

the dying pillow, was done by cheerful hands ; and many cherished ones softly glided in and out with words of comfort and sympathy. I had stood, too, by the dying beds of the poor, and had watched with admiration how every nerve had been strained to provide comforts for the sick one out of the hard-earned wages ; and kind neighbours were ever ready to come in and share the weary night-watch. But now a new phase of suffering presented itself, one I had not heard of before, and I oft repeated those dismal words, "dying alone !" "dying alone !" Death on the battle-field amidst the dying and slain, or death in the crowded wards of a hospital, seemed comfort to me compared to this, and I even prayed, "Lord, may I never die alone."

Nearly a week after this I found myself on the way to see the poor creature I did not even know by name, but whose circumstances called for my deepest sympathy—"dying alone !" 'Twas a very low door by which I entered a very small dark room ; the window, but one pane of glass, scarcely giving sufficient light to show distinctly the few objects in that chamber ; and it was with a feeling somewhat akin to awe, I went up to the low bed in the corner, and gazed upon that aged woman dying alone ! It was a calm and pleasant face, though much furrowed and wrinkled by care and years ; her silvery hair was parted upon her brow, and her white cap and sheets showed no signs of neglect—yet she was dying alone !

"Sit down, Miss," she said, with a kindly smile ;