

"Mamma!" and her voice trembled, "mamma!" and she paused uncertainly.

"My darling child," and I held out my arms to her, "my little one, come to me," and she sprang across the room into my embrace.

"Good-bye, my daughter, remember your mother's heart will never fail you. Whatever fate awaits you, remember, in trouble and sorrow I watch for you."

"I shall have none, mamma, none, none," and with a bright smile she held her hand out to her husband, who had been standing all this while alone with folded arms watching the scene; he came now and stood by her side.

"Bless us, my mother, and say you are glad," she said softly.

"I cannot! I cannot! oh child! child!" and I clasped my arms about her, "Walter's unhappy deluded child," she drew herself from me, and before us all, laid her clasped hands in his, saying:

"Not poor, rich, rich! not unhappy or deceived, papa's blessed, gloriously happy child! I am ready now, my love," and without one farewell message for Howard or Stuart, they went away.

Married, but oh the thought is agony, though he loves her now, when he wearies of her, this marriage will be a mockery which he will shake off as lightly, as if God witnessed it not. How can he hold sacred a vow made in the name of One in whom he does not believe. Oh my child, my child!—

We are quiet now, talking little of our lost one, and always sadly and softly as if she were dead,—and we are striving, not to learn to forget her, but to live without her. It is strange, but we talk oftener now of Lilian than of Coralie.

CHAPTER LXV.

NOVEMBER 30.

THE Lawrences have gone, we miss them sadly: for years scarcely a day has gone by without Ada's bright eyes beaming in upon us, now we must only know of her, by letters, white winged messengers coming over the seas.

We have had one short letter from Coralie, written the day they reached Liverpool, announcing they were safe and well, though so brief, "because I want to send it at once," it is full of tender love. The only reference to her husband is this, "our happiness is perfect, without a cloud," God grant it may continue so.

Clarence's letters tell of unceasing toil, and Harry Lester and Carrol write, "he will paint himself to death, he looks like 'Banquo's Ghost' now."

I have written to him, pleading with him that he will not thus trifle with his precious health, for my sake, which I believe is the only sake he cares for now.

Lela is sadly out of health, and her pale cheeks cause Mr. Audley much trouble, and he earnestly desires to take her with him to Paris, where he is peremptorily summoned next month, but she refuses utterly to leave me.

"No, no, '*Bien-bon*,' if I am really ill, no one can nurse me into health as well as mamma, and she must not lose another daughter just yet. Leave me here until next year, and then I promise to come."

"Yes, and before then some one else will be putting in their claim to you, before mamma or me, either of us. And you will say, 'excuse me, somebody else needs me now.'"

"No, no, I promise you that shall not be, now do not shake your wise head, I promise to come and live with you, for I expect to live and die a damsel."

But he laughed at her, until something in her eyes made him bend down and gaze long and sadly on her sweet face.

"What makes my dearie's cheeks so pale and her eyes sad, has any false-hearted loon hurt thee, my pet? I'll make him pay for it. What is the matter, sweet?"

"I want to stay with mamma, that is all, nothing else, please let me stay. I am not quite well, but this quiet winter will cure me for you, uncle."

"So you shall, my pet, though Paris will be dark to me, wanting your bonnie smiles and songs: but it was a happy two years you spent with the old man in Paris, we were always happy in the great city of follies, were we not?"

"Very happy, dear uncle, full of glad happiness, but it would not be so pleasant now, when I am not quite well. It would make me grow heart-sick never to have mamma smiling over me, or her hand smoothing away the pain," and then laying her cheek upon his shoulder in the only way she ever caressed him, "you know she needs me now, my poor mamma."

So it is happily arranged, she is to stay this year with me, and the next I am to send her under a safe escort to Paris. Mr. Audley regretted this the more, because not only does he love her, but he needs her, for good Miss Weston is dead, and he had no one to superintend his establishment.

He was talking this matter over with me one day very ruefully, when suddenly in his quick abrupt way he said,

"Well then, since Nora will not go with me, I must have some one else, that's plain, and I believe I will make a fool of myself and ask Mrs Harrington."

"Estelle!" I said hastily, thinking that a new cord would be cut away from round my heart. "Oh I am sure she will not leave me, she would not like to be a housekeeper even for you, sir, she is very proud although she is poor."

"There now, stop talking about something you do not understand," then he added with a comical smile, "I shall invite her to go as Mrs. Audley if at all."

I was speechless with amazement, and just looked at him, astonished.

