

In a distant cemetery there is another sleeper, another fond heart stilled in death. That true woman, Anna Strong, when she discovered how she had failed to recognize the one who was dearest to her of all on earth, was greatly pained, and when she heard of his death she soon followed him—How I wish they may meet again!

The church bells are now silent, but a hundred sleigh bells are heard around, and people who have been at worship or elsewhere are now on their way to meet friends and relations in happy homes at this festive season. Ah, the sad, sad memories which the day brings: it can never more be but a day of gloom to us. The wind still courses outside, and the wintry storm raises its voice. The pine trees bend and the snow-

clouds whirl along in a wild chase down the highway; but even in the tumult I hear a little whispering voice—a sound that recalls the voice of one silent in death—the gentle tick, tick, of *his* watch which I hold at my ear—a voice which reminds me that time is passing away, that grey hairs have already come, and that my heart pulsating now like and ticking of this watch must soon cease its throbbing forever. O War, War, what deep, deep sorrow thou hast brought me! there is no more Christmas for me in the future. Thou hast darkened my path: thou hast left me without a hope, and I must go on my lonely, dreary way to the end with a widowed heart.

THE END.