





"You know, father, that I'm a cripple, and can't do any hard work."—Page 18.

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LAME LETTY,

OR

"BEAR YE ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS."

BY

MARTHA FARQUHARSON,

AUTHOR OF

"ROBERT AND DAISY," "MARRIAGE HARVIE," "FOY," &c.

"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."
GAL. VI. 2.

"For every man shall bear his own burden."—GAL. VI. 5.

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CHAPTER I.

“When along life's thorny road,
Faints the soul beneath the load
By its cares and sins oppress,
Finds on earth no peace or rest :
When the wily tempter's ear
Filling us with doubt and fear,
Jesus, to thy feet we flee,
Jesus, we will look to thee.”

“ONE, two, three, four, five—time to get up, and oh! it is so dark and cold! How the wind shakes the old house, and sifts in through all the cracks, and around the crazy old windows! Oh! we shall freeze to death before the winter is over; and starve too, I do believe. No, I don't believe that either; for has not

God said, 'Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed?' And can I doubt his word? Father in heaven, forgive my unbelief!"

And Letty Callahan crept softly out from under the one thin quilt, which was all that she and her little brother and sister had to cover them on that cold winter night, and kneeling down on the bare floor beside her hard pallet of straw, she asked God in simple earnest words for faith and patience and contentment with her lot. She asked to be made like unto the meek and lowly Jesus; and gave thanks for such blessings as she had—life and a measure of health and strength—but most of all for the blessed hope, that she—though so poor and worthless—was one of God's own dear children, and might carry all her troubles and wants to him and pour all her sorrows into his sympathizing ear.

She rose from her knees, and crossing the room to another bed of straw, laid like her own upon the floor, she stooped over it, and gently snaking a woman who lay there, said,

"Mother, mother, it is time to get up now. I heard the church clock strike five a good bit ago."

The woman rose and crept from the bed, and with a heavy sigh commenced smoothing her hair, and adjusting her dress. Letty was groping her way to the fire-place.

"Have we anything to make a fire with, Letty, child?" asked the woman; "it's awful cold here," and her teeth chattered as she spoke.

"Yes, mother," said Letty cheerfully. "I bought three cents worth of chips and shavings last night, at the carpenter's shop. Mrs. Gilpin gave me a shilling for a bit of lace I knit her; and so I bought the shavings and a sixpenny loaf for breakfast, and had a penny left for to-day; and there's a little tea yet, enough to make you a cup for your breakfast, but there's no sugar nor milk to put in it."

"Then I must drink it without," replied the mother. "Oh! Letty, it's *hard* to work like a slave from morning to night, and then

have scarcely food enough to keep body and soul together; let alone clothes or fire."

"It does seem hard," said Letty sadly, "but oh! mother, we shouldn't murmur while we have a place to lay our heads, for you know our dear Saviour had not that. And I'm sure, mother, if we put our trust in the Lord, and try to do the very best we can, he *will* take care of us, and provide for us.

"It was only yesterday I was reading where it says, 'Bread shall be given him, his water shall be sure.' And then in another place it says, 'Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things.'

"O! it is sweet to think that God knows all about our troubles, and feels for us, and will take care of us."

Letty was putting the chips and shavings together in the fire place, and lighting a match as she spoke. Mrs. Callahan had come up beside her, and they both stood together for a moment warming their hands over the blaze.

"How did you sleep, Letty?" asked her mother. "Not very well; my side ached so,

and it was so cold," was the reply in a patient tone.

"Poor thing!" said the woman pityingly; "you don't have much comfort in your life, day or night. It's a weary, weary world, Letty, and I wish we were all out of it."

"Oh! mother, don't say that; we must all wait God's time, and be willing to suffer his will. And oh! mother, I often and often have such sweet thoughts about the love of Jesus, while I am lying on my bed, that I almost forget the pain and the cold," replied Letty, her eye brightening and her pale cheek flushing as she spoke.

"You are a strange child, Letty," said the woman, shaking her head and sighing. "I don't understand you. But I must hurry; for I promised to be at my work by seven o'clock, and it's a long walk from here up to Twenty-ninth street."

The water was boiling in the kettle. Letty put the tea to draw, and cut a couple of slices from the loaf which she handed to her mother.

"That's more than my share I'm afraid, Letty," said Mrs. Callahan, taking but one; "eat the other yourself, child."

"No, mother, I want you to eat both; for you have to take a long, cold walk, and work hard all day, while I stay at home, and do almost nothing."

"Then you've the more need of the food, for you'll not be taking any exercise to keep you warm, and will have no fire; while I am going where I shall be warm enough, and get a good plentiful dinner; so keep it and eat it yourself," said her mother kindly, again putting the bread from her.

"You are very good to me," said Letty, glancing into her step-mother's face, with moistened eyes, as she took the bread from her hand.

