

friend in the country, but she looked up in faith and hope, without a wavering thought, to the great Father of her fatherless children. And this balm to a fond mother's bleeding heart, even before the fearful wound was healed, roused up into stern activity all the hitherto latent energies of the woman.

I said, she had not a friend in the country, but in this I was wrong—for there was one warm heart that kindly sympathised with her in all her sorrows, and humble as the position of the owner of that heart was, for it belonged to one who had nursed herself in her infancy, as well as her children in theirs, this faithful and attached creature, was undoubtedly a great comfort to her, and a greater still in after years, while she herself was mingling with the dust, to the sorrowing and afflicted ones she had left behind her.

Poor old Mary McKinnon, she was a woman of ten thousand, had saved during her long service in the family, a good deal of money, quite a little capital, and being more a *man* of business than her mistress, as from her masculine character I may well say, she proposed to buy a little farm here in Canada with her savings, and that they should live upon it together, and she would manage it, and with the widow's pension and the allowance to her children, she was sure they would get on very comfortably.

All Mrs. Herbert's demurs and objections to this plan, and they were many and various, being overruled by the resolute conduct of the faithful old nurse, she was obliged to submit to it, and they *did* get on very comfortably for several years, till the cold hand of death was stretched over the scene and left it desolate.

When Mrs. Herbert was thus left a disconsolate widow, she had, as I have already hinted, two little fatherless children, a girl nine years old, and a boy, our poor delicate little Henry, of seven, to provide for.

For seven long years the fond mother and her little ones—the minds and intellects of the latter gradually developing themselves, lived upon old Mary's farm in all the luxurious enjoyments of rural life. The farm was improved—the stock increased, and year after year added to their cup of happiness, till it actually seemed filled to the brim, but ere it overflowed it was dashed from their hands; the poor mother sickened and died of some sudden and violent disease, some affection of the heart I think it was. Her