

SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD

A TRIBUTE TO THE LATE MRS. H. S. MULLEN

By Judson A. Sanders

How could we know that for her, twilight should fall suddenly, and in the golden afternoon? Her shoulders were strong to bear her share of the burden of life. Her hands were busy with the many tasks. She used her gift of song to lift the heavy load that others had to bear.

How could we know that so soon her final task would be done, her weary eyes closed, her worn hands folded, and her tired heart stilled? For her the burdens are ended, the tasks are done—but the song is not stilled. She hath done what she could—she being dead yet speaketh. Her song rings out in the chill of twilight—that strange swift twilight that gathered so suddenly in the gold and green of a summer afternoon. She did not walk slowly down the sunset slope of the years, her eyes filled with the glow of the gold and crimson bars of the gates of departing day, as they faded one by one. She did not linger sweetly in the slow deepening red-brown dusk. She did not wait for the purple twilight mist, just hiding the ruby gleam of the low-hung evening star—nor pause for the lilt and swing of the shadowed harbour bell.

How often her rich alto, lacing the quartette like a golden thread, had helped to bring the glory down! Oh that cloud of glory—how often it drifted low! And who shall say that in the moment of shock, e'er the golden bowl was broken, or the silver chord was loosed, but what her lingering spirit lay somewhere beyond the tide of suffering; and who shall say but what the cloud of glory hovered so near, so low, that her whole being was permeated and saturated with its sweet throbbing ecstasy, till she knew a great impatience for that moment, when sweeping through the wide-swing eastern gate of the Eternal City, she could stand before the throne of God upon the glassy sea, and open her mouth and sing with that skill that is not of earth, and that sweetness that is like unto Seraph song?

Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to know, feel, and understand what God hath prepared for those that love Him. But to us by the Spirit is revealed the foretaste and the earnest of these things, while we look not at the things which are seen, but the things which are unseen. To us may be the shadow of that cloud, its chill and its gloom—and the haunting question, why? But to her it was a cloud of glory, drifting low, all unawares—a sudden call—and a swift farewell. Down here in the shattered circle we long for the sound of a voice that is stilled, and the touch of a vanished hand, but we know that up yonder in heaven, when with lifted voice she joins the song of that vast and gathering throng of the Bloodwashed, the white angels, hushed and silent, fold their snowy wings and bow their heads to listen.

"A VOICE FROM GLORY"

One moment turned her feet to take

That road whence none return again—

One moment brought in surging sweep,

Swift waves of pain.

A cloud of glory drifted by,

Paused for a moment, hanging low—

There came a call none else could hear;

She needs must go.

We feel the shadow of the cloud,

The chill, the loneliness, the tears.

The King's Highway

Her form is vanished from the earth,
All down the years.

And yet the glory of that cloud
Steals like a balm across the heart,
And brings a strange and sweet relief,
When tear-drops start.

To her the rapture and the crown,
To us the fretting toil and care—
Our hearts know not the joy she feels
Just yonder there.

A perfect circle sweet with song,
Held close as long as life shall last
In treasured memory embalmed—
The dear sweet past.

GIFTS TO FOREIGN MISSIONS

EASTER TO MAY 31

Miss Helen White (cent-a-meal offering).....	\$	3.50
Black's Harbour S. S.		50.00
Black's Harbour M. S.		8.20
Moncton		1,200.00
Calais		35.00
A Friend		1.00
Mrs. Eva Burke in memory of husband, Boardman Burke.....		50.00
Rev. Glendon Kierstead Itinerary.....		33.50
Brazil Lake		25.00
Mrs. Howard Cox in memory of husband and son George		50.00
Woodstock (Easter Offering)		170.00
Crystal		24.00
Ralph Adams		500.00
Seal Cove M. S.....		122.50
Seal Cove S. S.		200.00
Primitive Baptist Churches—		
Lerwick	\$16.60	
Arthurette	24.00	
Plaster Rock	17.00	
	\$57.60	57.00
Yarmouth		24.00
Sandford		100.00
Middle Southampton		52.60
Lower Hainesville		6.66
Truro		25.00
Truro		100.00
Hartland		100.00
Sandford S. S.		50.00
Mrs. Fred McCarthy in memory of father, Manning Mullen.....		5.00
Havelock		37.50
Perth S. S.		25.00
Black's Harbour M. S.		60.00
Mrs. Henry Gaudet in memory of her mother.....		5.00
Presque Isle		7.00
Havelock S. S. (for African building)		21.00
Mrs. Manning Mullen		20.00
Grand Harbour		6.00
Woodstock		92.00
Old Town		25.00
Havelock (for African Building)		52.00
North Head		57.00
Doaktown		25.00
		C. E. Stairs, Treasurer