

Mother, left an orphan very young, had been brought up by her father's brother, a wealthy manufacturer in Liverpool. He had been very kind to her, and given her everything that wealth could purchase, until she met father, who was a very handsome man, and a gentleman, though poor, and they fell in love with one another and became engaged. But when he asked uncle for her he was enraged, and said that she should never marry a poor man. However, after a time, he said that he would not withhold his consent, but that Mother must choose between them; for, if she married him, he would not give her a penny or see her again. Mother felt very bad at hearing this, for she was very fond of him; but Father was very indignant at his supposing he wanted her money, and, as she loved him dearly, he soon persuaded her to give up all for his sake and come to Canada. He had taken her first to Quebec, where he had friends, and at the time of which I write it was only a year since we had left that dear old city and kind friends to come to our present place of abode, for the sake of Mother's health. Of course my brother and I knew very little of Uncle Stewart, as we called him, and did not want to know anything more of him, for the fact of his not liking Father had made him appear very disagreeable in our eyes. So that when Mother spoke to me about writing to him I shrunk from it, and begged her not to compel me to do that.

"I will not, Robbie, but you must not let Stewart want; if you ever come to that, you know my wishes."

Stewart came into the room then, and I went upstairs, for I knew that she would break it to him, and that he would bear it better alone with her.

We had tea together in the sitting room that night; afterwards we sat beside her, but she could not talk to us, she was too weak. About eight o'clock she said she would go to bed.

Stewart, as was his custom, read the psalm for the evening, and then Mother asked us to sing for her the hymn, "There'll be no sorrow there." We sang as much as we could, but were unable to finish it.

"Never mind, dears, that will do; and let it be a comfort to you to remember that, no matter what sorrows we may have here, there'll be no more there."

Then she prayed for us so beautifully, placing us in our Father's hands with such confidence that even I could not help feeling that we would be secure if we only trusted ourselves to Him. She kissed Stewart good-night over and over again, and then Mattie and I helped her to bed. But she would not have any of us to sit up with her, for being tired she said she would be sure to sleep soundly. So, after saying good-night, we left her reluctantly.

When I went back to the sitting-room Stewart was gone; so I went up to my room, too, with a heavy heart. I went to bed, but could not sleep, and it was not until after the clock had struck four that I fell into a doze.

After sleeping for about a couple of hours, something awoke me—I could not tell what. It seemed like the shutting of a door, but hearing no further noise I thought it was a dream. After trying to go to sleep again, and finding it impossible, I got up and began to dress. I had almost finished, when the noise of a carriage stopping at that early hour at our door made me go and look out. My heart stood still, for it was the doctor, and then I knew that the noise I had heard must have been some one going for him.

In a moment I had thrown on a wrapper, and hurrying down-stairs, found Stewart, Mattie, and the doctor, around mother. They had not heard me go down, and I was beside her before they saw me. One glance, and I knew all; then my strength left me,