

"Death loves a shining mark."

This old statement is quite true in the going away of Sister Taylor. I always regarded her as a modern "Dorcas".

She lived and wrought far beyond her strength. Her life was unassuming and full of meaning. She lived far in advance of any pretensions she made in private or public. Her love for her husband and children manifested its self in her untiring devotion for them. I feel safe in saying that seldom do you find one so devoted and interested in the well being where there is to be found such limitations in physical strength.

Her anxieties and interest seemed to grow with declining health rather than decline. In her home her family was her greatest concern, and if the crowned Saints in the land of the saved and bloodwashed pray at

the Throne, I feel sure that Sister Taylor will be often at the Throne pleading for her children and husband.

As I write these lines I note two instances in my acquaintance with Sister Taylor that I consider beautiful. One morning I met her in the vestibule of the church, and it seemed that she came to the Sunday School earlier that morning than usual.

She said my husband came with me this morning and I want you to meet him. Another time after I had called upon her sister at the hospital, she met me again in the vestibule of the church; her face was flushed and eyes were glossy with tears.

She said I am happy this morning, my sister has given herself to Christ and will unite with the church. At the close of the service her sister united with the church. Sister Taylor was one of the first to extend to her sister the

right hand of fellowship and welcome her into the church. She stood by the side of her darling sister and wept for joy.

She has today some stars in her crown. Her life was full of hope and faith.

She, Mary like, had "made choice of that good part which should not be taken from her."

I believe that the words of our Lord could not be more fittingly applied in but few instances if any, "She hath done what she could." She was regular in her attendance upon the means of grace from time to time unless detained at home because of illness in her family, or disabled herself.

I many times looked at those pale, thin cheeks and was made to feel that her devotion was many times greater than was mine.

Her frail body caused her no end of suffering and limitations in many ways.

Many times she would have been justified

as I think a thousand times in remaining at home and giving herself to rest and quiet, yet she now has reached the sweet land of rest for which many are sighing.

She was appreciative and grateful for all the blessings that came to her.

Her home as I knew it, was an uncomplaining home. She took life and surroundings as she found them. There must have been a royal welcome for her over the way.

The local church and the home with the bereaved community at this time suffer a loss, yet their loss is gain to her.

She now rests over the river in the land where the saved never die.

Blessings upon all the friends.

"Hold Thou the cross before my closing eyes
Shine through the gloom and point me to the sky.
Heaven's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee,
In life, in death, O Lord abide with me."

H. A. Smith.