

## HOME AGAIN FOREVER.

So then a little weary head sinks to the pillow, comforted into slumber with Mother's promise of another morning soon—another long summer day—far away maybe it seems, but sure to come, sealed true with Mother's kiss.

So I have seen my comrades die!  
There, in God's acre, where the long, low mounds are,  
Side by side beneath the turf they lie,—  
Brave fellow-workers. And so their task is ended.  
So I shall close my eyes!

And what a playday I have had, so full, so rich, so busy!  
And love has moulded all my life. And love has pointed out my path. Love has smoothed away the tangles—love more than mother's, more than all—my Saviour's! Christ of the Manger and the Cross!

But must I set away my work? Must I lay all things down when I am called—my story-book so full of pictures? Who is it calls? My Christ, with the pitying, wonderful eyes! Fear death-with Jesus? No, never! My Jesus, who crowned my life with lovingkindness and forgave all my iniquities.

“ His love in time past forbids me to think  
He'll leave me at last in sorrow to sink.

The shadows have sunk into silence and gloom. The wind is rising, colder and colder. Winter comes. Yes, yes. But spring will follow winter. Darkness will break into dawn.  
And love is never done. For God is love, and God is light.

Towards Christmas and through the winter she made great improvement, taking long walks and planning to paint and hold Art classes and gain the Gold Medal for Huntsville (plans never fulfilled). She interested herself in the affairs of friends and neighbors, making herself tenderly loved by all who came to know her. Two things prevented this improvement being at all permanent. One was that she ate so very little. She seemed to have formed the habit of self-denial, even in such things as clothes and food. Then another scourge came to add to her suffering,