

reminded him of his lost darling. Little was left on earth to bind him to it, and by degrees he learned to place his heart and affections where his treasures were laid up. In fancy, Bertha was his guiding angel, and lured him on to brighter worlds by the silken cords of affection.

A great change had been wrought in Donald Wilson. The once proud, impetuous boy, was now meek and gentle as a little child. The memory of his cousin was allied to all pure and holy thoughts, and over her early grave he dedicated himself to the service of his Lord, and vowed to live as she would have wished him to live. Nobly has he redeemed his promise, and he is now as a corner-stone polished after the similitude of a temple.

Not in vain was the life of Bertha Eswald, although her sun went down while it was yet day, for of her it may truly be said: "She hath done what she could."