

made me tremble—yes, even me, and there ain't many I'd tremble before, thank the Lord :

" 'Never mention that word again, or I swear I'll blow your brains out as I would a rabbit's !'

" And then he rushed from the house, leaving me more astonished and frightened than ever I had been before in all my born days.

" But I kept the baby, and called it 'Christina,' after a sister I had once (Carl Henley's mother, poor thing ! that went and heaved herself away on a vagabones of a fellow), and kept it till it grew up. Mark Campbell died a little while after, but we never spoke another word about the child ; but now I know, arter hearing about the crazy woman, she was its mother."

Aunt Tom paused for breath, and Sibyl, with a great cry, sprang forward and clasped Christie in her arms.

" My sister ! my sister ! my dear little sister !" she exclaimed, through her fast falling tears. " Oh, Christie ! oh, Christie ! to discover you are my sister when it is too late !"

With her arms round Sibyl's neck, her golden head lying on her shoulder, Christie said, in a voice so faint that Sibyl had to stoop down very low to hear her :

" I am going, Sibyl, dear sister Sibyl ! Tell Guy, my brother, and Aunt Tom, to come and bid me good-by."

In a voice choked with sobs, Sibyl called them to the bedside, to receive that parting embrace. Guy's eyes were full of tears, and Mrs. Tom's sobs resounded audibly through the room.

' And now, Sibyl, my own, my darling sister, good-by, and Heaven bless you. Hush ! do not weep so ;' and the little wan arms clasped Sibyl's neck in a last embrace. " Dearest Sibyl, go now and send Willard to me."