

tarried, weeping, after the Man of God had left her—with many words of consolation and sympathy—to attend to other pressing duties—to see her darling shut away from human gaze, and then abandoning herself to grief, knelt at the door which shut her from her darling, calling piteously for “Joe.”

O men and women! how few of you know the sorrows of the multitudes, from whom wealth, position, ignorance, remove you. Seek out the dark side of life—the miserable, the afflicted—the other side of this great world, which for you, perhaps, has but joy and comfort. Seek out the other half of every community, and go back to your luxurious, happy homes wiser and more thankful to the great Providence which favors you. The night was closing in as Pauline turned her steps cityward, away from Joe’s resting place, to find a haven to place Joe’s helpless legacy. Many a weary mile she tramped to find the required retreat. It was late at night, when, the infant safely established in its new quarters, Pauline reached the place where her labor was given in return for the wage which had now to keep Joe’s baby as well as herself.

More than a year before the events just narrated, a happy family circle gathered round the fireside in a pleasant though unpretentious home in a small English town.

The family numbered ten. The two eldest boys were steady, hard working fellows, aged respectively twenty and twenty-two years. The older sister, Pauline, came in age between these two brothers, and Josephine—a beautiful girl, scarcely sixteen. The other four children we need not particularize—they were the school-going age, lank and uninteresting save to their own immediate relatives.

The father of this family was a hard working Minister, of what sect is unimportant to the reader of this crude sketch. A quiet, unobtrusive man, who had very little ambition beyond the writing of a Sabbath Day sermon of sound doctrine