

happy bride, and hopeful; she was returning, a widow, broken in health and spirits, to place her children with her relatives, and then, as she believed, to lay her bones in the tomb of her kindred. One hope only made her heart bound and her pale cheek grow paler, as she looked on that shore of her nativity, for the first time in twenty years.

"Oh, God I could I see *all* my children before I die!" she faltered.

I pass over the scene of her landing, and welcoming to the house of her brother. I will not stop to tell you how many wonders the India born children found in American city customs and sights; for I must hasten to the end of my story.

"It is impossible, sister," said her brother to the pale lady, one morning, in answer to some expression, "the child could never have reached this country. We never, as you know, have traced her farther than England, and if she had been brought here, she cou'd not have failed to find me or I her."

The widow sighed. "God's will be done!" she murmured. "But it is hard to feel that my little helpless innocent—my eldest born—was sent from me to perish alone. Often I feel as if it could not be—as if she were yet alive, and I should find her at some day."

Providentially, as it proved, the mother was led to search the catalogues of various institutions for the blind; long in vain. At length she obtained a circulation from a distant city, and glanced over it indifferently, so often had she been disappointed. Her heart sprung to her lips as she saw the name "Mittie W. Hamilton."

"Brother," she gasped, extending the paper to him.

He looked and shook his head. "I am afraid you are expecting too much, my poor sister. Matilda was your darling's name, and then how should she stray to that corner of the United States?"

But the mother's hope was stronger than her fears. She scarcely ate or slept, weak though she was, until she reached the southern city whose name the catalogue had borne.

"Hamilton? yes, we have one pupil by that name," replied the bland superintendent, in answer to her first question of trembling eagerness. "But she is an orphan, madam."

"Are you sure, sir. Oh, I must see her at once!"

She followed him to the door of a large room, where fifty girls sat busied with their books and needlework. The buzz of conversation died, as they heard the sound of strange footsteps—and a hundred sightless eyes were turned toward the door.

Near a table, on which lay a bunch of delicate straw fishments, sat Mittie Hamilton. She had been braiding a bonnet, but her fingers had ceased their work, and buried in a sort of reverie, she was the only one who did not notice the entrance of a stranger.

"Was there any distinguishing feature, by which you would recognize your daughter, my dear madam?" asked the gentleman.

The mother's eyes wandered over the group, as though she dreaded the confirmation of her fears to lose her last hope.

"Show me that child of whom you spoke," she faltered.

"Meta Hamilton"—but he stopped, for, at the lady's first word, Mittie had sprung from her position, and throwing back the curls from her face, turned wildly from side to side.

"Who is that?" she cried, with outstretched arms. "That voice, speak again!"

"Mittie, my child!" cried Mrs. Hamilton, springing to her side, and sinking overpowered, upon her knees.