

"Maud, you used to have a guid hame, an ye were well off ta."

"Used to, Aunt Maggie; used to, not now," she repeated in a sort of dreamy way. "Used to have a home, a father, and mother, brothers, sisters, good clothes to wear, plenty to eat and drink. I never had to chore and slush like you. Just to sew, and walk out. A good home,—used to; not now. Now I have no home, but I am going to one."

"Maud, is there anything I can do for ye, my woman."

"Yes, Aunt Magg. you can go away, and mind your own business. Let me alone, I don't want you to talk to me, and if— Oh, yes, I want you to give me some money. You will never get it back again. But you can take my beautiful silk dress. Sell it, or wear it. Quick, now, give me the money, and let me go."

"How much, Maud?"

"Nine or ten, Aunt Magg, or five dollars, if you have no more. Hurry now, before any one comes."

"I haven't that much, Maud, but come hame wi' me and sleep on my bed in the garret this ea' nicht, and in the morn I'll do a' I can for ye. I've been a' roun' the country, and ken far mair about it then ye do, sa come awa', my woman."

"Do you want me to be turned out again? You old thing, you! No, I am tired enough without having to walk the same ground over," retorted Maud.

"Oh, Maud! Maud!" pleaded her aunt, "if ye have any respect for yer deed father, come wi' me, sleep this ea' nicht, an' in the morn I'll do whatever is in my power. Yer mother 'ill be down at gran-nie's noo, sa come awa', my woman."

"Oh, aunty, aunty, must I go back again? Mother will be seeing me, and, oh, she will kill me. Oh, save us, what will I do?"

"Dinna be feered, my woman. Ye ken yer mother never looks near the garret, ye might be there for weeks an she wadna' ken; I've little money about me, but I ha' some nice cheese and crackers."

"Then give me some, aunt, for I am faint with hunger. Oh! that is nice, give me some more. Oh! Aunt Magg, if you had always spoken in that kind way I might not have been the fallen creature I am."

CHAPTER XXXII.

Two hours later and Maud lay sleeping quietly in her aunt's bed. At the far end of the room sat Maggie. There was little sleep in her head. Sometimes talking to the unseen, sometimes to herself, as we before noticed it was a habit of hers. "An' what for am I here the nicht? An' what kept me in the paths of virtue? What for am I no an outcast wanderin' crater? Lord, it was Thy hand that sheltered and guided me, an' I cannie help but love Thee. Thou art my strength, my Lord and Redeemer. Help, oh! help me in my present duty." The next day Maud woke up with a bursting