

Olive looked pathetically at Emerson, as for the word of command: he nodded to her a request for the last stanza; and as she steeled herself for the trial, the voice came as of old from his lips.

"While this young sister," said he, "sings the last verse, please lift your hearts to God in a prayer that the Kingdom called Home, the Kingdom Jesus meant when he spoke of the Kingdom of Heaven, may come to every people and every clime—and then rise, and receive the benediction!"

For the third time, pure, lyric, full of plangent ecstasy, the voice took up the refrain.

"One night when the snow was falling,
He came for the old, sweet tale;
But her voice began to falter,
Her face grew wan and pale.
One kiss on the gold-crowned forehead,
And he knew the Stranger had come
To show her the beautiful pathway
That led to the kingdom called Home."

She ceased, her voice dying away like the vanish of the tone of a violin. There was a smile on her husband's face, and his lips moved, as if repeating the word "home"; but they heard no sound—scarcely detected a breath.

He was oblivious again, to his surroundings: but in about the time it would have taken for his congregation to have risen after the song, he feebly lifted both hands, and stretched them forth in blessing. For the first few words, they heard only a murmur, and then his utterance grew distinct: "May the grace of God," said he, "and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit, be