

## A REVELATION

By M. J. McIntosh

EDITORIAL NOTE: It is with sincere satisfaction that we print the following little story by "M. J. McIntosh," South Manse, Abernethy, Perthshire, Scotland. It has been sent to us by an intermediate friend who assures us that we have the permission of the writer of the story to use it. We have, however, to note that it has been published in the *Missionary Record* of the United Free Church, to the Editor of which we tender our acknowledgments, and we hope he may have occasion to return the compliment.

The beauty of the story, in its revelation of an after-death calm and content and **something more** must be such as will appeal to many. We believe it was said of the poet Cowper, a gentle soul who in life, among his other trials, had often been troubled with anxious thoughts about the Beyond, that after death the expression of his features suggested a "holy surprise"; and we think that many folks who have had experience of the after-death impressions left on the face of some "Grannie" 'or mother, or other loved kindred soul whose time of "rest" in this world may have seemed to be shortened or even denied, will read this "Revelation" with thankful appreciation.

A new strange stillness held the house. Stairs that had known the quietened tread of feet for weeks, and the soothing, scarce audible rustle of nurse's skirts as they passed, were now silent and still. That homely ladder, ascended and descended by earthly angels on their errands of mercy, had now reached to heaven; and He who stood above it had stretched out His arms and taken His own.

Grannie lay upstairs in the quiet and orderly room; the bedclothes, smooth and snowy white, straightened about her by a sister's tender hands; the torturing pain all gone, the weary limbs at ease; the fevered brain composed, the flying pulse at rest.

Downstairs, nurse was seeing the doctor out. Margaret heard him go, and gulped again a sob. Mary, the thoughtful friend, who had taken such a helpful share in all the trouble and anxiety, suddenly remembered some little thing to do, and left the room. Donald, who had been sitting by the fire, silent and outwardly self-possessed, rose and came towards Margaret, sitting down on the edge of her bed. She knew his seeming sternness ill-concealed the suffering within. Glad of the comradeship that meant to her so much, she slipped her nervous hand in his. Her brother held it warmly in his firm, strong grasp. "If we could only have kept her a year or two more," he said, "to give her some rest and pleasure!" And Margaret, with streaming eyes, nodded assent. "Don't rise for anything now," he said, by and by, as he stroked her head kindly on his way out. "Rest all you can."

The outer door closed behind the doctor, and Margaret, who had been in the sick-room at the last, slipped from under the blankets and drew on a dressing-gown.

Humiliating pain possessed her—pain of body and of mind. How could it be possible, she asked herself again, that after all the care and nursing, and with her own strong constitution, her mother had yet slipped through their hands? Why had God robbed her of her mother just when she had been hoping to take her away to the country to rest? Why was Grannie not allowed a little longer to enjoy her well-earned leisure here, she who in her seventy years had known so much bitterness and toil?