

all. His present loss—the continually aching want—the daily craving for love and help and sympathy—these were all he felt, and felt with a keenness indescribable. How could the one ever be filled up and the other supplied?

Hannah could not tell. She grew frightened at the responsibility she had undertaken. A kind of hopelessness came over her; she almost wished herself safe back again in the quiet school-room with her little ladies Daere. There, at least, she knew all her duties, and could fulfil them; here they already seemed so complicated that how she could first get them clear, and then perform them, was more than she knew. However, it was not her way to meet evils beforehand, or to try and put more than the day's work into the day. She was old enough to have ceased to struggle after the impossible.

So she sat watching, with a pity almost motherly, the desolate man, with whom, it seemed, for a time, at least, her lot was cast; inwardly praying that she might have strength to do her duty by him, and secretly hoping that it might not be for long, that his grief, by its very wildness, might wear itself out, and the second marriage, which Lady Dunsmore had prognosticated as the best thing which could happen to him, might gradually come about.

"Rosa would have wished it—even Rosa," the sister thought, choking down a not unnatural pang, "could she see him as I see him now."

It was a relief to catch an excuse for a few minutes' absence—she took out her watch, and told her brother-in-law it was time to go up to the nursery.

"Nurse does not like it—I see that; but still I must go. Every night before I sleep I must take my latest peep at baby."

"Ah, that reminds me—I have never asked you what you think of baby. I don't know how it is—I fear you will think me very wicked," added the widower, sighing, "but I cannot take the interest I ought to take in that poor child. I suppose men don't care for babies—not at first,—and then her birth cost me so much."

"It was God's will things should be thus," answered Hannah gravely. "It should not make you dislike your child—Rosa's child."

"God forbid!—only that I cannot feel as I ought to feel towards the poor little thing."

"You will in time." And Hannah tried to draw a picture such as might touch any father's heart—of his wee girl toddling after him; his big girl taking his hand, and beginning to ask him questions; his sweet grown-up girl becoming his housekeeper, companion—and friend.

Mr. Rivers only shook his head. "Ah, but that is a long time to wait. I want a friend and companion now. How am I ever to get through these long, lonely years!"

"God will help you," said Hannah solemnly, and then felt half ashamed, remembering she was preaching to a clergyman. But he was a man, too, with all a man's weaknesses, every one of which she was sure to find out ere long, even already she had found out a good many. Evidently he was of a warm, impulsive, affectionate nature, sure to lay upon her all his burthens. She would have the