

pension, and I believe some small annuity fell with her, and the two little orphans—orphans now in the fullest extent of the desolate term, were left to be thrown upon the wide cold world, without other friend or protector than the faithful, but now helpless old Mary. For what could she do? and the children themselves, they were but children still; what could they do?

Amy, the oldest, inheriting the energetic mind of her mother, determined what they would *not* do. They would not be a burthen upon their poor old nurse. She *was* old now, and would have quite enough to do to support herself, and she therefore was resolutely bent upon their earning their own livelihood. To this end she applied to the storekeeper in the settlement where they lived to endeavor to get her delicate little brother into some situation in a store, in the great town of——. He at once kindly complied with her request, and was completely successful in his application, and she went down with Henry to see him installed in his new place, and with a view also to obtain for herself some similar situation in the same town, in order that they might not be separated. In this also she succeeded, even beyond her most sanguine expectations, and in obtaining employment, she found a home.—A home all but equal to the one she had lost—not so, poor Henry, to whose melancholy history we now return.

It was early in the morning, a raw chilling morning, in the month of April, about 6 o'clock, and just as the fires in the stoves were beginning to be felt, that Henry Herbert was slowly ascending the long and winding stairs to his lonely garret room. He had hardly however reached the last, the weary sixty-fourth, (I counted them myself, in one of my many visits afterwards to the sick boy,) when a lighter and rapid step went bounding after him. It was Louis Graham's. He found the poor boy tugging at one of his boots, and trying in vain to get it on. He had been on his feet the day before for more than *seventeen hours*, aye and for many a long and weary day before that, till, as his kind friend suspected, his feet and legs had become so swollen that he could *not* get his boots on.

"Put on mine, Henry my boy," he said in a tone and manner denoting a cheerfulness he certainly did not feel, "they are a size or two larger than yours," he continued, "and you'll find them underneath my drawers, at the other end of the room."