

## Bannen of Faith.

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## Mrs. Huckerby.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.



rs. HUCKERBY
was a short,
red - haired
littie woman,
peaked and
pinched with
the effort to
live under circumstances

that made life rather a difficult matter.

She had many prejudices and some ignorances, but, on the whole, she was a well-meaning person.

Two ideas possessed her at this particular time: the one was, to make an honest living for herself and her three children, and the other was an anxious wish to get back her husband from Manitoba, whither he had gone six months ago to seek that work which had failed him in his own country.

When he went away she was left with Peggy, and Albert Edward, and a baby, to provide for as best she could, and a very small greengrocer's shop was supposed

to supply the wherewithal. This shopbrought her in a few shillings a week, and, besides, she had the rent of a room and closet upstairs, which was let to a Scotchman, Fergus by name, who had lodged there these five or six years.

I don't know that Mrs. Huckerby, in the struggle for a livelihood, showed more fore-thought or management than many other women—somehow things were generally behind in the little household in Peckitt's Row, but, at least, she worked hard, 'striving from morning to night,' as those neighbours who ran long accounts at the shop were ready to testify.

Her lodger, Fergus-it was not known if this were his Christian or surname —worked in a manufactory in the town as a pictureframe maker, and had the reputation of being a good workman, and that was about all any of his acquaintance knew about him. He spoke to no one, and wished no one to speak to him. He never invited a mate to his room; he cooked for himself, washed his own clothes, scrabbed his own floor; and perhaps all that his landlady knew more than others was the single fact that he spent every hour of his spare time in some kind of carpenter's work, which, however, was carried on without much noise.