

be a disgrace to his handsome establishment. He wrote me, kindly enclosing £100 for my own use, and offering to take my boy, educate him as his own, he had none, and provide liberally for him. This was a severe trial, but what could I do? I hesitated, and finally stifling the maternal feeling, I sent him under the care of a captain of a trading vessel to England, and this was the last time I ever saw him. The poor old lady paused, the tears filled her eyes. "Oh! my beautiful, my own, I did lose you, I can never see you more, save in the spirit land; God grant that we may meet there, and that you will know your mother."

A pause ensued, and then I ventured to ask if any accident happened to him on the voyage. "Oh, no!" she replied, "he arrived safely at his uncle's, was kindly received, educated most carefully; he grew up, so every one said, a noble handsome fellow, full of warm affections and good impulses, but self willed and determined; while still quite young, he fell in love with a pretty girl, in humble life; he asked my uncle's permission to marry her; it was refused with threats of disinheritance if he persisted in the wish. Irritated by the manner of the refusal, he left my uncle's house, married the girl, and went to France; in less than a year he died, and so I lost my bright one.

"Life was indeed a struggle to me after I sent away my boy, but I determined to exert my own energies for my support. Teach I could not, I did not know enough; I should have made queer work with spelling and grammar. My pupils would have been rare ones. I was quick with my needle, and determined to support myself by that. It was hard for me to go as a seamstress into those families, where I had in my husband's life-time been received as an equal and a friend, but I bent my proud spirit to it. Soon one humble as myself sought me for a wife. I loved and married him; it was the first time I had ever felt true affection,—'perfect love casteth out fear;' and this was a true union. I had still to work, but I cared not for that; I was happy, children gathered around my board, peace and comfort presided over our simple home. But again came the destroying angel, first children then husband were taken from me, and I was left desolate.

"But thanks be to Him who 'tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,' my trials, though grievous to be borne, brought me to the cross. I laid my burthen there and found comfort, and you, my dear young lady, see the fruits. Though supported solely by the kindness of friends, life is a pleasure to me, aye, more so than when robed in sables and decked in jewels, I flirted with the gay and revelled my hours away. That was the

first flush of excitement; it left me languid and cast down. Now I am ready to go or to stay, life is no burden."

She paused a few moments, then broke out into one of her merry laughs. "Why I have really told you a very long story; I have made myself quite a heroine, have I not? I don't often get on such a subject, but take care you don't shew me up; I am a little afraid of your scribbling fingers, and I should not care to figure by the side of my tall husband in print. I am insignificant enough now, and that would only make me the more so."

I could not make any promise to the old lady, for the events of real life always, it seems to me, so far exceed the wildest flight of the imagination that I enjoy chronicling them, that they may put to shame the disconnected and unnatural scenes which are often tacked together and called faithful pictures of life. Besides, the good dame's history was not without its deep lesson to me, and for others too; her quiet contentment sank into my heart; the clouds of life seemed to grow lighter and thinner before the peaceful spirit which bowed so submissively to such a chequered lot. I felt it was *trial* alone, which had chastened that once proud heart, and subdued that untameable will, and I said:

"This is thy work, Oh! Adversity, shall I then shrink from thee?"

With more of reverence than I had ever felt for her before, I bade the good old woman adieu, and imagined the blessing she bestowed made me better and happier.

A BLUSH.

Mystic sign of magic power,
Say from whence thy virtues spring;
Born of a rose in Venus' bower,
And cradled on the Zephyr's wing.

On lily cheeks thy mantling charms
With treach'rous frankness truth betray;
In vain against thee Prudence arms—
In vain the fal't'ring maid says Nay.

The sinful wretch, the crime conceal'd,
Shows all confess'd in conscious fears;
And midnight murder stands reveal'd—
The mask falls off, the guilt appears.

And meek-ey'd Pity, tender Love,
To thy soft spells their being owe;
And tears, which no big threats could move,
Wake at thy birth, and at thy bidding flow.