"There," he said testily "I know you would think me a fool, but what can I do?"

"Oh sir, I do not, indeed I do not." I said quickly, "but I was so surprised, I never dreamed such a thing was possible."

"Well neither did I to tell the truth, until I was at my wit's end for a companion, but—Mrs. Harrington is handsome, well educated, has exquisite address and manners, is accustomed to all the elegances of life, and can answer all the claims which will devolve upon her as my wife," thus he recounted her good points, much in the same way a sportsman would descant upon his hunter, then he added, "there

is not such a fearful disparity in our years, although I am old enough to be her father, yet she is no girl. Then above all she has sense enough to know that I am too old to play the lover, and that if she marries me, it is because we esteem and respect one another, and it will be an eligible match, she giving me what I most need, a lady-like agreeable wife, to preside over my establishment, in return for unbounded wealth and high social position."

"And I think she must certainly see the advantages on both sides, sir," I said.

First I talked the matter over with Mrs. Wilbur, and then at Mr. Audley's request, explained his desires to Estelle, herself. Poor friend, it makes me smile even now to remember how dismayed she was at first at the idea, as surprised as I had been, and she refused to listen to such a thing, but I have persuaded her that it is not to be thought lightly of, and indeed is a great cause for gratitude.

Oh this marrying is a sad thing—parting friends—breaking up happy home circles,—severing so many dear and cherished ties,—and yet it is right. One of the roses of life, which though beautiful and sweet is not without a thorn. Mr. Audley is growing an old man, and it will be pleasant to know Estelle is ever by his side, for after some demure she has consented to be his bride. And because his time is so short, in two weeks they will be married; we will keep our Christmas with a bridal, instead of the merry makings of last year; a wedding and a parting. This is the fifth bride who has gone out from among us since we have been teaching. Mrs. Wilbur declares,

"If any mothers are in doubts about getting their daughters off, they had better send them to us, we will be sure to provide for them."

This will be a happier marriage than the last, although this too has a long separation at the end of it,—but this lover has our hearts approval; and it is not hard to give up our dear ones, when it is for a sure happiness. The best thing of all is, Harley is to marry them, and we will have a whole two weeks reading of Dora's sweet face, and then Howard is to come home for the holidays.

Ada Lawrence's letters give dreary accounts of her mother's health, and I am afraid the poor girl's life is a tedious one, for a gay lady of the world like Mrs. Lawrence, rarely makes a patient invalid.

We are very busy now, making Estelle ready for her bridal day.

"We shall have to work our finger ends off, if all the others take such a sudden notion to go off, as the last two have," declares Mrs. Wilbur.

Ernest, who has been away two or three weeks, attending some convention of the Esculapii of the land, has just returned, and pretends to be disgusted with finding another wedding upon the *tapis*.

DECEMBER 28.

Within the last few days we have had a package of letters from our absent boys,—the best of which was a long letter—eight pages, closely written, and crossed from Clare.

He is very modest in his account of himself—but Harry Lester makes up for all deficiencies, both by his letters and the papers he sends us.

"Why Mrs. Percy," he writes, "we fellows who used to think him a deucedly good chap (pardon my college slang;) but no better than the rest of us, think it an honor to claim his acquaintance now. If we want to go anywhere, or do anything in this counfoundedly hard-to-gain-admittance land, Carrol and I announce ourselves, as friends of the distinguished artist Beaumont; this is the open sesame that unbars doors and windows, and powder, gold lace, and livery, hail us admitted. And all the while the *great* man himself is living quietly in a small house in the suburbs, in an out of the way place, because as he says, his mother and father once lived there, and that he likes to work in the same spot where he has oftentimes as a child watched his gentle mother soothe with tender carresses, the weary feverish brow and eyes of his artist father:—and he just mopes himself to death, over his pictures, only looking very bright when he has finished one.

"If I did not know Beau," he continues, "so well, I should imagine he intended to bring about the very effect he has, by excluding himself from society, for the less they see him the more these Florentines adore him, and we have scores of invitations from the brightest eyes in Florence, which he will not accept."

The papers give glowing accounts of him, but Clare says, "you must not believe all, I know Hal will write you, but put a great deal down to his love for me; and as for the paper accounts of my two pictures, remember he only sends you those which praise, not the ones that censure, and I like the last the better, for they show me wherein to improve, they do me good,—besides these warm hearted Italians like me because I am a countryman, and Italy has so few painters among her children, of late years One word from home were worth all their flattery, I only crave your commendation and your love for your poor orphan exile boy." Dear Clare you have it a thousand times. I like your humble way of taking triumph.

