

Canadian female would rather be half starved than appear in public shabbily and unfashionably dressed. If my young friend had a weakness, it was on this point; but as her husband was engaged in a lucrative mercantile business, and they had no family, it was excusable. At this moment, her pretty, neat little figure, was a welcome and interesting object to the home-sick stranger.

"What! always in tears," said she, closing the door; "what pleasure it would give me to see you more cheerful." "The sight of you, has made me better already," said I, wiping my eyes and endeavoring to smile. "M—is away on a farm-hunting expedition; and I have been alone all day. Can you wonder then, that I am so depressed? Memory is my worst companion; for by constantly recalling scenes of past happiness, she renders me discontented with the present, and hopeless of the future; and it will require all your kind sympathy to reconcile me to Canada."

"You will think better of it, by and by."

"Ah, never. Did I only consult my own feelings I would be off by the next steam-boat for England, but then—my husband and child—yes, I must submit, but I find it a hard task."

"We have all our trials, Mrs. M., and to tell you the truth, I do not feel in the best spirits myself this evening. I came to ask you, what I expect you will think a very strange question." This was said in a tone so unusually serious, that I looked up from the cradle in surprise, which her solemn aspect, and pale and tearful face, did not tend to diminish. Before I could ask the cause of her dejection, she added quickly:

"Dare you read a chapter from the Bible to a dying man?"

"Dare I?—yes certainly—who is ill—who is dying?"

"It is a sad story," she said, wiping her kind eyes—and I will tell you just enough to satisfy you as to the propriety of my request."

"There is a poor young man in this house, who is very sick. Dying I believe of consumption. He came here about three weeks ago, without food, without money, and in a dreadful, emaciated state. He took our landlord, Mr. S., on one side, and told him how he was situated, and begged that he would give him a meal of victuals and a night's lodging: promising that if ever he was restored to health, he would repay the debt in work. Mr. S. is an American, and an excellent, humane man. He saw at a glance that the suppliant was an object of real charity, and instantly complied with his request, without asking further particulars. He conducted him to a good bed, gave

him a bowl of hot broth, and bade him not distress himself about the future, but try and compose himself to sleep.

The next day, the poor creature was too ill to leave his chamber. Mr. S. sent for Dr. Morris, who, after examining the lad, informed our good host, that he was in the last stage of consumption; and that as he had not many days to live, it would be advisable to have him removed to the hospital, (a pitiful shed erected for emigrants who may chance to arrive ill with the cholera.) Mr. S. not only refused to send the lad away, but has nursed him with the greatest care; his wife and daughters taking it by turns to sit up, nightly, with the poor patient.

My friend said nothing about her own attendance upon the invalid; which I afterwards learned from Mrs. S., had been unremitting.

"And what account does the lad give of himself?" said I.

"All that we know about him, is, that his name is Macbride, that he is nephew to Mr. C——, of ——, from whom he ran away some time ago. Hearing that his parents had arrived in the country, and were on their way to ——, he came down as far as C——, on his way to meet them, when his steps were arrested by poverty and sickness on this threshold. Yesterday Mrs. Macbride came to the hotel to enquire of Mr. S. her way to ——, who found from her conversation, that she was the mother of the invalid; and he instantly introduced her to the bed-side of her dying son.

I was sitting with him when the meeting took place, and I assure you that it was almost too much for my nerves. The joy and gratitude of the poor lad was so great at once more beholding his parent—while the grief and distraction of the woman on seeing him in such a state was agonizing; and she gave vent to her feelings in uttering the most awful maledictions on the unnatural wretch, who she said, had by his unkindness, murdered her son.

The sufferer appeared shocked at the fierce and unfeminine conduct of his mother; and begged me to excuse the rude manner in which she addressed me. "For," says he, "she is ignorant and beside herself, and does not know what she is doing."

Instead of being grateful for the attention bestowed upon her son, by some strange perversion of intellect, she seems to regard us as his especial enemies. Yesterday evening she ordered us from his room, and declared that the precious boy was not going to die like a *hathen*, surrounded by a parcel of heretics; and she sent off a man on horse back for the priest, and for the very uncle