

want to see her so bad," said Tommy, giving up his intention with evident reluctance.

He was up early next morning, dressed in his best, and gathering the brightest sprigs from his little garden, started off in fine spirits.

The housemaid who admitted him, stared at him when he asked for "Miss Bertha;" but she led him along the hall to a closed door, which she softly opened. The house seemed unusually still, and he felt a sort of awe stealing over him as he entered the silent chamber. Everything was draped in white, and on the snowy couch lay a quiet form in the sleep that knows no awaking until the peal of the judgment trumpet.

With a wild and bitter cry Tommy threw the flowers—the poor offering which was all he had to bring to her, who would never again smile in welcome on him—away from him, and falling on the floor by the side of his dead friend, wept as if his heart would break.