

"They said it was granted to him then to see a vision. It might have been that the eyes which had not failed to discern the beauty of God as it is on earth were opened then to behold it as it is where we all would be at the last; I cannot tell, only after a moment he covered his face with his hands.

" 'My God, I thank thee,' he said, and laid his head down upon his work, and died."

"I think it is a little sorrowful," said Miss Nancy; but perhaps it is more happier than more sorrowfuller. And is that quite all?"

"There is little more," said the rector.

"The old priest who loved him so much wrote about his life; and he said that he and the squire knew not whether they had more grief or joy for his end."

"And does the story tell what they did after it?"

"A little more," said the rector again.

"He had prayed them to let him lie very near the church, for he had loved that little church in the shadow of the green forest most of any place on earth. So they buried him there, not without the walls, but within, for the priest said, he was the best of all men he ever knew; and the squire set a beautiful figure of the carver there upon the tomb in the church, that it should be well seen how he had worshipped God in life, and now worshipped him yet more worthily after death."

"And is that quite, quite all?"

"Almost, my little maid," answered the rector, slowly. "He had disposed of all that he had, as men dispose before they die; and they read what he had written. He gave to his friends, the priest and the squire, what keepsakes they might choose, in memory of the love he bore them. . . . He gave the twelve apostle panels, his last and dearest work, to the church he had loved so well. . . . He gave his house and his goods to God's poor forever. . . . And as he humbly prayed God to receive, though so unworthy of his merciful receiving, all that now was left to him, — his thankful heart."

"Yes, I know," whispered Miss Nancy, — "I know. It was Master Bartlemy."