

raised in mute supplication, while her face was pale as death. At length she spoke:

"He is dead, then! Horatio is no more, and poor wretched Margaret, guilty, depraved, abandoned, as you were, I cannot but lament your fate! Alas! alas! can these horrible tidings be indeed true?"

And in wild, uncontrollable emotion, she arose, and paced the room with hurried and unequal pace. Eleanor waited until the first burst of her grief was past, and then approaching her with noiseless footsteps, she laid her hand on her arm:

"Remember, dear sister! that affliction is sent us from on high; doth not our heavenly Father chastise those whom he loves? let us, then, subdue our stubborn nature, and, bowing in submission to His divine will, affectionately kiss the rod which chastises us. Remember that you are a Christian!"

"You are right, dear Eleanor," returned Mary, as she tenderly embraced her. "And I thank you for reminding me of my duty. I will henceforth endeavour to bear my sorrows as a Christian woman should."

At this moment a servant entered with a message from Mrs. Kenrick, requesting to know whether she might be permitted to take her leave, as she was anxious to return home to her family as soon as possible. The desired permission being given, Mrs. Kenrick once more made her appearance.

"Before you go, Mrs. Kenrick," said Mary, "I wish to ask how you became acquainted with the unhappy writer of this letter."

"Well, ma'am, since you do put the question to me, I'll jist tell you, though I had as lief not, becase I hope the poor creature is now out of pain, for all that she was unfortunate, an' we ought to try an' cover the faults of the dead, an' let them rest in pace; but since you want to know, ma'am, how it was, why I'll tell you. As I was comin' home from market one Saturday evenin', about three months ago, what should I see but a poor shiverin' creature sittin' on the steps of a door in Dawson street, (if you know where that is, ma'am); well, she was leanin' against the iron railin' an' looked very pale an' sickly; myself was grieved to the heart to see her there, for she looked like one that had seen better days, and so I went up to her an' ax'd her had she no place to go to. She looked at me without sayin' a word, an' I began to think the poor woman was out of her mind, but when I ax'd her the same question over again, she burst out cryin'!"

"Not a spot in the wide world have I whereon to lay my head!"

"Well," says I to her, 'if that's the way with you, why, come with me in God's name, whatever you are; my place is but poor, but sure it's better than the street, so come.' The poor creature tried to get up, but she was so wake, that she was near fallin' again, only I catch'd her. Well then I made her lean on my arm, an' we walk'd very slowly to my poor house. God help me! it is a *very* poor house; an' dear me! I'm sure the lady thought it mighty strange to be in such a little, weeny bit of a house; but I made her as comfortable as I could, an' the childhre did everything they could for her. (I have three small childhre, you see, ma'm, an' I'm a poor widow woman into the bargain.) The poor soul tried to take everything in good part, for she was mighty quiet and humble like. You'd never think, to look at her then, that she was one so unfortunate, but she was, for all that. Well, ma'am, myself used to wonder, and wonder, at what could have brought her to sich a condition, but as she never spoke about it herself, why, I could'nt bring myself to ask her. At last, about five weeks after she came to my little place, she took mighty bad entirely, an' from the first, she gave herself up. It was a great trouble to me that I wasn't able to pay a docther to come to her, but when I said that to her, she got quite angry like, an' called out in her fine English—for she could spake jist as well as any counsellor, ma'am. [Here Mary, *malgré* her sorrow, could not refrain from smiling, which, however, Mrs. Kenrick was far too much engrossed by her narrative to notice.] I couldn't say it as she said it, ma'am, but she ax'd me what would I send for a docther for? or what value was her life to any one? She said she was only a burthen to society, (ay! them's the words she used,) and that if I knew what she was, I'd be glad to get shot of her. Well, myself was frightened at the way she got on, an' when she seen that, she grew quiet again, an' she tould me to sit down beside her; so I did, an' she says: 'Mrs. Kenrick, you're the only friend I have, and now, as I am near dyin', I'll not deceive you any longer,' and then she ups and tells me that she had once been a great lady, an' had plenty of friends and plenty of money, but that the evil spirit got into her, and she deceived her friends, and blackened them to each other, till she set them all a quarrellin', an' then, when they began to find out what she was, she went off to London; but, ma'am, I'd only make you ashamed if I tould you the kind of a life she led there for as good as six or eight years; an' at last, the poor unfortunate creature was turned out upon the world, without