

COLIN OF THE NINTH CONCESSION

Presently she lapsed into semi-consciousness, but it was only for a moment. When we noticed her eyes opening again, Willie continued to read:—

"I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you."

"He has kept His word," came the feeble whisper from the widow. "He has never left me comfortless, and now— He— has— come— for— me." And again the eyes closed.

Willie continued reading in a low, subdued, faltering voice:—

*"Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you. . . .
Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid. . . .
If ye loved me, ye would rejoice because I said I go unto the
Father."*

For the last time the widow's wasted hand was raised. We all held our breath, and waited for her to speak.

"I go," she murmured so low that we had to bend down to catch the words, "unto— the— Father."

She turned her head sidewise on the pillow, as if she was very tired.

We all stood silently and reverently about the bedside. We knew she was gone, but no one seemed desirous of breaking the sacred silence.