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speak to him, and when he had bent down to catch her laboured words, she asked him whether he would like to say some prayers over her. He shook his head.

"But oughtn't you to do something or other to fit me to meet my Maker?" she asked, and there was a curious light in her face.

"No, no," he answered. "You are not going to die, my darling. The Master has you in His keeping. His arms are about you now, my little girl; the tenderness of His infinite love wraps you around; His voice is whispering to you 'Well done, well done, true and faithful servant.' For you no prayers of mine are needed; but, Madeline, if you will, I would like you to pray for me."

She looked at him with deep affection in her eyes, and he felt the pressure of her fingers upon his hand.

Again there was silence in the room for some minutes. Then she turned her face to Father Gregory.

"What was it St. Paul wrote?" she whispered. "'I have fought a good fight . . .'"

"'I have fought a good fight,'" he said; "'I have finished my course; I have kept the faith.'"

"'I have kept the faith,'" she repeated, and her great eyes gazed up at Robin's face, as though she would have him mark what she said.

For some time she lay with closed eyelids, while silence reigned in the room. Then suddenly the watchers by the bed-side observed that a little smile played about her lips, and, opening her eyes, she looked at them with an expression of infinite peace upon her face. "'I know that my Redeemer liveth,'" she whispered.

It was as though in her spell of unconsciousness her soul had gone forth and had come back to her aflame with tidings of great joy. She uttered the splendid words with such conviction, her smile had