

the story of Redeeming grace grew fainter day by day. Anxiously they watched and tended her, and when a home voyage was proposed, in the fond hope that her native air might restore her lost bloom, and the twining arms of friends might hold her back from the grave's portals, she yielded a willing assent, for she could hardly feel that her work was done when, as yet, the light struggled but feebly through the darkness of heathenism. But so it was, "God hath His mysteries of grace—

"Ways that we cannot tell."

She was destined never again to hear the glad welcome of friends, or, with lamp trimmed and burning, return to her beloved mission-field. Out upon the deep she heard the angel messenger say to her "Rise, for the Master calleth thee;" and, no longer with reluctant feet, but eagerly, she obeyed, saying as she went,

"This is not death's dark portal,  
'Tis life's golden gate to me."

Now, the mists of earth all cleared from her vision, she felt that her Master could raise up witnesses for Himself, and she longed to "see the King in His beauty."

And, though her form has long mouldered into dust in an Eastern grave, watched only by the silver lamps of heaven, yet, she is not there—the one who vanished so early and left such desolate hearts. Not in the noisome tomb but far away in the land "Beyond the hills where suns go down" would we seek her.

Years have vanished into Eternity, with their strangely mingled burdens, since the unrelenting earth closed over those two eventful lives, and only the immortal histories of their diverse characters and actions remain to us, the one, mighty for evil, the other, for good. The one strained every nerve to the utmost, exerted all the energies of his soul to