"And ain't you good to my little Willy? I don't know what he'd ever do without you, poor little fellow!" and she sighed as the little sleeper turned uneasily on his couch and moaned as if something distressed him.

"He's cold, I know," said Letty, "O mo-

ther, if we could only get a little more cover to keep him and the rest of us warm these cold winter nights."

"I can't beg," said the woman shaking her head sadly, "and there's no other way. Oh dear! Oh dear! if we were only all of us in heaven! It says, doesn't it, Letty, that they're never cold there?"

"I don't remember that it just says 'cold' exactly anywhere; but it does say: 'And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain;' so I am quite sure we will not be cold there. But O mother, don't forget that we must be changed, and made fit to dwell with God before we can go to heaven, for the Bible says, 'Without holiness no man shall see the Lord.'"

"There! the clock is striking six, and I must be off right away," said Mrs. Callahan, setting down upon the hearth the cracked cup from which she had been drinking her tea,

and reaching her bonnet and shawl from the nail where they hung.

The shawl was very thin, and the bonnet old and much the worse for wear; but they were her best: indeed the only ones she had; the shawl, the only one owned in the family.

"Tell Maggie not to go to school to-day, unless she's a mind to; for it's too cold for anybody to be out with nothing around 'em, and I must have the shawl," she said to Letty as she threw it around her shoulders.

"I guess Maggie 'll prefer to bear the cold for the sake of the dinner as well as the lessons," was Letty's reply, as her mother went out and closed the door.

The fire was dying out, and, as it was still too dark to see to work, Letty crept back to bed to try to keep a little warmer while waiting for the sun to rise.

She did not go to sleep again—it was too cold for that—but lay there thinking sadly of a time long ago, when her father had not learned to love rum, and they could always have a fire, and plenty to eat.

And the tears rolled slowly down her thin, pale cheeks, as in imagination she again passed through the trying scenes which succeeded that dimly remembered dream of happiness. How gradually her father's pleasant smile was exchanged for a sullen scowl, and her mother's face grew wan and careworn, their daily food more poor and scanty, and their clothes faded and threadbare. Then the father ceased to do anything towards the support of the family, and the mother was compelled to toil incessantly, until at length, completely worn out and broken hearted, she laid her down to die.

Again, Letty thought of a yet more terrible trial which had come to her: a fiendish blow from the hand of a cruel man which had made her a cripple for life, and condemned her to the endurance of almost constant pain; and as memory recalled the dreadful suffering she had endured for weeks and months afterwards, she cried earnestly to her heavenly Father, as she had done many, many times before, for grace to enable her to forgive him

with her whole heart. But this led her to happier thoughts—thoughts of the forgiving, compassionate love of the Saviour, especially to herself.

She felt that he had pardoned her sins, and given her a heart to love and serve him; and now they were tears of quiet happiness that stole so gently down her cheek, and fell on the curly head of her little sleeping brother who had nestled close to her side.

But it was growing quite light, and Maggie, opening her eyes, asked, "What time is it, Letty?"

"Nearly eight, I should think," was the reply; "and you'd better be getting up, Maggie, if you are going to school to-day; but mother said you needn't unless you chose, because it's awful cold, and you know you've nothing to put round you."

"I wouldn't stay away for that," said Maggie; "at least, when there's a good fire there and none here. We haven't anything to make a fire, have we, Letty?"

"Only a handful of chips that I'm saving

to warm Willy's milk. I have a penny yet, and one of us must run round to the shop and buy it for him."

"I'll go!" said Maggie, springing up and shaking out her dress—for, having so little covering, they slept in the dress they wore during the day, for the sake of the additional warmth. "I'll be back in one minute."

"The teacup's standing on the hearth, Maggie," said Letty, "rinse it out at the hydrant, as you go along; mother had her tea in it."

Willy had opened his eyes, and was beginning to fret for his breakfast. "Yes, Willy, sissy's going to make a fire, and warm some milk for you," said Letty soothingly, as she rose and went to the fire-place; "lie still a little while till sissy gets it ready."

"Oh my! how cold it is!" said Maggie, coming in with the milk; "my fingers feel as if they were frozen." And setting down the cup, she commenced rubbing and blowing them.

"Will you go to school to-day?" asked her sister. "Yes indeed! and I wish you and

Willy could go too; why, Letty, you'll freeze to death here to-day without a fire."

"I hope not quite," replied Letty cheerfully, "but I'm afraid you'll freeze going."

"No, I'll run all the way, and there'll be a good fire to warm me when I get there."

"We've nothing but bread for breakfast," said Letty, producing the remains of the loaf, "but there's many a one that hasn't even that; so we ought to be thankful."

"I don't want any breakfast," said Maggie. "I'm going to start for school as soon as I have washed my face, and smoothed my hair."

