VIOLET KEITH.

CHAPTER I.

WE stood alone, my brother Willie and I, by the bed from which the body of our dead mother had been removed only few hours before. Long years have passed since then, but very object in that large cold room seems as distinct as if had never quitted it; the lofty bed with its long white furtains, the large windows draped in white, the crimson arpet, the dressing table with its service of white and old; the large mirror, above which was suspended an oldashioned woodcut of "the Pilgrim's Progress," on which Willie and I used to delight to trace the wanderings of Pilgrim, with eye and finger alike busy following him in his ight from the city of destruction to his entrance into the olden gate; and more vivid than aught else, is that long read mark on the white sheet, made by the pressure of the offin, that indelible mark which time has never been able to face from my mind.

As we looked, our tears fell fast; it was the last trace of the dear mother, who, a few evenings before, smiled upon us not spoke so kindly, when we came to kiss her before going bed. How well we remembered and how eagerly we speated each word and look of that evening now. Ah! could be but once more feel the touch of that, then, white hand,