JANUARY, 1.

The wedding is over, and they are gone, but with many lookings back and vain regrets from Estelle, because she left me to toil, while she went forth to pleasure. She has been such an assistance to us, nay, we were only her assistants, for having no other duties to call her away, she devoted herself with her whole energy to the school-room. Milly says truly.

"We'll nebbber set our eyes upon Miss Stella's like again."

And what a glorious bride she was, in her full ripe beauty, tall and graceful, a splendidly developed woman, with the face and form of a Grecian Helen. Mr. Audley will have good reason to be proud of his wife, and he will, I know appreciate to the full her many excellences.

Dear Estelle, the morning and early noon of her life was filled with trials; it is a pleasant thought, that the evening of her days will be such a safely sheltered one. It is a great comfort too, that part of the time at least, Estelle can watch over Clare. His new aunt will take such good care of him, just what he is not doing for himself I know too well; what a surprise this will be to him.

We are lonely enough, and look round our diminished board with rueful faces.—But three years ago we called ourselves a colony so numerous were we, now half our number are gone,

"Some to the bridal, some to the tomb."

Good old Sandy of course went with his mistress, that was but right, we miss him, but it was the reward of his faithful service, to share her prosperity.

"I'm to follow th' gate me ledly leads me, where'er it may be," he said. Ernest still talks of going abroad but not very soon. He has become quite a noted man, and is spoken of not only in this city but elsewhere as a scholar of great promise; we see little of him for his practice has grown very large. Like Stuart, he goes rarely into society, but, from a different cause. To Stuart it is a real cross, he enjoys congenial companionship with such a zest, but will not give himself up to it, save on rare occasions to please May.

But Ernest takes no pleasure in people in general. He declares,

"My books and segars, and an occasional chat with my home friends, is company enough." The girls call him a confirmed old bachelor, to which term he pleads guilty.

APRIL 1.

How I miss Estelle I can not tell, my dear true friend, but then I know she is helping Mr. Audley as she once did me, and perchance she will see Coralie.

Marion and Stuart never speak of their marriage now, but submit to the idea that it is better to wait, until his business is established, but Ernest says,

"Pshaw, they shall do no such thing, as soon as the boy is through, they shall have their wedding day as well as the rest. Let them have their happiness, for the love of mercy, as long as it is within their grasp. He and I can both work better if we have a new object to spur us on."

And I think it will be as well, but we do not say so to them, fearing another disappointment; but it will be a good thing to see our May, with a certain happiness. She is quite old enough, but I am glad she has waited this long, next June she will be twenty-one, and Stuart is twenty-three or nearly that.

My brave hearted Stuart, how entirely his manhood has fulfilled the promise of his youth, an earnest true soul, reaching ever on towards perfection, tender as a girl to

others, stern as a Roman soldier to himself. His open brow, his frank earnest eyes, his firm clear voice tell of a fearless determined soul, and did not the mouth mobile even in repose, redeem the rest, you would say his face told of too stern a will. There is a firm self-reliant look upon him, which commands instant respect, a high souled glorious scholar my Stuart is, and I take it no mean compliment to him that Ernest and Harley have both for years, shown as much regard for his opinion, and as often sought his advice, as though he had age to command their respect and consideration. And it always has to be asked for, he never gives a word of counsel unsought.

"Rosedale" will be closed this season so, as we gave our word to Mr. Audley that we would spend the summer at "Ingleside" as usual, we will have quiet.

Leanore goes out a great deal, more even than I deem good for her, although I am glad to have her in cheerful company, she is much sought for, and is deluged with invitations, for she is known as Mr. Audley's heiress, and this fact, as well as her beauty brings her many suitors. Jennie Lea has been boarding in this city since Christmas, and chaperones her charmingly.

"INGLESIDE," JULY 1.

Ingleside, is fraught with many sad memories, yet it is pleasant to be here, especially as we are near Dora, who needs us now.

This fresh mountain air is doing us a world of good, but the young people miss the friends of last year, especially our merry light hearted Birdie.

Marion and Stuart have many tender and pleasant recollections of this place, for here they first learned, that each should henceforth make the other's life a happiness, and when they wander in the dim old forest aisle, doubtless a thousand pleasant memories hover around their pathway, for May's cheek is more deeply dyed with the sunset's glow, and love-light makes her eyes more bright.

