

"Memories? Yes. My life is full of them. thank God! No woman had ever so rich a storehouse to make the waiting easy," she said, her face shining with a strange deep gladness born of the light within; then after a pause she added, dreamily, "And that is not all, for—

"They often come from glorious light to me;  
I cannot feel their touch, their faces see,  
Yet my soul whispers they do come to me;  
Heaven is not far away.'"

**THE END.**