

sombre garments which she wore, contrasting with the graces of her comely person, spoke of a deeper mourning within her heart.

Her yet sweet hazel eyes, somewhat dulled by an excessive flow of bitter tears, seemed unable to withstand the brightness of the sun. The pallor of her face seemed to increase, and more melancholic grew her brow as each peal of the bell reached her ear. Why? Four months before, a darling boy, an only son, had been taken away by death, and in her motherly heart, the wound, deep and lasting, bled all the more at the sight of this resurrection of nature which her poor Andrew would see no more. And the bell! Was it not the same sound that had accompanied her child to the grave? Was it not a voice, as one in prayer, taking its flight towards God, that she, in her grief, did neither pray nor could pray any more, since the day He had so pitilessly deprived her of the loving caresses of her beloved boy? This death, almost sudden, of a lad of six, carried away by a disease unknown to the medical science of that remote region, was indeed a crushing blow, a severe trial. Personal circumstances had aggravated the weight of her sorrows. Just a week before the death of her son, Geo. Melville, her husband, had left for a three-months' cruise through southern seas. Precisely at a time when she most needed her husband to share the burden of a grief which was crushing her, he was perhaps thousands of miles away—nay! perhaps entombed in the fathomless ocean. When would he come back to speak those gentle yet strong words of encouragement and recall her to her duty? But what duty? The voice of the church bell, calling the faithful to Easter mass, at which an interior revolt prevented her assisting, spoke plainly of her duty. But determined was she, to go to church no more, she who, before her boy's death would seldom let a day pass without paying a visit to the Blessed Sacrament. Why? God, she fancied in her grief, had been unjust to her. "Surely," she often murmured to herself, "I never deserved such punishment."

If Mrs. Melville, now sitting at a bay-window of her pretty villa, had glanced in the proper direction, she would have perceived, coming up the ribbon-like track winding its way through the forest, from the main road to her very door, a tiny dog cart dragged along by a docile pony. In that same diminutive vehicle, sat two children in deep mourning, a boy of ten and a girl of eight. George and Alice were of Captain Melville's first marriage. The boy was