And then this free gay life is a happy exchange for Stuart's musty tomes and midnight toils, and he takes the entire benefit of it, studying as intently the making and proper

curing of hay cocks, talking as learnedly of the best mode to fodder cattle or sickle grain, as though he never saw a law book or Latin Lexicography in his whole life time.

Adèle and Gracie are growing quite into womanhood, although yet little more than in their teens, but since Birdie left us we have been so sober, they seem to have grown sedate and womanly to suit the times.

Gracie, who is the most childlike of the two, finds some fault because it is so dull, and wishes,

“Some of the children were here who, were at Rosedale last year, particularly Willie Lawrence, who was the best boy in the world.”

“Yes, and who promised he would marry you, Gracie, when he had won a pair of epaulets did he not?” laughs Ernest merrily.

But Gracie pouts and declares “she will not be such a goose as to tell him her secrets after this, she knows.”

And all this time my poor Lela, has only a dark memory, the sorrow of her life, to summon up in this spot, and it bears upon her sadly, and upon me too for her sake, partly, and because of pining for my other child who is gone. Somehow I cannot rid me of the feeling, that though so many miles away ‘Percie’s Cliffe,’ casts its shadow over me even here, heavier and darker than of old, but perchance it is only because we hear from there oftener, through the Raymonds, living so near it.

CHAPTER LXVI.

“It takes a long time to die of a broken heart,—we learn at last to thank God for the balm that allays its torture.—Little sweetnesses spring up in our path; necessary, wholesome duties come like servants to uphold our staggering feet.”—HEAD OF THE FAMILY.

AUGUST 1.

Eight years I have waited for the summons, and yet I thought at the first, one was a weary while, oh we know not what we can endure until we are tried.

How could I have borne to know the dust and toil of eight long years were strewn over my pathway, and yet now I can sit quietly and write that perhaps eight more leaves will be turned down in my book of life, ere the volume is closed and sealed,—yes, it is a true word, that we can bear anything God sends; also, that “it takes long to die of a broken heart,” indeed I think that last is never done for my troubles were very grievous to bear, and yet my heart did not break or die, but is strong and full of life to-day.

I pray God Coralie’s gay life and all absorbing love, may not make her forget that other heart, which loved her years ago, who though so young and brave, laid down and ‘fell on sleep,’ when life was most full of promise to him. Oh Cora, my child, do not forget your father, or slightly remember him. Darling, we can endure, although sadly, your forgetting us, and never sending us one word of your well being; though in all these months which have flown since you left us, we have never ceased to write fond letters to you, but oh do not forget *him*, wherever you may be, this day, which you were ever wont, with the rest, to spend in quiet sadness, think of him, remember lovingly your spirit guardian! your precious father!

Walter, dear Walter, pray for this little one, that she may not be lost to us in heaven, if she is on earth, and her husband, heaven pardon us if we do him wrong, or judge him harshly, God be with him also.

Oh Walter, your boy is such a good son to me, his life is such a true, earnest christian life, just what it ought to be, when I look upon his glorious face, where your image grows day by day, I scarcely know how to be grateful enough that God has spared him to me.

SEPTEMBER 30.

They have all gone home, but Dora had need of me, and so I staid alone with her and Harley, who have been staying with me at “Ingleside.”

Last week, one bright afternoon, we laid a little stranger upon Dora’s bosom, and she murmured gently, “My little daughter,” and raised its tiny hand to her lips.

They have named it Agnes, with many an earnest prayer that a happier life may await this child, than was the portion of the other one.

It seemed strange last year to say "Dora a bride," but it does not to call her a "mother," for she bears her new honors so humbly and yet so proudly.

We heard to-day, or rather Harley did that poor old Mr. Hartley is sadly out of health, although he still goes about the neighborhood.

We have had letter after letter from all our dear ones except Cora, she will not write, she does not love us now. We had such hopes of the Audleys seeing her, but now that is past, for Estelle writes,

"As soon as we could, after our arrival we sought for them, but after weeks only found their residence to hear that they had gone away the week before, no one knew whither. They had been living in a pretty villa, a little out of the city.

"It is very strange that, though people talk constantly of Mr. Livingstone's having been for more than six months in Paris, yet Cora never appeared in society with him, indeed it was not known among his friends here, that he was married.

