

"Dear papa," she murmured faintly.

"I am here, my child," her father answered, bending over her.

"I am going, going home. You will come too, will you not?"

"Yes, dearest," he whispered, trying to control his grief for her sake.

"Are you willing, papa, that I should go?"

"I am willing, Bertha. But oh! my child, how desolate I will be without you!"

"God has called me!" said Bertha, reverently raising her large mild eyes towards Heaven. "Though He layeth on with one hand, He upholdeth with the other. He will not try you above that you are able to bear. Remember, dearest papa, that He will not leave the silver in the furnace of affliction one moment after His image is perfected there. These trials may seem very hard to our weak, earthly faith, but when we pass beyond the veil we will acknowledge that there was not one ~~strife~~