

me back to the old days when I used to drink cider through a straw out of a barrel. Although I feel sick to-day I am in hopes to be better to-morrow."

Assured by her friends that her illness was assuming a more dangerous form, she said, "I'm in God's hands." Feeling a little better, she adds: "Maybe I'll come through yet." And later, though scarcely conscious the Borderland lay so near, she wished her favorite psalm to be read, and asked to be commended to her God, and her spirit passed in the light of that November afternoon beyond the mists and shadows. No longer the white-winged spirits—from that radiant shore—needed to whisper of love, peace, and glory inaccessible—for herself she beheld them, and the King of Heaven himself we believe made her welcome.

Like an electric shock, the intelligence of her unexpected death reached her friends and acquaintances in the community from which she had so lately gone. A large number of her friends and pupils went from Valens to Welland to pay the last sorrowful tribute of respect and deep affection to one whom they had learned to love and honor, bearing with them a memorial wreath, inscribed "Bible Class, Valens." In the little church at Welland the funeral service was conducted by the Rev. Mr. McCuiag, amid the tearful eyes and sorrowing hearts of the friends she loved, the scholars she taught, and those kindly hearts that so shortly before welcomed to their homes the stranger bride. Together they sang, "Shall we meet beyond the river?" and as if an echo from the other shore came the response, "Some sweet day we shall meet." Over the coffin lid the sunlight streamed, and it seemed meet that the holy angels of heaven might not forbear to weep that one so dear from earth had gone.

To the quiet cemetery on the hillside near St. Catharines, the remains of that loved one of earth were borne, as the last rays of the setting sun were reflected from the west. In the calm, clear night the glimmering moonlight fell on a group of mourners as they stood with uncovered heads by an open grave. At that "holy hour" when in life her offered prayers found access to the Eternal, tender hands and broken hearts laid "Our Jessie" to rest.

On the Sabbath following, the Bible Class, Sabbath School and friends of Valens gathered once more in the school-room. The