

has become. And her cheerfulness and thoughtful care of everybody but herself dries all tears from the eyes of her friends."

She chose a spot in the cemetery for her body to be laid—a breezy, sunny slope, where Howard and Harry, her little boys, might come and play and not feel gloomy.

Her father and mother were with her at the last. She kept her bed but six or eight days, and was released from pain and entered into her Saviour's presence in January.

I remember the day the telegram came which announced that 'Dellie had gone home. Her sister and I sat and talked together of her. We could not weep; there was nothing to weep for. "I feel as if she was nearer now than when she was alive," her sister said. And when her parents returned the next week, and told us of her last hours, if we shed tears, they were those of rejoicing. She had made heaven so real that we could not mourn. There was nothing to mourn for.

There are two or three very obvious lessons from such a life as this:

I. Fruitfulness of a short life. We expect to see aged saints, but hardly look for them among young married women. Her work was mainly done between eighteen and thirty. She died at thirty-three, and yet scores will arise to call her blessed.

II. A woman who is really in earnest about serving God will find opportunities wherever she is placed, and in the midst of her commonest activities.

III. The secret of her power over others was God's power over her. The Bible and prayer were her never-failing fountain of grace. A tremendously energetic woman, a real "Yankee driver;" never idle for a minute, yet in the busiest days she neither omitted nor cut short her time of communion with God. It was not only her source of strength, but her remedy for perplexity. One winter she had a family of ten—an invalid mother-in-law; a raw girl in the kitchen; Billy, the black boy; a disagreeable and uncongenial relative, and the school-teacher, to board. "It takes a great deal of grace to live this winter," she said. "When Sarah aggravates me to death, I just shut my mouth and go up stairs and pray."

IV. Religion does not change the temperament, but uses it to make different types of Christians. If she had tried to be anything but herself, what a miserable failure she would have been. The gay, light-hearted, volatile girl, fond of pretty clothes, of a good time, when God had taken hold of her in every part of her nature, became the buoyant, courageous, sympathetic, charming Christian, that won the hearts with a word and held them with a smile.

V. Small beginnings of Christian purpose are to be encouraged, not despised. If it is truly a heavenly seed with life within itself, God will take care that it grows. He will send just such circumstances and such discipline as will water its roots and nourish its branches. He will decide, too, what kind of fruit it shall bear.