"You'd better eat a little, before you go," said Letty, kindly, "you must be hungry, for you had hardly any supper last night."

"No, I shan't touch it. You'd have no dinner if I did; and I shall get as much as I want at the school. I'll ask for a bit of bread when I get there, and I know they'll give it to me when I tell them that I have had no breakfast."

She warmed her hands over the blaze Letty

had made with her few chips, and tying on an old hood, went out.

To reach the street, the Callahans were obliged to pass through an apartment occupied by another family, and down two flights of stairs. As Maggie passed through, the woman was yawning, and calling out in a sleepy tone to her eldest child, a girl of nine or ten years, that it was time to get up.

"May Ada go to school with me to day, Mrs. Hamman?" asked Maggie.

"No, I reckon she shan't," returned the woman crossly, "she's got to be hunting up something to keep us all from starving. Get up, you lazy thing!" she continued addressing her own daughter, "here it is a'most nine o'clock, and not so much as a crust to eat, nor a chip or shaving to make a fire with, in the house."

"Oh, it's so cold!" said the child, shivering, as she stepped out on the floor, "this old shawl is so thin it doesn't keep me a bit warm, and my stockings and shoes are so full of holes, that my bare toes come right down on

the cold stones, and it just seems as if it would freeze them right off."

"Well, you know you've got to go, so you may just as well quit your growling," replied her mother, "and if you don't go right off, without another word, I'll take the shawl away, and make you go without it."

"Well, I want something to eat first," said the child. "I'm as hungry as can be, for you know you didn't give me anything but a little bit of bread for my supper."

"I tell you there isn't a crust of bread in the house, and if you don't start pretty quick, I'll get up and give you such another beating as you won't want in a hurry," was the angry reply.

Seeing there was no alternative, the child tied on an old sun-bonnet, and wrapping a thin faded shawl around her, went slowly down the stairs, and out into the street shivering and crying as she went; while her unfeeling, indolent mother turned over to take another nap.

"More milk, Letty," said Willy.

But Letty had none to give him, so she persuaded him to take a piece of bread in his hand, and setting him on the bed, she put the quilts around him to keep him warm, while she sat beside him with her knitting.

She had her Bible lying open in her lap, and while her fingers were busy with her work, she now and then glanced her eye over the page, and read a few verses.

Presently a loud yawn was heard, and a man with red, bloated face, and bleared eyes, rose slowly from the opposite bed, saying,

"Well, Letty, got anything to eat about the house?"

"Yes, father, there's some bread."

"Well, hand it over. It's poor fare; dry too as a bone," he said, as he took it from her hand. "I wonder why you and your mother can't provide something a little better."

"Mother does the best she can, I think, father," replied Letty, meekly, "she works very hard, but you know she don't get very high wages, and it takes 'most all she earns to pay the rent." She longed to add, "O father, if

you would only work steadily, and bring your wages home, instead of spending them for rum, we might be very comfortable."

But she dared not do it, she had suffered too often from his temper, willingly to brave his anger.

"And what's become of your wages?" he asked. "You're old enough now to be earning something. Fourteen, ain't you?"

"Yes, sir! but you know, father, that I'm a cripple"—her voice trembled, and the tears rose to her eyes—"so I can't do any hard work. I try to do what I can at knitting and sewing, but I can't earn much that way."

The father rose and put on his hat. Letty summoned all her courage to say, "Father, haven't you a few pennies you could give me to buy something to make a fire? It's so cold, I'm afraid little Willy's hands and feet will be frozen."

"No," said he gruffly; "if you can't work and earn what you want, you've no business to live. I wish that fellow that broke your back, had either let you alone, or killed you

outright. I used to think you were a right pretty child, that one might be proud of; but you've grown amazin' ugly since then; you look pretty near as old as your mother."

He walked out and shut the door, and Letty sat down and wept bitterly. "Oh! I know it is all true," she sobbed. "I am ugly, and old looking, and a useless cripple, only in other people's way. Oh! why does God let me live? I wish, oh! how I wish I could die!"

Willy was too young to understand the cause of her distress, but he saw that something had grieved her, and, putting his little arms round her neck he said coaxingly, "Don't cry, sissey, I loves you!"

She caught him in her arms, and clasped him close to her breast. "Yes, you darling, I know you do, and I love you dearly; and I am of use to take care of you. Oh! it was very wicked of me to want to die, when God sees fit to let me live. I will try to be contented and bear my burden patiently, and do all I can for others as long as I live."

She dried her tears, and took up her knit-

ting, then laid it down to rub her cold hands, and blow her half-frozen fingers.

"Sissy, Willy want drink," said the child. Letty went to the bucket. It was empty, and telling Willy to keep still in the bed till she came back, she took it up and left the room.

