

for the bare imagination of what they might have suffered made her wild with distress. She said to herself, 'What for Daph go to tink about tings, jus' as likely nebber was at all! Daph makes out de great Lord couldn't save massa and Miss Elize all hisself, widout Daph to help him! Foolish darkey! She better cheer up, and take care ob de children, 'stead o' just whimper, whimper, like a sick monkey.'

Daph had to go through a course of consolation, similar to the above, very frequently, to enable her to maintain her cheerfulness; but the piteous questions of the little Louise well-nigh overcame all the poor negress's philosophy.

'I'se tell you what it is, Miss Lou,' poor Daph said, desperately, at last, 'I'se jus' tell you what it is; de great Lord is a-taken care ob your mamma, and if you's a good girl, you'll jus' see her some day, and

attacks it was far more difficult to meet.

The little woman whose angry voice had attracted Daph's attention at first, kept her humble lodger familiar with its harsh tones. Daph's appearance was the signal for a volley of complaints, as to the noise made by the children, the marks left on the floor by Daph's feet, as she returned from the well, the unpleasantness of 'seeing other folks, so much at home in one's own house,' &c., &c.

Daph never had a chance to get any farther than, 'Deed Mis' Ray!' in her attempts at self-justification, for the opening of her mouth was sure to produce another tirade on the 'impudence of certain people that nobody knew anything about.'

The demure-looking little girl was generally a silent spectator of these attacks; but now and then she was forced to cry out, 'Oh, mother! don't!' which protest

quent poverty, had somewhat soured Mrs. Ray's temper; but her last bereavement seemed to have made her all acidity. She constantly reproached Mary for being a useless girl, always in her mother's sight, when the dear boy, on whom she had hoped to lean, had been taken from her.

Daph's keen sympathies were soon warmly enlisted for little Mary, who had really begun to believe she was quite in fault for continuing to cumber the earth, when nobody wanted her here.

Daph never passed Mary without a cheerful word, and she contrived to show the child many trifling acts of kindness, which went directly to her heart.

At one time, Daph, with her strong arm, lifted Mary's heavy pail of water; at another she took her pitcher to the milkman in a pouring rain: and one day, when she could think of no other way of showing her interest, she secretly bestowed on the little girl one of the few oranges which still remained of the store brought from the ship.

Mary's sorrowful face, Mrs. Ray's harsh voice, the penetrating chill in the air, and the monotonous life she led in the single room, made it hard for Daph to bear up cheerfully; and, but for the children, she would have withdrawn to a corner and moped all the time. She managed to keep up her spirits during the day; but when the little ones were asleep, she had her own sad wakeful hours. More than a week had passed in this dreary way. Daph saw her treasured store of money fast diminishing, under the necessary expenditure to supply the simple wants of the little establishment; and she already saw, too plainly, that the whole party must soon have a new outfit of clothing, or they would be disgraced by their rags and uncleanliness.

The children were quietly slumbering near her; she had extinguished her candle, that it might not waste its feeble light, and, with her head on her hand, she began to consider seriously the situation in which she found herself. The present was dark enough, but what was she to think of the gloomy future.

Where should she look for the work she would so willingly do? How could she leave her little charge, even if that work were found.

A sense of utter helplessness came over the poor negress, and hot tears poured down her cheeks.

A sudden thought struck her: there was one all-powerful, and to him she would go. She fell on her knees, and uttered her first simple prayer: 'Will de great Lord gib poor Daph something to do?'

(To be continued.)



OH, MOTHER, DON'T!

if you is not, de great Lord will nebber bring you together.'

Daph's manner, as well as her words, had some effect upon Louise, and she tried to content herself with watching the rain streaming down the window-panes; and was soon in a sufficiently cheerful mood to march up and down the room to the sound of Charlie's music, greatly to his satisfaction.

The dreary weather without was not all Daph had to contend with; she found she had an enemy within the house, whose

was generally met by a sharp box of the ear, and a, 'Take that, Mary, and learn to be quiet.' If Mary Ray had learned any lesson, it certainly was to be quiet. She rarely spoke, and her footsteps were almost as noiseless as the fall of the winter snow.

Daph soon found out that Mrs. Ray considered Mary especially guilty, in having presumed to live, when her brother, a fine healthy boy, had been snatched away by sudden disease.

The loss of her husband, and conse-

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