

passengers, for Allan and Bessy had kind hearts and could not resist an appeal to their sympathies. And, however deficient the unsophisticated Irish may be in prudential virtues, and in worldly wisdom, for generosity and self-sacrificing kindness, no people in the world can equal them.

The Emigrant Ship, still infected with the baleful fever, reached Grosse Isle in due season and was detained the usual time in quarantine. Many carried the seeds of the dreaded fever to the shelters provided for them on the island, and before the ship was purified and suffered to proceed to Quebec, more than half the remaining Emigrants rested under the sod. On the very day that they were preparing to depart, poor Allan was taken ill and carried to the hospital. Bessy's agony amounted to despair, for in her weak, fond heart was the strong love of a devoted wife, and the superstition of her uncultured race. It is well remembered what terror the progress of *ship fever* spread on every side, and how reluctant any but the devoted Nuns, or the most mercenary nurses, were found, to attend upon the sick. But Bessy's love was stronger than her fear, and nothing could keep her from her husband's side. The medical men, touched with her distress allowed her to attend upon him, and though almost unconscious of her presence, his