

fell fast; but in about an hour more they were descending the high hill into Castle-Bay; and before them lay the great, black sea, with its cold bordering of white.

They passed along the chilly beach. At one point, whether consciously or unconsciously, Mrs. Barrè lifted her head and looked toward both sea and land. On the landward side stretched a little valley, with a knoll and rock, and tree at its northern edge; a sweet spot in summer, but now lonely and desolate. She gave a sort of cry, and turned from the sight.

"O my God, thou knowest!" she could be heard to say, sobbing over her husband's body; and she looked up no more until, in another hour, with the cold stars and drifting clouds over head, they had reached her desolate house.

"My dear brethren," said the Minister, "we have not lost our Sunday; let us close this day with prayer!"

He and all the men stood, heedless of the wintry wind, before God, and he said:—

"We thank Thee, O Merciful Father, that Thou hast given to us this, our brother's body, to lay in our hallowed ground; but, above all, for the hope that his soul, washed in the blood of the immaculate Lamb who was slain to take away the sins of the world, has been presented without spot before Thee. Give our sister, we beseech Thee, strength and peace; have her and us in Thy safe-keeping, and bring us to Thy heavenly house, through Jesus Christ, our Lord."

The congregation having been dismissed with the Blessing, the Minister and the chief men reverently carried the body into the parlor, and disposed it there, amid the memorials of happy former years, and arranged a watch.