

to remain with us. It was a sad, dark day when the death-angel seemed hovering near the portals of our dwelling, as if mercifully reluctant to sunder, at one fell blow, the sacred and endearing ties of kindred and of home. We stood around her bed-side—my father, and brother, and I—a lonely little group. My mother, forgetful as she always had been of herself, spoke cheering words to us; she bade us not weep for her. In rapturous triumph, she told us of the happy, glorious land, which even now was bursting upon her view, and then she requested that some one would sing—

“There is a land of pure delight.”

With her feeble voice she joined in singing this hymn, and as she closed, requested that some one would pray.

“My mother *will* go to heaven—yes, my mother will go to heaven,” I whispered to a kind neighbour, for I was unable longer to restrain myself—my heart seemed bursting.

“Yes, child,” replied the neighbour, wiping her eyes, “your mother will go to heaven if any one ever went there, for she was a saint upon earth.”

A bright gleam of light and comfort seemed to irradiate my heart at this assurance. Oh, it