

would keep the letter, go home now, and consult Mrs. Wilson on the probability of finding a situation.

On my way home I went through George street and passed Miss Murray's house for the first time since I left it to be married, Mr. Laud having exacted a promise from me never to go there.

We had no money in the house, scarcely any food or fire, and only two shirts of the dozen we were working at finished; until the other ten were completed we could look for no relief. It was September, the weather very cold and wet, my poor sick child fading day by day. There was nothing in the house but bread and arrowroot; he turned with shut eyes from both when the spoon containing either was put to his mouth; he would eat nothing I had to give him. My nurse had brought him a little wine to mix with his food; while it lasted he sensibly revived; but the last drop had been used; how was I to procure more? the woman who gave it me had no such expensive luxury in her house; she had asked it of one of her richer patients for me. I stopped at Miss Murray's door, determined to tell my situation to Miss Janes; I would hide nothing from her, tell her the truth in all its naked reality, and then ask her to lend me five shillings. I was sure she would give it to me; when was I to return it? aye that was a question.

As I came to the door Maida bounded up the steps; that was a good omen, but I had resolved not to ring at the hall door until I had ascertained if Miss Janes was still there. I went down into the area and treading softly came close to the work-room window; there was a large round spot from which the paint had been scraped off; I hoped it was still there; through it I would see if Miss Janes was still in her place at the work table. There is the round spot; in a moment my face was close to the window pane. Miss Janes was