

"Pa, I fear you may weary yourself talking, perhaps," said Marion. It had come to her in the last few moments that the end was not many days hence, and she calmly accepted the inevitable.

"It does not weary me, dear," he replied. "I delight to talk of these matters."

"And we delight in hearing you, pa, as we always did; but you are weak to-day and we want you to rest if you have any thought of preaching to-morrow," said Marion.

Then she smoothed back his long gray hair and tenderly kissed the high forehead. After this they had worship in Mr. Stafford's room, Marion reading Phil. iv. Something in the lesson moved him to speak again:

"God will take care of you, my daughters, when I am taken from you. 'Yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken.'"

The sisters went out of the room together, both with full hearts. Their father remained in bed until the afternoon, when he sat up for a short time, but was fain to return when the room was made ready. On Sunday he did not rise. How it delighted him as Marion, in the morning, and Lucinda, in the evening, conducted the worship, even though it was with deep emotion. How precious the moments were to them all!

On Sunday evening Marion sat by his bedside reading to him.

"Have you Havergal's poems there?" he asked.

"I will bring them," she replied, and went to the