

those rare old maids who are so sweet and wholesome that even youth, hot and impatient, tenders cordial homage to them.

Minnie braves her sorrow bravely. To look at her one would not suspect that she had ever passed through deep suffering. Disappointment and loss either curl the lips in bitter cynicism, or give them so soft, so gracious, so touching an expression, as make their caress, falling upon the wretched and forsaken, a benediction. When suffering steels the heart, and poises the nature in an attitude of silent scorn for the worst affront of fortune, it is fatal. It takes the life simply. That is all. When it melts the heart, pity finds a soft place, and the ministry of sorrow becomes, not a phrase, but an experience. Very few know Minnie's secret. Her parents never mention the name of Donald Morrison. She quietly goes about her modest duties, and the few poor old people in the village left desolate in their old age, when the shadows lengthen, and the gloom of the long night is gathering, find that she has

“A tear for pity,
And a hand open as day for melting charity.”

THE END.