

progress I made and proud of my attainments. Parents and teacher urged me forward, stimulating my ambition with words of encouragement, until, at the immature age of eighteen, I graduated the most brilliant girl in Madam B——'s school, and carrying off amid the plaudits of friends and acquaintances, the honors of my class. But alas! I was superficial in many things, for while it had been easy for me to commit my lessons, I found it equally easy to forget them. Keenly did I feel this defect, and in order to perfect myself, I wished, after leaving school to teach, but so bitterly did my parents oppose this, that I yielded to their wishes, and returned home. I plunged into a round of gayety and amusement, and from this whirl of excitement I emerged the bride of one whom my friends did not look upon with favor. The young man was an employee in a wholesale house in the city of N. He was poor but possessed of a well cultivated mind. Unfortunately, however, he had no chosen trade or avocation. Idleness had made me a dreamy, visionary being, and there was a sort of a charm about beginning life in poverty. It would be so delightful to toil with and for him I loved so fondly. This is all very beautiful in theory, and in practice also, where there are four strong hands to perform the labor; but close application to the desk, and breathing the unwholesome city air, had seriously impaired my husband's health.

We had married at a time when neither was strong enough to battle with the stern realities of life. Dependence upon the salary of a clerk or book-keeper in a large city is very precarious for a family. It was a year of unprecedented hard times, necessitating great economy in business. Hundreds lost their situations, and my husband among the rest. Ah! then began that vain search for employment. For every vacancy there were a score of applicants, and you invariably received the answer—"Persons of experience wanted." Oh! I can never forget that weary tramp, tramp, up and down the streets, jostled by a crowd as cold and heartless as the very stones under one's feet. I envied even the servant girls; but alas! the mysteries of the *conscience* were as Greek to me, and I dare not apply for so menial a situation as theirs. My poor husband was in wretched health, and almost frenzied at thought of the misery and degradation he had brought upon me. For his sake I hid my aching heart behind a smiling face. One night after he had retired in hanging up his coat, a vial dropped from the pocket. Picking it up, I found it labelled

'Laudanum' and then I knew that he was beset with the terrible temptation to take his own life. Flinging the vile drug into the street, I sank on my knees, and 'O my God! lead him not into temptation, but deliver him from evil,' was the prayer that went up from my agonized heart. How desolate I felt. In the midst of a great city, friendless, well nigh penniless, and, worst of all, haunted with the dreadful fear that my husband would commit suicide. From the time we would separate in the morning until we met again at night I lived in a state of absolute torture. At length despairing of finding anything in the city to do, we turned our faces country-ward, feeling that our slender stock of money would last longer than in town. After many weeks of painful anxiety, my husband found a situation in a small village, with just salary enough to keep the wolf from the door. How I longed to do something to better our condition; but alas! what could I do? I might have had a fine music class in the village, but while I played and sang very well, I was not proficient enough in music to teach it successfully. Oh, how I wished I had given the time I had spent on French and Latin. Many an hour of hard study had I given to these branches, and of what practical advantage had they been to me? I never met any French people with whom I could converse, and had never been able to secure a class in either language, while all the while my knowledge was becoming rusty by disuse. It is painful to recur to this period of my life: I was unhappy. I expected every day would be the last my husband would be able to attend to business. Finally driven to desperation by our misfortune, I resolved to do something or die in the attempt.

"Attached to the house we occupied, was a large lot for gardening purposes, and I made up my mind that out of that bit of earth I would dig our fortunes, or at least, a living. With my own hands I made horticulture and floriculture a study, and brushed up my knowledge of chemistry. It was hard work and small profits the first year; but having once put my hand to the plow, I never turned back. Our table was bountifully supplied with fresh vegetables and fruits, and was better, my step had grown elastic, my eye bright, and my cheek rounded with health. My husband, too, found many a spare moment from business to assist me, and in doing so found himself growing strong and well again. Oh, how happy we were! Surely there is a dignity in labor un-