

tried to calm and soothe her— though she wept herself the while— with cheerful, tender words.

"Mother, are you not glad to have me with you—your own little Gabrielle! You said it would make you happy, and yet see how you are weeping! Hush, mother dear, hush! I will be always with you now, to nurse you, and take care of you, and comfort you, and you will get strong and well soon; and some day, mother, some day perhaps their hearts will soften, and they will forgive us both, and take us home to them, and we will all live again together, loving one another," and Gabrielle tried to smile through the tears that were falling still.

"My child, I am weak and selfish," the mother said. "I should have told you to go back to your home, and to leave me; but I could not do it. Yet even now my heart is reproaching me for what I have done. How are we to live? My Gabrielle, you do not know how I have struggled and laboured, sometimes only for a crust of bread!"

"Mother, you shall labour no more. My sisters are very just: all that is mine, they will give me. We will live on very little; we will find out some little quiet village, where no one will know who we are, or where we come from, and there we will rest together. I will never leave you more—never more until death parts us."

She hung upon her mother's neck, kissing the pale brow and sunken cheek, and wiping away the tears that were yet falling: though more slowly and more calmly falling, now.

### CHAPTER III.

"..... Of whom may we seek for succour, but of Thee, O Lord, who for our sins are justly displeased?....."

"..... Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; in sure and certain hope of the Resurrection to eternal life....."

"I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write. From henceforth blessed are the dead which die in the Lord; even so saith the Spirit, for they do rest from their labours."

It was a burial in a village churchyard, and standing by an open grave there was one mourner only, a woman—Bertha Vaux. Alone, in sadness and silence, with few tears—for she was little used to weep—she stood and looked upon her sister's funeral; stood and saw the coffin lowered, and heard the first handful of earth fall rattling on the coffin lid; then turned away, slowly, to seek her solitary house. The few spectators thought her cold and heartless; perhaps if they could have raised that black veil, they would have seen such sorrow in her face as might have moved the hearts of most of them.

The sun shone warmly over hill and vale that summer's day, but Bertha Vaux shivered as she stepped within the shadow of her lonely house. It was so cold there; so cold and damp and dark, as if the shadow of that death that

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