Mrs. Hamman was still in bed with her three little children, who were all fretting with hunger and cold.

She started up, as Letty entered, to scold about so much passing through her room. She wondered, she said, why they couldn't keep at home as she did.

Letty did not remind her, as she might have done, that more than half her days were spent in gossiping in the houses of her neighbours, but replied meekly, that she was obliged to go down after some water.

A group of dirty, ragged boys were playing ball in the yard, and as she passed, one of them uttered a shocking oath.

"O Sam!" exclaimed Letty, stopping short in her walk, "how can you say such dreadful words? Don't you know it's very wicked?"

"Clear out!" said he, "I'll say what I've a mind to, and not ask you."

Letty walked on and set her bucket down under the hydrant spout. Just then she noticed a little girl at the other end of the court, crying very bitterly, while looking about on the ground as if searching for something. Letty hesitated a moment. "Shall I ask what is the matter and try to help her?" thought she. "Oh! 'tis so cold to be out here, and I'm in a hurry to get back to Willy. But 'Bear ye one another's burdens,' the Bible says; I will offer to help her."

Leaving her bucket, she moved towards the child.

"What's the matter, Janie?" she asked in a pleasant tone.

"Oh! I've lost the dime mother gave me to buy the bread with, and we'll have to go without any dinner, and mother'll beat me like every thing," sobbed the child.

"There, don't cry! I'll help you look for it, and I guess we'll find it," said Letty. "Where did you drop it?"

Jane pointed out the spot, and Letty commenced a careful scrutiny of the ground.

The cold wind was blowing over her uncovered head and shoulders, and her teeth chattered so that she could scarcely speak, but she persevered, and at length was rewarded by finding the money where it had slipped away under the edge of a stone, and seeing Jane's face lighted up with a grateful smile as she handed it to her.

She now filled her bucket, and started for the house. Her hands were so numb with cold that she could scarcely hold it, and, as she passed the boys, one of them, calling out in a rough unfeeling tone, "Go it, you cripple!" threw the ball against the bucket, knocking it out of her hand, and spilling the water not only on the pavement, but over her feet, and nearly throwing her down.

An angry exclamation rose to Letty's lips, but it went no farther. "Jesus says, 'Forgive your enemies,' and 'Be patient towards all men.' Oh! it is sweet to think I'm minding Jesus, for he says, 'If ye love me keep my

commandments ;' and I do love him, and so I will not be angry," she said to herself; and without a word she picked up her bucket and limped patiently back to the hydrant, filled it again, and this time was allowed to pass into the house unmolested.

The boy who had thrown the ball, seemed to feel some compunction when he saw how patiently she bore it. He stood watching her as she limped along into the house. Then throwing down his ball as if a sudden thought had struck him, he ran after her.

It was always a difficult matter for Letty to carry a bucket of water up stairs, and especially now when her hands and feet were stiff and numb, and aching with cold. She dragged it wearily up a few steps, and then sat down with a weary sigh to gather strength for another effort.

"Halloo, Letty!" called out a boy's rough voice, "I'm sorry I tumbled your bucket over, and now I'll just carry it up for you, to make all right again."

"Oh thank you, Sam! you're very kind. I

was just thinking, how should I ever get it up."

"Not a bit," said Sam, catching up the bucket, and carrying it with an ease that quite surprised Letty "I'd no business to throw it over in the first place."

He stopped at the head of the stairs, and waited for her. "Which room?" asked he.

Letty pointed to the door. "I'd ask you to come in and warm yourself, Sam," said she, "but I haven't a bit of fire."

"Haven't you though? and I spilt all that water over your feet. Dear! how cold you must be! I wish I had some money, and I'd go and buy you some wood; but I haven't got a single cent. But I'll tell you what I'll do! I'll run round to the carpenter's shop in the next street, and see if I can beg a few chips and shavings out of them: and if I can't, I reckon I can manage to *hook* a few while they are gone to their dinners."

"Oh no, Sam!" exclaimed Letty, "I wouldn't have you do that for the world; because you know God says, 'Thou shalt not

steal; and so I couldn't take them if you did."

"Well then, I don't see as I can do anything for you," said Sam, running down the stairs.

Willy was crying with the cold; his little hands looked red and swollen, as did his little bare toes also, peeping out of the holes in his shoes. Letty set down the bucket and took him in her arms. He threw his around her neck, and sobbed, "Sissy, Willy so told!"

Letty could keep back the tears no longer. They came thick and fast, as she cried despairingly, "Oh! are we to freeze to death?" and for one instant she was tempted to wish that she had accepted Sam's offer.

But it was only for an instant. "Father in heaven!" she cried, "forgive my sinful thought. Oh keep me in this hour of temptation! Whatever we have to suffer, oh never, never let me break thy commandments! but oh, send us help in our extremity! Lord Jesus, help me!"

