

for you?" The minister could scarcely speak from emotion.

"Yes, sir, but not here."

The chaplain answered, "And what shall I say to her? I will write whatever you wish me to."

"Thank you, sir. But I will see her first. I will see her soon. She is in heaven."

What a holy light flashed up from that deep dark eye!

"But I have a little sister. It is almost all that I have of earth. If you would send some trifles to her, if you would pray for her: she will be all alone—a stranger indeed. But—I have given her to God. She will be safe.—But won't you pray for her? And if you will but send her these——"

With a trembling hand, he took from beneath his pillow a purse with a few pieces of gold, a Bible, a picture, and an almost worn-out little book of but few pages. There were blood drops upon it.

"And this has saved me—has saved my dear mother; with the divine blessing it has saved us both. It was long years ago. I was but a poor organ boy, with a sick mother and infant sister to do for. We were so destitute—and a kind lady gave me this little book. And how glad my mother was when I read it all over to her. No one before had ever given us anything to tell us the way of salvation. And I have prayed for her every day—and my mother prayed for her. And I have wished—I have asked God if I might not see her—just to thank her—just to tell her of all the good her little gift has done. And to tell her, thus always to cast her bread upon the waters, thus to lend to the Lord. O blessed indeed is the cup of cold water given to fainting, dying ones!"

Noiselessly I advanced from among the shadows, with my hands tightened over my hushed heart, and listen-