

ing with emotion, the whole countenance suffused with a transport not to be described.

"I'm comin', Kitty," he suddenly cried, the words rising with strange eagerness, upborne with a passion "oh, mother, I'm comin'—an' Nora's here, right wid me, mother. An' I done the best I could for our little girl. I tried to be father an' mother to her ever since you went away—an' now Irwin'll be with her, till she comes. But I'm comin' now, mother, I'm ——"

The words died upon his lips; but the Joy of Rapture, the Victory, still rested in light upon his face, now forever still in the fixity of death. The day, the long hard day, was done; yet there was no hint of dark, no shade of evening there; the human pilgrim had passed on through the portals of the Morning, on to the City of God.

THE END