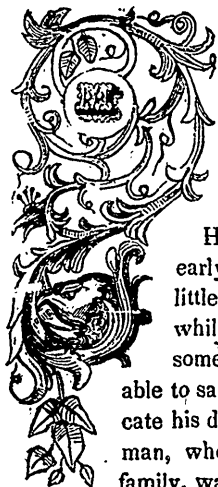


[Written for the Maple Leaf.

## ANNIE GRAY.



EMORY is ever busy with the past, and it is well for us that she loves best to linger on our joys. The year which has just fled, and which has accomplished so much in the destinies of the world, has been an eventful period in the history of my friend, Annie Gray.

Her mother, Mrs. Gray, was a widow, and early left to provide for the wants of three little children. She was born to affluence, but while yet a child, her father lost his fortune in some unsuccessful speculations, and was only able to save enough from the general wreck to educate his daughter. Early in life she married a young man, who, while struggling to maintain his little family, was seized with that dreadful scourge, consumption, and in a short time his weary frame yielded to the influence of the disease, and he was borne to his last resting place, leaving stricken hearts to bear the trials of life unaided by his sympathy and care.

Mrs. Gray's parents had been dead some time, and she knew that her sole dependence, under God, was upon her own exertions. Still, she did not despair; she felt a new impulse to energy and activity as she looked upon her fatherless children.

They lived in a small cottage, upon the banks of the Connecticut, with a neat little garden in the rear. Her eldest daughter, Annie, was a sweet child of eleven years, but very efficient of her age, and quite able to assist her mother in caring for the younger children, and attending to the house and garden. Mrs. Gray engaged, with a courageous heart, to obtain a livelihood for herself and children, who looked to her for daily bread. She had been so well educated, that she was able to instruct her children, and was, therefore, at no expense for this important part of family training. She resorted to her needle as the means of support, and this, with the fruit of her garden, proved barely enough.