

liness which came over him as he thought of himself as almost the last of the circle left on the shores of time.

Mrs. Murray replied, "But do you ever think of how the circle is widening over there as it narrows here? Ought not that to be a great comfort to you?"

"Thank you, thank you, Mrs. Murray," replied the old saint, "for that beautiful thought; it will be a comfort for me as long as I live."

Soon after the Church of England minister came in to administer Holy Communion, and Mrs. Murray was asked to join in communion with the little company in the "Rotunda." And so we parted with the dear old people till the day dawns and shadows flee away. Not long after this parting Mr. B. was called away to join the circle of friends gone on before. A few years later his dear wife followed him. I was fortunate enough to be in Norland the day of Mr. Beaumont's funeral, and counting myself one of his friends, I joined the little company of mourners (the funeral was private), who carried him to the little Church of England burying-ground, there to await the resurrection of the just. Thus ended the mortal life of one of the most patient sufferers that it was ever our privilege to know. But, thank God, the spiritual life does not end here. We have never been the same in our home-life since we have known that dear old saint and his wife. When we have been in danger of becoming impatient under the smaller worries of life, we have thought of that modern Job of the "Rotunda," and we have been rebuked into quiet and perseverance in the good way.