

Where the Sugar Maple Grows.

“God is our refuge and our strength,
In straits a present aid ;
Therefore, although the earth remove,
We will not be afraid.”

The white face on the pillow shone as though
it had been the face of an angel.

“Though hills amidst the sea be cast ;
Though waters roaring make,
And troubled be ; yea, though the hills
By swelling seas do shake.”

“It’s a’ true, Agnes—speeritually,” said Kirsty, “every word true. What I ha’ gi’en up for His sake He has made up to me an hundred fold, as He promises. I see now, Agnes, that the only life that is found is the life that is lost. Ma life has been a happy one here, yes, a happy one, but it is only when we awake in His likeness we shall be sateesfied. I shall be sateesfied when I awake in His likeness. Think o’ that, Agnes, when ye are lookin’ at ma poor worn-out body in its coffin ; I shall be sateesfied.”

In spite of doctors and nurses, Kirsty passed away that evening with the setting sun. Her earthly work was done and she seemed to know it, and slipped away quietly without having been what could be called ill. The Village