

bring up her son "to a trade;" and, till he was thirteen years of age, she contrived to procure him a common country-town education. Then the ruin of his father, and the fatal sickness of his mother drove the family to seek a shelter among those who were poorer than themselves. The total want of cleanliness, the disorder, and the destitution of the widow's cabin, were scarcely more repugnant to the taste of the indulged boy, long accustomed to a home of comparative luxury, than to Mrs. Arncliffe, weaned, by fourteen years of English comforts, from the careless and unthrifty habits of her early days. The poor woman rapidly sunk amidst her privations and sorrows, and then William shrunk with still more disgust from the want and misery that surrounded him.

"But, my poor boy," said Mr. Rodney, roused from his studies by William's tale of sorrow, extorted by the sympathy of Harold, "why did you not fulfil the intentions of your parents; why did you not return to England, and adopt the mode of life they had planned for you?"

"It was no longer possible for me to attempt it, sir," said the boy. "Without money, without friends, and without any knowledge of mechanics or trade, I could not obtain a living; and I had neither the wish nor the ability to become a servant."

"An unpleasant position, certainly," murmured Mr. Rodney. "Like the unjust steward of Scripture, you could not dig; to beg you were ashamed. I trust that you had no inclination, like him, to turn to dishonesty to gain a living."

"My mother taught me, sir," replied William indignantly, "that I could not be dishonest, and hope to see the kingdom of God."