

iver since. When yo' com' te see her afoore, she was as mitch of a angel as it's gi'en te mottals to be on this side o' Jordan. The Lord sent fo' yo' te fetch her back just as she was crossin', 'at she might seeave her bruther. All t' tahme she was at it, she was gettin' riper an' sweeter; an' noo 'at it's deean, she's gotten her reward. Oh but it's grand! it's grand! Ah've seen a dew-drop shinin' like a jewel i' t' heart of a rose: an' while ah've watched it, t' sun's cum', an' just kissed it off an' ta'en it oot o' seet. That's Miss Ethel tiv a T. God bless her! She was just a pure an' lovely dewdrop shinin' upo' t' heart of her Saviour doon here. Noo, t' glory leet's shon' doon on her an' her sweet soul's kissed up te heaven! It's my opinion," said the old carpenter emphatically, "that the Lord's just gone, an' deean the meeast nat'ral thing i' t' wo'ld. Sweets te the sweet, ye' knoa, Sir Jasper, an' she's wheear she owt te be—

'Lap't i' sweet repose
On her sweet Saviour's breast.'

Excuse me, Sir Jarvis, but you an' me can't deea better then cling close te t' Saviour o' men when He puts such a finish to this mortal life as that we've just seen."

Said Sir Jarvis Mainwaring—

"Simon Holmes. From my soul I think you're right."

"Praise the Lord!" said Simon. "But you may knoa it, Sir Jarvis. You may knoa it!"

Reader! So may you and I!

THE END.