

happiness can you number? How many days are there that you would be tempted to live over?"

Donald bowed his head in serious thought for a while, then he looked up and answered, slowly:—

"I cannot remember one day, not one hour, Bertha, that I can truly say I feel a desire to live again. In my happiest moments there was always some desire unattained, some wish ungratified; and my pleasures have been to me Dead Sea fruit, ever turning to ashes as I grasped them."

"Then can you wonder that I should rejoice at approaching a land where disappointments cannot come, and where the serpent has never introduced the poison of sin?"

"You have chosen that good part, Bertha, which shall not be taken away from you," Donald said softly.

The conversation was here broken in