



and sympathy and strength of life, we forgot but that the courage and energy of her brave spirit might ward off even the darts of death, until suddenly the whole wide circle whose lives she had blessed were startled because out of the very midst of work God had called, and she had passed to the mansions of her Father's house.

As we looked for the last time on that beautiful face, the features so exquisitely chiselled by the Creator's hand, the eyes now closed from which had shone out so long the light of such wonderful love, the lips silent which had so often spoken the words of cheer and comfort, the fingers still which had wrought so many deeds of kindness, but one thought filled all minds, Rest, blessed rest, glorious rest, in heaven. "And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."