

CHAPTER VI.

FOURTEEN or fifteen years passed away. All the vain hopes of my girlhood had passed away also.

Instead of being a rich lady, the mistress of a fine house and the head of a large establishment, as I had once fondly pictured to myself that I was certain to be, I was poor, solitary, and dependent on my own exertions for support.

I need not explain how this came to pass. The Bible tells us that 'riches take to themselves wings, and fly away as an eagle toward heaven,' and so it had been in my experience. I may say, however, that my father had been many years dead, and that soon after his death the knowledge and experience of poverty had been brought home to me.

I had not many friends; but there were two