

unfortunately killed by the fall of an old wall, over which he was training a fig-tree.

The news of this terrible catastrophe was a deathblow to Reuben Collie. The afflicted mother and wife of Arthur, struggled with their own grief to offer consolation to him; but it was in vain, for he never smiled again. He no longer took any interest in the garden, which had been before so great a source of pleasure to him: he suffered the weeds to grow up in his borders, and the brambles to take root in his beds. His flowers bloomed unheeded by him, and his fruit trees remained unpruned; even his darling exotics, the very pride of his heart and the delight of his eyes, whose progress he had, heretofore, watched with an affection that almost savored of idolatry, were neglected; and, resisting all the efforts which his wife and daughter-in-law could make to rouse him from this sinful state of despair, he fell into a languishing disorder, and died a few months after the calamity that had rendered him childless.

And now the two widows, Annice and Margaret Collie, had no one to work for them, or render them any comfort in their bereavement, save the little Dorothy: nevertheless, they did not abandon themselves to the fruitless indulgence of grief, as poor Reuben had done; but, the day after they had, with tearful eyes, assisted at his humble obsequies, they returned to their accustomed occupations, or, rather, they commenced a course of unwonted labor in the neglected garden, setting little Dorothy to weed the walks and borders, while they prepared the beds to receive crops, or transplanted the early seedlings from the frames. And Dorothy, though so young, was dutifully and industriously disposed, and a great comfort to them both: it was her especial business to gather the strawberries and currants, and to cull the flowers for posies, and carry them out to sell daily; nor was she afraid to venture, even to the great City of London, on such errands, though her only companion and guard was a beautiful Spanish dog, called Constant, which had been given to her, when quite a little puppy, by her royal mistress, good Queen Catherine, who was wont to bestow much notice on the child; and she, in her turn, fondly cherished the dog for the sake of her former benefactress. But Constant was, for his own sake, very deserving of her regard, not only for his extraordinary sagacity and beauty, but for the faithful and courageous attachment which he manifested for her person, no one daring to attack or molest her while he was at her side. Constant was, moreover, very useful in carrying her basket of posies for her, while she was loaded on either arm with those which contained the fruit; and so they performed their daily peregrinations, each cheering the other under their burdens, with kindly

words on the one part, and looks and gestures of mutely eloquent affection on the other. Very fond and faithful friends were this guileless pair: and they were soon so well known, and excited so much interest, in the environs of London, that they were treated and caressed at almost every gentleman's house on the road: and the little girl found no difficulty in disposing of her fruit and flowers, and was as happy as a cheerful performance of her duties could render her. But these pleasant days did not last; the small-pox broke out in the neighbourhood:—Dorothy's mother was attacked with this fatal malady, and after a few days' severe illness, died; and the very night after the melancholy and hurried funeral of her beloved daughter-in-law took place, Annice Collie was laid upon the bed of sickness with the same cruel disease, and Dorothy was roused from the indulgence of the intense sorrow into which she was plunged by the unexpected death of her last surviving parent, to exert all her energies for the succor of her aged and helpless grandmother. "I know not how it was that I was enabled to watch, day and night, beside her bed, without sleep and almost without sustenance," would the weeping orphan say, whenever she referred to that sad period; "but of this I am assured, that the Lord, who feedeth the young ravens when they cry unto him, had compassion upon us both, or I never could have been supported, at my tender years, through trials like those. 'In the multitude of sorrows that I had in my heart, his comforts refreshed my soul;' and it was through his mercy that my dear grandmother recovered: but she never beheld the light of day again, the cruel disease had destroyed her sight." Yes, in addition to all her other afflictions, Annice Collie was now blind, a widow, childless, and destitute; yet was repining far from her; and, raising her sightless orbs to heaven, when she was informed by the sorrowful Dorothy of the extent of the calamity that had befallen her, in the loss of her daughter-in-law, she meekly said, with pious Lit, "It is the Lord, and shall I complain or fret myself because he hath, in his wisdom, resumed that which, in his bounty, he gave? Blessed be his holy name for all which he hath given, and for all that he hath taken away; though these eyes shall behold his glorious works no more, yet shall my lips continue to praise him who can bring light out of darkness."

But the illness of herself and her deceased daughter-in-law had consumed the little reserve that poor Annice had made for the payment of their rent; and their landlord, a hard and covetous man, who had, ever since the death of Reuben Collie, cast a greedy eye on the garden, which he and his son had made and planted with such labor and cost, called upon the poor widow on the quarter-day, and told her, with many

harsh words, that, unless she resigned the lease of the garden to him, he would distrain her goods for the rent she owed him, and turn her and her grand-daughter into the street.

"It is hard to resign the lease of the garden, which has not yet remunerated us for the sum my poor husband laid out upon it, just as it is becoming productive; but I am in your debt, Master Barker, so you must deal with me according to your conscience," said the blind widow; on which he took the garden into his own hands, and made a merit of leaving the two forlorn ones in the possession of the cottage.

And now Dorothy betook herself to spinning, for the maintenance of herself and her helpless relative; but it was not much that she could earn in that way, after having been accustomed to active employment in the open air: and then, her grandmother fell sick again of a rheumatic fever, and Dorothy was compelled to sell first one piece of furniture and then another to purchase necessaries for her, till at length nothing was left but the bed on which poor Annice lay; and, when Dorothy looked round the desolate apartment that had formerly been so neat and comfortable, she was almost tempted to rejoice that her grandmother could not behold its present dreary aspect.

Winter again approached with more than ordinary severity: quarter day came, and found the luckless pair unprovided with money to pay the rent; and their cruel landlord turned the blind widow and her orphan grandchild into the street: and, but for the benevolence of a poor laundress, who, out of pity, admitted them into her wretched hovel by the way-side, they would have had no shelter from the inclemency of the night that followed. Annice, helpless as an infant, sunk down upon the straw, whereon her compassionate neighbor had assisted in placing her, and, having expressed her thanks, turned her face to the wall; for she could not bear that her son's orphan should see the tears which she vainly strove to repress: but she could not hide them from the anxious scrutiny of the weeping girl. Dorothy did not speak, but looked very earnestly on the pale cheek and sunken features of her venerable grandmother, while she appeared to hold communion with her own heart on some subject of very painful interest. At length she rose up with the air of one who has effected a mighty conquest, and exclaimed, "Yes, dearest grandmother, it shall be made—I will sell Constant."

"Sell Constant!" echoed her grandmother; "can you part with the gift of our royal mistress?"

"Not willingly, believe me," said Dorothy, throwing her arms about the neck of her mute favorite, and bursting into a flood of tears; "but how can I see you want