She set the child down, and wrapped him in the quilt.

"Willy, dear," she said, "sissy mustn't touch you with her hands, for they would only make you colder. Be a good little boy, and don't cry, and maybe mother will bring home some money, and then Maggie will run out and buy some chips, and some bread and milk, and we'll make up a nice fire, and you shall have a good warm supper. Oh! won't that be nice?"

Willy began to laugh at the pleasant picture Letty's imagination had conjured up, and presently she commenced rolling him about on the bed, and romping with him until the exercise had stirred up some warmth in the limbs of both.

"Letty," said Mrs. Hamman, opening the door, and ushering in her three children, "I want to get you to mind these youngsters while I run over to Mrs. Gilpin's a minute, on an errand."

Letty was strongly inclined to say no, for she knew by past experience that Mrs. Ham-

man's minutes were apt to be very long, and the three children troublesome charges; and she felt by no means equal to the task, for both head and back were aching severely from over-exertion, and want of food and fire. But remembering the abuse she had received, not only that day but many times before, for passing through Mrs. Hamman's room, she thought, "Now here is an opportunity to obey the Saviour's command, 'Do good to those that despitefully use you;' and that other, 'Bear ye one another's burdens.' Yes, I will do it;" she looked up pleasantly, saying, "Yes, Mrs. Hamman, I will take care of them."

It was no very easy nor agreeable task, for the poor things, being both hungry and cold, were very cross.

But Letty called them to her, and began teaching them the manual exercises she had learned, while attending an infant school when a very little girl; and when in this way they had become tolerably warm, and she saw that they were beginning to weary of it, she amused them with Bible stories.

CHAPTER II.

"Fear ye not therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows." Matt. x. 31.

A LADY sat at one of the front windows of a comfortable mansion, in the upper part of the city. She was sewing busily, but her thoughts seemed far away, for she paid no attention to the prattle of a sweet little curly-headed girl, some two years old, who sat on the floor at her feet playing with a doll. It was a bleak day in December. The clouds seemed to be gathering for a snow storm, and the air had that cold dampness that penetrates the warmest clothing, and makes you shiver in spite of yourself. Mrs. Barnum was thinking of the many poor in that great city, who must be suffering from cold and hunger, and trying to devise plans for their relief.

The door opened, and an older child, a little girl of eight or nine, rosy with health and happiness, bounded in exclaiming, "O mother, mother, I have just seen such a lovely doll: It's just like Nolly Cavender's new one,—and I want you to buy it for me. Won't you, mother?"

"My dear, I can't afford to buy you such very expensive toys," replied her mother, "especially as you already possess several dolls."

"O mother," said Flora, coaxingly, "but this is such a *love* of a doll; mine are quite shabby looking beside it. And I heard papa say the other day, that he was worth more money than Mr. Cavender; so I'm sure if Nelly's mother can afford it, you can too."

"Come here, Flora," said her mother, glancing out of the window. "Look there at that poor little girl, not much larger than you are. Do you see her bare toes protruding from the holes in her shoes?"

"O yes, mother, and how very thin and shabby her shawl is. Poor thing! mayn't I

call her in, and give her something?" exclaimed Flora, eagerly.

"Yes," said Mrs. Farnum, "you may bring her in here, till we ask her where she lives, and what she needs."

Flora ran out into the hall, and opening the door, said, "Come in, little girl! you must be very cold, and hungry too, I suppose. Come in and warm yourself by the fire; and I will get you something to eat."

Ada waited for no second invitation, for she was indeed suffering much from both cold and hunger. Flora led the way into the pleasant sitting room, and set her a chair by the fire. Then she went and whispered something to her mother, who nodded a pleased assent, and Flora bounded merrily from the room. It was not long ere she returned, carrying a small sized, but thick blanket shawl on one arm, and a pair of shoes and woollen stockings in the other hand.

"Here," she said, putting the shoes and stockings in the child's lap, and throwing the shawl around her shoulders, "I have a new

shawl, and mother says I may give you this one. It will keep you nice and warm. And here are good warm stockings and shoes." And kneeling down beside Ada, she insisted on putting them on with her own fair hands.

In the mean time Mrs. Farnum had been questioning the child as to her name, residence, &c., and had been told in reply that her name was Ada Hamman, that her father was dead, and her mother almost always complaining of ill health, that they were very poor, and she had a little brother and two sisters younger than herself.

"There is the dinner bell, Flora," said her mother, as—her self-imposed task accomplished—she stood looking with delight at Ada's pleased face, "take the little girl down to the kitchen, and tell cook to please give her a good plentiful dinner; and then come and eat your own, and if you like you may go with me after dinner to see her mother."

"Oh thank you, thank you, mother, I should like to dearly!" said Flora dancing out of the room, followed, rather more slowly, by Ada.

