

"May God bless you—for all your kindness—to me and mine. Helen will be—a daughter to you. Good—night—'twill be good morning when—we meet again!"

A few minutes passed when nothing could be heard but the sobs of the sorrowing friends. At last, with a supreme effort, the dying woman turned to her husband, who was kneeling beside the bed, and said:

"Don't fret, I'm happy—so happy. Heaven's gate—is ajar for you. We shall—meet again. I know, for God—has told me so. You—won't be—lonely, for i—"

But exhausted nature could do no more, and the sentence remained unfinished.

When the last rays of the setting sun shone into the room they rested upon the marble, but smiling, face of Mary Pierce, to whom the injustice of British Columbia law had caused such bitter suffering.