

obedience to her brutal "spiritual director," unnatural, repugnant to the spirit of that Saviour who so blessed the innocent ties of home affection, and who asked for mercy and not sacrifice, we shudder and exclaim, "Oh! the pity of it!" But when we think of her labours for the poor, her peerless "enthusiasm of humanity," her passionate devotion to the work of the hospital and the lazar-house, we feel that in her we have the noble predecessor of John Howard, and Florence Nightingale, and Clara Barton, the Salvation Army lassies, the deaconesses, the "sisters of the people," and of all others who, married or celibate, have devoted themselves to the relief of suffering and the rescue of the perishing.

Such a life as Elizabeth's would to-day be better appreciated, would lack much of its extravagance and austerity, would be more frankly human, and yet no less divine. It

is not so necessary now as in those hard, tyrannical, semi-barbarous ages to make the choice between a worldly life and the life of a recluse. Susanna Wesley never felt the joys of wifehood and motherhood poisoned by the suspicion that after all hers was "the lower life," nor was she the less a saint because she bore nineteen children, and so trained them that from among them came those who have been a blessing to the world.

Apart from the sweetness and holy beauty of the character of Elizabeth, her life fills one with a profound sense of the terrible mistake of cultivating an artificial conscience, of making those things sins which God has not made sins, of the assertion of a church authority which shall crush individuality and stifle personal conscience, which shall produce such men as Conrad to darken and embitter the lot of the saints of God.

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### THE SINGING IN GOD'S ACRE.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

Out yonder in the moonlight, wherein God's Acre lies,  
Go angels walking to and fro, singing their lullabies,  
Their radiant wings are folded, and their eyes are banded low,  
As they sing among the beds whereon the flowers delight to grow—

"Sleep, O sleep!

The Shepherd guardeth His sheep.

Fast speedeth the night away,  
Soon cometh the glorious day;  
Sleep, weary ones, while ye may—  
Sleep, O sleep!"

The flowers within God's Acre see that fair and wondrous sight,  
And hear the angels singing to the sleepers through the night;  
And lo! throughout the hours of day those gentle flowers prolong  
The music of the angels in that tender slumber-song—

"Sleep, O sleep!

The Shepherd loveth His sheep,  
He that guardeth His flock the best  
Hath folded them to His loving breast;  
So sleep ye now, and take your rest—  
Sleep, O sleep!"

From angel and from flower the years have learned that soothing song,  
And with its heavenly music speed the days and nights along;  
So through all time, whose flight the Shepherd's vigils glorify,  
God's Acre slumbereth in the grace of that sweet lullaby—

"Sleep, O sleep!

The Shepherd loveth His sheep,  
Fast speedeth the night away,  
Soon cometh the glorious day;  
Sleep, weary ones, while ye may—  
Sleep, O sleep!"