

remember that I always had your confidence, and that whenever you wished to know any of those secrets which children try to gather from older ones, you came straight to me with it, and I told you in a way that did not leave a stain upon your pure young mind?

"It is a high and precious privilege to raise children, to send them forth into the world healthy, happy men and women, with minds free from sullyng thoughts, the seeds of which have been dropped by vulgar tongues in early childhood, because a mother thought she couldn't tell them those things which the child is *bound* to learn from some source or other."

My eyes were filled with tears. I put my arms around her neck and pressed my face to hers.

"My dear, dear mother," I said, "I know how good, how faithful you have been to me. May God give me grace and wisdom to be as good to my own!"

"He will, Reta, He will!" And brushing back the curls from my face she looked at me with a serene, heavenly expression which never faded from my memory. "And when grandma is gone, Reta, you will remember her teaching even better than you do now."

She left us on the steps and went into the house, and when an hour later we found her in her room her spirit had gone to be with God.

I shall draw a curtain over that last, sad scene. I felt that my heart was broken, and that I could never raise my child without her help. But when the silent form had gone forever her teaching still remained. Our lives had been so lived within each other that no hour passed which did not bring back some word of hers.