

be dragged down to resolutions unworthy and even shameful ; and, in fits of frenzy and mental aberration, attempt to put such resolutions into execution, but to maintain oneself long in such a state, is next to an impossibility.

When once, the cruelly tormented young wife had muttered to herself : " My mind is made up ; before a month they will be out of the house," she endeavored to think no more, neither of the children to whom she was so harsh and pitiless, nor of the villainy of the part she would play before their father. Instinctively she tried to lull to sleep the scruples which were rising from the innermost recess of her soul, by concentrating all her thoughts : the souvenir of the dead one. She summoned forth, from the secret recess of her heart, the sweet phantom of her Andrew, with such ardor of regret that he was present to her as if still an object of flesh and blood. Just as if she had not seen him cold and rigid in his little bed, with his poor sweet lips half-parted, his eyes closed, and his wax-colored hands grasping an ivory crucifix ! Just as if she had not seen, a few weeks ago, those dark silent men, nail the cover of the coffin over the lifeless form of her boy ! There, she fancied him, walking by her side, the rays of the sun playfully caressing his golden locks. So vivid, so precise, so besetting was the vision that she felt the irresistible desire to give tangible form to her tenderness and the imperious need of doing something with which the dead child would be associated. Unknowingly, she had by this time emerged from the grove and instead of going directly to the house, she entered the hot-house and prepared with unusual care a large bouquet of sweet-smelling flowers, muttering all the while to herself : " Poor little darling !...how fond he was of these flowers ! "

Ever since the day the mortal remains of her Andrew had been taken away from the little pink room adjacent to hers, Mrs. Melville had given strict orders not to disturb anything in the apartment. There stood the gilded brass bed with its snow-white coverlet, the same furniture and the many little nicknacks so dear to the child. There, in the wardrobe, the little man's clothes still keeping intact the form of his graceful body. There, his little chapel where he had been wont to kneel by the side of his " dear maman," to bid good-night and good-morning to his " good friend," an artistic statue of the Child of Bethlehem.

How many women, whether mothers, wives or unmarried, have thus tried to prolong the existence of a loved one by preserving