

must come and see me very often. You know I am not able to go to you any more."

"I will be sure to come, Miss Bertha,"

Tommy answered; wiping away his fast-falling tears as he left the room.

It was the child's first great sorrow, and he felt it keenly. He had looked on his kind benefactress with a sort of veneration; and the thought that a being so bright and beautiful must die seemed to him very terrible. He was early learning the fleeting, transitory nature of earthly joys, and laid up an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, that fadeth not away.

"The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of our God endureth forever."