After dinner, Mrs. Farnum gathered up a few articles of clothing, such as she thought might be needed by those she was about to visit, and taking Flora with her, accompanied Ada to her home to judge for herself of the truth of the child's story, and relieve their necessities should she find them deserving.

It was a long, cold walk, and Flora was beginning to wonder when they would come to the end of it, as Ada turned into a narrow, dirty court, and presently opened the door of a very old, dilapidated looking building, and led the way through a dirty passage, and up two flights of stairs so covered with mud and filth, that Flora half hesitated to follow her mother; and ere she did so, gathered her skirts close to her, watching carefully as she ascended lest they should be soiled by coming in contact with the wall or banisters; for Flora was a neat little body, and hated the very sight of anything like dirt.

Mrs. Hanman's room was very little cleaner than the stairs. The bare floor had evidently not been scrubbed nor even swept for many a

day; and the windows were covered with dust, and curtained with cobwebs. There was nothing that might be called furniture, but two or three stools, and an old stove cracked and rusty. On a shelf stood a cracked plate, a broken pitcher, a teacup and saucer, and an old knife. Flora was looking about for the beds, and wondered if that pile of shavings in the corner, covered with an old ragged quilt, could be considered a substitute for one. The room was unoccupied, and Mrs. Farnum looked inquiringly at Ada.

"Mother must have gone over to one of the neighbours," said the child. "There! I hear the children in Mrs. Callahan's room. Maybe she's in there," she added, opening the door between the two rooms as she spoke.

Mrs. Farnum and Flora both saw at a glance, and with much satisfaction, that this room, though quite as unfurnished, was far cleaner than the other. The windows were free from dust and cobwebs, the floor and hearth were swept up neatly, and the covering of the straw-bed on which Mr and Mrs.

Callahan slept, was laid straight and smooth. Letty was seated on the other, with Willy on her lap, and the three little Hammans gathered about her; all so deeply interested in the story of Elijah fed by the ravens, which Letty was relating to them, that the entrance of their visitors was quite unnoticed.

"O Letty! did the birds really bring him bread and meat every morning and evening? How I wish they would bring us some too, for I'm dreadful hungry," little Ellen Hamman was saying as they entered.

"Yes, God sent them," said Letty. "He will send us something to eat too, if we ask him, Nelly. I know he will, for the Bible says he hears even the young ravens when they cry, and takes care of the sparrows; so I am sure he will take care of us."

"Will he?" said the child. "Oh! then I will ask him, but you must tell me how, Letty!"

"So I will, dear Nelly—"

"Letty," said Ada, not noticing Mrs. Far-

num's sign to her to keep quiet—"here's a lady."

Letty who had been sitting with her back to the door, started and turned round with an air of embarrassment.

"Won't you take a seat, ma'am," she said, putting Willy down, while Ada hastened to hand them the only two chairs the apartment contained, old and broken, but so clean that even Flora did not hesitate to sit down.

"You seem to be in want, my poor girl," said Mrs. Farnum, kindly; "it is very cold here, and I see you have no fire."

"No, ma'am," replied Letty, her eyes filling, "Willy has cried a great deal to-day, because of the cold, but I have no fuel and no money to buy any."

"That is hard; but how does it happen? have you no parents to provide for you?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Letty, colouring and looking down, "my own mother is dead, but my stepmother is very kind; she works hard, and does all she can for us; but you know

ma'am, it takes 'most all she can earn to pay the rent."

"And have you no father?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Letty, in a low tone, "but he never brings his wages home, and often he says he cannot get work."

"Ah, I see how it is," said Mrs. Farnum in a compassionate tone. "Have you no food either, my poor child?"

"I had a piece of bread for my breakfast, and I hope mother will bring home something to-night."

"Are these your brothers and sisters?"

"This is my brother," said Letty, laying her hand on Willy's head. "The others are Ada's. I have one sister, but she's gone to school."

"Public school, I suppose?"

"An industrial school, I think they call it, ma'am. She gets her dinner every day, and I believe she's to have some clothes after a while."

"You go too, sometimes, I suppose?"

"O no, ma'am, I am not able to walk so far; and besides, I can't leave little Willy."

"No, of course not; I might have known that. But what ails you? I see you do not look healthy."

"My spine is broken, ma'am," said Letty sadly, while the tears rolled down her cheeks. "An Italian organ-grinder knocked me down, and broke it."

"Poor child! poor child!" said the lady, pityingly; "that was very, very hard indeed. He must have been a cruel wretch."

"Yes, ma'am; but I hope God has enabled me to forgive him. I couldn't for a long time, but I asked God to help me, and I think he has," said Letty, wiping away her tears. "It seemed very hard at first, ma'am," she continued, after a slight pause, "and it does yet sometimes, but I know it's God's will, and so I try to be contented; and oh! ma'am, I'm 'most always happy because I know that Jesus loves me, though I am only a poor cripple, and it is very sweet to think of that."

