

little trials and cares disturb your heart, and you would be unkind or reproachful, think of me, and for *my* sake be kind, be gentle, be patient,—but above all, be forgiving. Now nearer, nearer, Edith, let me lay my head upon your bosom,—mine has been your pillow long. Close, close, my Edith—there, thus let me sleep.”

The moments went slowly by—moments like hours to the lone, young watcher, and close she twined her arms about the slight form, almost hushing the beatings of her own heart, that they might not disturb the sleeper on her breast. A twilight dimness was stealing into the curtained room, when she pressed her cheek against the white brow resting so calmly on her breast. Its touch chilled her very heart. Now quick tears came in showers over the faces of the living and the dead; and hours after, the friends found the two, pillowed cheek to cheek: the weary, exhausted girl sleeping a restless, fevered sleep, and the pale, fair mother resting in undreaming slumber by her side.

The morning after her mother's death, Edith Williston sat alone in the darkened room, her head leaning upon her supporting hand, while thoughtfully she resolved upon her future duties. After one night of wild anguish, a twilight peace had come over her spirit—a calm, high resolve, to be faithful to her womanly mission.

While she sat thus alone, a sound of hushed, reverent footsteps reached her ear,—then a timid appeal from a child's clear voice. The latch was softly lifted, and a slender, fair-haired girl, leading two beautiful children, entering the apartment.

“Where is my mother? I want my mother,” said a sweet, childish voice.

Edith rose, and, with strangely-unsteady fingers, looped back the heavy drapery from a window, and veiled her eyes, with a sickening feeling, from the sunbeams that fell in a golden flood upon the floor. Those joyous, dancing sunbeams—oh, how garishly they mocked the stillness of that chamber of death! Quietly raising the child in her arms, she leaned over a couch, and silently drew aside the curtains. There in pale, serene beauty lay the dead mother.

“Who will be our mother now, sister?”

“She will watch over us still,—but you are mine, now, all mine.”

Thus strong and calm in her pure and holy love, stood Edith,—while who shall doubt but a ministering angel whispering peace to her heart?

Two years went round, and Edith Williston's young brother and sisters were left to her care alone. The parent they had now lost had been a man of stern, austere nature, severe and unbending in his family—one who had never shared their trivial joys and sorrows, but had ever borne into his domestic sanctuary the same calm, dignified business air which he had worn abroad in the world. He had cared for their wants—provided food and clothing—attended to their education, but there was another education which he had taken little heed of—the formation of habits of thought—the development of social feelings—the silent home-influence that forms character for life. Thus a double-wearing lot had fallen upon Edith; yet never, until the night of death approached, did he appreciate the gentle, self-sacrificing spirit that had wrought a pure and blessed influence in his household. He had never seemed near to her—never as one to whom