

was that his wife should be a partaker of the glorious light that had shone into his own mind. God had prepared her heart, and she received the glad tidings eagerly. What an increased delight they had now in their children, when they studied to bring them up in the fear and admonition of the Lord. When their youngest was taken from them, their grief was robbed of its sting by the knowledge that they had given their treasure into the hands of the Saviour; and though the mother's tears almost blinded her, as she gathered the first pale snowdrops to put into her darling's waxen white hands, they were without bitterness.

Another day rose up before John Adams, standing out distinct and clear in the vista of departed years. He had been sitting in that same room, and upstairs his wife lay unconscious on the bed, her spirit hovering on the border-land between life and death. The doctor had looked grave when John had fetched him for the second time that day. When he asked if there was any hope, he had answered, "I will do all I can; you must ask God to spare her." Then he passed up the narrow wooden stair, and left John kneeling on the red brick floor, looking through the diamond-paned window at the sea glistening in the sunshine. Would the sunlight ever bring joy to him again, he thought, if his wife was taken from him. Then he thought of the prophet Ezekiel, and how God had forbidden him to mourn when the desire of his eyes was taken from him at a stroke. He prayed earnestly for grace to be enabled to say, "Thy will be done," and he rose from his knees comforted.

God was very gracious to him, and his wife recovered. It was with a deep and humbling sense of joy that they partook of the sacrament together, the first Sunday when Margaret was pronounced sufficiently recovered to attend church.

John's memory passed on through long peaceful years, his wife growing day by day dearer to him, and he saw in her slowly silvering hair more beauty than when each stray sunbeam called out a golden gleam.