

you know. My voice went all to pieces. I tried to say it was nothing, but stuck. Thomas helped me out, and without a shake or quiver in his voice, he answered for me.

“ ‘Yes, indeed, mother, we’ll not forget it.’

“ ‘And perhaps you can help him a bit still. He will be needing it,’ she added.

“I assure you, sir, that quiet steadiness of Thomas and herself braced me up, and I was able to make my promise. And then she said, with a look that somehow reminded me of the deep, starlit night outside, through which I had just come, ‘And you, Mr. Craven, you will give your life to God?’

“Again my voice failed me. It was so unexpected, and quite overwhelming. Once more Thomas answered for me.

“ ‘Yes, mother, he will, sure,’ and she seemed to take it as my promise, for she smiled again at me, and closed her eyes.

“I had read of triumphant death-bed scenes, and all that before, without taking much stock in them, but believe me, sir, that room was full of glory. The very faces of those people, it seemed to me, were alight. It may be imagination, but even now, as I think of it, it seems real. There were no farewells, no wailing, and at the very last, not even tears. Thomas, who had nursed her for more than