

"Read any one," she replied; "they are all beautiful;" and Tommy began at those soothing words of the Evangelist, "Let not your heart be troubled."

Many and frequent were the pauses he made, for tears choked his utterance when he thought of the one so soon going to inhabit the place prepared for her.

"Is the page blotted, Tommy?" Bertha asked, when he stopped longer than usual.

"No, it's not blotted," he answered; and here he fairly broke down, and sobbed violently.

"Is it for me you are grieving, Tommy?" said Bertha, laying her hand on his bowed head.

"Yes, Miss Bertha. I can't bear to think you're going to die!"

"My poor child!" said Bertha kindly; "you must not fret so about me. I will be spared yet some days, I hope. And you