

mother's in the church-yard. Do let me see grandmother, that I may go back and give the little ones their dinner.'

"What little ones? Are you the eldest?"

"Yes, sir, of five; and there is no one to do for them but myself, now that God has taken my mother, and wicked men my grandmother."

"I took the child in my own hand, and sending word to a turnkey to call down old Martha to the visiting cell, I stood myself on one side the grate (you saw it of course as you went through), and the poor grandmother soon appeared on the other.—When little Jane, that was her name—found that, instead of kissing and crying over her, she could get no nearer than a five-feet passage, with two iron gratings between, she sobbed violently, and squeezed her head against the bars, as you may have seen a poor caged bird do. Martha was nearly overcome by the sight; but she was a good pious woman, and had committed her cause to One above, so she did her best to comfort her grandchild, and gave her a world of advice as to how to manage the little ones and be a mother to them. Many a pious comfortable word has it been my lot to hear, from the outside of that wicket, to the poor deluded ones within, but it is not often that the prisoner turns preacher and comforter, as Martha did.—Go your ways home, my dear,' she said, 'and do your duty to the little ones there. I shall never repent having done mine to my own poor child that is gone; but I am justly punished for not getting some one to take my charge when I was away. It was tempting Providence to act as I did! However, if it be his will, something will come out on the trial to prove me innocent; if not, I bless him, and the good gentleman that built this place, that I can sit and knit, and read my Bible, in my own quiet cell, instead of being in a vile common room, hearing curses from morning till night. God bless you, Jane. You may come back and see me when you are sure the children are safe with some good neighbour; but take warning, and never desert your duty, as I did mine.'

"Little Jane cried bitterly, and promised to mind all her grandmother had said, and return whenever she could be spared.

"This was not often; but the little maid

was a general favorite, and there were many who would take their work to the desolate hearth, and rock the cradle of the motherless child, while Jane ran to comfort and attend upon her grandmother.

"The only luxury which the old woman prized was the proverbial one of her profession—a cup of good tea; but this her confinement prevented her earning, and though cheerful and contented over our wholesome prison fare, she missed her accustomed cordial. Little Jane guessed as much, and one day as she was going out took courage from my hearty good-will to her to say how much she wished, if possible to make a sixpence in any way.

"Make a sixpence, child,' said I, 'and why?' She told me with some hesitation, and I answered, 'Jane, I am not rich, but I could give you sixpence for so good a purpose I daresay, and so I will if a thought that has just come into my head fails. To-morrow the assizes begin, although your poor grandmother's trial will not come on till the end. There will be plenty of company in the town, and balls in the evening, and no doubt the ladies will like nosegays for them. I'll give you some every day from my garden, and you shall stand at the door of the King's Arms, and try to sell them; and if you do, a happy girl you'll be to carry your poor grandmother an ounce of tea of your own earning. My roses are the best and earliest in the place, thanks to these high walls, though their shelter is none of the kindest. This bush here—the one you've got in your hand, ma'am,—is of a rare sort. I had it from my old master's garden in the park, and there are not ten of the sort of this tree to be found in all England. See, there will be a half a dozen blown on it to-morrow.

"On the morrow Jane came, dressed in her best neat brown stuff frock, with a clean white apron and a straw bonnet of her own plaiting. She was afraid to encounter the crowds about the doors of the inn; and to say the truth, on second thoughts, I durst not send her there, for fear of being rode over or knocked down in the bustle; so I advised her rather to ply her trade at the New Spa, where I thought the young ladies were likely to take shelter from the crowd. She did so, and had not stood long with her modest face and civil manners, offering her nice nosegays, when she at-