

stricken husband who totters and shakes like one suddenly stricken with palsy; the kind neighbors who wring their hands and sob, "If we had but known!" the strong men who bear the remains of mother and child to the Quadra Street Cemetery, and the young curate who breaks down and weeps in the midst of the funeral service. Then I hear the dull clods fall on the coffin that holds the remains of the dead woman with her tiny babe close-pressed to her heart and happily oblivious forevermore to worldly wretchedness, poverty, neglect and inhumanity. I hear the solemn words: "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust" echoing through the churchyard. Then the ghosts flit away into the dim Past, and are seen no more. I awake from my long reverie, and find myself seated in the gloom with only memory and this poor little story for my companions.