

the husband and father bade adieu to a beloved companion, and cherub daughter, who was just beginning to delight him with her infant prattle, he first knew how closely they were entwined about his heart.

When Mr. Murray first arrived in New York, his finances were exhausted; and the expense of fitting up a tenement, and of supplying his domestic necessities, had nearly consumed what he had been able since to acquire. He was, therefore, compelled to leave his wife and child with only a partial provision for their support during his absence, intending to remit an additional supply should his stay be prolonged. Of this, however, the self-denying wife told him to take no thought, for her needle could easily supply the deficiency. Interested in watching the unfolding powers of her little Ellen, cheered and amused with her childish gambols, and always employed either in her maternal duties, or in efforts to provide for herself the means of subsistence, Mrs. Murray endured the absence of her husband with more cheerfulness than she had dared to hope for. Not long, however, after the departure of the latter, his landlord, hearing of his absence, began to feel some anxiety respecting the payment of his rent—presuming that “the young fellow had some wild project in his head, and would never come back.” “Certainly,” he said, “he must have some better security than the old uncle’s guineas.” He, therefore, signified to the unprotected wife his wish to have his house vacated. Mrs. Murray instantly paid the worthy man, who was “only doing justice to himself,” the arrearages then due, and made preparations for changing her residence. She obtained a still more humble abode, and, with only a trifling sum of money in her possession, quietly resigned herself to her situation. It was her design, in addition to informing her husband in England of her present residence, to leave her address with their former landlord, that, in case her letters failed of reaching him, he might easily find her on his return to New York.

Little Ellen was now nearly three years old, and, in disposition and person, the perfect miniature of her mother. Doubtless that fond mother already began to anticipate the delight with which the returning father would witness her infantile improvements—for improvements are made during even a brief period of

human existence in its budding state, sufficient to interest more indifferent observers than a parent; and every day and every hour add something to the acquisitions of the young being just beginning to exercise its physical and intellectual faculties.

Mrs. Murray was in an obscure neighbourhood; she knew nothing of those who lived in her immediate vicinity, and was unknown to them. A few weeks after her removal, Ellen was one day heard to cry piteously, and was occasionally seen at the door with an appearance which indicated the want of attention. As the day wore away, she continued crying at intervals, until the unusual circumstance induced a neighbouring woman to go to the house. The child was weeping over, and endeavouring to arouse, a DEAD MOTHER! The woman was satisfied, on questioning her, that her mother had not risen at all that day—to all appearance she died many hours before, perhaps during the night. Others were called in, the body prepared for burial, and, on application to the proper authorities, was, the following day, committed to the grave. A female in humble life, who, among many of her own class, went to see the corpse and the child, proposed “to take the poor little thing for her own—‘it is a pity she should be sent to the poor house,’ said the kind-hearted woman—‘if she were my baby, I should want somebody to have her that would love her.’” No competitor appeared, and no knowledge of the deceased woman or her friends could be obtained, the little one was readily committed to her charge, with such of Mrs. Murray’s effects as remained after defraying funeral expenses.

The child soon became attached to her new mother, though she long grieved for her “dear mamma.” As she called herself Ellen, the name was still continued to her, but she could not tell that of her parents. Very little could be learnt from her except that “Papa had gone away over the water.” A miniature was found in Mrs. Murray’s possession, which was judged to be her own, and the considerate woman who had taken Ellen obtained that also, thinking it might one day be the means of restoring her to her relatives, if she had any.

Mr. Murray’s stay in England was somewhat protracted, and, before he was ready to embark for America, he began to feel considerable uneasiness at having no intelligence from his wife. Communicators between the two