

floor, the crisp curtains and the flowers in the windows. Opening out of it was the bedroom occupied by the sick man, and the boys listened in awed silence to the sounds issuing from it. It was the second time within the week that they had come in touch with death and they felt very solemn.

Donald's voice was low and uncertain, but the dying man's was clear and distinct between labored breaths. "I have been a hard—hard man—forgive—and take care of your mother—I can die easier now."

The voice ceased and there was nothing but the heavy breathing of the patient to be heard, and someone closed the door.

To the boys their voracious appetites seemed sacrilegious and indecent that night, for no one else seemed to think of eating at all. They blushed when the plate was piled high the second time with the snowy home-made bread, and they had had their third helping to peaches and cream; but Mrs. Mac-Millan came out and smiled upon them encouragingly, and they kept on.

In the midst of her sorrow, there was such a look of deep joy and gratitude in her sweet face, that Sandy found himself wishing that he could do something for her really worth while.

After six weeks of sleeping under canvas and in the open, the little bedroom under the eaves closed in on them uncomfortably; but they did not lie awake to worry about it, and when death visited the house that night, they were entirely unaware of it.