

dwelling she was obliged to live, and earn with her needle the means of subsistence for her family. She was often obliged to sit up all night in the winter season without fire, while the snow was sifting about her, to meet her engagements.

During a very severe storm of several days' continuance, Holyday had spent his time at Parks's tavern, manifesting no anxiety whatever for his destitute, suffering family at home. He spent his time in bringing in wood and keeping up fires in the house, for which Parks gave him his board and what liquor he could drink.

Scribner and Donaldson threw their cloaks around them, and started out in the storm to look after the poor, especially the poor and destitute families of the inebriates. When they came to the old red building they found no beaten track, but mounted the steps and ascended, entered a narrow hall, through which they passed into the room occupied by Holyday's family. They found Mrs. Holyday sitting on the floor, leaning against the wall. She held in her hand her needle; on her lap was lying a beautiful piece of unfinished embroidery, and by her side stood little Willie, saying, "Mother, dear mother, won't you give me some bread?" But she answered not; the frost of death was in her eye.