

often wondered why they were allowed to occupy so much room,—what was their use? No one knew, only that grandmother had always thrown the old boots and shoes of the family into this particular corner, and our mother seemed to walk in her footsteps. My brother Willie and myself often suggested the propriety of having one grand bonfire out of the refuse, which we were sure could be of no use; but mother pleaded, as an excuse, that we might in some way set fire to the house, or do other mischief. Since I have grown older, I have thought that perhaps she was really attached to the old rubbish—it had been there so long a time. But there was one corner of the garret which I never approached without a feeling of reverence. All alone stood a small black trunk, not remarkable, to be sure, in its outward appearance, but invested with sacred recollections. I have often seen my mother repair to this trunk, and after opening it, take from it, one by one, tiny articles of clothing, a half-worn shoe, a picture-book with one cover torn from it, a top just ready to spin, a small drum fancifully painted, a cup and a ball. I did not then know why, as she replaced them within the trunk, they were bedewed with her tears; and with a sigh she closed the lid, and, calling me to her side, inquired if I remem-