

sufferings were mitigated by her vain, but tender care. Poor Bessy's painful watchings, aggravated by distress of mind, brought on her the same terrible disease, and for some weeks after Allan's death, her life seemed to hang by a single thread.

It was a bright summer morning, when Bessy and her little children mingled in with a crowd of Emigrants, landed from a steamer on the wharf at Montreal. She looked round on the cheerful, active scene, and a sense of loneliness smote upon her heart. This then was the city which she had looked forward to, with such earnest longing, when they parted from their native shore! This was the end of the long travel which she had commenced with such unambitious but sanguine hopes! And he who had set out with her, and on whose stronger arm she leaned for support, had fallen by her side, and henceforth she must tread the world alone! Poor Bessy! *she had not time to grieve*; the poor have never time to grieve. In the midst of bereavement they must rise up and struggle for existence, and with stricken hearts bear the burden of the day, and crush down the sorrow which would unnerve their hands for that labor on which their life depends! Often we may look at them, and wonder at their apathy, when, could we see their hearts, we might read there a tale of patient endurance and of unforgetting sorrow,

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