

the happy relations that have brought so much pleasure to my four years of wedded life were transferred to yours."

"O! Lena, do not talk of these matters; you are not in a fit state to discuss them with me, and I do not think it would be proper for me to cause you the agitation of mind which such a discussion would necessarily occasion, it is better you should leave all such concerns in the hands of the All-wise disposer of events; no doubt he will order all things for the best."

Two months had scarcely numbered their record with the past, and the violets had not yet peeped above the ground, when the craped hat of Robert Milbrook and the mourning habiliments of his sister-in-law, told that the wife and sister had gone to her last resting-place, and that the relationship formerly existing between Anna and her sister's home, which had continued uninterruptedly for more than two years, had been changed by the sad event already narrated.

Robert had asked Anna to remain with him for the present, to look after the little ones and keep the house in order, and Anna had, as she felt in duty bound, acceded to the request, on the condition that it should not be for more than a year at most. And so the time went on; the violets bloomed, and the roses budded, expanded and faded; fruits followed flowers, and grain succeeded fruit; the seasons came and went, and the children ceased looking for mamma to come again, and with the loving instinct of childish dependence clung to their aunt as to their natural protector; they sobbed on her bosom over their little heartaches, and nestled there when tired nature sought repose; they told her their little troubles and looked into her eyes for sympathy, and she kissed their frowns into smiles again. But this was not always to continue. Anna grew to love the children with almost a mother's tenderness, and Robert, absorbed in attention to his daily duties, forgot measurably his great sorrow in the satisfaction he felt with the way in which the duties of his household were discharged, and the willing obedience rendered by the children to the loving rule of his sister-in-law. But the year was fast drawing to a close, and Robert began to feel ill at ease.

What would he do when the year of Anna's engagement should terminate; who would look after the children and keep the house in order then? Such were the thoughts that came with more frequent recurrence to his mind as the year drew nearer to a close, and he felt that something must be done soon, but what to do he did not know. The future seemed impenetrable. Should he engage a housekeeper, an entire stranger, to take the place of his sister-in-law. "The children would not love her," he said to himself, "and I would not wish them to." Anna had been invested with full authority to rule in the household, and her gentle sway had neither been resisted nor disputed; and she had exercised all the care, and taken all the interest in the comfort and happiness of those over whom she exercised supervision that Lena could have done if she had lived. But could any one else take her place in the household; in the affections of the children, in his own; for had he not loved her with a brotherly affection?"

And then his thoughts would go back to other days. Had he not asked himself the question more than once which of the sisters held the largest place in his heart? But his choice had fallen upon Lena, and he had bestowed upon her the undivided affections of a faithful husband. But Lena was dead, and Anna lived, as true, as pure, as beautiful, as when he had asked his heart the question, is it for Anna or Lena. And then he would start up from his reverie and look about as if he thought some one had been reading his thoughts, with a kind of undefinable sense of guiltiness, as though he was entering upon forbidden ground, for did not the law pronounce against marriage with a deceased wife's sister? And if it were wrong to marry a sister-in-law it were surely wrong to love her with more than a brotherly love affection. But then was the law right; was it reasonable? Who of all the women in the world, would take as much interest in his deceased wife's children as his deceased wife's sister? Who of all women so worthy of his love, or so fitted to rule in his house as his late wife's sister. Besides, had not his wife on her dying bed advised him if his heart felt free to it, to marry her sister. The law *must* be wrong and the wishes of his departed wife, and the yearnings

of his own heart *must* be right. But would Anna look with favor on such a proposal; would she bear the stigma of a violator of the law, the ban of society, and the possibility of filial illegitimacy? Not unless he could satisfy himself and her that the law affecting the question was at variance with Divine law, in which case, as she had taken long since as her motto the advice of an eminent divine, "Be ashamed of nothing but sin;" holding the human as always subordinate to the Divine authority, she *might*, if her heart were as his, receive favorably such advances as his heart inclined him to make, but if the prohibition were supported by Divine sanction, he would suffer anything rather than ask his pure minded sister-in-law to incur the Divine displeasure.

Having thus turned the question over in his own mind, he determined to satisfy himself as to the *legality* of the law before taking any steps to further his own wishes.

(To be continued.)

SELECTED.

MY LITTLE BOY THAT DIED.

Look on his pretty face for just one minute.

His braded frock, his dainty buttoned shoes,
His firm-shut hand, the favorite plaything in it,
And tell me, mothers, was't not hard to lose
And miss him from my side—

My little boy that died?

How many another boy as dear and charming,

His father's hope, his mother's one delight,
Slips through strange sicknesses, all fear disarming,
And lives a long, long life in parents' sight!

Mine was so short a pride!

And then my poor boy died.

I see him rocking on his wooden charger;

I hear him pattering through the house all day
I watch his great blue eyes grow large and larger.

Listening to stories, whether grave or gay,

Told at the bright fireside—

So dark now, since he died.

But yet I often think my boy is living,

As living as my other children are,
When good-night kisses I all round am giving,
I keep one for him, though he is so far.

Can a mere grave divide

Me from him, though he died?

So, while I come and plant it o'er with daisies,

(Nothing but childish daisies, all year round),

Constantly God's hand the curtain raises,

And I can hear his merry voice's sound

And feel him at my side—

My little boy that died.

—Mrs. Mulock-Craik.

ONLY FIVE DOLLARS.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

"Say, Delia, will you go in to Waterbury with me, tomorrow?"

"I'd like to, Mary; I wish I could, but I think it will not be possible. Luman finds it difficult to collect money from his patients this year, and I don't know how to spare a cent."

"Well, I was going to say if you'd go with me, I'd pay your fare for your company. I never traded much there, and don't know the stores, or where to go for my purchases; and I want to call at Aunt White's, too, but I hate to go alone."

"It don't seem right, Mary, for you to pay my fare, but if I can really help you, why I shall be glad to go. I ought to get my Mary a Sunday hat, and Luman some stockings, and myself a calico, and I should have a greater variety to choose from there than here."