

that He will carry ALL our griefs and ALL our sorrows.'

'So He does, my dear, and I'll trust Him more perfectly after this.'

She was fortified in her faith not one day too soon.

That night Dr. Stokes came and stayed. He sent for his pastor, Dr. Text, and for two or three other intimate friends. Wistaria sent messages to Jenkins, O'Riley, and her father. They all came together about midnight.

Francis had told them to rejoice with him, that he was going home to be with Jesus. He besought them to shed no tears on his behalf. The doctor had told him that he would die three years ago, but the Lord had spared him for a wonderful work. His part was now done. There were others raised up to carry it on.

But the natural sorrow of the human heart is deep and will not be suppressed. O'Riley came up to the bedside, stooped and kissed the emaciated hands, and then broke into a paroxysm of sobs.

'He shall wipe away all tears, O'Riley,' said Francis, soothingly; 'won't that be blessed!'

'Ah,' said the ready tongue, 'but you've no tears to wipe away. It's me, poor broken-hearted O'Riley, what you lifted out of the gutter and can't bear the thought of your leavin' us; it's poor O'Riley that the Lord will honour with wipin' his wet eyes. May He mend the broken heart as well! says I.'