

"Not mine, but Thy will be done." Oh, yes; better could she give him back to God in his innocence and purity, and think of him as waiting her coming above, than hold him back to earth to become, perhaps, as she had dreamed.

A feeble little cry fell upon her ear:

"Mamma, Herbie's well now. Nothing hurts him. Look, look! mamma. Beauty babies call Herbie. Kiss, quick, mamma; and say Herbie may go—say quick!"

His face was raised, eagerly gazing upward; his tiny hands feebly lifted. Again his eyes sought his mother's with an appealing glance, and she strained her ear to catch his words so low.

"Herbie, go, please!" He seemed only waiting her consent. She caught him to her bosom in a last, long embrace, and with his dear face pressed close to hers, she breathed, only heard by Herbert and God:

"Go, my darling."

Again the sweet lips tried to whisper; but only the words, "Mamma,—come!—a while," reached his mother's ear, and little Herbert's pure spirit had joined the angels waiting.

She laid the little lifeless form tenderly from her, and her friends wondered how, so calmly. They had dreaded so much the parting moment. Yes; calmly she bore it. She knew a more bitter parting might be felt than that which was only for a "little while." She knew it was that which Herbie tried to say:

"Mamma will come too, after a little while."