

him to ask the doctor whether he had heard anything about Bell and Jemmy. This intelligence, often sought by her in vain, was at length received.

Bell was still alive, and as droll as ever. Her boy, who became a great scamp, was removed from further evil, by being drowned while in a state of intoxication. If the mother had not been as she should be, she paid even in this world pretty dearly for her short-comings. Jemmy, in spite of many rebuffs, held fast to the faith of his fathers, and died; not, however, without having got married about three months previously to an old "towny" of his own.

The reader may as well be told here that Mr. George Baxter, the easy and content, was dead, too; so also was Mrs. Margaret Baxter. The latter went first, but to one of Mary's thinking, went not so well. The husband, on his death-bed, received the consolations of that religion which had smoothed, for his lovely Gertrude, the passage to eternal day. That sweet girl's prayer was heard when she begged of God to remember her father in reward for that father's last kindness to herself. Mrs. Baxter, proud to the last, not blind, looked, when no hope of life was left her, for that baptism which against her better reason she refused, when she could better receive it. But she was disappointed. Before the minister of it came, she had closed her eyes in death. More than we, may well believe that such a disappointment was a punishment from heaven. "It is hard to kick against the goad."

Who cares to know a word of the fates of Mrs. or Miss Marjoriebanks, and her pious sisterhood! A fig for the latter, say we, and a groan for the former. Let her life or her death be an obscurity for ever, as was, through her fault, her husband's, if she had one. Foul weather to the scape-goat!