

After this Mary prayed, pouring out her heart to Him Who can help us to make as a soft pillow which dreams of heaven's own joy may visit, the very stones of this earth. Afterwards, although she could not sleep much, she felt at rest, and trustful for the future.

In bidding Mary good-night, Miss Curtice had said :—
"Do not be surprised if you hear steps overhead during the night, the sounds which seem loud because of the stillness. Mrs. Seymour often writes until one or two in the morning. She suffers much from neuralgia of the spine, and lies for hours during the early part of the day. Then she feels better towards night, and she begins to work. It is quieter, too, then ; some evenings hand-organs and strolling singers give regular concerts in this retired street ; and the girls dance to it. Poor things, they work hard enough all the day, some of them ! To-night it is too wet for them to be out. They used to have musical drill for the girls at one church Annie went to at Greenwlch ; and I always tell my lodgers that this is our street's musical drill. You will see nothing rough here ; the street is full of respectable small tradespeople, plumbers and the like, a safer quarter for young ladies like yourself, Miss Lindsay, than some of the better-looking streets near."

There were some terrible fogs during that first month in Morrison street ; some days seemed more than Mary could bear. Still, her work was in the house ; and when she went out and noticed in the crowded streets near the numbers of girls who were always hurrying up and down the great crowded thoroughfare into which the street in which she was living led, she could only be thankful that she was placed so conveniently as she was, although at times the longing for a sight of the moors and for the fields about Wolfcote, with the clear, frosty air bracing her nerves and driving her to a healthy race with Bully, was almost intolerable. Then she worked harder than ever, and the panels with birds, flowers and leaves which she produced were better than any she had carved before. Several of them were sold in Mr. Curtice's shop ; but the pay was small as yet. Her work was much finer ; she bestowed far more pains on it than an ordinary dealer could afford to pay for adequately. It brought its reward, however, in the satisfaction she had in feeling that she was no drone in the great city's busy hives, and she never envied the weary-looking people who passed her in their carriages on those rare afternoons when Miss Curtice persuaded her to take a walk in Hyde Park with her. What gave her a pang now and again was the sight of a certain father and daughter who walked often through her street together. She found out that they dined every evening in a restaurant near, and sometimes she took a little supper-meal at a table near them, and from their