

seemed shining in the brightest, loveliest light.

It made me think of papa's favourite verse. I am sure he would have thought of it too, if he had been there.

“ O God! O Good beyond compare!
If thus thy meaner works are fair,
If thus thy mercies gild the span
Of ruin'd earth and sinful man,
How glorious must the mansions be
Where thy redeemed shall dwell with Thee! ”

When we came home, poor Miss Hayward found the letter she had been longing for so much; but it was a sad letter to her, for it told of her sister being very ill, a great deal worse than she thought she was. Poor Mrs. Lindsey,