

of loathing with which the little heavy eye and parched lip turned away from the bread moistened with warm water brought from our neighbours, which I vainly endeavoured to make him taste in the morning; with this crown I could buy him milk and arrow root; impelled by the thoughts passing through my brain, and forgetful of aught else, I now snatched the money from her hand with a vehemence that almost frightened the girl, and taking up the basket hurried off feeling strong and well, now that I had fire and food, to bring to my child.

I had now tempting food for him, but the fevered little thing would taste nothing, nothing but cold water, ever slowly moving his head from side to side. Mrs. Wilson and Willie sat in my little room so that we might be kept warm with the same fire and use the same candle. The sign "lodgings to let" still hung on the little board outside the window, but no lodgers ever came to the desolate rooms, which were now being denuded piece by piece of their furniture to buy bread.

I took back the basket which the girl gave me with the coals, but I took it in the evening, and ringing the bell, put down the basket and ran away. I felt ashamed she should see me after receiving alms of her master.

We sewed many weeks at those shirts, working from dawn to dark, eating sparingly of bread washed down with warm water and sugar, until my strength was gone, and my spirit broken, I was humble enough now; I wrote to Katie, a few lines, I could not afford the time to write more, the last words I wrote were "Katie, I am very poor." God knows I was poor; I did not know if I would ever receive an answer, it was nearly a year since I had written to her; previous to that time, I had written at least eight unanswered letters.

I was humbled to the dust; I resolved I would also write to

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