

intact things once familiar to the departed one ? Let the priestess of such a shrine of domestic worship disappear in her turn and at once the relics become objects of venality.

Who should dare, then, blame one who, with a heart all faithfulness, defends and protects from inevitable destruction those priceless, though valueless articles, so personal that they seem to be persons ? How religiously, then, did Mrs. Melville enter the vacant room morning and evening ! Herself would open the shutters, dust the furniture, fold, unfold and fold over again the garments that were once worn by him, the deity of her shrine.

The large bouquet, almost an armful, which she now took to his room, was a sort of solemn rite, useless and passionate, that her distressed piety was accomplishing.

A sad and impressive sight it was to see the lovely young woman, walking demurely towards the house with an armful of flowers, contrasting singularly with her sombre dress—it was the sight of one bereft of all earthly affections going towards a grave to decorate it and to weep over it.

Mrs. Melville, having arranged the flowers artistically in a large-porcelain vase, ascended the stair that lead to the shrine of her sorrows, to lay her offering on the altar of her Love. What was her surprise on nearing the door of the room to which she had forbidden entrance, to hear voices, the voices of those self-same children that had haunted her mind all morning. What were they doing in there ? What !...was not their presence there a sort of desecration of a place sanctified by her tears ? She had now reached the door of the room ; it was ajar. Unperceived she could both hear distinctly their conversation and watch their movements. "My God," said she, "see, they, a half-brother and sister, have preceded me on this pilgrimage of tenderness !" Yes !...they had preceded her !...The two tender children had each prepared a bunch of choicest flowers and were making their Easter offering to their "dear little Andy." "Let us put the flowers here," said Alice. "Here, said George, we will hide the big eggs." "Poor little Tot," said Alice with a sigh, "how I wish he were her today !" "He would be so happy !" "But it is impossible." "He is dead, you know." "But, you know, Alice, we will see him in Heaven." "Yes," muttered Alice, "but I would like to see him before that—we won't die now, won't we ?"

—"That's true !...if he came to life again ?" See Lazarus,