

it, leaning on Hetty's arm, and as they reached me Miss Carr turned, placed her arms round my neck, and kissed me tenderly as a mother might her son. Then, as I stood there gazing through a veil of tears at which I felt no shame, the words that I had heard her utter seemed to weigh me down with a burden of sorrow that seemed greater than I could bear. I felt as if a dark cloud was coming down upon my life, and that dark cloud came, for before a year had passed away, Hetty and I—by her father's dying wish, young wife and young husband—stood together looking down upon the newly planted flowers close beside poor Hallett's grave.

It was soft and green, but the flowers and turf looked fresh, as the simple white cross looked new with its deeply cut letters, clear, but dim to our eyes as we read the two words—

"MIRIAM CARR."

THE END.