

wrong,—mebbe I were too 'ard. Him that knows best will forgive me."

"Oh, mother, mother! I forgive you from the bottom of my heart."

Bet took one of the thin hands, and covered it with passionate kisses.

"I ain't good," she said, "and I don't want to die. It floors me, mother, how you can be glad to go down into the grave and stay there—ugh!"

"I ain't going to stay there," replied the dying woman, in a faint though confident voice.

She was silent then for a few moments, but there was a shining, satisfied light in her eyes; and her lips opened once or twice, as if to speak. Bet held one of her hands firmly, and her own eager hungry eyes never stirred from the dying, tired-out face.

"Bet."

"Yes, mother."

"You'll make me a bit of promise afore I go?"

"A promise, mother?"

"Yes, a promise. Oh, Bet, a promise from you means an awful lot. You don't break your word. You're as strong as strong,—and if you promise me this, you'll be splendid—you'll be—give me a drop of the cordial, child,—you'll be—I have been praying about it all day. I have been saying, 'Lord, send Bet in gentle-like, and trackable-like, and with no anger nourished in her heart, and, and'—another sip, child—the breath's short—I—you'll make me the promise, won't you, child?"

"Oh yes, poor mother, if I can!"