

"Not very much," he said gently. "Mine was only a fragment. It couldn't have lasted very long, anyway."

"Can't I do something?"

"You have done a great deal by coming. Nobody else has been to see me"

I saw the nurse looking at us.

"I am afraid I musn't let you talk any more just now," I said. "But I will sit here by you as long as you want me to."

Again he smiled — a beautiful smile.

Presently he said, as if he were wandering a little. "What was that you called me?"

I did not catch his meaning at first.

"That word you called me by?"

"My brother?"

"That was it! It sounds so sweet!"

Every time he opened his eyes after I called him by it.

I tried to tell him in a few soft words that I must always think of him, gratefully.

"I'm glad. I'll leave somebody something to remember me by!" he said a little whimsically.

Then he lay very still for quite a while.

When he opened his eyes again he asked in a whisper:

"What were the words over your desk? When I went to sleep that night in the chair. I was reading some words over your desk. What were they? Can you say them?"

"Come to Me all ye that labor and are burdened and I will refresh you."

His eyes closed softly. — *M. L. Avary, in the New Voice.*

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**I**F we fail to show the proper deference and respect for our parents, even after years of maturity, a curse must hover over us. Let us not consider that because we have come to man's or woman's estate love is no longer due the watchers of our blessed childhood. We are still children in a certain sense as long as God spares us our protectors. Be mindful of your action towards them, for when they are gone, all these will come surging upon you tenfold. You will then see what should have been seen while they yet lived. Too much love and tenderness cannot be shown them. Have no fear of this, if you would always be happy.