

For good or for evil, it is done. Doctors have told me to be careful of myself, and have shaken their heads over a certain fluttering of my heart, which attacks me at times. Perhaps that is how I am to die. But I do not know; one thing I do know—that it is surely coming, and that I am ready.

I will stop, for I have something to do yet. I would take a last look at my home—and Zaidie's. The August sun is getting low in the sky; it is the late afternoon. Once more I shall take a run on the marshes, to smell the brown hay, and breathe the warm air and pluck the ox-eyed daisies, as we did, Zaidie and I, the first day we ever knew each other;—yes, once more. Then I shall go and take leave of my little brown mare in the stable, give her the last feed of oats and new made hay that she shall ever get from me;—and I shall pat my dog, and feed him, and stroke him, for the last time. And then, when evening falls, when the August sun goes down and the August moon rises in the dark blue sky, and the glories of the Summer night unfold themselves to view—I shall lay myself down in silence, to await the messenger who comes to summon me to the unseen world!

THE END.