

is the viper that is ever gnawing the heart with its envenomed tooth, whether it stealthily coils in the quiet recesses of domestic life, crawls into the more open thoroughfare of the street or halls of amusement. It is always the same ; its bite never ceases.

But as life ripened into maturity, one stroke of bereavement after another rapidly fell upon her heart. Like the messengers of Job, no sooner was one tale of evil tidings told than another followed. The earthly remains of aged grand-parents and her dispirited father, were successively borne to the tomb, and at the age of twenty-five her heart was riven and torn from the strongest ties of life. Well might she say at this time, " I seem to hang so loosely on the world, that it is of little importance where I am." But where there is a hand, a will, and a heart to do good, occasions are never wanting. They will be sought. And even here the sympathy which these varied experiences of sorrow awaken, and the loveliness they portray are softened and alleviated by the recollection that they became the means of a brighter illustration of Christian heroism, in those scenes of beneficent ministrations which exhibit her in the light of a Christian friend.

At no period were the life and virtues of Mary Pickard more signally shown than during her brief residence in England, after her father's death. His sister, the only member of the family, was a widow, who had been dependent on the brother for pecuniary assistance. To aid her aunt in her need, a visit to her was projected by this good woman. Once among her friends in a strange land, she found them in a condition that called forth the declaration, " I am fated to find trouble wherever I go." With equal truth she might have added, and to become an an-