

really going away, but I couldn't take up with religion," she sobbed. "Oh, it's a mistake—all a mistake, and it ain't meant for one like me. Why, I, if I were religious—why, I'd have to turn into a hypocrite—why,—I—I'd scorn myself. Yes, mother, what are you saying? Yes, mother, I'd do anything to make your death-bed easy—anything but this."

Bet had fancied she had heard her mother speaking; the perfect stillness now alarmed her far more than any words, and she lifted her head with a start. Mrs. Granger was lying motionless, but she was neither dead nor had she fainted. Her restless hands were quiet, and her worn-out face, although it looked deadly pale, was peaceful. Her eyes looked a little upwards, and in them there was a contented smile. Bet saw the look, and nothing in all the world could have horrified her more. Her mother, who thought religion beyond anything else, had just heard her say that never, never, even to smooth a dying pillow, could she, Bet, take up with the ways of the religious; and yet her eyes smiled and she looked content.

"Mother, you don't even care," said Bet, in an anguish of pain and inconsistency.

"Oh, yes, child, I care; but I seem to hear Him as knows best saying 'Leave it to me.' I ain't fretting, child; I has come to a place where no one frets, and you're either all in despair, or you're as still and calm and happy"—here she broke off abruptly. "Bet, I want yer to be good to the little boys—to stand atween them and their father, and not to larn them no bad ways. They're wild little chaps, and they take to the bad as easy as easy; but you

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