

CHAPTER XIII.

THE last Christian rites of love and respect were paid to my mother, and she was laid to rest in a strange, strange land. Oh, how our hearts ached and throbbed, while we thought we should never see her again on earth! But our father bade us look far beyond this trying scene to that glorious home where, we hoped, through the merits of Christ, she had triumphantly entered. We had no mother now in this world; but—precious thought!—we had a mother with Christ. Ah, how it seemed to bind our hearts, rendered tender and sensitive by affliction, to the blessed Saviour! How many good resolutions I made at this time! I thought I would always do right; for if I were wicked, I feared my mother might be grieved. I did not recollect that Christ had seen and noted down in his book all of my evil actions, ever since I was born—that he, the Saviour of mankind, had often been grieved by the evidences of my hardness of heart. I did not feel that it was far worse to displease this kind Father than to grieve my mother. I had not yet surrendered my heart in sweet submission to Jesus. I was young, but youth was the time to serve the Lord. Why should not I