

of feasting, into the house of mirth, into the immortal health and beauty.

"We are on our journey home
Where Christ our Lord is gone
We shall meet around His throne
When He makes His people one
In the New Jerusalem.

Oh, glory shining far
From the never setting sun,
Oh, trembling morning star
Our journey's almost done.
To the New Jerusalem."

Perhaps this waiting time may be one of physical weakness, and there may be a loosening grasp on the engagements which once seemed all important. The hardest lesson some of us ever learn is that life can go on without us. The housekeeper, strenuous and careful, mother-like in her excessive painstaking must face the fact that other hands will take up her work, and others rule where she has been supreme. It is fine when a woman can abdicate gracefully and graciously, not clinging to duties too burdensome for her strength, nor stubbornly asserting herself when the day for her successor's domination has arrived. I have seen once and again the most beautiful serenity enfolding an aged gentlewoman, no longer ministering except in her sweet patience and peaceful contentment, but ministered to by her household: by sons and daughters and grandchildren, to all of whom mother's room was a