

## Entered Into Rest.

Mrs. Robert McCollagh, of Boston, at Riverside, California, on the night of December 14th, 1891.

Those words will carry with them sorrow to many hundred hearts. From Boston to Riverside; from Nova Scotia to Florida, are living, men and women, who have known and loved the good woman, whose earthly life is ended, would seem wholly inadequate to describe such a soul as Mrs. McCullagh's. Without being in the least a mystic, she seemed to be a dwelling place for every Christ-like quality. The writer has known many women, but never one whose charity, whose loving kindness, whose patience, whose generosity, whose long-suffering compared with hers. Truly she did possess "The greatest thing in the world." To a friend of the writer she said not long since, after partially recovering from one of many serious illnesses: "It is a beautiful world and everything is all right," and she said it from her heart too. Only the good seemed to appeal to her pure heart. "To the pure all things are pure." All who knew her either personally or through friends, may well mingle their tears with those of her sorrowing husband and devoted children, for we shall not look upon her like again.

Mrs. McCullagh went to Riverside, Cal., about Nov. 1st., hoping thus to prolong her life. For years she had been a sufferer from asthmatic difficulties, and the extreme change from the biting east wind of the Atlantic coast to the balmy rose-scented air of southern California, seemed too sudden for her so weak. She went to her room at once on reaching Riverside, and never left it again. Loving friends ministered to her there, even as she had ministered to them in their own days of trial. And their ministry was not one of duty, but of love. All that remained of her was carried back to her Boston home. Her life was beautiful and we, her friends, are better men and women for having known her.

T. F. K.