

grows very hard, we wonder if he has forgotten us and left us to ourselves.

Even when it seems to grow the darkest, we are to trust him, for the dawn will break and the cloudless day will be our happy experience.

This figure of the apostle which speaks of death as sleep, softens the thought and gives to us, the hope that the weariness will be forever put off and the rest and peace and joy and power of the endless life will dawn upon us as we go forth, as some of us say, into the night of death.

It is night because it come at the close of life's little day; It is death because it ends the existence which we have maintained here. We need not draw back from it, it must come to all alike. Only those need to dread it who have lived a careless, godless life.

She whom we lay away to-day feared death as little as she feared the setting sun, she had long watched the grim messenger wondering why he delayed his coming, she had a welcome for him as those who watch for the morning.

How often had she said that her work was done, she had finished her course and was only awaiting the summons to come up higher.

She was of the old school that is too fast becoming extinct; her heart was large with hospitality and love. And we cannot recount the victories which she has won, as she has stood for truth and righteousness.

She was one of the old school who ever sought her opportunity to tell of the love of her master that had sweetened all her joys, gladdened her working days,