

Propped up on pillows, but leaning softest on her mother's breast—the dark curls, once that mother's pride, lying tossed in pathetic confusion over the pillow not whiter than the worn cheek on which the long, dark lashes rested now—lay a woman, young indeed and handsome still, but wasted, sin-stained, sorely bruised; by her side a cup of lavender, over her head the name "Elizabethh."

"Bess," whispered the chaplain softly; "*Lady Bess*," he repeated once again, and waited eagerly for the answer.

The dark eyes opened, the parched lips moved. "Yes," she murmured.

"Once," he continued, his lips close to the ear almost deaf now to sounds on earth, "once, the Master whom you would now so fain have served, promised that the least kind deed done to the poorest or lowest of His children should be as done to Him. Bess, I have heard to-night of a boy called Ned; do you remember?"

A smile, a strange, half-incredulous smile, broke over the girl's pale face, and seeing it, the chaplain continued quickly.

"Bess, Ned is going home too, and when, very soon, you and he meet before that Master's feet, I think you will be glad, for through your means Ned knows to-night that he is going to a much-loved Friend besides."

As he spoke the smile waxed brighter and brighter yet, and at last the weak voice whispered wonderingly,