

spoke harshly, in an effort to subdue the emotion which was making her tremble all over. "Doctors are allays a-frightening folks. Have a cup o' tea, mother?"

"It don't frighten me, Bet," said Mrs. Granger. "I'm going away, and He's coming to fetch me; I ain't afeard. I never seemed more of a poor sort of a body than I do to-night, but somehow I ain't afeard. When He comes He'll be good—I know He'll be good to me."

"Oh, you're ready fast enough, mother," said Bet, with some bitterness. "No one has less call to talk humble than you, mother. You was allays all for good, as you calls it."

"I was reg'lar at church, and I did my dooty," answered Mrs. Granger. "But somehow I feels poor and humble to-night. Mebbe I didn't go the right way to make you think well on religion, Bet. Mebbe I didn't do nothing right—only I tried, I tried."

There was a piteous note in the voice, and a quivering of the thin austere lips, which came to Bet as a revelation. Her own trembling increased violently; she threw herself down by the bedside and sobs shook her.

"Mother, mother, it have all been hateful, hateful," she moaned. "And oh, mother, why did you burn my book?"

There was no answer. The white thin hand rested with a certain tremble on the girl's thick hair.

"Why did you burn my book, that gave me pleasure, mother?" said Bet, raising her head, and speaking with her old defiance.

"I thought," began Mrs. Granger,—“mebbe I did