to think. "Pansies for thoughts" wrote Shakespeare.

Whose thoughts? Why, God's thoughts! It was He who made them. Yes, certainly, the pansies are the manifestation of the mind of God. And could it be that He was thinking of me when they were first created? And what thoughts?

Oh, my beautiful pansies, do you bring me that message?

"I know the thoughts that I think toward you, saith the Lord; thoughts of peace and not of evil, to give you an expected end."

If, then, indeed, my Father loves me, why should I tremble and fret? Why be afraid when pain fills my cup or though a host of foes be encompassed against me?

But the pansies passed away, both purple and gold; the pain grew sharper, the suffering more acute.

Alas! poor me, the shadows of the valley engulfed me! Night after night I had watched, and dark indeed was the night. I thought of Christ. I remembered Gethsemane. It seemed I understood. Hour after hour I tossed and moaned, sleepless and half fainting, but ever turning towards my Saviour. Then I recalled how it was when in His agony He prayed, and I prayed. I prayed to die. Oh! if the angels might only come and take me! To go to heaven! What joy!