"Where did you learn all this, my child?" asked the lady.

"In this precious book, ma'am," said Letty, laying her hand on her little well worn Bible.

Mrs. Farnum took it up, and examined it. It showed constant, though careful use; there were many leaves turned down, many passages marked, and here and there it was blistered with tears.

"I used to go to school, ma'am," continued Letty, "when my own mother was alive, and father was better off. I went to an infant-school when I was a very little girl, and I learned a great deal that was good there; and then I had a very good Sabbath-school teacher; she gave me that Bible, and wrote my name in it, and I used to like to hear her talk, and to read in the Bible; but I don't think that I ever really loved God until after that man struck me. I didn't know before what a bad heart I had, but when I found how I hated him, I was frightened to think how wicked I was, and I begged God to give me a new heart, and help me to forgive him; and

he did; and oh! ma'am, I could almost thank that man for what he did to me, when I think that, but for that, maybe I might never have found out how bad my heart was, and never have come to *Jesus* for a new one."

Mrs. Farnum was much affected with Letty's story, and her simple, earnest piety. Seeing that they were very destitute, though Letty made no complaints, she determined to give them all the assistance in her power.

Taking a pair of woolen stockings from her bundle, she put them upon little Willy's feet, at the same time speaking to Letty kind words of sympathy and hope. Then assuring her that she would send them food, fuel, and clothing, she took her leave.

Flora, whose hand had been in her pocket for some time, lingered behind to slip a half dime into Lotty's hand, saying in a whisper that it was all she had left of her pocket money, and she wanted the baby to have something to eat immediately. Letty looked her thanks, and the happy child bounded away after her mother, who was in the next room talking

with Mrs. Hamman, who had been summoned home by Ada. She told a very pitiful story of being a lone widow, with four small children to support, always ailing herself, and often out of work.

But Mrs. Farnum was not pleased with her slatternly appearance—uncombed hair, torn, greasy dress, and dirty hands and face, nor with the untidy condition of her children, and the dirt and filth everywhere to be seen about her room. And she could not forbear telling the woman that she thought she had much better be spending her time in making herself, children, and house a little more tidy, than in gossiping with her neighbours. Mrs. Hamman felt very angry, but thought it most prudent to conceal her displeasure.

"Indeed ma'am," said she, "you can't expect a poor woman like me, to be dressed up, and have her house as clean as yours."

"No," said Mrs. Farnum, "I don't expect any one situated as you are, to be dressed up; but I know that water is plenty and costs nothing; and I see you have a broom which,

with a little exertion on your part, would remove all these cobwebs, and the dust, and make your room look much more tidy. I am afraid your present distress is, at least in part, the result of indolence; but I see you need assistance, and I am willing to give it, if I find you deserving. Here are a few clothes for your children; and I will send you food and fuel enough to supply your present necessities, and will endeavour to find some employment for you which will enable you to support yourself and children."

"O mother, what a dirty, dirty woman!" exclaimed Flora, when they had reached the street. "I'm sure she must be lazy. But I felt so sorry for poor Letty with her broken back; how she must suffer! and she seems so good and patient."

Her mother made her no reply, but walked on as if buried in thought until they had left the narrow, dirty streets behind them, and entered a wide, pleasant one where the buildings were large and handsome, and almost every window displayed rich and costly goods. Here

Mrs. Farnum paused and taking out her purse, said, "Flora, I will give you five dollars to spend as you please. We shall soon reach the store where the doll is, which you covet so much, and you can buy it with this money if you choose; or if you like, you may spend it for the poor families we have been visiting."

"Oh, thank you, thank you, mother!" exclaimed the delighted child, with sparkling eyes, "now I will have that lovely doll! Oh I am so glad! how kind you are!"

But the next moment her countenance fell, and she walked along in silence. There was evidently a struggle going on within her breast, and her mother watched her with intense interest. Presently she looked up and said, with a strong effort, "I don't believe I ought to buy the doll, mother, when there are so many poor people suffering from hunger and cold. I will spend the money for poor Letty and the others, and that will be denying myself, as our Saviour says we must; and minding the verse I learned this morning, 'Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of

Christ.' Won't it, mother? You said it meant that we must help others when they are in trouble."

"Yes, darling," said her mother, pressing the little hand she held, "and it gives me more happiness than I can express to see that my dear little girl is trying to put in practice the lessons she learns from God's holy word. But come then, since you are willing to give your money to those poor people, we will go in here and buy a dress and some other things for Letty, and you shall help to make them up, and go with me to carry them to her."

"O yes, mother, I shall like to, dearly; but we'll buy a dress for Willy and one for Letty's sister, won't we?"

