

even though the voice was so very faint, struck fear to their hearts.

"Yes," said she; "what is it, dear?"

"She will be brought up to believe me a bad man. I have not been a bad man, in the way they will say. They hate me, not for the evil, but for the good things I have tried to do. You will always be a great woman, darling, and she will let you talk to her. When she grows up—old enough to wonder about her father—go to her, and put me right with my baby! . . . . . Tell her, as the golden text of her life, from her father, to repeat this every day: *The world can not hate you; but me it hateth, because I testify of it, that its works are evil.* Olive, I leave my baby's memory of me, as my only legacy to you—to set it right!"

"Oh, yes, dear, darling! You know I will: but you mustn't talk like this! Let me send for the nurse!"

"No," said he. "It is over. I want just you two—you and Morgan here—just the three of us. We three have been good—friends and loved one another always. I think we always shall—you two here: I over there, somewhere."

"No, no!" cried Morgan. "Here, all of us; for many, many years!"

"No, old man," was the answer. "It's good of you to say that. But—"

He took Olive's hand in both of his, and looked up into her face as if to command her thoughts with her attention.

"I think I'm going to die, now," said he. "Don't