

a few feet from the door; and the declining sun flung its broad shadow across the roof, and far into the little garden beyond. Faithful to the instincts of her own land, there were flowers, too—a rose, and a dahlia, with two or three deep purple blossoms; and, beneath the maple, and in its shadow, an oleander shook its fragrance on the wings of the light air which now and then wandered by.

One glance took in all this; and then my eye turned again toward the youth, and then upon his mother. She interpreted my look, "Shall I rouse my son?"—her eye spoke as plainly as if her lips had uttered the words; but I motioned her to sit, and whisperingly desired he might not be disturbed. But not long were we to wait. The slant beams of the still sinking sun at last stole through the open window, and rested on the boy. He turned uneasily—his mother was by his side—and opening his eyes, he gazed doubtingly a moment upon her, then upon each well known object, until the whole appeared to meet him as a pleasant dream, for he closed his eyes again and again, as if he were not well assured; and, with a half smile, rising at last to kiss his mother's lips, he muttered—"So, then, I am in truth at home. And forgive me, Mr. Williams," he exclaimed, as he saw me for the first time; "then I am sick, too. Yes, I am sure that is no dream. I would, at least, it were so, for your sake, mother."

I now advanced, and making the usual examination, found my young friend, in very truth, the subject of remittent fever. My duties performed, I left them until the morrow. But many a morrow came and went, while yet the mother watched her child. Not a tear was on her cheek—not a complaint fell from her lips. Silent and unsubdued, resisting, with the energy of a woman and a mother, the calls of worn-out nature, she was ever nigh, to smooth the pillow, to change the position of the sufferer. The cool drink came from no other hand—none other might sponge his burning temples. By night as by day, it mattered not; hope supplied all—food, rest. Commands, entreaties were vain. Only by sharing the office of a nurse, could I win her to snatch a morsel of food, or brokenly slumber a few minutes by her child. But this was to pass—it could not always be. That hope, the staff on which she rested, was waning fast. Her son was hourly growing worse: wandering became wild delirium—that, at last, a monotonous muttering. I felt the struggle was nigh over, and gently as I could I broke it to her.

"My dear Mrs. B.," I said, taking her by the hand, "I fear our labor will have been in vain—the poor boy is to be taken from us."

"I thank you, sir," she replied, mournfully but quickly. "I, too, have seen this was to be so. Your words only remove the last weak doubt. You have done your duty—I must en-