

of Mrs. Morely, she is at rest now. Day by day, as the years have passed on, she has come to know that with him, as well as with herself, "Old things have passed away, and all things have become new;" and, in the blessed renewal of strength assured to those who wait upon the Lord, she knows that he is safe for evermore.

As for Stephen Grattan, he has had a good many years of hard work since then, making strong, serviceable boots and shoes, and serving the Lord in other ways besides. He is ungrammatical still, and queer, and some people smile at him, and pretend to think lightly of him, even when he is most in earnest,—people who, in point of moral worth or heavenly power, are not worthy to tie his shoes. But many a "tempted poor soul" in Littleton and elsewhere has his feet upon a rock and a new song in his mouth because of Stephen's labours in his behalf; and if ever a man had the apostle's prayer for the Ephesians answered in his experience, he has; for he is "strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might."

He is an old man now, whose "work of faith and labour of love" is almost over; and I never see him coming up the street, with his leather apron on, a little bowed and tottering, but always cheerful and bright, but I seem to hear the welcome, which cannot be very far before him now,—
"Well done, good and faithful servant! enter thou now the joy of thy Lord."

