

Oh, how she laboured through that long winter ! I seem to see her now, cutting out new garments, and plying the needle with her thin, delicate fingers.

One afternoon, at the approach of spring, I remember vividly she had been arranging the drawers and overlooking our scanty wardrobes ; and calling me to her, she said, so calmly I shall never forget it,—

“ Here, Fanny, is where I keep all the towels and table-linen, and here the bed-linen. I have made some new, that you may not want for any when I am gone, until you are old enough to make it yourself.”

“ Gone ! ” I repeated to myself ; oh, how mournful, how lonely was that word,—“ My mother gone ! ” I knew she spoke of that long journey which she was about to take, and from whence she would never return. Yet for worlds I could not have said, “ My mother must die.” I could have said she was going to God, or she was going to journey, but never that dreadful word, “ die.” It seemed to haunt me by day and night. I tried to run away from it. I repeated, in quick succession, every hymn I could think of which represented death under a pleasing form. Yet flaming above them all, in bright letters, my imagination traced the words,