

of maternal instruction, and strengthening each other in holy purposes of living.

While Annie was pursuing her daily routine, she was loved by the son of a rich merchant, Mr. Mertin, who immediately offered her his hand and fortune. She frankly told him that she had promised her dying mother, to be a mother to her sister and brother; that they were dependent upon her for counsel and care; and she would not forsake her trust. Mr. Mertin, upon hearing this disinterested resolution, immediately proposed such arrangements that they were all included in the general provision for happiness.

They now spend the winter in the city, and the summer in the country, in the midst of old friends, and none of her neighbors envy her happiness, but think Mr. Mertin was fortunate to win such a prize, although he was worthy, elegant, and wealthy. I have seldom met a more beautiful illustration of the care Providence takes of those who put their trust in Him, than is shown in this happy family. I have long known my friend Annie Mertin, and have admired the way in which she has been led through the paths of simple duty, and along the way of self-denying labor, to the wealth and influence which virtue only merits, or can appropriately enjoy.

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GENEVIEVE.

Montreal, January 14, 1854.

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### HAVEN'T THE CHANGE.

It was house-cleaning time, and I had an old woman at work scrubbing and cleaning paint.

"Polly is going, ma'am," said one of my domestics, as the twilight began to fall.

"Very well. Tell her that I shall want her to-morrow."

"I think she would like to have her money for to-day's work," said the girl.

I took out my purse, and found that I had nothing in it less than a sovereign.

"How much does she have a day?"

"Two shillings, ma'am."

"I haven't the change this evening. Tell her that I'll pay for both days to-morrow."