

with me in the little parlor at home—my father's home—and how he told in my ear that sweet story of conjugal love. I wept, Frances, as he related to me the depth of his devotion. He chided my tears, but mingled with them his. How recent all seems, yet how sadly, how immeasurably remote. The poet has beautifully said :

*Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others ; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret—
O death in life, the days that are no more ! "*

The woman took a handkerchief from her pocket and wiped her eyes. Frances surveyed and wept too, saying : " I thant not to awaken by my words your fons lachrymarum, *the sacred fountain of feeling* ; but tell to me, grandmother, if life is smooth to them who truly love."

To this query the grandmother returned : " It has been said :

*The only folks who give us pain,
Are those we love the best.*

Your tender heart will often ache, my child. God's curse, too, upon Eve was not spoken in vain. Woman must endure sorrow, and travail of body and soul. But love, my dauter, overcomes all."

Frances did not reply and the speaker continued : " Sleep with me to-nite, Frances. I am lonely, and the dead will not return to cheer and visit me."

The woman rose as she spoke, as likewise the one addressed. Standing visavis, the elder woman placed her hands on the shoulders of her companion, looked into her face, and said : " You are beautiful, Frances, in that beauty which emanates from a tender and womanly soul. *A perfect woman, nobly planned.*"

The damsel dropped her eyes, and replied : " I will sleep with you, grandmother, if you wish it."

" Go then," replied the dame, " and bring from your room a nitedress, while I wind the clock and secure the damper."

The speaker turned as she concluded her speech, and began to perform these duties, while the damsel took the lamp she had braut and left the room.

CHAPTER II.

Frances confers with her friend on religion—2, continuing the discussion with her mother at home—3, the mother of Frances discloses to her husband the design of the evening—4, and, on her dauter's return, executes the same—5, Frances afterwards relating to Rodney.

SECTION I.

During a pleasant afternoon, Frances was walking with a companion on the road. The latter, as they walked, put her hand upon Frances' shoulder, and said : " I must remark upon the beautiful effect produced about the neck and shoulders, by your double cape. It adds greatly to the jacket's finish."

But Frances replied : " *My soul is weary of my life. Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased, dear Phoebe ? What is your recipe for a genuine conversion ?*"