

income; but instead of being brighter, things began to look worse. Mr. Jones retired from business, and Roland was again thrown out of work. With the best of credentials and Mr. Jones' influence, he next secured a position as second book-keeper in a wholesale house. He had mastered shorthand to such a degree that he could make a fair report of a public gathering, and he was employed by one of the newspapers as an occasional evening reporter; but he was called upon so seldom that it did not bring him an average of two dollars a week. For two more years he worked on, his heart aching because he was unable to do more for his loved ones at home, whose necessities had increased.

Every newspaper was searched for a more lucrative opening; many advertisements were answered, but he was always too late, or lacked influence. He attended to every duty, he put up with every inconvenience, he avoided all kinds of society, he was written down as a miser and mean by his companions in the office, and he endured it all without a murmur, sustained alone by what was in his heart.

A fine looking young man, the son of an English curate, the arms of society were wide open to receive him, and in some cases it really importuned him. In several instances there appeared to be opportunities which, if cultivated, might have led to an alliance where the wealth he lacked would have been secured, but nothing dazzled or attracted him. The "tacit understanding" was a bond strong enough to bind him until death. Or, perhaps, it should not be put in that light. The great love he had for Vivian so filled his constant heart that he had no room for a single thought of another, and he toiled on wearily, hopefully, uncomplainingly, until the day should come when she would fill his life.

The firm in which Roland was employed was forced to close out a business in Princeport, which was not able to meet its bills, and he was offered the position of going there as overseer and book-keeper at a salary of fifteen dollars a week. As he would be able to return to his old employment when the goods were sold, he accepted it for the purpose of being in a position to send more money home. He was nearly a year in disposing of the stock, as there was a large quantity of unsaleable goods, and the saleable ones had to be renewed several times to help work off the others. This work was about completed, when he received a telegram to close up the place, but remain temporarily in charge, as the firm in Montreal had become insolvent. In a short time he was out of employment and many hundred miles away from the spot where he had any acquaintances. His heart sank within him, and the object which he lived to attain was removed to an indefinite distance.

He secured first one situation and then another in Princeport. Sometimes his salary was good, and sometimes below what he could afford to work for; but he could live in a rough cheap way there, and save for his loved ones, and this prevented his return to Montreal.

Roland had noticed a change in the tone of his mother's letters, an increasing discontent, a spirit of deeper complaining and chafing under her lot, which caused him sorrow and apprehension. His letters never lost their hopeful character, no matter how his heart bled, and his cheering words were calculated to lift his mother's spirit out of her chronic gloom; but "hope deferred maketh the heart sick," and the prospects were such that really there was slight ground for hope.

After struggling on and trying every way to attain to success, Roland saw himself apparently no nearer than when he first landed on the wharf at Montreal. He was tempted to make some bold stroke and imitate others who had secured success

in a few months at the mines; but as the chances of failure were twenty to one against him, he hesitated. He felt that those who depended on him could not afford to miss his remittance even for the few months that would be required to make a trial, and ultimate failure would bring actual want and suffering.

How had it fared with his dear ones at home?

For some time after Roland left, his mother was somewhat comfortable in her sister's house. It was like a visit lengthened out; but little by little this feeling passed away, and one of dependency took its place. Then her manner became restrained; it was evident she felt her position keenly, and this made her sister and brother-in-law unhappy. They were both very kind to her, and now tried to increase their manifestations of kindness, which were misinterpreted by Mrs. Radcliffe, and she became really unhappy. Vivian tried to do all she could to relieve the tedium of Mrs. Radcliffe's life. She saw with sorrow and regret the growing feeling of discomfort, and did her best to exorcise the spirit. It was but six miles from Mr. Danforth's to Mrs. Radcliffe's sister's home, and Vivian frequently went over to visit her, and often brought Mrs. Radcliffe home with her, and kept her for days. Then Mrs. Radcliffe would grow restless, and Vivian would return her to her sister's, and visit her again every few days.

Vivian's mother had been an invalid for years, and about this time she became worse, and passed quietly away. This left a blank in the household that it fell to Vivian's lot to partly fill, and prevented her from spending as much time as formerly with Roland's mother.

About a year after Mrs. Danforth's death there was trouble in Mr. Danforth's office. His partner had done something in the management of the Bellington estate, which brought the firm into responsibilities which completely ruined Mr. Danforth. To meet this liability Mr. Danforth had to make over all his property to young Lord Bellington, and could barely purchase a cottage into which to move his family. He was scarcely settled in his circumscribed quarters when a stroke of paralysis carried him off. The business was settled up, and Mr. Danforth's brother adopted the younger children, and offered Vivian a home; but she would not think of leaving the locality where Mrs. Radcliffe lived. The cottage and its furniture were given to Vivian as her share of the estate, and certain interests would produce about twenty pounds a year for a limited time, and then this would cease. Vivian asked Mrs. Radcliffe to make her home with her, and she accepted the offer.

Vivian and Mrs. Radcliffe were now started at housekeeping, with an assured income of twenty pounds, to be added to by Roland's remittances. For a long time Mrs. Radcliffe was happier than she had been during the last few years; but this wore away, and she soon became very despondent and dissatisfied. Their income was not sufficient to meet their wants, simple as they were, and Vivian was put to her wits' end to know what to do to prevent Mrs. Radcliffe from finding out the real state of things. The girl was dismissed, and a younger one got at less wages, and Vivian did a large part of the housework. Dresses and bonnets had to be made over and trimmed, and Vivian, who had had no experience in this kind of work, had to learn how to do it. A small garden, adjoining the cottage was cultivated by Vivian's own hands, and nearly enough vegetables raised to meet the wants of the little household. From early morning until late into the night she was busy at her work, never repining, never complaining. If she had hopes, they rested on an invisible foundation; but she never appeared altogether despondent. If she felt low-spirited, she hid it from her friend—