"I am so grieved and disappointed to have missed Birdie," she continues, "Of my own house I cannot tell you, enough to say, Lela's hand, and Lela's taste (you know what that is) is in every room, on every article. Tell her I am glad to have everything just as she left it, and try hard to keep it so.

"Clare we have with us, although he is going to Florence next month, and we do not allow him to even *say* pencil or brush while he is here, but make him do nothing most assiduously. Mr. Audley has appointed him my especial *cavaliere servente*, and you may imagine I keep him busy, riding, shopping and entertaining, so I think he is in a fair way of getting back his strength and color, which is in sad need of replenishment, he declares the only fair way he is in is of ruination, saucy fellow!"

FEBRUARY.

"Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good,
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith, than Norman blood."

We had no gay parties, or bridals to keep us employed during these holidays. Howard's coming home was our only bit of novelty, and we exchanged our love gifts very quietly, thinking the while of the absent ones. I do not think Howard is at all well, he will not complain, but he grows so tall and slender; it makes me fear he is studying too closely. Last night he came to me, and sat silently for a long while, at last he said,

"Mamma how very proud we are of being Percies, especially Nora and I: was papa?"

"I think he was, although he did not speak of it often, Howard."

"I am afraid we ought not to be proud of it, at all," he said sadly.

"But why my son, why not?" I said in surprise.

"I have thought of it for a long while, and it makes me feel as if pride of ancestry was very wrong; and makes one responsible for their evil deeds, especially when we remember, 'the sins of the fathers are visited.' The race we boast of was not a good people, but much evil is recorded of it from Harry Hotspur and his father, the Earl of Northumberland, or as they called him, the King-maker down. I have been trying for a year past to get rid of this old feeling of pride, and only be proud that I was Walter Percy's son, not some one else's great-grand-son. And I want to remember always that I am to help to remove the 'sins of my fathers,' to finish as nearly as I may, the work of extenuation which papa began but which because of the 'sins that are visited,' God saw fit to cut him off from, so very early. I take great comfort in the other part, which promises 'mercy unto thousands, who love and keep God's commandments,' because I think since I have papa's good deeds to plead before my own, I may be able to accomplish more towards the restoring God's favour to my race, than even he was permitted to, for 'God is tender of his own,' and shows his love unto his children's children."

"There is none other name given whereby men may be

saved, than the name of Jesus Christ,' are you not forgetting that my son, has not our blessed Lord done all for which you are now striving? Can you do by your own good works, what he has already done so well for you?"

"No, no mamma you misapprehend me, Christ redeems us spiritually, God for His sake forgives us our sins, but without lessening our responsibilities, for the command says expressly, 'the sins of the father are visited,' and our Lord says, 'one jot or one tittle shall in nowise pass from the law until all be fulfilled,' so the old threat is not removed. I think the 'sins of the fathers,' perhaps mean that we are exposed to greater temptations, have more trials to endure, in order to test our faith, especially when, as is our case, we have kept the descent so constantly before us, as something to glory in, thereby making ourselves anew responsible for their evil deeds. Do you not see this, mamma, it has nothing to do with works, I do not mean we can remove the curse, by our own strength, but that Christ aiding us, we may more humbly accept the salvation offered us, 'working out our salvation with fear and trembling' you know, remembering how much more there is in us to be forgiven, even 'the sins of our fathers.'

"It keeps me right many a time, when the wrong tempts me, and I resist with the thought the sins of thy fathers are to be visited,—*C'est à nous à pager pour les crimes des notres.*"

"It seems a beautiful thought, Howard and I think it must be right, since it makes you so very heedful of these things. But there has been more good in the Percies than you think, many good true men, beside your father."

"I know, I have been tracing our lineage back a long way. I have examined the history of my race in many books, but I think the few good are the reason why the many were spared who have been so evil. I think it is so in every family, not ours alone.—Oh I think it makes one very humble instead of proud to remember these things."

These are strange words, and though I am not certain of their being at all orthodox, yet I trust they will do my boy no harm, at least so far they have only made him a better Christian, more prayerful, more watchful.

We spend the time very quietly all of us but Lela, who goes a great deal into gay society and has many friends and

admirers. Marion takes her enjoyment in an occasional going out with her, when the party is to be a sensible, literary, or musical one, but for the most part spends her evenings at home or at a lecture or concert with Stuart, and either one or the other of her younger sisters.

Gracie is a good little body, as steady as possible, and the neatest of sewers. Mrs. Wilbur declares, "Gracie will never find time to have lovers, she will be the maiden sister, and spoil the children."

