

is he who has been led to the Christ by her who reared him. It seemed the most natural thing in the world that all of Mrs. Pidgeon's sons should have been ordained for Christian service.

We speak of successful men and women, and our standards of success are generally very materialistic. But what could have been more successful than to have dedicated all one's sons to the service of the Living God? Everyone in the active work of our Church knows the Rev. Prof. G. C. Pidgeon of Westminster Hall, under call to Bloor Street Church, Toronto; and the Rev. E. Leslie Pidgeon of St. John's Church, Vancouver. The other son, H. John, was ordained to the Eldership in his mother's church.

One was telling her that it was something to be proud of and thankful for that she had given all her sons to the Church, and that they had done so well. She gently corrected him, and said it was not a matter of pride at all, but a source of great thankfulness. And truly her sweet, noble life was as a thanksgiving prayer. God had given her length of days, and how those days were hallowed and crowned with radiant hope, those who knew her can well testify. She had passed the allotted span by ten years.

The Christ always held the pre-eminent place in her thoughts. "He," as she said, "who never yet failed her, would not fail her in the end." Besides the three sons left to mourn are her husband and their only daughter, Mrs. Dimock, of Vancouver, B. C. Mr. Pidgeon Sr., has passed his eighty-fifth year, and is yet strong of body, keen of mind and fresh of spirit. He and his beloved wife were constant companions, and of all the bereaved his loneliness must be the greatest now. But he, too, has the same simple faith of her who now liveth the larger, richer life.

She was laid to rest in the graveyard of the Church at New Richmond. The many who came to pay their last respects—by their presence and silence—spoke more strongly than any words of the winsomeness and influence, love and simplicity of the choice spirit whom God permitted to remain with us so long.

It was on Canada's Consecration Day that this consecrated mother bade us adieu. May all mothers, through her example, consecrate themselves and theirs to Him who never faileth, and who giveth the crown that never fadeth.

I think that Death has two sides to it—
One sunny and one dark, as this round earth
Is every day half sunny and half dark;
We on the dark side call the mystery *Death*,
They on the other, looking down in light,
Wait the glad *Birth* with other tears than ours.

—George MacDonald.