

self, and every living thing within its walls, beneath the ruins.

"I was on a visit, (shall I say fortunately) at Port Royal, with my dear mother, when this calamity befell us, and we were thus saved from sharing my good uncle's fate.

"His death again threw us friendless upon the world—a distant relation of my uncle becoming heir to the property, which, had he lived, would have been mine. His successor, however, was not deficient in a kind and liberal spirit. He defrayed the expenses of our passage to England, and presented my mother with a draft for a hundred pounds, to secure us from immediate want, on our return to our native country. We had a safe and speedy passage home. My dear mother's heart yearned once more to behold the place of her nativity; and she expressed the most ardent desire to end her days in B—. I did not like to disappoint her, though I must confess, that the idea of a returning friendless and poor to the place that had witnessed our prosperity, was very painful to my feelings. I had seen too much of the world not to know by bitter experience, that its warmest professions of friendship are often influenced by the situation we hold, and the wealth we are thought to possess. I wrote to you, Alice, prior to my leaving the Island, communicating our distressed circumstances, and the plans which poverty had obliged us to form to obtain a maintenance for the future. To this letter I received no answer and about three weeks ago, I returned with my mother to B—, I found most of our friends had forgotten us,—that those who had received the greatest kindness from us were the first to disown our acquaintance. Dispirited by the cold and condescending manner with which I was greeted by my old associates, I could not prevail upon myself to call upon you, not doubting but that you had heard of our return; and to have experienced the same neglect from one whom I had loved from a child, would have paralyzed my exertions and nearly broken my heart."

"And what plans have you formed, dear Jane, for your future support?"

"I hope I have too much self-respect, Alice, to blush while owing to you that my needle must for the future supply me and my mother with our daily bread. God has been very merciful to us, and we have never wanted employment since I commenced sempstress. This foolish pride will now and then rebel. Indeed, it is one of the greatest obstacles in the path of duty which poor human nature has to encounter. Yet, the maker of heaven and earth, worked as a carpenter. What a beautiful and touching example of real greatness! Into what insignificance does it shrink our high sounding titles and lofty pretensions.

"But come, let me introduce you to my dear mother,—it will cheer her heart to find that we are not deserted by all our friends."

Jane ceased speaking, and stopped before a small white cottage that stood on the edge of the common and commanded a fine view of the ruined Abbey.

The dwelling only comprised a sitting room, which served for both parlor and kitchen, a bedroom or rather closet, and a pantry; but these were kept so exquisitely neat that it gave to the whole an air of respectability and comfort. The old lady was sitting at the open casement at work. Some rural lover of nature had twined a sweet briar round it which shed a delicious perfume into the apartment. "This looks like the abode of peace," said Alice, as she crossed the humble threshold. "May the peace of God, rest upon its inmates."

"Still the same Alice, I ever knew thee," said the old lady, dropping her work, and folding the benevolent girl in her arms. "Yes, my dear child, we are poor, but not destitute, afflicted, but not cast down. We have still a roof to shelter us from the blast; and still enjoy the protection of him who has said, 'I will take care of your fatherless children, and let your widows trust in me. May his rich blessing be upon thee, Alice Linhope.'"

Alice wept upon the old lady's bosom—an arrow had pierced her own soul; and that morning she was peculiarly alive to the sorrows of others. Mrs. Featherstone displayed such calm resignation to the will of heaven, under the pressure of misfortune, that her fortitude excited stronger feelings of admiration than pity. Taking up the Bible, which lay on the table near her, Alice opened it at that beautiful passage in the psalms: "I have been young and now am old: yet saw I never the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread." "This is a blessed assurance," said Alice, closing the book. "He who has promised his protection to those who fear his name will never depart from his word."

"When I possessed wealth, Alice Linhope, I thought my house was built so strong that it would endure forever. I was proud of my situation, of my family and friends, and knew not how really poor I was, how utterly worthless were those things which engaged my thoughts. It pleased God to bring down my pride to the dust and silence all my vain boastings. My husband lost his property—my two promising sons died in early life—the home of my love passed into the hands of strangers. The friends who had courted me in prosperity, in the day of my adversity were no longer found, and I and my affectionate child were wanderers and exiles in a foreign land."

"These were heavy trials," murmured Alice.

"They were—my heart has been softened and hal- lowed by suffering, and I feel that I have not endured and suffered in vain—I no longer view poverty as such a dreadful evil—her chastisements have reconciled me to my present lot, and taught me to centre all my hopes and affections upon God. If our means are small, and I am forced in my old age, to work