

ed, and when she had grown better and stronger again, and desired to take back her duties, Rosamond would not hear of it. Her pupils were few and her task arduous, but she never complained, and it was with delighted pleasure she had hastened home to-day to tell her mother of this late addition to the limited class. "Mrs. Raymond's eyes followed the glance of the soft blue ones, in the survey of the room.

"Yes, dearie, the seclusion we enjoy here, could scarcely be found elsewhere; no one interferences with us, and we are, as I wish to be, unknown and unsought, but perhaps it is selfish of me to expect you to lead such a life,—a desolate one perhaps!"

The white arms were thrown up, and placed about her neck. "How could my life be desolate, when I have God and you, mother; Him to believe and try to serve in it, and you to love and obey in it?"

Mrs. Raymond was surprised. The unexpected answer was so childlike, so full of trusting simplicity.

"But you have so little variation in your days, so few enjoyments, dear, like other young girls, that sometimes I reproach myself for not having done better and placed you in different circumstances."

"Hush, mother, don't say it; you could not have done more for your little Rosamond, than you have done, and she can never repay all she owes you."

"If your father had lived, I know it would have been different for you and for me, yet since it was God's will to call him to Himself, we must be resigned and who knows but that brighter days may yet dawn for us."

Had not her words the spirit of prophecy in them? Had the veil of the future been lifted, and she permitted to look into its depths, and there see the wonderful change that was to come, at least into her child's life; but, only after suffering had crossed that beloved child's path, even as in the long ago it had crossed her own.

"It is a long time since father died; too long for me to remember!"

"How could you when you were only two years of age, darling? Ah! that was a sad day for me, when my earthly

support and loving adviser was taken from me, and had I not the comforts of our holy Father, I should have lost my reason, for years previous to that I had been the victim of much sorrow. Then when your three beautiful brothers followed father into the Blessed Land, very shortly afterwards, I was like one here, but you, my sweet comforter, were still left to me, and by degrees your baby prattle and childish affection drew me out of the gloom into which the deaths of my beloved ones had plunged me, and my burden ceased to be so heavy. We had never been rich in this world's goods, even when your father lived, but our little home in Georgia had all the comforts we wished. When we went away I was obliged to sell it for the sake of needed money, and I turned my back on the South, and the three graves that represented so much to me, and came here with you to New York, and to this very attic room."

Rosamond was deeply interested. She looked attentively into the patient face beside her, and some hidden power impelled her to ask:

"But what do you mean by having suffered even before the time of father's death, mother?"

A shadowy smile curved her lips, and she put her hands for a minute across her eyes, as if shutting out the memories of a painful past.

"You must not ask, Rosamond, for that epoch in my life is buried, buried far down in the tomb built for it, by a merciful oblivion, though at times its bitter sweet memories come crowding back to me as if it happened only yesterday. But, enough! I must not further excite your curiosity on matters which I can never explain to you, and you must promise me never to return to this subject unless I do."

The young girl looked up wonderingly. Never had she heard such strange words from her mother's lips before, and the desire to understand them further showed undeniably in her eyes and face. But accustomed to obey at all times, and in all things, she did not persist in seeking an explanation. "As, you will mother. You must have good reasons for being silent on a subject you never once hinted