

rick's church. She had been delayed in spite of her utmost exertions, and her only feeling as she ran along the road, was one of fear lest she should be too late at the church and miss the prize which she had promised her husband to bring home to himself and their dear ones.

The silent empty streets through which she passed on nearing the church made her heart sink within her; and as she entered St. Patrick's there was no one there but a few good old souls telling their beads before the altar, and some of the soldiers of the garrison performing "the Way of the Cross." The tears filled her eyes as she knelt a moment in adoration; and then she hastened to explore the two large sacristies behind the church. They were empty! As she passed through the lower one, what she deemed a stifled sob struck her ear; but the distant corner whence it seemed to issue was very dark, and her eyes were still half blinded by the brilliant sun outside and the glare of the snow. So, in her excitement, she heeded not the sound, but crossed the court-yard to the rectory and knocked timidly at the door. The servant, on opening, saw this good woman in tears, and scarcely able to articulate one word. At length she gasped out, "The orphans?"—"The orphans, ma'am?" replied the other; "there are none here!"—"Where are they?"—"All gone—all taken away by the ladies."—"Have you none that you might let me have?"—"No, indeed," was the answer; and with this the poor woman turned away with a heavy heart. As she re-entered the lower sacristy on her way to the church, her ear was again struck with the sound of sobbing, and coming, this time, more audibly from the distant dark corner. She was there, in a moment, and bending, or rather kneeling down, she distinguished a female child, with its head between its hands, sobbing and moaning piteously.

It was a little girl, some five years old, who, on the voyage out had lost father and mother, brothers, sisters—all! The little thing, naturally a very beautiful child, had had in succession fever, dysentery, and small-pox; and beneath this complication she had almost sunk. She had partially lost the use of

her lower limbs, and had been frightfully disfigured. In the church whither she had been brought early in the morning with the other orphans, the charitable women had invariably passed her by, choosing as was natural, the most comely children for their adopted ones—and the sensitive slighted little thing sobbed so piteously that she was taken to the sacristy in order not to disturb the proceedings in the church. There she had sat in the corner, sobbing herself to sleep, and had been forgotten when the crowd left the church. So, as the opening of the sacristy door, a moment ago, had roused the forlorn one from her somnolency, she had looked up at the stranger coming in with a revival of hope, and a sob escaped her as the latter passed out by the opposite door. Once more hiding her face in her hands, she wept and sobbed with increased bitterness, as if the little wounded heart within would burst her chest.

And thus the good carpenter's wife found her, as she knelt in the gloom by her side. "What is the matter, dear child?" she said, with infinite tenderness in her tone. "Who has left you?—Speak to me my dear!" she went on, as she removed the hands from her face. The child looked up through her scalding tears at the sweet sound of that motherly voice, and all was plain to the speaker. The face so disfigured that the woman drew back involuntarily. But recovering herself instantly, and—as she expressed it, indignant at her own cowardice, she extended both arms lovingly to the weeper, "Kiss me darling," she said, as her own tears flowed first, "kiss me, come to my heart; don't be afraid, I am your mother now." And she folded her in her embrace, covering her face and head with tears and kisses. The ship-carpenter's family possessed a blessed treasure that night.

No, this is not extraordinary charity: great hearts, like that of that noble woman, abound everywhere among our laboring people. O women, who read these lines, remember that your charity, your generosity will find in your every day ordinary life rich opportunities for their exercise. Never neglect any occasion God sends you of doing the good you can. Great charity, like every other great virtue, does not consist in