

were sickly, whilst others of them ran wild. In spite of her slaving for her children, she had outlived them all. In her old age she was left to make a fight for a living, without any human familiar except the crusty old woman whom their common loneliness, and her wish to be of some good to somebody, had led her, as it were, to adopt. But old Hannah had faith in a Friend whose close affection makes the warmest human relationship seem cold; she had hope of reaching the beautiful city she was so fond of reading about in Revelation; and so she lived in cheerful charity just under the leaking roof of No. 17 Bolingbroke Row.

She does not live there now; or Mrs. Gusterson either. Mrs. Brown died a few weeks after she had knitted me half-a-dozen pairs of socks; and, in spite of her rheumatism, Mrs. Gusterson insisted on hobbling after her room-mate to the grave, and took fresh cold upon its brink which soon brought her back to her own. There is no lack of such old women, however, still left in London to be looked after.

WATCHING THE WORLD GO BY.

SWIFT as a meteor and as quickly gone
A train of cars darts swiftly through the night;
Scorning the wood and field it hurries on,
A thing of wrathful might.

There, from a farmer's home, a woman's eyes,
Roused by a sudden jar and passing flare,
Follow the speeding phantom till it dies—
An echo in the air.

Narrow the life that always has been hers,
The evening brings a longing to her breast;
Deep in her heart some aspiration stirs
And mocks her soul's unrest.

Her tasks are mean and endless as the days,
And sometimes love cannot repay all things;
An instrument that, rudely touched, obeys,
Becomes discordant strings.

The train that followed in the headlight's flare,
Bound for the city and a larger world,
Made emphasis of her poor life of care,
As from her sight it whirled.

Thus from all lonely hearts the great earth rolls,
Indifferent though one woman grieve and die;
Along its iron tracks are many souls
That watch the world go by.