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eeks eyes, with the slender arched brows, and curling black lashes, showed her to be that most enchanting creature, an Irish beauty.

I had recently bought a cottage and garden, in the neighborhood, where I proposed to dwell with my three fatherless children. A gate in the wall of our garden opened on a grassy pasture, from which we descended by steps cut in the cliff, to the sea beach below. A rocky reef extended out a mile, or more, from shore.

That afternoon was passing very slowly, for I was expecting my children, who were coming from Boston, in charge of my good elder sister, Helen Southard.

Only two o'clock, and they could not arrive before five. The tide was out: I too would go out, on the reef.

So, descending the steps, I was soon clambering among the rocks and pools left by the receding tide, and thus came suddenly upon this rare little mortal, from whose smiling eyes looked an immortal spirit: bright, earnest, tender.

In my pleased surprise, I said to the woman who was with her, "Oh where did you find her? She must have strayed from Heaven"

The woman put her finger to her lip, and shook her head, at the same time chatting sociably as she finished the little one's toilette.

As we turned our steps landward, she told me that she was the child's nurse, that her husband was a carpenter, in the town of Seacliff, two miles away; but their home was a little place of a few acres, half way between Seacliff, and the ocean, where she kept a few cows, and chickens, to increase their income. Her mother lived with her.

When we reached our steps, I invited them up, to have a cup of tea in the garden: after which refreshment, I sent the child with my old Dorcas to gather a bouquet.

When they were out of hearing Mrs Burns said, "I see maam that you would like to know Barbara's history. I tell it to every one, hoping to find a clue to

her parents or kindred. "

"About five years ago, I was living with my husband and my mother in Boston. We had not been long in America. Our plump rosy baby, born in the North of