

ples, and all for Christ's sake. I could desire you to model yourselves as modest, gentle, faithful, I quote again, what I quoted on a former occasion in my own loving, holy, Christian women:— Church, the sketch upon which

"Great feelings hath she of her own,
Which lesser souls may never know—
God giveth them to her alone—
And sweet they are as any tone
Wherewith the wind may choose to blow.

"Yet in herself she dwelleth not,
Although no home were half so fair,
No simplest duty is forgot;
Life hath no drear and lonely spot
That does not in her sunshine share.

"She doeth little kindnesses
Which most leave undone or despise;
For naught that sets one heart at ease,
And giveth happiness or peace,
Is low esteemed in her eyes.

"She hath no scorn of common things,
And though she seem of other birth,
Round us her heart entwines and clings,
And patiently she folds her wings
To tread the humble paths of earth.

"Blessing she is, God made her so,
And deeds of weekday holiness
Fall from her noiseless as the snow;
Nor hath she ever chanced to know
That aught were easier than to bless."—LOWELL.

And so, at last, it may be said of you, when your time comes to rest from your labors:

"On eagles wings they mount, they soar
On wings of faith and love;
Till, past the sphere of earth and sin,
They rise to heaven above."

At the conclusion of the sermon the body was committed to the silent tomb, "in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life through our Lord Jesus Christ."

A. C. McD.