

'There's nae secret, Mary,' she replied. 'Be kind to a'boday an' lippen a lot.'

Then the dying woman smiled and closed her eyes, well pleased by these tokens of love, yet weaned from them too, and already almost a citizen of heaven. There were some she liked to see, and nobody who entered that room left it saddened or depressed, for it was lit by the sunshine from beyond. It was given to her to show to some worldly and shrinking souls that it may even be sweet to die.

She fell with the leaf in October—on a wild and stormy morning when the wind tore sobbing through the trees; in the fierce red dawning of a day which made great sorrow on the sea. But the tumult without did not disturb her in her passing, and the watchers by that dying bed were conscious only of a great, ineffable peace. They were not many. Her husband knelt by her pillow, Neil and Mary Denham stood at the foot of the bed, while the faithful Ailie stood sadly within the door, tearless, but looking as if the light of her life had gone out. Suddenly Lisbeth Gray opened her closed eyes, and there came upon her face a great radiance.