

but I suppose he is not home. Tell him for me, Donald, that I thought of him in my last hours. Tell him to be prayerful, steadfast, nothing doubting, and the promise shall be his ; he will receive a reward more glorious than earth with all her countless hoards can offer."

She was quiet for a little while, then her breath came in quick gasps, and she asked to be raised up. They lifted her up, and her eyes, soon to behold the fadeless bloom of paradise, rested for the last time on the moon-lit garden.

"Do you suffer much pain, my child?" her father asked, as he wiped the death-damps from her brow.

"I have no pain, dearest papa, all is peace : the peace which passeth understanding. The waves of the river of death are surging around me, but underneath are the everlasting arms ; beyond are the shining streets of the New Jerusalem, while angel-