

its credential of pain, resting upon its bank of snowy pillows, always meeting you with a smile of welcome, I confess I feel when I step into her little room, as if I were standing on holy ground. She has no threnodies of sorrow wherewith to greet you, but glad words of praise.

I am the friend of your youth,

A. H. DE GUYNON.

FROM MRS. S. M. SCHIEFFELIN.

NEW YORK.

MY DEAR MRS. PULLMAN,—It has been my pleasure to know your mother, Bella Cooke, for over eight years, and during that time I have always esteemed it a blessed privilege to be numbered among her friends. I believe that she is one of God's chosen saints, whom He has allowed to suffer so long, that in her wonderful patience and submission His faithfulness might be manifested. Tried in innumerable ways, she has never been found wanting. In extreme want her faith has never failed, and her dependence upon her heavenly Father has never been in vain. It has always seemed to me that, in her glowing love to the Saviour, she equals many of the martyrs who held not their lives dear for His sake. All her sufferings appear to her as nothing compared with the Divine sufferings which have wrought for her this rest and peace in Jesus. This remarkable life in Christ has been used of God to attract many sinners to Him. Until the last great day no one can know how many souls have been brought from darkness to light through her instrumentality. In closing let me add that the thought of her unwavering trust in God, and of her daily and hourly resignation to His will, has, since I first saw her, been to me one of the strongest incentives to growth in grace.

Praying that God will still prolong her life for usefulness in His service and for the happiness of her large circle of friends,

I am yours very truly,

S. M. SCHIEFFELIN.