

But, oh, my friends, when it shall come to be my lot to be ill and stricken — in the last and real sense, with the Great Fear upon me, and the Dark Phantom at the pane — then let some one go, fast and eager — though it be only in the paths of an expiring memory — fast and eager, through the driving snow to bring him to my bedside. Let me hear the sound of his hurrying sleighbells as he comes, and his strong voice without the door — and, if that may not be, then let me seem at least to feel the clasp of his firm hand to guide me without fear to the Land of Shadows, where he has gone before.