

Himself. You have made me—very happy this week, darling. God will—”

Her voice failed and her breath came in short, fitful gasps. Hurriedly her husband administered oxygen, and was soon rewarded by seeing her revive. He feared to talk any more to her, and she soon fell asleep. Her breath now came quite easily, and Guy began to feel that God was going to answer his petition, the first prayer, if prayer it could be called, he had offered since childhood.

The doctor came according to promise early in the afternoon, but his verdict was not encouraging. Not since morning had the patient spoken. She appeared to be fast sinking into a comatose condition. Mr. Hastings and Dick Hardy came over at three o'clock, but seeing they could be of no use were about to leave the sick-room when Mrs. Pierce slowly opened her eyes and motioned for them to remain. She tried to speak, and the restorative, which was at once given, soon enabled her to do so.

“You—won't mind—staying with me, will you, just—a little while? Where's Helen?”

“Here, mother,” was the answer, as Helen came where her mother could see her.

“Come—close, and Dick, too! It's—all right—between you—now, isn't it? Give me—your hands.” Feebly she clasped their warm hands together in hers, now becoming cold, and said, “Be good—to—each other. Kiss me—both.”

Their eyes filled with tears as they at once complied with her request, then withdrew from the bedside to make room for Mr. Hastings, to whom she now bade farewell.