

gelic messenger of alleviation. She literally went in and out among them blessing on her way. Especially was this true among her friends in the village of Osmotherly, in Yorkshire. Thither she went on a visit of three weeks, but as mercy never pleaded with her a second time, she remained to cheer and console. "I could not have come at a better time to do good," is her language. "My aunt's two daughters are married, and live in this village; one of them with three children, has a husband at the point of death with a fever; his brother died yesterday of the small pox, and two children have the whooping cough." And here in this secluded spot did Mary Pickard spend days and nights in watching until she closed the eyelids of five in death. This is a picture which speaks with powerful eloquence. Unconscious that the glory of this scene would gleam across the ocean to fill and awaken other hearts, or that the beauty of her life here would find its record, years afterward, in the "Household Words" of Dickens,* she silently pursues her work of mercy.

The scene changes. The ocean is recrossed, and the devoted daughter and tried friend becomes a wife and a mother. And here again the same gentle thoughtfulness and concern for other's happiness, a scrupulous fidelity to every duty, and a growing desire of increasing usefulness mark her career. The experiences of her past life were admirably fitted as a preparation to become a stay and support to one whose thought and strength were consecrated upon the altar of religion. It was a blessed Provi-

* A series of papers, illustrative of Mrs. Ware's work of mercy in this Yorkshire village, appeared in Dickens' "Household Words." They were entitled "The Sickness and Health of the People of Bleaburn," and were written, as we have been informed, by Miss Martineau.—
Ed. L. C.