

Little Violet was not two years old when her father was drowned with two of his companions while out on the water, leaving his wife and child in actual poverty. Had not Mrs. Grant have had her brother to turn to, what would have become of her it is hard to say, but he, as soon as he heard the sad intelligence, hastened to her side to comfort her, and give the aid she so much needed, and after settling her affairs, and paying all debts contracted by his brother-in-law, he brought her with the little Violet to his home in New York, where they had remained ever since, enjoying every comfort and luxury that a home of affluence could afford. Mrs. Grant had never possessed much energy, and the little she had seemed to leave her on the death of her husband, whom she had (in spite of his faults) loved as only woman can love, fondly and trustingly; and although now not absolutely ill, she fancied herself so, and had for some years hardly left her room, where her little daughter and an old servant (who had crossed the Atlantic with them because she had been Mrs. Grant's nurse, as