

much towards dispelling it; and let us watch with interest the development of these many virtues of the young and lovely stranger.

Violet, as we have said, was a strange child, and being often left to herself, would while away the time by examining some antiquated box or drawer. On one occasion, when only ten years old, while indulging her curiosity in this way she came across an English newspaper, which she saw at a glance was very old; naturally fond of reading she sat down on the floor, and spread it open upon her lap to study its contents, and to her utmost horror she came upon a large paragraph detailing her father's death, of whom she had heard so little. She felt at once it must have been her father; of his sad end she had never heard a word; it almost stunned her, and for a long time she sat staring at the paper. Young as she was, she felt all the force of such an end—to be without a moment's preparation called before his Maker. Pressing both her hands to her temples, she at last brought out the words, "Oh my God, if this was my father!"

Then taking the paper in her hand, she flew,