

lying on her shoulder, Christie said, in a voice so faint that Sybil had to stoop down very low to hear her :

“I am going, Sybil, dear sister Sybil ! tell Guy, my brother, and Aunt Tom, to come and bid me good-by.”

In a voice choked with sobs, Sybil called them to the bedside, to receive that parting embrace. Guy’s eyes were full of tears, and Mrs. Tom’s sobs resounded audibly through the room.

“And now, Sybil, my own, my darling sister, good-by, and God bless you. Hush ! do not weep so ;” and the little wan arms clasped Sybil’s neck in a last embrace. “Dearest Sybil, go now and send Willard to me !”

Pressing a last kiss on the transparent brow, Sybil arose, and beckoned Willard to approach. Calm and tearless, but pale with a grief too intense for tears, he came over. A flush of love and joy lit up the wan face at his approach, her arms—with a last effort—circled his neck ; the golden head dropped on his breast, while the sweet, beautiful lips murmured : “Dear Willard ! dearest Willard ! good-by ! I am going ; going to heaven to pray for you and Sybil. You will try to be very happy, and make her very happy, when I am gone—will you not ? Lift me up, Willard, and carry me to the window ; I want to see the beautiful sunlight once more.”

He lifted the slight little form, and sat down beside the window. A bright ray of sunshine flashed in, and lit up with a sort of glory the angel brow, the golden hair, and the sweet, pale face.

Colder and colder grew the hand in his ; lower sank the head on his bosom ; fainter and fainter beat the gentle, loving heart. No sound, but the suppressed sobs of Mrs. Tom, broke the stillness of the room.

Suddenly the closed eyes flew open, with a vivid, radiant light ; the sweet lips parted in a smile of ineffable joy, and she half rose from her recumbent posture. The next, she fell back ; the blue eyes closed ; a slight shiver passed through her frame, and the streaming sunshine fell on the face of the dead.

* * * * *

Three months after, there was a wedding—a very quiet, private one—at the little church of Newport. And when it was over, Sybil and Willard entered their plain, dark