

the nickname of 'Irishtown' to the settlement, and was attracted by their actions and gruntings. Hastening to the place, he was horrified to find the body of old Moxom, cold in death. He had fallen down, and had apparently died, where he had fallen, without a struggle. It was a pitiful end, even to such a life as Moxom's.

'Like a beast he lived,' commented James, 'and such an end might have been mine. O God, I've been saved just in time.'

He called loudly for help. Jenkins and some other men heard the call, and came to him. They too were shocked at the sight that met them, but they quickly set to work. A stretcher was made, and the body was taken into the nearest house. Here the body was laid out for burial, and a decent coffin was soon made for it by Jenkins. Fortunately the head was not mutilated, and the whole truth was never told to his daughters. Mary was nearly broken-hearted when she heard of her father's death. Sarah was rather glad to be relieved of such a monster of a father. She had known nothing good of him, poor girl; neither had Mary, but the latter had prayed for his salvation, and now his sad end crushed her loving hopes, and she sorrowed with a grief too deep for words.

The body was quietly buried, Jenkins uttering a short prayer at the grave and giving what consolation he could to the daughters.

Mary was almost incapable of work for some time, and sought Wistaria to carry on her work. Though very young for such work, Wistaria did