

husband. She has been to him hands and feet and eyes, nurse and amanuensis—faithful, true, constant. She has grown old, not with years, but with double care and anxiety, as truly a martyr as any who faced the wild beasts in the Colosseum in the early years of our era. The heroes and heroines are not dead, thank the Lord, and if the Son of man should come now He would find faith in the earth.

When you read this book, think of him who wrote it shut in from commerce with the outer world and who can never see the light of the sun, the blush of the rose, or the face of wife, child, or friend, until he sees in the light of that world where

"Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more."

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