

come and see me as soon as you get back, won't you?"

"Oh, yes! I'll be sure to come," Tommy responded hopefully; for he saw no sign of death in the bright, loving countenance before him.

"And, Tommy," Bertha continued, "I want to give you something to remind you of me." So saying she took up a portrait of herself, and handed it to him. Tommy's face beamed with delight as he took it.

"Do you like it, Tommy?"

"Yes, Miss Bertha; it's lovely!"

And it was indeed. The deep brown eyes and fair features, shaded by waves of golden hair, were destined to endure uninjured by time, long after the fair original had faded into dust.

"And this book, Tommy," said Bertha, giving him a Bible, in which she had inscribed his name, "take it, and ponder its holy teachings well, remembering if you