

many others, used to call her—"Missy, I'm havin' a peep er Heaven, sure, it can't be nicer an this. The flowers, and the children—God bless em—someways I'm thinkin', Missy, He wants to show me what its like up there."

Nobody said a word ; nobody could, tears in the eyes make tears in the voice, and one by one we crept away, leaving poor old Dick waiting for a peep of the real Heaven.

I can see him now as we left him ; it was the last time I ever saw our poor patient old friend. His eyes closed, a smile on his rugged face, waiting ! The garlands of flowers surrounding the narrow bed, over and above the pale face, drawn by constant suffering. If there are any who do not believe in the good done by the "Flower Mission," remember that it did one great thing—it gave a poor old man a "peep er Heaven."

