

lift her from her hiding place, under the tattered cloak of a young woman, whose slight emaciated form lay shrouded in the wet heather.

The farmer slightly stirred the prostrate sleeper with his foot.

“Woman—Thou beest a sound sleeper—Wake up, and see to thy bairn, and I will gie thee both a good breakfast.”

The figure remained motionless. There was no answering voice or sound.

The farmer stooped down, and raised the shabby bonnet from the face of the woman to examine her more carefully.

He stepped hastily back, his cheeks, before so fresh and ruddy, were now blanched with a deadly pallor.

The poor marble statue at his feet can no longer respond to the cries of her famishing child. She is cold, is dead.

A forlorn victim of want—perhaps, of vice, overtaken by night and storm, rendered feeble by disease and famine, unable to battle with the hostile elements, has