

was left alone, the occupant of a garret, of which the rent was not paid. If there was any fairy connected with this story, this was the moment for her appearance; but none came. The young girl remained alone, without friends or protectors, harrassed by debts which she could not pay, and seeking for some species of employment. She found none. One whole day she had not tasted food. The night that followed was sleepless. Next day she was again without food, and the poor girl was forced into the resolution of *begging*. She covered her face with her mother's veil, the only heritage she had received, and stooping so as to imitate age, she went out into the streets. When there, she held out her hand. Alas! that hand was white, and youthful, and delicate! She felt the necessity of covering it up in the folds of the veil, as if it had been *lo-prosied*. Thus concealed, the poor girl held out the hand to a young woman who passed—one more happy than herself—and asked, "sous, a single sous to get bread!" The petition was unheeded. An old man passed. The mendicant thought that experience of the distresses of life might have softened one like him; but she was in error. Experience had only hardened, not softened his heart.

"The night was cold and rainy, and the hour had come when the police appeared to keep the streets clear of mendicants and suspicious characters. At this period, the shrinking girl took courage once more to hold out her hand to a passer-by. It was a young man. He stopped at the silent appeal, and diving into his pockets, pulled out a piece of money, which he threw to her, being apparently afraid to touch a thing so miserable. Just as he did this, one of the police came to the spot, and, placing his hand on the girl's shoulder, exclaimed, 'Ah! I have caught you, have I? You are a-begging. To the office with you! come along.' The young man here interposed. He took hold hastily of the mendicant, whom he had before seemed afraid to touch, and, addressing himself to the policeman, said reprovingly, 'This woman is not a beggar. No, she is—she is one whom I know.' 'But, sir,' said the officer. 'I tell you she is an acquaintance of mine,' said the young stranger. Then, turning to the girl, whom he took for an old woman, he continued, 'Come along, my good dame, and permit me to see you safely to the end of the street,' giving his arm to the unfortunate girl, he led her away, saying, 'Here is a piece of a hundred sous.' It is all I have; take it, poor woman."

"The crown of a hundred sous passed from your hand into mine," continued the lady; "and as you walked along, supporting my steps, I then,

through my veil, distinctly saw your face and figure."

"My figure!" said Frederick in amazement.

"Yes, my friend, your figure," returned his wife; "it was to me you gave alms on that night. It was my life, my honor, perhaps, that you then saved!"

"You a mendicant! you, so young, so beautiful, and now so rich!" cried Frederick.

"Yes, my dearest husband," replied the lady, "I have in my life received alms, once only, and from you, and those alms have decided my fate for life. On the day following that miserable night, an old woman, in whom I had inspired some sentiments of pity, enabled me to enter into the family of an English gentleman, a bachelor, who was then, with his two sisters, residing in Paris. She gave me a letter of presentation and recommendation. I felt very thankful for this. I hastily prepared myself in my best apparel, adapting it, as near as possible, in such a manner as seemed least like the fashion of the city, and departed for the residence of Sir James Melton. With a beating heart did I approach the door. I knocked—it seemed not half so hard as the throbbing in my bosom. The door was opened by an elderly woman, the housekeeper. 'Why I was not frightened from my purpose, I cannot tell, for a more forbidding and severe face I never saw. Perhaps I trembled at the misery of the past. I stated my object—showed my letter, and the woman looked more cross, and I felt more miserable. She told me that the ladies were out—that there was no one in but Sir James—I could see him; but she thought there could scarce be any need of me—that I must be mistaken. I felt sick at heart. I thought of my dead parents, and envied them. Discouraged by this repulse, I turned to depart, when I heard within the sound of a gentleman's voice. The few first words I could not understand, but he ended by ordering the cross old housekeeper to show me in. I entered his room. The first glance of him gave me hope; he spoke, and his kind tones assured me. He was sitting at a table, in his morning gown, engaged in writing. I inquired my business; and I handed to him the letter, which he opened and read; then asking me a few questions, he remarked that his sisters were both out, but that I had better wait for their return; in the mean time, the old lady seemed no well-pleased witness of the scene, standing with her hands upon the back of Sir James' chair. I had not waited more than half an hour, before the ladies returned. Sir James made known to them the object of my call, which ended in my being engaged. Cheerfulness returned to me with labour. I had the good fortune to become a favorite, and, indeed, I did my best to merit it."