

husband, but the wail of her child recalled her to her duty. Tears came not to relieve her aching heart. Neighbours came and assayed to comfort her, but she spoke not, but noiselessly watching the little sufferer, seemed to centre every thought on that one object of her love; no entreaty or argument could induce her to leave the bedside, and when the spirit of her loved one winged its way to realms of bliss, she calmly prepared the body for its last resting place. Many of her poor neighbours feared she would ere long be laid beside it, yet she lived on. She was a Christian, and in her Bible she found consolation and support. Left to her own resources to provide for herself and remaining child, she commenced making lace shoes; a merchant who felt much for her, and truly admired her, proposed selling them for her; most diligently did she work, and even in the making of lace shoes might be seen the rectitude of mind which ever characterized Mrs. L.'s conduct. Several others in the Town of D. had for years made and sold the same article, but not many weeks had elapsed when the demand for Mrs. L.'s *room shoon* (as they were called) was so great, she had to work late and early to meet it. Her dwelling now assumed a more cheerful aspect, and she might have been happier than she had been for the last two years, could she have banished from her mind her unworthy husband. Yet in the midst of many fears, she hoped he would reform. His letters which at first came often, were filled with regrets as to the past, and assurances of amendment. Each epistle raised still higher the hope which cheered her on her way, and nerved her for greater exertions. She made money. She bought a small stock of groceries—fitted up a part of her front room as a shop and began business; truly it was a pleasure to step in and look on that humble scene, where order and cleanliness reigned, seated behind the little counter, Mrs. L. pursued her work, except when called upon to serve a customer. Her little girl was at a proper age sent to a good school, and each succeeding year saw her, (to use a common expression) "better to do in the world." A chest of drawers stood proudly at one end of the small back room, reflecting as in a mirror each passing object, a neat tent bed, arrayed in curtains of linen check, and displaying to view the patchwork coverlet, newly filled one end of the apartment. I cannot, however, pass on without particular notice of this coverlet, it was all neatly sewed by the fingers of little Kate; she was not what is called pretty, but then she was obedient, and so truly loved her mother, that all sensible people admired her. Kate had worked at it very cheerfully, and her mother told her many stories about by-gone days, which the sight of various patches brought to her mind, and she spoke so lovingly of Kate's father, and of the joy yet in store for them, when he should come home, that the dear little girl always thought of him when she looked at it. "Won't he be pleased with me?"

Eleven years and more had elapsed, and there was joy in the home of Mrs. L.; the war was over, and her husband again sat by his "cheerful ingle, and the clean hearth-stove." Oh, there were many questions to ask, and so much to hear, that the overjoyed family could scarcely take their tea, though it looked so tempt-

ing on that pretty round mahogany table, and the cookies, and goose-berry jam, and nice Dunlop cheese, seemed to say, "You forget we are waiting." I believe Kate forgot to wash the tea-things that night, and her mother did not find fault with her. All now went well for some time; L. drank little, and that little he drank in his own house, he was what is now called a *moderate drinker*. By being so long subject to the will of superiors, he had acquired a love of power, and as he refused to work for a master, his wife enabled him by means of what she had saved to fit up a weaving shop, and employ three or four men. He got work, and was a *Master*. He also ruled in the house, insisting on implicit obedience and doing much mischief by meddling with what he did not understand, and now Mrs. L. was more an object of pity than she had been for years past. Mr. L. was a weak minded man, and his changed position pleased him mightily. His workmen, aware of his weakness and love of flattery, failed not to profit by his folly, and what with submission to his tyranny, and admiration of the sallies of vulgar wit acquired in a barrack room, managed to have many faults in their work overlooked by a master who forgot that he was responsible to the manufacturer who employed him. The pride of this foolish man knew no bounds, when a relation of his wife requested him to take her only son as an apprentice, he joyfully consented, and proposed that the young man should board in his house, and sleep in that of a neighbour; to this arrangement, Mrs. A. agreed and said, "then he will be under your own eye and that of my excellent cousin." It was now out of Mrs. L.'s power to make shoes, her household work and shop engrossed all her time. Kate was now apprenticed to a dressmaker, and bade fair to do well. To the careless observer, the Ls. were thriving apace, a bustling and boasting man was Mr. L. (as some now called him). He often declared his wife should give up that mean huckstery, he could and would support her like a lady, but still Mrs. L. looked paler and sadder each day. She beheld with feelings akin to horror that her husband enlarged his potations each night, and often during the day did he enter the house and help himself to a glass of the liquid poison. This was not all, by frequently inducing Thomas A. to sit with him after workhours, and partake of the unhalloved cup, the young man soon loved it, and Mrs. L., after using remonstrance in vain, wrote to his mother, entreating her to remove her son. The fury of L. knew no bounds, and that night he sat long and late at the bottle. The next morning he was delirious, typhus fever was soon apparent, and from those parched lips issued curses and fearful imprecations, no ray of hope gilded the dark passage to the tomb, in which a few days saw him laid. Thomas A. shortly after went to sea—his mother died of what is called a broken heart. Time brought composure and humble resignation to the mind of Mrs. L. Kate grew up to womanhood, married an excellent Christian, who assisted her in rendering the remaining years of her mother happy, and had many children to call them blessed.

TRUE SENTIMENT.

Fine sense and exalted sense are not half so useful as common sense.