

both of which she was, under the blessing of God, the foundress? Her sepulcher is with us to this day, but almost on the border line, as if, in death as in life, she belonged to each country.

As I knelt in family prayer with the descendants of this godly woman, with the old German Bible which had nourished her earnest piety in my hands, I felt myself brought nearer the springs of Methodism on the continent; and as I made a night railway journey to my distant home, the following reflections shaped themselves into verse:

AT BARBARA HECK'S GRAVE.

I stood beside the lowly grave where sleep  
The ashes of Dame Barbara Heck, whose hand  
Planted the vital seed wherefrom this land  
Hath ripened far and wide, from steep to deep,  
The golden harvest which the angels reap,  
And garner home the sheaves to heaven's strand.  
From out this lowly grave there doth expand  
A sacred vision, and we dare not weep.  
Millions of hearts throughout the continent  
Arise and call thee blessed of the Lord—  
His handmaiden on holiest mission sent,  
To teach, with holy life, his Holy Word.  
O rain of God, descend in showers of grace—  
Refresh, with dews divine, each thirsty place!