

But most of all the consolations of God's word and grace abound more and more in time of need.

"Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort; who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God."

But we may not tarry at the tomb. Only the cast-off garment of the soul lies there. The freed spirit is alive for evermore—never so much alive as when freed from the frailty, the infirmity, the limitations of the flesh. We must take up again the burden of life, we must address ourselves to its duties. Thank God for the work that engrosses heart and mind and brain. In that, and in the holy hopes which reach forward beyond this world and lay hands upon the eternal realities of the world that is to come, is an antidote to grief and an inspiration to labour on at God's command, till we cease at once to work and live.

"God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly
What he hath given;
They live on earth, in thought and deed, as truly
As in his heaven.

"Up, then, O toiler! Lo, the fields of harvest
Lie white in view!
She lives and loves thee, and the God thou servest
To both is true."

W. H. W.

IN MEMORY OF MRS. W. H. WITHROW.

"At Even-time it shall be light."

The day-dawn of her lovely life
Not fairer than her noon-day sun,
Not purer than her mellow light
Of Even-tide, when work is done.

Her morn, her noon, her even-hour,
Have shed o'er all a glorious sheen;
The influence of Life's well spent day,
Which night's dark mantle may not screen.

Her sun of time has softly set,
While her Eternal morning breaks;
The endless day of Heavenly joy
To which now gladly she awakes.

Montreal.

SADIE TYNDALE.