

then gently removing Jessie's cloak and hat, she led her into Charlie's room.

Charlie was lying with closed eyes, perfectly still,—an occasional moan from the sufferer alone breaking the deep silence which reigned in the apartment. Edna motioned Jessie to take the chair by the bedside, which she did, and gently laying her hand on the cold white one which lay on the quilt, she bent down and whispered: "Charlie!"

He opened his eyes slowly, but when they met hers, they brightened up with a gleam of recognition; and, clasping Jessie's hand in his with all the strength he was capable of, he murmured:

"My own darling! my own dear Jessie!"

Such an expression of satisfaction and peace stole over his face, as he lay; his hand clasped in Jessie's, and looking at her with his deep blue eyes, over which the dimness of death was fast stealing. There was unbroken silence in the room. All eyes were fixed upon Charlie, and all ears were strained to catch the feeblest word. Dr. Ponsonby had entered unperceived, and now joined the anxious group gathered round the dying bed.

At length, Charlie's eyes opened once more, and slowly, yet distinctly, he said:

"I know I am dying—dying—leaving you all forever—leaving my darling Jessie. But—I am happy. My sins are all washed away—in my Saviour's precious blood—and I am going to be with Him—forever. Jessie—my own Jessie—you will meet me *there*. You will—all meet me *there*."

These words were spoken in detached sentences, and the voice grew fainter and fainter, till every breath was hushed to hear. He ceased, and, in the stillness of the room, a pin falling might have been heard.

The dying man clasped again the hand which lay in his, and once more murmured: "Jessie!" and then all was still.

It was the stillness of death. The silver cord was loosed, the golden bowl broken, and the spirit of Charles Clifford had returned unto the God that gave it.

As the stars were paling, one by one,

and the grey dawn was stealing over the quiet earth, earthly things faded from Charlie Clifford's gaze, and the light of eternity burst upon his soul. The Sun of Righteousness rose upon that ransomed one, never to set.

Yet, so calmly and gently did the spirit take its flight from its earthly tenement, that it was not until Dr. Ponsonby quietly left the room, motioning Lionel and Ernest to follow, that the three mourners knew that all that was left them of their loved one was his poor body, worn and wasted with suffering.

Jessie's sobs broke the silence. While bending over Charlie's inanimate form, she implored him once more to open those dear eyes, and give her one loving glance. Alas! she knew too well that never again would the tones of that loved voice fall on her ear; that never more would that smile of tenderness be fixed upon her, until she should join him in that better land where the God of Love Himself should wipe all tears from her eyes.

Yet, difficult was it in that bitter hour of bereavement to look from earth to heaven—to turn her affections from that poor, cold body, and remember that he whom she loved was not there, and that there was in store for her a blessed reunion,—a meeting which should know no parting. Great as was a father's grief at the loss of his only son, and deep the sorrow which filled a loving sister's heart, to neither could the death of Charlie be fraught with such bitter anguish as it caused to Jessie Wyndgate; dearer he was to her than father or mother, brothers or sisters,—for him she was willing to forsake all: the life which now lay before her seemed but a terrible blank.

She suffered herself to be led away by Edna, but implored to be allowed to remain in the house, until poor Charlie's remains should be borne to their last resting-place.

Charlie having died on Thursday morning, the funeral was to take place on the Friday. Major Bird came up to attend it, and so thin and altered he looked from the