

therefore it was well remunerated. and Isabella carefully hoarded up her gains, in order that the darling wish of her heart might be accomplished, that Robert might complete his studies. On her the support of two persons depended, therefore it was only by the most unremitting diligence that she could hope to accomplish her plans. From daylight till midnight she plied the busy needle, and submitted with a good grace to the scoldings Mrs. Galbraith gave her because she would not stir out of the house. In vain she told Isabella that she would ruin her health, her beautiful eyes and fine complexion, by sitting at work so constantly; but what were health, eyes, or complexion to her, when compared to the welfare of her brother!—and unweariedly she toiled on.

Fashion, that reckless tyrant, whose slightest variation works ruin to thousands, soon deprived her of this resource, and after she had been about a year in Edinburgh, those shawls were no longer required; therefore embroidery was useless. She could have procured plenty of plain sewing, but this was so badly remunerated, that the profits arising from it would never be adequate to her own support and the education of her brother.

The merchant by whom she had been employed advised her to remove to a manufacturing city, which was situated at a distance of about forty miles, and he offered to give her a letter of introduction to one of the mercantile houses there.

Isabella felt that this removal would be a great trial to her, for this step would separate her from Robert and Lilius, and she would be unable to see them excepting at long intervals.

Lilius still resided with Mrs. Lee, who treated her as a daughter, and the children had also become strongly attached to her. She had always contributed towards Robert's support, the little she could spare from her salary, but the sum was so very trifling that he almost wholly depended upon Isabella.

Sacrificing her own feelings to the interests of her brother, Isabella resolved to leave Edinburgh, and after having affectionately, and with many tears, bade them farewell, and given them strict orders with regard to writing punctually, she hastily prepared for her departure.

It was with mutual regret that she bade adieu to Mrs. Galbraith, and her amiable daughter Mary, whose unfailing kindness and cheerfulness had rendered her residence in Edinburgh much happier than it would otherwise have been.

She now departed, and alone, for a city with which she was wholly unacquainted, and where no friendly smile would greet her arrival. One short year ago, and she would have shuddered at

the prospect, but Adversity, that stern monitor, had taught her self-dependence, and she felt that the same all-powerful Being, who had hitherto protected and supported her amid her many trials, would not now desert her. That engrossing desire, which precluded all minor considerations, namely, the advancement of her brother, made every trial appear light, and she looked forward to his success in the world, with feelings of the most delightful satisfaction.

Immediately after her arrival she delivered the letter to the manufacturer, by whom she was at once supplied with embroidery. She obtained lodgings in an obscure part of the city, and unremittingly toiled on.

There are some beings in this world who appear doomed to continual afflictions, and who, were it not for their dependence upon a higher support than that which earth affords, would sink into gloomy despondency. Such was the fate of Isabella. Nurtured amid peace and plenty, surrounded by a fond and united family, her lot had promised to be happy, though perhaps humble. Now, far from the place of her birth, in the midst of a noisy city, without friend or protector near her, she toiled on, denying herself even the comforts of life, and wasting health and strength. Nor was this all. Death had robbed her of all those kind relatives, except two, from whom cruel necessity had separated her, and the pangs of disappointed love still ranked in her bosom. Amid these various trials, religion alone supported her, and but for its strengthening influence, she would have sunk under them. During this time, Robert was unconscious of all that Isabella was enduring for his sake. Had he been aware of it, he would not have permitted her to continue, for he was a noble-hearted, generous boy, and would have sought any employment by which to support himself. Of this Isabella was aware, and therefore it was always in a cheerful strain that her letters were addressed to him.

CHAPTER VII.

" Ah! such is the fate of our life's early promise,
So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known:
Each wave that we danced on at morning, ebbs from us,
And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone!"

Moore.

TIME, impartial alike to the happy and the wretched, swept onwards on his undeviating course, and Isabella still remained the same. We behold her again, after the lapse of four years, through which she has wearily struggled.

But those four years have not passed without marking another dark era in her existence.