

Her brother read by her side the Prayer for a sick person when there is small hope of recovery; and she evidently listened, and understood what it implied, but the gentle torpor that had come over her senses seemed to prevent her from receiving it as a shock.

She smiled and said, 'I am going to sleep;' and she did sleep so quietly that they all watched, thinking that the slumber would soon pass into death. However, she awoke from it, and more fully herself. She called her brother to her, and said, 'Colin, is it true that I am to leave you.'

He bent his head. His eyes were full of tears, but they had scarce yet begun to be tears of grief. It was so very sacred and peaceful.

'It is very blessed,' Agnes said calmly.

'You will enter onto the Peace that has been purchased for you,' he answered; and her face beamed a happy answer. Then lying still a little while, she gathered somewhat more strength and said, 'I should like to wish them good-bye.—Mary, dear, you are there?'

They kissed her one by one. They all were quiet. Grace had a terrible agony in her heart, but the sacred peace and calm round her sister repressed it: Louisa and Charlie were still terribly frightened and awed. She did not say more than a tender word to any of them—she could speak so little, and she could not even put out a hand, but she thanked Mrs. Hayward, and asked her to take care of Mary, and she smiled at her two rough pupils, Johnnie and Frank; and when she saw them crying more than ever they could have cried before, she murmured, 'Please remember me, and be patient with the Kaffirs.'

And as Frank tried to sob out something like 'Yes,' he felt as if he would rather be danced over by all the Kaffirs in Zululand than say another rude word to them.

But when all her white friends had come in, Agnes still looked for someone; and when Mary bent over her to ask what she wished, she said, 'Joseph—Jojo—Untambo.'

The three dark faces looked in at the door of the low room. It was broad daylight now, and all could plainly be seen—the white exhausted face, yet still with a ray of its own peculiar brightness, and the eye spoke its greeting. She had collected herself, and she said in Zulu, 'Jojo. I go. I am not afraid. My Saviour's Hand leads me. Let Him lead you.'

The man dropped on his knees as he had learnt to do at family prayers, and exclaimed, with his hands together, 'My heart believes! My heart believes! He that leads her shall lead me.'

There was a sweet and heavenly smile upon Agnes's face—her lips moved to form some word of thanks and blessing, but they could not hear what it was. The torpor came on again; and after some hours of