

the long Friday night and all next day the snow was driven before a merciless wind debarring even the strong and healthy from going out of doors in that wind-swept region. On Sunday morning the sun shone down upon a world wrapt in snow's dazzling white mantle; but the snow lay too deep for any but stalwart men to venture forth in search of the all too early lambkins. William and Mary's little house was well nigh buried in snow wreaths. How had they fared during that long week-end?

"Tell her, Mary, how the Lord made provision for us," he said in a weak but exultant voice.

"Something made me fetch in plenty of water and peat fuel on Friday," Mary made answer, and towards evening Kirsty came with milk, and so we had all we needed and were 'as snug as mice in a mill.' "

William's face shone as Mary told of God's remembrance of them, and one felt that even had he been stronger, words would have been inadequate to express the joy and gratitude that welled from his heart towards the God who had proved Himself to be to them—Jehovah—Jireh.

William lingered until the month of May, suffering little but becoming gradually weaker. During these weeks of waiting he had many further gracious tokens of God's love and care, and on one occasion he had a wonderful experience, and like Paul, said—"whether in the body or whether out of the body I cannot tell."

The Annual General Assembly of the Church—reports of which William always read with keen interest—was in session when news of his departure was sent forth. Death came to him as a sleep, and surely he woke up to find himself with the One whom he had known, loved and worshipped here; the One who, too, while on earth, toiled and joyed and suffered; the One who had proved "all sufficient" for him through all the years and who had gone before to prepare a place for him.

Mary walked over the hill to the open air Communion Service in June, and it seemed as if there she, too, was "made meet to be partaker of the inheritance of the Saints in Light." There she realized more fully than ever before the all-sufficiency of God in Christ.

Shortly after that Communion Season it "came to" a friend from a distance to visit Mary and it was given to her to nurse Mary during the few days of suffering appointed her. Surely Mary had it proved to her that—"Even unto old age I am He, and unto grey hairs I will bear. I have made and I will carry; yea, I will bear and will recover."