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In Memoriam
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SARAH ANNE

BELOVED WIFE OF THE REV. DR. WITHROW
Entered into Rest, January 23rd, 1901

EDITH MARY

BELOVED WIFE OF WILLIAM J. WITHROW
Entered into Rest, January 25th, 1901

AMID the grief into which the whole empire has been plunged for the loss of a sovereign who has been so long and greatly beloved, the bereavement of a private person must weigh but little. Yet in the small home kingdom the true wife and mother reigns as absolutely as the queen upon her throne, and her loss creates as keen a sorrow.

For six-and-thirty years God gave the writer of these lines one of the best, kindest, truest, tenderest helpmeets that man ever had. He cannot trust himself to say a tithe of what is in his heart of the graciousness, winsomeness and goodness with which she "bore the white flower of a blameless life through all this tract of years." Her memory will be an abiding blessing and benediction to his soul.

In the early years of his married life, his dear wife shared loyally and unflinchingly the privations, and even hardships, which were incident to certain phases of itinerant life in those days. On some of our circuits our income was small and our home was poor, but it was a home palace, for love was there and we wanted for nothing. We shared and fared alike with the people among whom we lived; we had the best that they could give, and, above all, we lived in their love and sympathy. On one circuit we had but three hundred and fifty dollars a year, for two years, on which to maintain a household of five, and pay rent and the expenses of keeping a horse; but these were two of

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In Memoriam.

the happiest years of our life, and their memory is bright with gladness and blessing. Never a word of complaint came from the lips which are mute to-day. The dear departed accepted cheerfully the conditions and performed loyally the duties of a Methodist itinerant's wife, and brightened his home with womanly refinement and taste,

" And her gentle mind was such
That the people loved her much."

Of later years her life, partly through impaired health and partly through growing home duties, was more sequestered and retired, but those who knew her best loved her most. Many a touching tribute has come of her kindness, her unselfishness, her thoughtful consideration for servants, dependants, and the poor, that are an unspeakable comfort and joy. We have passed through sorrows and bereavements, but they were the lighter for that they were shared by her love and consoled by her sympathy. We travelled much together, and many are the sunny memories of our journeying in our own and other lands.

Never was mother more devoted to her children, and never was mother more loved and deserving to be loved. She fulfilled as much as it is possible to conceive, the duties, and wore the graces of the virtuous woman of the Scripture: "For her price is far above rubies, the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, she would do him good, not evil, all the days of her life. Her children, and her children's children, rise up and call her blessed, her husband also, and he praiseth her. Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all." With meekness and lowliness she followed in the footsteps of her Saviour, combining the virtues of a Martha, careful in serving, with those of a Mary, sitting at the Master's feet.

During her long and weary illness no murmur or complaint came from her lips. With saintly patience and resignation she accepted the dispensations of that Providence which is too wise to err, too good to be unkind. Into the sacred confidences of those closing weeks no stranger may enter, as we read together God's Holy Word, and those sacred hymns which breathe the very spirit of the Beulah land, and shared communings at the throne of grace. Special favorites were those immortal hymns, "Jesus, lover of my soul," "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," "How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord," "Abide with me, fast



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falls the eventide," and "Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear." So she waited, with lamp trimmed and burning, for the coming of the heavenly Bridegroom.

When unable longer to speak, to the question, "Are you safe in the arms of Jesus?" she gave an emphatic gesture of assent; and so, gently, without suffering other than extreme languor, with "no painful pain," as Knox said when he lay dying, the silver cord was loosed, the weary wheels of life stood still, and surrounded by those she loved, she gently ceased to breathe.

Thank God for the "tearless land," where "there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away."

The stricken household covenanted around that place of mourning to meet her in the skies. But for one member of that little group still another cup of sorrow must be drained. The wife of her eldest son, whom his mother took to her heart with all a mother's love, was even then passing into the valley of the shadow, and in not many hours followed her to the shining shore.

"There is no shadow in the valley," the dear young wife and mother said, as we knelt by her bedside and commended her to God. She rejoiced that she should so soon join the glad spirit of her whom she loved so much, and to whom she clave as Ruth clave to Naomi. They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided.

"Oh, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fear is laid aside,
If I but remember only,
Such as these have lived and died."

The hearts of the sorrowing household have been unspeakably touched by the many messages of love and sympathy which have reached them, often from afar. We cannot now personally thank the kind friends who, by loving word or written page or tender tribute of flowers, have done so much to mitigate this double sorrow, but we desire to express our heartfelt gratitude. We have been greatly comforted by their love. There is no dearth of kindness in this world of ours, and it needs but a touch of sorrow to call it forth.

"To what purpose is this waste?" asks the Judas spirit; but the spirit of the Master accepts the precious, loving sacrifice and makes it fragrant for ever.

But most of all the consolations of God's word and grace abound more and more in time of need.

"Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort; who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God."

But we may not tarry at the tomb. Only the cast-off garment of the soul lies there. The freed spirit is alive for evermore—never so much alive as when freed from the frailty, the infirmity, the limitations of the flesh. We must take up again the burden of life, we must address ourselves to its duties. Thank God for the work that engrosses heart and mind and brain. In that, and in the holy hopes which reach forward beyond this world and lay hands upon the eternal realities of the world that is to come, is an antidote to grief and an inspiration to labour on at God's command, till we cease at once to work and live.

"God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly
What he hath given;
They live on earth, in thought and deed, as truly
As in his heaven.

"Up, then, O toiler! Lo, the fields of harvest
Lie white in view!
She lives and loves thee, and the God thou servest
To both is true."

W. H. W.

IN MEMORY OF MRS. W. H. WITHROW.

"At Even-time it shall be light."

The day-dawn of her lovely life
Not fairer than her noon-day sun,
Not purer than her mellow light
Of Even-tide, when work is done.

Her morn, her noon, her even-hour,
Have shed o'er all a glorious sheen;
The influence of Life's well spent day,
Which night's dark mantle may not screen.

Her sun of time has softly set,
While her Eternal morning breaks;
The endless day of Heavenly joy
To which now gladly she awakes.

Montreal.

SADIE TYNDALE.