

strangers, for his sake. Though she never murmured, her thoughts often wandered back to her native land.

When she lost the parent she so tenderly loved and so devotedly cherished, although she missed him sorely she could not mourn for him, for she well knew that the wounds inflicted in youth had never healed. When he became a Christian the shadow still remained. Now the aching heart was at rest forever, for he had joined his beloved wife.

As the Master called for her tender buds of promise and transplanted them to the Paradise above to bloom forever in His presence, who said "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," she patiently bore her loss and meekly kissed the rod that smote her.

As time rolled on and other children came to stay and brighten their home, each one was dedicated to their parent's God. How lovingly she watched over them, and how wisely she trained and prepared them for the Master's service!

Again, the Lord of the harvest called for her noble husband to rest from his labours, just in the heat of the day, in the promise of his manhood. As he clasped her hand in a last loving pressure, while a holy light beamed from his eyes, he whispered softly, "It is all right, my beloved Daisy. My work on earth is finished and He is calling me home just a little before. There are other duties for you to perform, then will come the reward of the faithful."

Even in this last and final bereavement, the Friend