

## CHAPTER IX.

### GOING HOME.

It was Saturday afternoon. The windows and doors of Mr. Eswald's parlour were open to catch every passing breeze, for the July heats were almost suffocating. On a couch in the bay-window lay the invalid, in her white robes; Donald Wilson was fanning her, and near by her father sat, with anguish depicted on his countenance. Relatives and friends were gathered in that quiet room, for it was plain to all that the hours of Bertha Eswald's life were few. Her golden locks were already damp with the dews of approaching death; but to her the King of Terrors wore no repulsive aspect; he was but a kind messenger come to conduct her to her Father's home.