

mixture of modern and antique it was. As I ran in, I saw mamma lying on the bed with her back towards me; I saw Fenton, mamma's maid, the same sharp-featured, pale, undemonstrative woman she is to-day, sitting on one side of the fire-place, and she held out her arms to me; I saw Lucille weeping passionately; I thought of M. Le Brun, of the words of Céleste; I sprang upon the bed, and, oh, Lily! I pity the child who feels what I did when I threw my burning poppies on her shining hair, and clasped her cold white neck and cried despairingly, incredulously, 'Wake up! mamma, mamma!'

"Long afterwards, I learned from Fenton, that I had been out about an hour on that afternoon, when mamma, who had been sewing, rose, saying she would go for me; she walked towards her wardrobe, which stood near the bed, and there fell, crying, 'Oh, Fenton, I am dying.' Monsieur Le Brun was sent for, all restoratives applied, but unavailingly. My mother died of disease of the heart.

"When I had sobbed myself to sleep, Fenton found in mamma's *escritoire* an unfinished letter, evidently intended for her. Mamma must have had some knowledge of her danger, for she wrote, that in case of anything happening to her, Fenton was immediately to proceed with me to her lawyers in London. The last sentences of her letter I will give you, word for word:—'If I should die here, Fenton, I would like you to bury me without communicating with any one outside the village. After that, *he* may claim Eleanor. As it is through his indifference she is with me, if that indifference should continue, I charge you, Fenton, by your love for me, to try and take my place with her. Of the cause of my separation from my husband, you, perhaps, know more than any living being. Yet, even to you, I have not been able, resolutely, to put aside that passionate pride through which I erred so gravely, from the taint of which I pray you, Fenton, to guard my daughter; even to you I could not stoop to deny, or to show the positive proofs of my innocence of that mad accusation of his. For my child—in case I should not live till she is old enough to be told all—I have written the bare facts, and have placed them in the case with those jewels which were partly the cause of such unhappiness —.' Here the writer had apparently been interrupted, and the letter forever remained unfinished. Fenton's first care was to look in every possible place for the jewel-case: