

darkness and pestilence. Perhaps her own words may help to comfort some one who may be similarly circumstanced. Had not my Saviour, yes, and a compassionate Saviour, added these two words 'and children' to the list of sacrifices for His sake, I must think it more than was required."

Hers was a noble resolve, a sacrifice worthy a follower of Him who laid aside his glory to save a sinful world. Her children she never met again, until the Master for whose sake she had parted with them restored them to her in one of the many mansions.

After only a week's illness the Master sent and called for her, and a few weeks afterwards, her two youngest children followed her.

The following lines, I think, have seldom appeared in print. At the time of Mrs. Comstock's death, my mother read them in one of our daily papers, and committed them to memory. It is from her I obtained them just now.

ON THE DEATH OF THE MISSIONARY, MRS. COMSTOCK.

There comes a cry from a foreign soil
O'er the spicy breezes sweeping,
For death has darkened a field of toil
And finished another's reaping.

Among the first of the faithful band
With her precious sheaves around her,
And the keen-edged sickle in her hand
At her Master's work, He found her.

She held it firm in her faithful grasp
Till her labours all were ended,
Then laid it down with a shout, to grasp
The crown which her Lord extended.

There comes a cry o'er the swelling wave
And a voice of bitter sighing,
For a throng have gathered around the grave
Where a stranger's dust is lying.

They tell of the deeds that stranger wrought
In her heavenly love and kindness,
They tell of the lamp of life she brought
To the heathen world of blindness.

They mourn that her kindred were not nigh
When the death-stroke came to sever,
That only one, for the dim, dark eye,
Could weep as it closed forever.

That a mother's hand which softly smoothed
For the loved—the dying pillows,
And a sister's voice which sweetly soothed
Were far o'er the foaming billows.

Well may they weep—for it was for them,
Who whisper in tears her story,
She crossed the foam of the raging seas,
A herald of life and glory.

She came to tell to that dim, dark land
Of His love who had sweetly won them,
To link their souls to the Christian band
With the seal of her Lord upon them.

And now the praise of that God is sung
And His sacred rites are cherished,
Where the chant of the senseless idol rung
And the living victim perished.

And ye whose sorrows have wrung your hearts,
And your tears like the rain are falling,
Know ye! when a child of the Cross departs
It is at her Saviour's bidding.

Rest, loved one rest—for thy work is done;
Go dust! to thy dreamless slumber;
Mount soul! for the crown and the white robe won,
And the bliss of the sainted number.

The author's name was not given, but the lines are well worth repeating. Mrs. Comstock went "home" at the early age of thirty years. Being dead, may she yet speak to workers at home and abroad, and even as she followed Christ, so may we.

Dartmouth, N. S.

A. E. J.

DEAR LINK.—Very often the summer vacation is the time for idleness even on the part of Christ's workers, but one our sisters, Mrs. E. T. Miller, has proved an exception. During her vacation in Jeddore she organized two W. M. A. Societies, one on each side of the harbor. On the west side the society numbers 20, and many more have promised to join. Its officers are: Mrs. David Blackeney, Jr., *President*; Miss Lillie Harpell, *Vice-President*; Mrs. Lemuel Blackeney, *Sec-Treasurer*. On the east side the membership is already 35, with many more promises to join. Their officers are: *President*, Mrs. J. W. Mitchell; *Vice-President*, Mrs. John Baker; *Secretary*, Miss Adenia Jennise; Mrs. Josephine Arnold, *Treasurer*.

It is rather late, perhaps, to call attention to this working vacation, but some prefer taking their rest in Autumn. Should this meet the eye of any such, let them please "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest."

Dartmouth, N. S.

A. E. J.

TRURO, N.S.—Our Women's Meeting at the N. S. E. Association was a most encouraging one. Many sisters took part in speaking and prayer, and some from churches where no W. M. A. Society existed. From four different churches the sisters requested us to make them a visit on our way home, which we did, and after the public missionary meeting in the evening, we remained and formed a society in each. These were in Port Greville and Diligent River Church, Spring Hill Church, Five Islands and Lower Economy Church, Upper Economy and Portapigne Church; and at Great Village eleven new members were added to the society by one visit. This is the last tour we expect to make among the churches while at home, for our faces must soon be turned eastward again, if God will. We expect to sail from Halifax about the middle of October, the date is not yet fixed. May we each and all be faithful in whatever department of work the Master has placed us, till we are called up higher.

M. F. CHURCHILL.

Photograph No. 2.

Time, 3 p.m.—A patient woman sits alone with her Bible in her hand in a class-room of a church in S—. Ten minutes pass; then two ladies enter, who, having exchanged greetings with the president, resume their conversation, the subject of which is revealed by the words, "ruffles," "flounces," "tucks," etc. At intervals one or two others arrive, until a half-dozen ladies are scattered throughout the room.

Half an hour later the president, looking more wearied than when she came to the meeting, says: "Ladies, I suppose it is needless to wait any longer. We will begin our devotional exercises with singing. Mrs. A. is not here to lead; will some one start a familiar hymn?"

The silence grows oppressive; then the president turns to the secretary with an imploring look and whispers,