

that quickly hid their bodies from sight. It was many days before they were found, lying together, close wrapped in their winding-sheet of snow.

Mrs. Kingston bore the dreadful trial with the fortitude and submissive grace that only a serene and un murmuring faith can give. Frank was more demonstrative in his grief, and disposed to rebel against so cruel a calamity. But his mother calmed and inspired him, and when the first numbing force of the blow had passed away, they took counsel together as to the future. This was dark and uncertain enough. All that was left to them was the little cottage in which they lived. Mr. Kingston's salary had not been large, and only by careful management had the house been secured. Of kind and sympathizing friends there was no lack, but they were mostly people in moderate circumstances, like themselves, from whom nothing more than sympathy could be expected.

There was no alternative but that Frank should begin at once to earn his own living, and thus the conversation came about with which this chapter began, and which brought forth the reply from Frank that evidently gave his mother deep concern.