"I do not think I shall be an old maid at all," she replied with a sly little laugh.

"Whom do you contemplate fastening your fangs upon my dear?" cries Uncle Ernest. But she and Adèle are highly indignant at such an idea and will have nothing to do with him.

MARCH 1.

Alas how quickly this year is passing away and we have promised faithfully to send Nora to Mr. Audley, when the year is up. Already he begins to mention it in his letters.

To-day we had a letter in haste from Dora, which causes us great surprise.

"Please let May come to us at once if possible, Mr. Hartley has been taken very ill, and although until now he has never acknowledged our presence here, he sent immediately for Harley to come to him. My husband says he found him in a poorly furnished room very ill, with only Ally to nurse him.

"He is rather better now, though still very ill, and the physicians think can not last the week out, as soon as he was able to speak, he said:

"Send for Marion Percy, I want her to nurse me, tell her I want her and she will come,' then he added softly, 'dear little Marion,' since then almost the only thing he says is to ask 'when will she come? how long will it be?'"

Of course, there was but one thing to be done, we owe Mr. Hartley too much gratitude to refuse him such a boon when he is suffering, so to-morrow Ernest will take Marion to Glen-dora, and return at once. Stuart is to be examined this week so of course he cannot go.

Howard will graduate next autumn, and if his health is not too much prostrated by his close application this last term, he will enter at once into the same office where Stuart has been reading law.

Ernest talks more strongly than ever of going abroad, and I think will go now very soon. It seems the chief obstacle to his departure has been that he desires the next year to be able to send for Adèle, as it is entirely on her account that he is pursuing this study of ophthalmia, so intensely, but he has not felt assured that his funds would warrant such an expensive proceeding, but I have given him my promise that if he really thinks it would be preferable to have her in Paris, if he concludes to attempt the operation, which it makes my heart tremble to think of, I will raise no objections to her going, for she will be as safe with Lela and Estelle, as with me, although it will be terrible for me to be separated from her at such a time; but of course the expense of her journey would swallow up all our earnings, both Ernest's and mine, and I must not think even of going.

CHAPTER LXVII.

"Again I sit within the mansion,
In the old familiar seat,
And shade and sunshine chase each other
O'er the carpet at my feet."—BAYARD TAYLOR.

May's first letter, written a few days after her arrival, says,

"Dearest mamma, to think where I am sitting, in papa's own little study, writing to you! oh the past seems all a dream, mother mine, the only waking part, the time when we were here so happy—papa and all.

"How every book and cushion reminds me of the old times, even the way the shadows fall across the carpet, making it

sombre and brown in the shade, until some bright sunbeam peeps in and makes it bright and gay.—Now, as I sit in the high chair papa bought me long ago, that I might sit nicely beside him at his own table and learn to write, I mind me of the many times we three have been here, papa writing, with me perched up beside him, while just opposite us, sewing and rocking, with her little feet placed so cozily upon the very largest cushion the room contained, sat the fairest of ladies, "the mistress."—

"And bye and bye when papa had grown weary of writing, down would go the pen, springing up suddenly he would sit upon the cushion which had been chosen so large,—

"Just to tempt me from my work to come and rest me with a look into my Bertha's eyes,' he declares, with his proud head resting against his little wife.

"Oh the tears are blotting my paper mamma, and yours poor darling will be rained upon it.

"The sunshine glistens on my paper, and it grows a blank, until one little ray shoots into my very eyes, I think I hear papa's dear voice.—

"The wicked sunbeams, how they dance with their naughty pranks into my May's eyes,' and he goes and shuts down the curtains, or at least it seems as though he did, just as he used to in the old times, for oh, the room has grown suddenly so dark—but that is because I have hidden my eyes away from the dear old things, and am weeping such bitter tears upon the cushion before mamma's chair.

"But sweet mother, I am making you sad, to no purpose. Our old home is just as we left it, oh it would almost frighten you, to see how exactly everything is as it was. I find in your boudoir, a dress which you had been working for our poor little Tiny, the baby who had not come yet, just rolled together with your thimble and scissors as if you had been hurried away and left it in your work-stand drawer. Oh it broke my heart to look at it, you were working upon it, when they carried papa up the walk in that dreadful insensibility, which lasted so long; and underneath it lies a little book from which Howard was saying a lesson while the rest of us played about—oh mamma, since the day nine years ago you huddled them together into the drawer, they have never seen the light till now,—for you did no sewing for a long time after that day!