

falls the eventide," and "Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear." So she waited, with lamp trimmed and burning, for the coming of the heavenly Bridegroom.

When unable longer to speak, to the question, "Are you safe in the arms of Jesus?" she gave an emphatic gesture of assent; and so, gently, without suffering other than extreme languor, with "no painful pain," as Knox said when he lay dying, the silver cord was loosed, the weary wheels of life stood still, and surrounded by those she loved, she gently ceased to breathe.

Thank God for the "tearless land," where "there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away."

The stricken household covenanted around that place of mourning to meet her in the skies. But for one member of that little group still another cup of sorrow must be drained. The wife of her eldest son, whom his mother took to her heart with all a mother's love, was even then passing into the valley of the shadow, and in not many hours followed her to the shining shore.

"There is no shadow in the valley," the dear young wife and mother said, as we knelt by her bedside and commended her to God. She rejoiced that she should so soon join the glad spirit of her whom she loved so much, and to whom she clave as Ruth clave to Naomi. They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided.

"Oh, though oft depressed and lonely,  
All my fear is laid aside,  
If I but remember only,  
Such as these have lived and died."

The hearts of the sorrowing household have been unspeakably touched by the many messages of love and sympathy which have reached them, often from afar. We cannot now personally thank the kind friends who, by loving word or written page or tender tribute of flowers, have done so much to mitigate this double sorrow, but we desire to express our heartfelt gratitude. We have been greatly comforted by their love. There is no dearth of kindness in this world of ours, and it needs but a touch of sorrow to call it forth.

"To what purpose is this waste?" asks the Judas spirit; but the spirit of the Master accepts the precious, loving sacrifice and makes it fragrant for ever.