

through the advancing gloom; the little flower gardens, the meadows and woods, blossomed afresh for the youthful fancy of those slipping moments, with the lilies and the violets, the roses, the bluebells, and the forget-me-nots; and just as the snowdrops seemed to peep up, emblems of a springtime in some distant clime where the frosts of destiny disappear, another scene rose upon the sight; mothers and wives and fathers and brothers called in vain for their return. They were slipping over the edge of life's earthly mountain into the Valley of the Shadow, where the crosses seemed a harvest in the gloom. Spirits and souls of men floated down the paths across the vale into the shadow of a great cross, which gave a wondrous strength to those upon the way. A faint halo came from behind the great cross, giving enough light by which to rise, and disclosing one of those ministering spirits with a rod and a staff from the good Shepherd, to aid them from strength to strength, from glory to glory, by the Spirit of the Lord. Flowers and spices decked the trails, all of which con-