

No friend on earth, as might be expected, could come closer to him than the faithful friend of his family, Martha Reid. She was, moreover, a welcome guest at the home where she had been nursed back to health and strength, and as often as the way opened up for her to visit her friends, she was glad to avail herself of the kind hospitality which was there accorded her.

The summer before Mr. Taylor's death, and about a year and a half after his loss, Miss Reid was spending a few days visiting her friends at Meadow Lea, and one day had been sitting in the same room with Mr. Taylor, talking over things in general. At a lull in the conversation, she rose to leave the room, when Mr. Taylor called her back and said, "I want you to sing for me." "Very well," said Miss Reid, "What shall I sing, Mr. Taylor?" "Sing," he said, with faltering voice, "Shall we know each other there?" With a slight tremor in her voice, that was more than artificial, Miss Reid sang the touching lines of that beautiful hymn:

"When we hear the music ringing
In the bright celestial dome,
When sweet angel voices singing
Gladly bid us welcome home.