

CHAPTER II.—Continued

In the secrecy of her own
ness spent many sad hours a
gladly have given up all he
to be back where she was a
but she closely guarded her
from her husband. She con
sented for her mother now, f
knew that her husband
approve of it; even if he d
could not bear to have her
she was neglecting her relig
would break her poor moth
she knew, so she felt it wa
ter to let her remain where
One thing she did wisely,
her husband's knowledge sh
away from home and called
priest in a distant and secu
of the city. To him she t
and as long as her health p
she paid him regular visits;
faith was kept alive, but si
so closely watched that no c
city presented itself for her t
Mass or receive the strengt
cerament of the Blessed Euc
A companion was hired v
her lessons daily on what w
ed of her in her social posit
well did she learn that her
was proud to present her
friends, and he listened in tr
the comments passed on
beauty. He represented that
longed to an aristocratic fan
so artfully did he cling to t
that only in part was t
known even to the maid. S
well paid for keeping the sec
her mistress' origin.

At her first ball, Agnes against the low-cut, sleeveless she was given to wear, but her husband and companion insisted so she had been obliged to suit was an hour of triumph when he saw the many admirers and heard the compliments friends paid her beauty, but she still struck the first blow of separation from his fair overbrought from dancing, she proposed for a time on a cool and caught a severe cold, which confined her to her house for days. On her recovery, which only partial, she was ready to begin again upon the glittering life society lady, and all that she brilliant beauty and rich dress drew the envy of not a few of the leading belles of the season. Could combined with the tender love most devoted husband and the age of a gay social world, had the happiness, the joys of Eaton would have been complete had sacrificed her peaceful home life, happy life to become a lady, and far more than she wished had been given her. If she was far from happy, and she would have given all she possessed to have been restored to the life she had known before she met her

Spring came, and with it the return of the birds and the flowers to the beautiful gardens, but the devoted Agnes so much of her life welcomed them not as she had years gone by, and the very sight of the flowers often sickened her. Her hardest task was to keep a cheerful face in the presence of her husband whom she still loved most dearly. In the summer a bright boy was born to cheer her life. But as she nursed him in her arms and gazed upon his innocent face for the first time, her heart was filled with strange thoughts. A true mother's pride and happiness on the advent of her baby was hers, and she hoped she might live to see him a man of the world as all brightness; but when she thought of having his father seized her heart sank within her. Instead of the cleansing water of Mrs. Eaton's faithful counsel, she alone was conscious that her husband was not happy, and in her mind she would willingly have sacrificed all her power to have helped him, but she could not penetrate her husband's secret. She had hoped that her love would make life brighter for him, but he grew sadder and younger, and it was not long before the sad story surely Agnes' health was failing, and it was not long before the weary consumption had carried off its load all earthly help. Baby was very delicate, and it was necessary to separate him from his mother in order to save his life. He clung so closely to her that he could not be taken from her. Mrs. Eaton said to her husband, "I wish you would take me away to see mother."