

too much—not one wound too deep for our eternal welfare.”

“And Donald, my dear, good cousin,” continued Bertha, turning to him, “you too will meet me there. Do not allow the vanities of life, and the fleeting pleasures of time, to allure you from your high and holy calling. Turn to the Lord in the morning of your days, while your heart is quickened with the pulses of youth, and then, be your time in this world long or short, you have nothing to fear.”

Slowly her white lids closed over the brown eyes, and she slept so long and quietly, that those who watched her almost feared it was the last sleep. The shades of evening were gathering in the room when she awoke. She looked around the room as if in search of something.

“Did you want anything, dear?” Donald asked.

“I would like to have seen Tommy again,