

walk that would have been pleasant, was spoiled by the pain in the back of the neck that came from carrying the heavy earthen jar on her head. No sacred Sabbaths came with blessed rest. From month to month the days were monotonous with work. She began to be more and more interested in the low talk of her companions, and, in her hopeless depression, the shadow of evil omens and dark superstitions of which they talked so much began to influence her mind. "Will it always be like this?" was her daily inward cry.

No, not always. There came a change. Baby was ill. With wretched food and no one but little Mamie to care for her, "doubtless she had eaten lots of trash," Mrs. Workwell said. "What shall I do with no remedies in the house?" She soothed as best she could the feverish little sufferer.

She could no longer leave her baby with Mamie when she went to her work (for work she must, how else could she and the children live?) so she carried it with her and laid it on a mat at the side of the field. At night, to avoid her husband's anger when she failed to keep Baby quiet, she often went out and sat where the white moonlight cast its peaceful shadows all about her. She always unwound a part of her own garment to wrap about Baby, but the night mists fell with a chill upon her uncovered shoulders.

Unremitting toil, insufficient food and broken rest had told sadly upon her, and there came a morning when she was unable to rise. The old mat, more ravelled and ragged than ever, became her sick-bed. Shivering and burning, she loathed the porridge that was the regulation diet, but drank eagerly the stale water that poor, little Mamie found it so hard to bring from the distant well. "Oh, what will become of my children!" was the burden of her secret sigh.

Her nights grew delirious, and she moaned and muttered.