

painful solicitude. Mary awoke, and unable to understand the meaning of her mother's grief, with all the simplicity of a child, enquired—"What ails you, ma—is you sick?" and she put her little arms about the neck of her dying mother, and kissed her cold lips.

"I am going to leave you, Mary—and oh—you will never see me again," said her heart-broken mother, as the big tears gushed forth afresh.

"Leave me, ma?" said the little girl, crying.

"Yes, I must—I must!"

"Oh, when?"

"Soon, very soon!"

"Leave little Maney?—then who'll love me, kiss me, and be good to me?—farder won't be kind like you ma—he's cross to me. No! oh, no! you mus'n't leave me, will you?"

The deeply affected mother could not answer—the rising emotions of her heart choked all utterance: it was a time of heart-rending misery; she knew not what reply to make.—But the child would not rest satisfied without an explanation.

"Oh! say, ma, say where you goen' to?—sha'n't I go?—you won't go 'way and leave me? Oh! stay, ma, stay!" and again she kissed the cold, pale lips of her mother.

"Listen to me, Mary, my dear child. When I say that I must leave you, and leave you for ever, I mean that I am going to die; yes, I must die! and then I will be buried, put down into the ground as I have often told you, and then you can never see me again in this world. Look at my hands how thin they are; see my cheeks how hollow they are—and my lips how pale; my eyes are dull and heavy; my face is cold and withered; my pulse beats slower, my heart throbs weaker—oh! I am dying—I cannot live much longer, Mary; but I have prayed, I now pray, and I still will pray the 'Good Man' to take care of you; he will be your father and mother too—I am going to live with him, and I want you to be good, Mary, and love God, and pray to him every night and morning, as I have taught you to do, and then when you die, you will see your ma again in heaven, where the 'Good Man' lives."

"But, ma, take me with you now—let me go 'long with you, and live in the 'Good Man's' home?—I don't want to stay here."

"Oh! do not break my heart," she said, bursting into tears.

"But, ma, I can't stay here by myself—don't cry—oh! don't cry, I'll be good."

"Mary, my dear child, I cannot take you with me—I wish you could go; but live to make your father good, and tell him to meet you and me up in heaven."

"I will—yes I will, ma," said the child, looking into her mother's face, as if a new hope had sprung to her young heart, and was shining forth in her sweet countenance.

"May God bless you, Mary," said the dying one, placing her arms round the little girl, who laid her head upon the bosom of her mother, and indulged in a burst of grief, which finally subsided in a sweet and refreshing sleep.

'Twas morning. The sun had risen to spread its streaks of light and beauty over the whole western hemisphere, while the streets as usual, had become thronged with people engaged in the noisy stir and strife of business. The storm had abated, and the winds were hushed in slumber, but it was still cold without, and those who were compelled to wander into the streets thinly clad, doubtless felt the keenness of the cold morning air. All was silent at the drunkard's home: the window shutters remained closed, and there was no external evidence of activity within.

At length, as the morning advanced, and the sun was mounting the eastern sky, a loud knock at the door was given, but no answer returned; all was quiet in the miser-

able home of the degraded and poverty-stricken drunkard. The knock was repeated several times, but not a voice was heard within. Finally the applicant for admission (who was an elderly lady of benevolent feelings, residing in the neighbourhood, and had visited the sick woman every morning and sometimes oftener, during her affliction,) raised the latch, and forcibly entered the humble abode which we have described. The fire had gone out, and the room was cold and comfortless.—Upon a hard pallet of straw (scarcely worthy the name of a bed) lay the broken-hearted Mrs. N——, but she was cold and motionless, the heart was still, the pulse no longer beat, her lips moved not, her eyes were closed in death, the breath of life had ceased to animate her worn out frame, and the pure spirit immortal, having burst asunder the brittle cords of mortality, had taken its happy flight, and returned to the God who gave it: there she lay—the once lovely, amiable and pious Mrs. N——, a corpse! By her side was the young and interesting daughter, only three years old; she was fast asleep, and altogether ignorant of the loss which she had in a few short hours sustained.

The kind-hearted lady before mentioned, knew not what course to pursue. The husband of the deceased was—she knew not where: he certainly must be ignorant of his wife's death, or he could not be absent so long. At first she thought of closing the house again, and calling a few of the neighbours together, in order to adopt some plan of action, then she thought of apprising only one or two, after which she would return, awaken the child, take her home, and await the arrival of her father: the latter she adopted.

"Mary—Mary,—come child, come home with me; it is too cold for you here." Mary opened her eyes, looked round the room, and then rose up from her mother's side.

"Come Mancy, went you go home with me, you'll freeze to death here child," said the lady kindly.

"And leave ma alone?" replied the orphan.

"Your mother will not know that you are gone, and you know we won't stay long, so come along with me, and you shall have a nice warm breakfast."

"Oh no! no! I can't go; ma looks so pale, and her cheek is so cold: no, I can't leave her," she said, placing her little hands upon her mother's cold bosom. The lady wiped away the tears that filled her eyes, and said, "But my dear little girl you must not stay here, it is too cold, and I know you are hungry; come then, for your mother will never waken again."

As the last sentence was uttered, the real truth seemed to flash upon the tender mind of little Mary, for her dark piercing eyes were fixed immediately upon the speaker, and then as quickly upon the pale face of her lifeless parent. Her too little hands were clasped in mute despair, while the tears rolled down her cheeks, and then as if moved by some sudden impulse, with deep thrilling pathos, she enquired, "Oh tell me,—do now,—tell me; is my ma dead?"

"Yes Mary, your poor mother is dead!" was the solemn but affectionate reply. The youthful mourner burst into an agony of grief, and sobbed as if her heart would break.

"Oh do not cry so, your ma you know, is now happy in heaven above!"

"Yes, yes I know—but ma,—why did you leave me?"

The scene which followed was affecting in the extreme, most bitterly did she feel her bereavement.

A knock at the door was heard, and the next moment Mr. N—— entered the habitation of death. He was perfectly sober, but the paleness of his countenance too plainly told that he had been informed of his wife's departure from a world of care and misery. He could not reach the bed-side, but sunk down upon an old broken chair, completely overcome with agitation. "Oh Jane!" said he to the lady, "get me a drink of water—water;—I shall choke."—The water was obtained.

The little mourner, who, to this moment, kept her