

born. Now I die. My work is done. I have not left my repentance until now. Your prayers would not weary me. I beg of you to go." The clergyman turned toward the door. "May God have mercy!" said he piously, as he took up his hat. "I thank you for your kindness, but I do not need you," said the dying man.

The door closed. The man moved his head to ease it, and crossed his hands on his breast. His fast dimming eyes looked out of the window through which shone the dying rays of the setting sun. His lips parted in a smile.

"Fear death!" he whispered. "Fear death! Nay, I welcome death—death, the ferry man, perhaps, or the dream goblin, or the eternal quieter, or an angel—I know not—but always a friend. Good-bye, kind old sun, I go with you, out of sight; good-bye, old earth, with your beauties and happiness and sorrow; good-bye, all the dream men and women who will soon say good-bye to it all, even as I; good-bye. I am glad to die. Fear death! As the flowers fear the sun, I fear death.'

Slowly, in the west, the light of the sun disappeared. The evening shadows crept about the motionless form of a man, upon the bed, in a dim and silent room. And they found him, peaceful, as though sleeping, and a smile, like a child's on his face—dead.