

tles and saucepans, and cooking and cleaning ! What an absurdity it all was ! She went to a day-school in the neighborhood, where she mixed with a rather better class of children as to position ; indeed the mistress had refused to take her at first on the score of her parentage. There she picked up some learning, and left off some of her idioms. The way in which the child was dressed out on a Sunday was something wonderful to behold. Muslins in summer, satins in winter, streamers of many colors, gaudy artificial flowers, and snow white feathers ! Nearly all of them were Miss Foxaby's gifts, and all of them had the first bloom off. In the morning of Sunday, the child would be, as the mother expressed it, "in her dirt," watching the preparations for dinner, or exercising the piano, and at one o'clock fetching the beer from the public-house ; for May liked to take as much rest as he could get on a Sunday, even from beer-fetching. But in the afternoon she was turned out in style and told to "walk up and down the street that people might see her ;" her father and mother, who on that day would sit at the windows of Mr. Lyvett's room on the first floor, watching her with looks of love and admiration : the former with his pipe, and his beer in a pewter pot, the latter with her weekly newspaper, which, however, she could scarcely coax her eyes to read a line of, so absorbed was she with that vision pacing the quiet street in her young vanity, whose long-tailed silken streamers fluttered out behind her, to the amazement of every chance passer-by. They did not go to church ; they did not take her. Now and then, indeed, Mrs. May would attend evening service with Sophia. But it was very rarely. They were moral, well-behaved people, the father and mother, but religion was not known in their house : that is, religious teachings and religious exercises. What did they promise to themselves would be the end of all this when the child grew up ?—that she would be content to continue her abode with them, and live as they did ? Where else was she to live ? Poor Sophia May ! events that really did happen in after life were not so much her fault as the fault of her most foolish parents. And this is a true picture ; a simple narrative of events that actually occurred.