

"What a nice world it is," she murmured, pausing to look over the fair landscape stretching beyond her. "What a pity one has to die and leave it all."

Standing there in the midsummer sunshine she shivered, as if suddenly a blast from winter had swept up from Antarctic wastes, for suddenly the thought of her own father and the fair-faced mother lying under the mould, came to her. She stood meditatively by the gate looking down at the ground; to think that one day her own soft white flesh should mingle with that, become a part of it, seemed too dreadful.

"I wonder what has made me think of such things when I was so happy?" she said aloud, and mentally shaking herself for such folly; she raised her head, her eyes falling for an instant on the rich coloring and satin petals of the perfumed flowers in her hands. "They came from the ground; some day I will come from it too, and be so beautiful." She paused, arrested by a new, thrilling thought, while her eyes were lifted higher—even to the far, delicious blue of the arching heavens above her. "I forgot the resurrection and Heaven and God. I will be one of Christ's own little ones."

She stood gazing up solemnly, perhaps never