

remembered. Indeed, Mrs. Jasper Williams was but the shadow of her former self, and a blight seemed to have fallen on her whole being.

As soon as the two elder ladies were alone together, Mrs. Ransom asked in a voice of deep emotion :—"In the name of God, Leonore, what has come over you since I saw you last? Excuse the freedom of an old acquaintance.—I might almost say friend,—but I really cannot help it. I should not have known you if I met you in the street."

"I can well believe you, Elizabeth, for at times I hardly know myself," was the faltering reply, and the oppressed heart suddenly found vent in tears. "My girls and myself are suffering a species of torture every day of our lives."

"Why, Leonore, you shock me. What does it all mean?" Mrs. Ransom partly guessed what the matter was, but she refrained from saying so.

"It means simply this, Elizabeth!" said the other in broken accents, "that my husband, although from an early period of our marriage inclined to jeer and scoff at my religion and its observances, has of late years become a furious bigot, through the influence of his own family, and especially since our boy began to grow up and has taken sides with him against me."

"And the girls? I see you have succeeded in keeping them."

"Thank God, I have; and, indeed, I don't know at all how I did it, seeing that their father wouldn't let them go to a Catholic school. I held out firmly against sending them anywhere else, and at last Williams consented to have a governess in the house,—a Protestant, of course. This, however, gave me a chance to teach them my own religion and implant it in their minds, as the dear girls are happily devoted to me, and all their sym-