

my first interview with Mrs Harpur,—and I followed the servant.

‘This is your room, ma’am,’ she said, when we had ascended one flight of stairs, and then she opened a door.

The room was not empty. A lady was there, waiting for me, it seemed.

‘It is Mrs Harpur,’ the servant whispered, in reply to my inquiring look, and I entered.

\* \* \* \*

This was ten years ago. I am living with Mrs Harpur now. I have never left her house since then, except on visits to a few former friends. And I do not disparage them when I say that not one of them is so dear to me as Mrs Harpur. How much kindness, and affection, and confidence I have received from her, I am not able to tell! She has been to me almost more than a sister, and I love her very much indeed. You need not wonder at this, truly,