

few days her furniture would be sold ; I knew but too well what that look meant ; Maida must go sooner or later ; and I said out aloud, " Maida must go." She did not wait to hear more but hurried from the room. In a few minutes I heard her talking to the men who were still waiting below in the hall. Although I could not distinguish the words, I knew what she was saying ; I would never see Maida again, the playmate of my girlhood, the companion of my poverty ; be it so ; the heart can break but once. My baby was on my knee, his little lips tightened over his gums, and his eyes without lustre, the glaze of death would soon cover them ; I would have to part with a dearer than Maida in a few hours.

I carried my child to my bed, and lay down. I would never sew again ; I would lie there and die with my baby ; I knew he would die first, but I would not say he was dead. Mrs. Wilson would not know until I was myself dead ; we would be buried together.

I lay there for more than an hour looking with burning eyes at the white wall, and wondering if it was true there was another world, and if my child and I would live again there ; and then I wondered why God who gave meat to the wild beasts in their caves, suffered us to die of hunger ; and why He gave one to fare sumptuously every day, and another to perish of cold and want, yet both His children.

The child moaned ; that feeble moan brought my eyes from the white wall back to the attic room ; I looked at Maida's place by the side of the cradle, it was empty ; she used to go out every evening ; some of the neighbours fed her and she regularly went to be fed, always returning in less than an hour ; but this night she would not return. She went before seven with the men who have got her to sell. Hark ! the church clock is striking eight, she will never come again, she