

seemed doubtful whether to come nearer or not. At length I said, do you want any thing ? I have brought the gentleman some flowers, if he will take them. There was an expression in the child's countenance, that bordered on compassion, her voice too, was soft and sympathetic. ' I thank you, my dear, said I, put down the flowers, I will take yours, and you may fill your basket with mine.' Wont you keep the basket, Sir, said she, I made it myself ? I took it in my hand, and examined it, it was composed of small crystals, that sparkled in the setting sun, and beautifully contrasted with the rich purple and crimson flowers that hung over it, I took out a piece of money, and offered her, she thanked me, but refused to take it, and said she did not bring the basket for sale. ' Where do you live my dear ?' said I—there, said she, pointing to a little narrow building, the upper window of which, overlooked my garden. ' You have seen me in my garden ?' said I. Yes, replied she, and I heard the gentleman was sick, and I thought she hesitated, and coloured ; I might help him ! Then you are a doctress, said I, smiling. No Sir, replied she, I am not, but Sook is. Who is Sook ? said I. ' She is an Indian woman, that can cure every thing, all sorts of disorders.' She cannot cure mine, said I, involuntarily. O yes, Sir, she can ; said the girl. I have got a cure in my basket ; will you please sir, to try it ? and she turned over her flowers, and took out a little square packet with some figures wrought in Indian characters. ' This is it sir,' said she, ' I went to her yesterday, and got it on purpose for your complaint ?' I told her, said she, with an air of confidence, that it was an indigestion of the heart ! The girl is right, thought I she is more skilful than all the physicians. ' Well, what am I to do with your packet ? Swallow it,' and I made a sound nearer to a laugh than I had done for years. O dear, no sir ; you are to hang it round your neck, and let it cover your heart ; Sook says you have the cold disorder in the heart, and this will cure it, may I leave it Sir ? said she. I could not refuse, indeed I felt some curiosity to know more about the girl, you may leave it to-night, said I, she made a low curtesy, and left me. After she had gone, my mind dwelt on her countenance ; it perfectly