

"Some day, my pet," she said, gently. Then, when she had kissed little Bruce, she turned her head and held out her hand to father; and as he clasped it in his she said, with a rare, sweet smile:

"I'm so glad I've met you. I'll tell the dear wife when I meet her over there. I'll know her, even if I didn't meet her here. Good-bye."

Then she turned, with eyes brimming over, to her husband, who still held her in his arms, while he vainly strove to stifle his sobs.

"Good-bye, darling," she said, as he held her, and gazed into her eyes as if he would hold her back from the hand of death itself.

"God has given us a long and happy married life, dear," she went on. "Let us thank Him for that. Death is not hard. It's all brightness and peace. God comfort you, love."

She lay for a long while with her head on his shoulder, looking into his face; then, as her breath began to come shorter and shorter, she looked around, and in one gasping sentence asked Dell to sing, "Nearer, my God, to Thee."

Never in her life before had my sister sung so sweetly. Surely one of the angels who hovered about that bed must have lent her a little of heaven's melody for the time being. Her grand, pure voice seemed to fill the room and lift our souls nearer and ever nearer, in the presence of the Almighty Father.

As she sang the last stanza, the eyes of the dying woman were raised, as though she, too, like my mother, saw something that we could not see; and