

was just as cheerful and bright as ever, but the flush was in her cheeks and the cough had begun. At first we tried to think it was nothing but a severe cold. But she got no better. Day by day we saw her grow weaker and weaker as the dread disease fixed itself upon her. Oh! how we longed then for the spring.

"Three weary months dragged by and the snow was gone and the earth was warm. One day we carried her out into the warm sunlight. The first flowers were coming into bloom, and I remember gathering a great bunch for her of those she loved best. It was then she called me to her side. She spoke of the happy hours we had spent together, and how glad she had been to be able to share my privations, even for a little while. We talked fondly about the old homeland and the dear friends so far away. And, then, taking my hand in both of hers, she told me that she never expected to see the old home again; but that I must not weep when she left me, for God knew what was best. And then there came a far away, wistful look into her eyes, which I can never forget, as she told of the land to which she was going—the true homeland where there is no parting nor grief nor exile. And when she crossed over she said she would wait for me there and be the first to welcome the exile home.

"We brought her tenderly up this mountain and laid her to rest in sight of her beloved homeland. And sometimes when my view of that homeland to which she had gone grows dim and hazy down in the valley of my grief, I climb this mountain and there I can see it all clear and plain again, and I think I see her standing over there waiting for her exile."

The wind had blown itself weary and all was still. The fire had almost gone out. Joe arose, kicked the few scattered embers into a heap, put on more wood, and then stood with his face toward the darkness. "We will have a good day to-morrow," he said, and as he turned I saw that his great rough hand was moistened with tears.