

procured for her, and every day good men and women prayed with her. Flowers, among them the favorite forget-me-not, and fruit and food and luxuries were sent to her cell.

She was acquitted. Upon her discharge Rev. Mr. Barnes proposed marriage to her. She declined, and came to Vancouver to stay with some friends here who had been attracted to her by the story of her sufferings. The clergyman went mad, and was sent to the state lunatic asylum. It was during her stay in Vancouver that I met her in the car, and to that incident may be attributed this story. After leaving here Mrs. Royce returned to the Sound, where she sought employment as a stenographer and typewriter. But who cared to employ a woman who had once walked the streets and who had been tried for killing her husband? It was true that she was a regenerate, and that she now belonged to a church and went to communion. It was urged that she had been forced to sin by a dissolute husband, and that she had committed a righteous act in ridding the world of him. All argument was of no effect. No one wanted her. Even those ladies who had visited her in prison and sent her food and fruit and flowers, and who had prayed with her, objected to their husbands or sons taking the beautiful creature into their business offices, and in the end—well, she turned from the new life and went back to the old!

“Alas for the rarity  
Of Christian charity  
Under the sun.”