

Two timid awe stricken little figures appeared holding each other's hand.

"Kneel down, darlings, Papa has something to say to you." Down went the little forms, hardly realizing the great sorrow hanging over them.

"Children," said the noble, kind-hearted man, "God has sent for me, I must go Home. It is hard to leave you, young as you are, but I count upon Providence who sends the sun-ray to the wayside flower, and the grain of



millet to His little sparrows. Love little Mother dearly, never grieve her tender heart or cause her tears to flow. Remember, there is an ocean of sorrow in one tear-drop from a mother's eye."

He paused, for his strength was leaving him. He was nearing the dark entry through which we all must pass.

"Do not forget me, little ones, when I am gone. Pray, oh! pray that God may be merciful, that I may reach the heaven of eternal rest."

Grandfather raised the window and a puff of fragrant air swept over the sinking form.