

no peat-bog to go to now, where fuel might be had for digging, and the long, long Winter came on fast and found her ill prepared to meet its severity. Work was not as plenty as it had been in warmer weather. A family for whom she had done washing, left town suddenly and forgot to pay her a dollar which was due. Alas! a few shillings which the rich think so lightly of, or spend in selfish extravagance, if given to the poor, or applied to the just payment of honest industry, how many hearts would be gladdened, how many abodes of poverty made comfortable!

That dollar Bessy had appropriated to purchase fuel; for a week they had had no warmth except from the blaze of a few chips which the children picked up about some unfinished buildings, and the mother's heart ached as she looked on their poor little frozen fingers and their bare feet, pinched with cold. And when they came crying round the few dying embers, her thoughts turned reproachfully to the rich man in his abundance, who had so cruelly forgotten the claims of justice and humanity.

It was the midst of Winter. Bessy sat with aching eyes by the dim candle, finishing some slop work that she had procured from a dealer in *cheap labor*. Sixpence for a garment neatly made! It was a bargain which brought *him* ample remuneration, but left *her* only a few farthings for her