

Turning, I saw the Widow Tremlet, who had come to see the end.

"He will soon go now," she said.

But I could not wait for that. It was beyond my power to stand by and see my child die. Others would do that for me. I passed into the cool, night air.

A full moon lit up the garden with a splendid light, but I did not heed it. Pacing up and down the lonely walks, I felt my heart breaking. I wished that it might break, that I, too, might die. Why did not God take me, when He was taking all I cared for? Gazing up into the starry heavens He had made, I almost cursed Him! I feared to do it, quite; and yet for the moment I felt as though the great Being were using His resistless power to torture, but not crush me.

With bitter thoughts I walked to and fro, suffering beyond all words to tell; and waiting only for the messenger to say that he was dead.

And then, strangely, a few old thoughts came back into my mind—words of the Bible, words of the Psalms, words of my own Blessed Lord's. And then, with a sigh that was almost a sob, I fell upon my knees on the cool, damp grass, with the moonlight streaming upon me, and prayed as One had prayed in another garden long ago, "Father, if this cup may not pass from me, except I drink it, Thy will be done,"

How long I knelt there I know not; but I was roused by a rustling at the hedge near by. Glancing up I saw a man looking over, and gazing at the house. I knew him in the moonlight. It was the tall robber. Taking advantage of the night, he had run all risks to come for tidings of the child.

"How is he?" he asked softly, as I approached.

"Dying—or dead!" was all that I could say.

"Let me see him, but once more!"

"Come!" I said, and led him through the garden-door, within the house.

All was quite in the sick-room. Those present were kneeling down. The boy still breathed.

As we approached the bed, he at first took no heed. Then