

wife died. For long I looked not with any pleasure upon aught that was in earth or heaven; for the light and the desire of mine eyes had been taken from me. Unto this present, continually every day, my soul reacheth after and crieth out for its wonted rest and completeness in Zillah, and findeth it not, and mourneth like a dove for its mate that is dead.

I am now old and stricken, and wait in daily expectation of that which is near to come. Behold, after an hundred and four score years wherein I have been journeying toward it, my feet are now at the mouth of my sepulchre, and I rejoice thereat; for, presently I shall be enlarged into the mystery that is beyond death. I fear no evil, being fully persuaded of the Eternal Purpose of Goodness that I set forth, by command, in the Memorial of God.

THE END.