

ing her steps, all the more did she bury herself in the thickest part of the pine grove covering several acres. Where was she going?... She knew not. Straight ahead, not following any beaten path did she go.

How quiet it was around her, save the noise made by the dry twigs and pine cones crackling under her feet. How long had she thus been walking?...Again she could not tell; but, as it often happens in the forest, she now found herself within a few yards of her starting place.

Her mind was now set. No longer would she play the comedy of motherhood! She would rid herself of the children! Had she not just as much right to treat those children as many real parents treat their own?...Yes! instead of keeping them around her, the boy would be sent to some remote college and the girl to a convent. Why! Is there anything wrong in this? Are not those children of an age when stronger hands should exercise tutorship over them?" "And withal, what moral influence can I exercise over them, when their very presence inflicts upon me untold sufferings?" "Away from the home they love so well, unhappy will they be, I am sure; George, so sensitive, and Alice, so delicate, would suffer in the promiscuity of a boarding school, but what of it?" "How many boys and girls of a same age, are at this very moment exiled from home, and were none the less developing morally, intellectually and physically." And after all if they were not happy, she deemed it but just. Was she happy herself? But how would her husband, on his return, countenance her resolution? How?...All she had to say, and it was partly true, that the children were fast growing out of her control; and he, so severe, notwithstanding his kindness, would certainly approve her act. Moreover, did he not himself, before leaving on his last cruise, remark that the boy was getting self-willed and the girl rather inclined to pout and give back answers. Her resolve was accordingly framed: the two children, innocent though they are, would ruthlessly be sent away, and this, at least, would bring her peace and leave her alone with the undying memory of her dead child.

IV.

There is for every soul, an atmosphere of thoughts and ideas, so congenial and so natural, that, being deprived of it, a choking sensation is at once felt. A noble sensitiveness may allow itself to