

Liberton. The western sunlight falls on the grassy slopes, and beneath that hill the Holy City lies outspread.

The Rev. Norman McLeod, and the Rev. Dr. Wallace Williamson, minister of St. Giles, took the service in the cathedral and by the grave. It was a summer day of stillness and light; around her were brought the flowers that she loved, amongst those from the gardens of the Land of Long Ago lay heather from the hills, and the sweet gale from the moors of Mull. By her to the last stood those who had gathered from the isles and from Argyll; her kith and kin were there, and the fellow-workers from city and country. All of them the companions and helpers of the way which had ended in the rest that knows no weariness.

In the Church of St. Columba, in London, there gathered a yet greater number of those who remembered and in spirit were following the prayers which committed "this our sister" to the ground in the sure and certain hope of the risen life.

One of her friends wrote of that day, and of the stricken hearts that kept watch through that hour:—

A bereaved people; how few leave the world with that so truly felt! "Then they remembered, then they understood"! How often, perhaps always, it is so. In the heart of all grief is the knowledge that death alone could rend the veil that hides the Holy of Holies, of a Life hid with Christ in God. This shall be told for a memorial of her.