

face, so capable of lighting up with a joyous and happy expression, wore a sad and thoughtful look now; for life, viewed from her stand-point, was very dark, and had not her faith been strong in the promises of One who has declared himself to be, "A father of the fatherless," she would have sunk with dismay as she anticipated the future.

Yet let none deem her weak or timid, if sometimes her heart fainted within her, for with no male relative near, to whom she could look up for protection—her only uncle dwelling in a distant land—and the probability that would sometimes pierce like a poisoned dart through her spirit, that ere long the nearest, the dearest, the most cherished object of affection, would have to be resigned to the relentless conqueror, Death; it would have been strange indeed, if sometimes Hope, and Faith, and Courage, had not seemed to forsake her.

Young ladies, in your wealthy homes, surrounded by every luxury, ministered constantly to by kind friends, every wish anticipated, every desire gratified; ye butterflies of fashion,

"Imagining in your hours of glee,
That all the world was made for yee,"

Alice Weldon was as fair, as refined, as gentle, as æsthetic in her tastes as you; but she had been early trained in the school of Adversity; she had learned that best of lessons—to feel for others woes; to sympathize in human sorrow, and, if possible, to relieve, ever remembering that it is "more blessed to give than to receive."