

shippers said at first that it was incomprehensible how the good minister's daughter could leave the fold. They even raised the old query, Did she ever really love her husband? For her face was like the sunshine, so full of a wonderful joy and peace.

All her young life she had leaned on some one kind and noble. First her parents had been her guides and best companions; the lover of her lifetime was to take their place, and she would have some one to love her and take care of her as they had done. She had never known sorrow till that crushing blow had fallen, proving to her how baseless was the fabric of her beautiful earthly dream. After that, the All-Sufficient One showed her where alone her lasting strength could be.

It was her husband's wealth that brought comfort to the thousands whom she helped, and that built the beautiful chapel of St. John the Beloved, where the Sacramental Presence of the Lord abode, not far from the place, forever hallowed in her memory, where, at last, the word was answered. Near by, after her parents' death, she made her home, and there Miss Abigail, who till then had watched her steadily in her daily round of prayer and holy labor, came one day to her, and said: "My eyes see that my prayer to the Lord is certainly answered. Hereafter, thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

It was but the first fruits of an abundant harvest, there where Emily had gone weeping in sore despair. Yet she always counted as the real first fruits him who lay asleep in the old burial place, and whose act of perfect resignation to God's will in the face of the death-trial proved him to be one who belonged in his integrity to the soul of God's true Church. What mattered it to her who misunderstood her? She had learned to give up everything to God only, and He, her God and her all, was forever hers.

