

HOME AGAIN FOREVER.

The following letter from our cousin, the Rev. John Mackie, Bristol, England, well sums up the thoughts left by this life:

Florence has been much in my thoughts. What a happy, useful, good life—worn out in the service of the Master—“burnt out” almost, from the warmth of zeal of a loving heart. But, of course, far better than genius and success, and the wonderful talent she showed, is the knowledge that she gave them all up to the service of her Lord and Master, and that He so abundantly blessed her in her work.

How the memory of her as a little bright, active girl comes back to me! Do you remember the time, about 1868 to 1870, when we were all at grandfather's together? I have often and often remembered it since—Aunt Charlotte so good, and Uncle Henry so merry, and such a natural and happy time! Isn't it good that God gives us the power to recall our happy times in the past, and to largely forget the sad and troublesome times.

Well, Florence's has been a good and beautiful life, one to really thank God for and take courage for oneself; for though one has no such marked talents as she had, yet I am sure I am trying to serve the Master as she did, in a different and less active way. And He wants, and values, and blesses all kinds of service, from all sorts of different servants, and to all promises the same, “Where I am, there shall also my servant be”; and what better *could* one have than that as an incentive and a reward?

How strange it all seems, and how the thoughts rise as one feels that we, who were the rising generation thirty-five years ago, are now the present, and almost the passing generation. I wonder what you feel and think about the next world, as one knows one is drawing nearer toward passing into it, “Nearer maybe than I think.” I have a strong feeling that it is not far away, and that those who have passed into it are not altogether cut off from knowing what those left behind are doing; and can even take some interest in, and may, perchance, exercise some influence on, those they love who are still struggling in the world. But it is all wrapped in