

of the moment, obedient to the passion of a life, the great voice obeyed.

"'Two little friendless children'"

it sang,

"Comrades for more than a year,
One sold flow'rs on a doorstep,
One swept a crossing near.
He was a curly-headed laddie,
Brimful of laughter and fun;
She was a staid little lassie,
Her hair kissed gold by the sun.
And when the lights of the city
Told that the night had come,
She would tell him a wonderful story
She had heard of a kingdom called Home!"

The stanza was finished quiveringly, and then Olive paused. Emerson's eyes slowly opened, as if from the beholding of a vision, and he whispered: "It is beautiful! Sing on!"

With the fortitude that none but women know, she sang on.

"Roses that cost not a penny
Grew in a garden fair;
Lilies that never faded
Blossomed in winter there.
Over a golden threshold
Children were always at play;
Nobody sang for money,
So nobody sent them away.
And when she had finished her story,
They wished that a Stranger would come,
And show them the beautiful pathway
That leads to the kingdom called Home."