

; debts the whole aspect was most forlorn. Belinda sighed, as she
 prison, followed Captain Elton up the stairs, and then on, through
 After his several long dark passages, with their damp, and yellow-
 and chil- chred walls, and floors so black, that it was difficult to
 ombined know of what material they had been composed. At length,
 rew her she paused at a door on the left hand, and inquired from the
 ighbour person who opened it, if Mrs. Kenyson lived there ? ”
 ve, con- “ Yes,” was the reply, “ but her room is two flights of
 one who stairs above this ; ascend them, and the first door you come
 ngs, no to, on the right hand, is hers.” Again they mounted, but
 believed found it a difficult task, for the stairs were in total darkness.
 to enter there was not a single pane of glass to light the passage,
 apply, but they groped their way along, and at last found the door
 self.” to which they had been directed. Knocking at it, “ Walk
 hall be- l,” was faintly uttered by a weak voice, and Belinda opened
 n your the door of the miserable apartment. It was a small attic-
 lady to room ; the irregular, sloping and smoky ceilings, the damp,
 mildewed walls, the rough boarded stretcher, with its straw
 ed, and scanty covering, the broken table, supported
 about against the wall, on which were placed several articles of
 school- self, apparently arranged for a meal, and the narrow window,
 with its cheerless prospect of snow and blackness withal, —
 fortune- l sent a thrill of horror to Belinda’s soul. How much more
 as this increased, when she surveyed the miserable inhabi-
 y little- ants. Near a rusty stove, on which stood some cooking
 sh dis- tensils, was seated a female. An old and well-patched
 Keny- wrapper partly covered over by a large shawl, a white mus-
 n cap, under which was smoothly parted tresses, once golden,
 outh, formed her attire. A little boy, about three years old, who
 inda- ould have been beautiful, but for the pallid hue of the
 aming eeks, and the melancholy, prematurely stamped on his fine
 usical ountenance, sat on a low stool at her feet, shivering with
 rds of old ; while his little sister, scarcely more than an infant,
 heart- y in its mother’s arms, asking in plaintive tones for bread.
 more- rs. Kenyson turned towards the door as it opened, and
 place- id down some plain sewing, which her hands, still feeble
 They- om sickness, refused to perform. Belinda stood for a
 which- oment motionless on the threshold, then springing for-
 efort- ward, threw her arms around Mrs. Kenyson’s neck, and
 oeval- ey mingled their tears together. Captain Elton walked
 . that- the window to conceal his emotion, and in a few moments
 ing ; the whole party had become somewhat confused. Belinda