

as the heavens are above the earth, his approbation will be all that either Lady Bernard or Marion will seek.

If but a small proportion of those who love the right and have means to spare, would, like Lady Bernard, use their wealth to make up to the poor for the wrongs they receive at the hands of the rich—let me say, to defend the Saviour in their persons from the tyranny of Mammon, how many of the poor might they not lead with them into the joy of their Lord!

Should the plan succeed, I say once more, I intend to urge on Marion the duty of writing a history of its rise and progress from the first of her own attempts. Then there would at least remain a book for all future reformers and philanthropists to study, and her influence might renew itself in others ages after she was gone.

I have no more to say about myself or my people. We live in hope of the glory of God.

Here I was going to write—THE END, but was arrested by the following conversation between two of my children—Ernest, eight, and Freddy, five years of age.

*Ernest.* I'd do it for mamma, of course.

*Freddy.* Wouldn't you do it for Harry?

*Ernest.* No; Harry's nobody.

*Freddy.* Yes, he is somebody.

*Ernest.* You're nobody; I'm nobody; we are all nobody, compared to mamma.

*Freddy (stolidly).* Yes; I am somebody.

*Ernest.* You're nothing; I'm nothing; we are all nothing in mamma's presence.

*Freddy.* But, Ernest, *every thing* is something; so I must be something.

*Ernest.* Yes, Freddy, but you're *no thing*; so you're nothing. You're nothing to mamma.

*Freddy.* But I'm *mamma's*.

THE END.