

closed, and his dark, damp hair was pushed carelessly back from a brow pure and clear as marble.

I lingered a moment. The face strangely attracted me; and then I passed on with the rest—a few steps only, for I felt faint and sick, and leaned against a pillar for support. Carefully, kindly, the physician laid back the almost lifeless hand, gently arranged the pillows, and with a heavy sigh, turned away to other places and other faces.

The dying one slept. Still and motionless he lay there, and a light, holy and beautiful, trembled softly over the faded features. A step passed me. I could not leave the spot. I only shrank back further among the shadows. It was the man of God that came and stooped over that smitten form. How sweetly that sufferer slept! It must be his last sleep on earth.

More than once the chaplain bent his face down to see if he breathed, and laid his hand lightly, lingeringly on the cold forehead. And then he awoke. There was a long, troubled sigh, as if the spirit was unwilling to come back to earth; and the large dark eyes looked up as from a distance.

“Am I dying now?”

I caught every word. It seemed so like some dear music strain that I had heard, that I could not wholly recall.

The minister had looked pityingly upon him.

“Do not fear to tell me. I am almost ready.”

That voice—it must be some half-forgotten dream I was trying to trace out.

“I do not know, dear brother; it may be. But have you found the Saviour of sinners? Is Jesus indeed precious?”

“O, yes, yes. I have just seen him—I am not wandering—I will tell you directly, before I go.”

“Have you a mother, my brother? What can I do