

hosts wait to welcome me into glory. Father! cousin! all my kind friends, farewell! I'm going home!"

The mist of death covered her eyes, and they slowly closed forever. There was no moan, no struggle, only a faint, fluttering sigh, and all was over.

"We cannot see the glory which she seeth," said Donald Wilson, as he kissed the cold lips, and turned away.

Tommy Vincent returned home late on Saturday night. His first question was about Bertha.

"She was a little better this morning, I heard," his father answered.

"I wonder if I could'n't see her to-night," said Tommy.

"I would'n't go to-night, if I was you," his father answered dissuadingly. "She might not want to be bothered; and besides you can go early in the morning."

"Maybe I'd better wait, then. But I do