

that for each is appointed his times and seasons, and that no discipline is ever by accident, but that all is ordained. When we pray, when we praise, when in swift impulse or of deliberate intention we turn to the land beyond for help in this land of the wilderness and the ambuscade, our Lord Himself sends to us the very message and the very messenger needed then and there.

Sometimes, and tenderly, there may steal into our consciousness, an arrow sharpened by love, a warning in failing of hand or foot, of sight or hearing, a sudden arrest upon our activity, a low call in the night, telling us we are expected ere long, to serve in the courts above. Well may it be our own dear angel who gently loosens the silver cord a little, before it is broken, who softly gives us the first intimation that our life-school here is soon to end. What joyful freedom once we are promoted, what immunity from every ill, what pleasure of permanence,

"Beyond the smiling and the weeping  
Love, rest and home."

That will be our home, abiding as this is temporary; our place of activity still, for is it not written of it that there His servants shall serve Him? Meeting the kindred who went before, meeting those who have influenced and molded us, albeit we have not seen them in the flesh, above all things meeting our Saviour, when our waiting for the angel is over, we shall step into the hall