

of great tribulation' I strove to look to Him who 'will not break the bruised reed.' True, I was shut out of all religious companionship, too wretched in the eyes of respectability to attend public worship, yet in my miserable garret, when thinking of the best privileges of others, I used often to exclaim in the words of Esau, 'hast thou not another blessing? bless me, even me also, oh my Father.' And the prayer was answered—strength was given to endure the storm of grief that was coming. Returning one evening with a fresh supply of needle-work from the shop, my landlady met me at the door, and said that a gentleman was in my room waiting to see me. I hastened upstairs, thinking it was some vexatious mistake, as I had no acquaintance. When, as I entered the room, by the pale gleam of the moon (for I had no fire or light), I saw a man leaning over the bed where my dear little ones slept. He turned as I approached, and calling me by name, I instantly recognized the well remembered face and voice of my dear brother, my favorite play-fellow who left us for the navy. It was but natural that meeting under such circumstances we should be overcome with emotion. My brother wept aloud, and hours passed before I could collect myself to reply to his impetuous enquiries as to the cause of the misery he witnessed. I had always been his favorite sister; judge therefore his anger when reluctantly the truth—only a part of it—was forced in a measure from me. It seemed he had arrived at home on leave for six weeks, after some hard service, which had not passed unrewarded, as he was now a Lieutenant, and that hearing the melancholy account of me, and seeing my letter refusing their offer, he determined to come to town, and as I had my letters addressed to a little shop I dealt at, by dint of enquiry he managed to find me out. It was a much harder thing to refuse my brother's passionate entreaty that I would return home, than it was to write my former refusal. Nevertheless, I felt my duty clear, and said, those whom God hath joined, let not man put asunder. He had not much sympathy with me in this matter, but finding I would not be assisted in his way, with all the generosity of affection determined to help me in my own way. At a late hour we separated, and he promised to call on the ensuing day and see in what way he could be useful to me. Long before he returned the next day, I was anxiously expecting him, and in explanation of his delay, he told me to prepare immediately to remove to healthier lodgings—whether I and my children went in a hackney coach, and found a neat little cheerful looking place that seemed like paradise compared to that we left. My kind brother then enquired the amount of the debt my husband owed, and after a long stay with me departed to pay it in the evening. On this day, I ought to have gone to see my husband, but so many events all working together, as I thought for the comfort of my poor little ones and him, had occupied the time until it was too late for me to gain admission, and I busied myself with thinking the joy it would be for me to go and tell my husband he was free. Alas! Cameron had been visited during that day by a person actuated by every petty feeling of low malignity—the landlady, whose house I left, vexed perhaps at losing a lodger, or eager to tell a painful tale, had gone to the prison and possessed my poor infatuated, besotted husband, with a horrible suspicion, amounting to actual certainty—when the woman said I had left under a strange gentleman's protection—and showed the money she had received in payment of what we owed her. He drank madly after she left, and feeling more and more convinced by my absence, became so outrageous that his boon companions found it difficult to keep him from committing acts of violence. About the time that I set out on the following morning with my brother to meet Cameron at the prison, the discharge my brother had procured was sent, and he was at liberty; hurrying with wild steps towards our old lodgings. Even in that hour of mental torture the public-house was an enticement, he stepped into one that stood at

the corner of the very street my brother and I were walking up—after spending his last coin in the liquid fire he came out of the side door with the face of a demon, directly before us. I screamed with astonishment, and a vague feeling of terror. My brother and Cameron had never seen each other, and before I regained composure or presence of mind, in the very instant of recognition, my miserable, infatuated husband rushed upon my brother, struck him a fearful blow that caused him to reel off the pavement and fall heavily forward, completely in the way of a stage coach that was turning the corner swiftly at the time. My frantic cries were vain, the dreadful coach passed on, and my brother—my good, kind, dear brother, lay in the road a mangled corpse! All this passed so swiftly, that even now it seems like a fearful dream. I remembered nothing more for some time; when I recovered, after weeks of unremembered suffering, to a sense of my misery, I found my sister in deep mourning seated beside my bed—after long preparation and many entreaties she told me the truth as to the condition of my family. My husband had fled no one knew whither, perhaps dreading the result of the Coroner's Inquest, or more probably stung with remorse. My poor mother was dead—never held up her head after hearing of the horrible death of her youngest son. God had also removed my little girl, she had died in a fit during the first week of my illness. The people with whom my brother was staying sent the news of his death, gathered from the newspapers into the country, and as soon as she had paid the last duties to my mother, my sister had come to take charge of me; a providential circumstance, as her care in all human probability was the means of saving my life.

“My two remaining brothers were both married, and kindly offered me a home with either of them, but I felt myself unequal to going among the connections of my early youth. I wished to hide my griefs among strangers; my sister, however, would not leave me, but insisted on coming down, as you know, to this village, where I came in search of health and peace of mind, as much as of employment.—We were not long established in a little cottage my brothers hired for us, before your dear departed mother took notice of us, and being very anxious just then to procure a suitable mistress for the village school, soon prevailed on my sister to take the place. My poor little boy, though sadly deformed, seemed improving in his health, and a few months of quiet greatly restored me. I can never be grateful enough for the sympathy of your mother; I have tried to pay part of the debt, dear Miss Harriet, by faithful care and love to you, who, by the inscrutable will of Providence, so young and helpless, became my charge, and I am thankful that my promise to do a mother's part by you, was a great solace to poor Mrs Leslie in her dying hour. I came to live here on the day that sad event took place, and if I could have forgotten the past, and thought less of the wanderer, I might have been happy, for my sister was the kindest of aunts to my boy. You were about three years old when I at length gained some tidings of my husband. My brothers wrote me that he had been seen in their neighborhood. As my residence was no secret, I continually dreaded, yet hoped to see or hear something of him. It was a very severe winter that year, and often during the inclement nights, my thoughts wandered to the condition of the houseless. There was a low public house in the village so noted for riots that the license was to be withdrawn. On one of the very coldest nights of that inclement winter, I heard old Wilkins the gardener, talking about a miserable creature who was drinking there. My heart always beat high with painful thoughts when intemperance was named, and on this night I could not sleep for thinking of the bitter woe that one vice caused. I often fancied during that night that I heard cries proceeding from the church-yard, into which you know my chamber looks, and once I arose and looked out on the clear yet intense cold moonlight night. All was then silent.—