

"Yes! I am going to a house not made by hands, eternal in the heavens."

"Oh! Miss Bertha! you don't mean you're going never to come back. You're not going to die, are you?" Tommy cried; while sob after sob rose to his throat, and the hot tears rolled thickly over his cheeks.

"Yes! Tommy; I'm going to Heaven, that beautiful home which you and I have so often read about together. It is Jesus who has called me, and you must be resigned to His will. Do not grieve for me very much when I am gone, but think of me as happy with our Saviour, and prepare to meet me there when you are called to die."

Gradually his grief calmed down, under the influence of her soft, sweet voice; and after a little, Bertha asked him if he would read to her.

"What chapter shall I read, Miss Bertha?" he asked, as he opened the Bible.