

"You won't cough three," he said, very slowly.

She bade him good-bye calmly, and we went home without a reference to the doctor's verdict.

At first she was unwilling to die, as you or I would have been. What, die! she, a young woman of thirty-one, with a pleasant home, a doting husband, two little children? So much to do, so much to enjoy! It could not be! It should not be!

Contrary to her usual custom, she did not talk much about it to any of us. But by the time the winter was over she had settled the whole matter between herself and God.

"The hardest thing," she told me, "was to be willing to leave my little boys. First I got willing to leave them with God, and to trust that they would be as safe without me as with me. But to think that my little fellows that I loved so much would miss me only a few weeks—would never in all their lives think or care for me as anything more than a tender tradition—that was the hardest wrench of all."

She came again the next summer, as bright and cheerful as ever, as full of life, walking some, riding a good deal; if it hadn't been for the dreadful cough we might have been deceived. She was not. "I think I may hold out another year, I am so tough, but I want to be sure to have all my sewing done for the children, because I may not live through the winter, you know."

But she came again the next summer, evidently failing, but still so happy, so natural and unconcerned that we were fairly staggered. I find among my papers a letter written just before she came. She was writing of some very unfavourable symptoms that had developed, showing, as her doctor told her, that her disease had taken hold of other parts of her body as well as her lungs, and she goes on to write:

"I wish I could tell you how little any of these changes of body affect my mind. It seems to me, as regards my own present or future, my heart rests in eternal peace. I am not indifferent to life; life never looked to me so precious, but if the Lord Jesus wants me to die in the coming months I feel in every fibre of my being that that will be the highest good for me, and that He will make it work for good to all the dear ones I shall leave behind." And then follows an inquiry about the price of a black silk dress, for, as she said, "I have lived so much longer than I thought I should, I've worn out all my clothes." Black silk dresses are seldom discussed in such a spirit! And when she showed me the new dress that summer, she said simply, "I shan't want it after this year, and I've had the skirt made long and I've put by enough for a new waist, so that sister Carrie can have a nice dress out of it."

From another letter I copy this:

"I have read and prayed much about the higher Christian life this winter, and I have surely entered into that life *in spots* (I don't know how else to express it). As I wrote before, as far as death is concerned, I have *entered into rest*. I never think of it without a thrill of triumph, and hundreds of times this winter I