

as the tidings reached us that Mrs. Selden had been called away. And now we seem scarcely to have turned from her grave when we are called upon to part with another of our leaders. It all seems so unreal, so impossible, that we can hardly grasp the fact, even though we write the words, "Mrs. Parsons is dead." She looked so well and strong, you would have said she had many years of service here; we needed her so much in the Union, the church needed her so much, her family needed her so much, and yet God called her. One week full of loving service, the next a little cold, and then such agony, that even those who loved her most, prayed "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

"Such sad news," we say:

"And the heart sheds forth weak tears,
Our foolish eyes through their own mists dim,
Cannot see the resting joy of Him
Who treads with her the golden way,
Where the star-lamps pale in the passing ray,
And the throne uplifted nears."

We have need indeed to turn our eyes from the agony, the grave, the loss, up to where the "Glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land," else how could we bear, and still live on and work.

Mrs. Parsons was one of the original members of the W. M. A. Society of the North Baptist Church, Halifax, (where she resided), she was also one of the managing committee until 1873, when she was made President, which office she has held most of the time until her death.

How that Aid Society will miss her! She never let anything but illness keep her away. To her that one hour a month of prayer was sacred to the Master. She was always in her place. She was also President of the Nova Scotia Central Board until the Union was formed, since which