

wife. Then they shall be blessed indeed in their souls and in all their ways."

The hand rested on Elsie's bowed head as she mentioned her name. Then I felt a quiver go through the strong frame of my husband, as the mother said:

"Angus, my first and dearly-loved boy, may the richest blessings the Father has to give crown your life with happiness and usefulness. God bless you, my son; and God bless your wife. May you both dig deeper in the mines of priceless riches, and find yourselves filled anew each day with all the fulness of God."

As the unsteady hand lay for a moment on my head, I felt that with its touch came the assurance of the blessings she asked for us.

Then she touched little Bruce's cheek; and the child, dimly realizing that something was taking place, though what, he could not understand, crept up on the bed until his head lay against her.

"Mamma, what's wrong?" he asked, with his little lip quivering pitifully.

"Mamma's going to Jesus, Brucie," she answered, smoothing his tumbled curls. "Be a good boy and love Jesus always. Then you'll come to mamma some day. God bless my baby boy," she added, with the first tears she had yet shed trickling slowly down her cheeks.

"Will you come for me some day, mamma?" asked the child, beginning to cry.