

quences too well if they acted otherwise. Even now a fresh-screw was placed upon such as refused sending their children to the "soup school." Not only were they threatened to be evicted, but they were also refused employment on the public works. This was easily managed, as Lord Clearall's deputies had the sole management of them. So, it was easy to find some pretence for refusing the obstinate.

Mr. Sly had the seat of his gig crammed with Bibles and tracts; he also had a quantity of bread and broken meat. Lizzie Ellis sat beside him.

"What way shall we go to-day, Lizzie?" said Mr. Sly, as they were going out of the avenue.

"I don't well know. What would you say if we called on that Mrs. Sullivan? She was with me this morning; her son was on the works, but was sent home, as she wouldn't send the other children to the school; she wanted me to get him back."

"Do you think has the Lord moved her; is she penitent, Lizzie?"

"She looks to be very poor. I'm sure she is; for I told her there was no use in interfering unless she let the others go to school. She said nothing, but sighed."

"What a stiff-necked people they are; love; but God hardens those. He will destroy."

Nelly Sullivan was sitting at the table with her poor children; before them was a dish of turnip-tops and cabbage leaves, sprinkled with salt. The children eat ravenously of this coarse fare.

"Mammy, won't you ate any?" said one.

"No, alanna, no; ate away; shure there's not enuff for yerselves."

"But, mammy, you were walking all the mornin'; shure you're hungry, and you didn't ate anything these two days."

The mother looked at the coarse food, unfit for pigs, and her eyes glistened; she then looked at her wretched children, and she turned away as the tears trickled down her withered cheeks.

"No," said she to herself; "bad as it is, they haven't enuff. God help them! My God, I'm dying;" and she squeezed her hands upon her sides, and sat upon an old stool.

"Oh! mammy, mammy! it is so tough I can't ate it; it's choking me," said one little thing.

"And me too," said another.

"Oh! if we had a bit of bread or a sup of milk, or a pratie," said another.

"Here, pet," said Johnny, a little boy about twelve years; "here," and he picked the softest bits for the youngest. He then got some and took it to his mother. "Here, mother, ate this," said he, and he placed the coarse food in her hand.

She groaned. He rubbed her face—it was covered with a cold sweat.

"Mammy, mammy, what ails you?"

shouted the boy. "Oh, mammy is dying!" he exclaimed.

The others ran to her, clasping their little hands, and calling their mammy.

"Johnny," said she, faintly, "bring me a drink."

He brought her a vessel of water, from which she drank; she then ate some of the leaves.

"What ails you, mammy?" said a little thing, nestling at her knees, and placing her tiny hands in hers.

"Nothing, pet; nothing. I am well now," and the poor woman stroked the little flaxen head.

"Oh, mammy, here's a lady and jittleman!" said another, as he saw Mr. Sly drive to the door.

"Thank God!" said she, clasping her hands and looking up. "I hope they have come to save us."

"Good-day, ma'am!" said Mr. Sly. "This is a miserable place, ma'am;" and he looked at the wretched cabin in a most commiserating manner.

"Indeed it is, sir," said Mrs. Sullivan, with a curtsy. "It is a poor place for a lady and jittleman to come to; but then, if people can keep from starving now, it's enuff. I am sorry I haven't a sate for the lady," and she bowed to Miss Ellis.

"Don't mind, ma'am," said Mr. Sly; "we can stand. Would you let this little chap hold my horse for a moment?"

"Yes, sir. Run, Johnny, and hold the jittleman's horse."

Miss Ellis was all this time taking a view of the cabin. The roof was broken in several parts, and the rain had formed into little pools on the clay floor. In a corner a bed of straw lay on the cold ground. A vessel was placed in the bed to receive the dropping rain. There was an inner room, but it was deserted, as being unfit to be occupied, for the roof had nearly fallen in. A few embers burned on the hearth, and the emaciated, half-clad looking children crowded around it.

Miss Ellis knew little of the poor; caged in her father's splendid house, surrounded by every luxury, she wondered why the people should be poor at all, or have such wretched hovels to live in. It is only lately she began to comprehend Mr. Sly, her young and sensitive heart was touched at the tales and scenes of misery she had heard and witnessed. She might have become a ministering angel; but her artful guide smothered these aspirations of gentle pity in her breast, by telling her that all their sufferings were sent by the Lord to afflict them for their sins, and to lead them to righteousness.

"How do you live here at all, ma'am?" said Lizzie, as she glanced at all the signs of wretchedness that surrounded her.

"Really, I don't know, miss; we haven't had a bit these two days but some cabbage and turnip leaves. I didn't ate a bit myself to-day. God knows I am starving!"