

In that "Room to Let," poor Bessy found shelter for herself and children. Her money was nearly exhausted; scarcely two sovereigns remained of all her little store. There she deposited her chest, her bed, and the few articles of comfort she had brought from her childhood's home. The poor children fretted sadly, for they had been used to fresh air, and the little cabin where they first saw the light, was clean, and stood alone on a breezy hill side. Bessy soothed their complaints and though her own heart was *crushed*, love for them, gave her courage and endurance. Patiently she sought employment, and though often ill-requited, day after day found her toiling in cheerful hope and earning enough to keep want from the door, and to pay the rent of her little room. If anxious thoughts would sometimes intrude, hope came to her aid, and she looked forward to the time when her children would be old enough to help her, and they could then earn more, and live in a better place. Poor Bessy, this was the extent of her ambition.....

Autumn came on with its chilling blasts and dismal rains. The children needed warmer clothes, and the wind blew so sharply through the broad cracks and shattered windows, that another stick must be added to the fire, and even then their teeth chattered, and the small dipped candle at night, flickered painfully to the eyes. Bessy had