Her mother assented, and they entered the store. I will not say that Flora did not once or twice, during the next few days, half repent of her generosity, and sometimes cast a longing look at the coveted doll, as she passed the window where it was so temptingly displayed; but when the clothing had been made up, and she went with her mother to carry it

to the poor children, she felt fully rewarded for her self-denial, in witnessing their joy and gratitude.

But we must return to Letty. When their visitors had left them, and there was nothing to attract Willy's attention and make him forget hunger and cold, he began crying again most piteously. Letty had now the means of procuring him some food, but she could not take him with her, and he would not consent to be left alone.

She tried in every way she could think of, to interest and amuse him, but nothing short of the satisfying of his wants would pacify him. Letty thought of asking Ada to do the errand, but she could hear the children crying, and Mrs. Hamman scolding in loud angry tones, and she was afraid to venture.

It was now time for Maggie to return from school, and she was expecting her every moment; but a half hour passed and she did not come; and while the tempest in Mrs. Hamman's room seemed to have lulled, Willy's cries were becoming more and more importa-

nate, till at length, feeling that she could endure it no longer, Letty went to the door and asked in a gentle, persuasive tone if Ada might be permitted to go out and buy a little milk for Willy.

She was met by a flat refusal, given in harsh angry tones; this she had more than half expected, and it did not surprise her; but she was totally unprepared for the storm of abuse with which it was followed up.

"You impertinent hussy!" exclaimed the woman, with an oath, "how can you have the face to come here asking a favour of me, when you know you're just ready to take the bread out of our mouths? I should think you'd be ashamed to show your face after coaxing the lady, who came to see me, into your room, and wheedling her out of the things she brought for my children, when, goodness knows, the poor things need all they can get." She added some very abusive epithets, at the same time advancing towards Letty with a menacing air. "Yes," she continued, "and you told her I was lazy and

dirty; I know you did, and you needn't deny it."

But at length she stopped for want of breath, and Letty answered meekly that she had not asked the lady into her room, and did not even know of her coming, until made aware of her presence by Ada herself, and that she had not asked for anything, nor said a word about any of her neighbours.

"No, I dare say not," said Mrs. Hatman, "you'd be very careful not to tell her how bad off we were, and how much we needed help. I'll be bound you'd never say a word about that; but you're always ready enough to tell of your own wants."

Letty felt that it was very hard that this should be the only return made for her kindness in taking charge of the children, and exerting herself for several hours to interest and amuse them. She felt angry and indignant, and was about to reply as she felt, but there came to her mind the words, "Be not hasty in thy spirit to be angry; for anger resteth in the bosom of fools," and also that

injunction of the apostle, "Be patient toward all men;" and lifting up her heart in prayer for strength to obey, she turned away and left the angry woman without a word of reply.

"O Willy dear! don't cry any more," she said, taking him in her arms. "Sissy's head aches so; do be a good boy and soon Maggie will come, and Willy shall have his supper. It is almost dark; oh! what can be keeping her?"

She carried Willy to the window to see if she was in sight. She was coming, and with a basket on her arm, and a shawl wrapped around her.

"O Maggie!" cried Letty, as she entered the room the next moment, "where have you been? I'm so glad to see you, for I was beginning to be afraid that something had happened you."

"And so something has," replied Maggie joyously; "but it is something good. I will tell you all about it. While we were all sewing this afternoon, I was thinking of you and Willy at home here sitting in the cold, and so

hungry, and I couldn't help crying; so one of the ladies would make me tell what was the matter; and then she said I must go home with her after school and she would give me some victuals to bring to you. So when school was out, and I put on my bonnet, she asked me where was my shawl, and then she pitied me very much because I had none, and when we got to her house she gave me this—just see how nice and warm it is—and she gave me some bread and meat and pie, and lent me this basket to carry them in, for she said she was sure I was honest and would bring it back—I'm sure I will too. And she gave me this dress of her little girl's, and a warm skirt and some stockings. I have them on you see. Wasn't she kind?"

"Indeed she was!" said Letty, "and we ought to thank God for putting it into her heart, Maggie."

Maggie had been lifting out and displaying the various articles as she told her story rapidly, and in cheerful joyous tones, while Letty looked and listened with glistening eyes. Willy

too had ceased crying, and was eagerly devouring a cake which Maggie had placed in his hand.

Just at this moment there was a knock at their door. Maggie ran to open it. A black man came in with a basket and a large bundle which he put down, saying, "My missus sent me with these things. She says the comforts is for to keep you warm o' nights, and there's wittles in the basket, and there'll be a man comin' along directly with the wood."

Tossing the bundle on the bed, he commenced emptying his basket, depositing its contents on the window sill and chairs, for there was no table in the room. There was provision enough to last them a week. The children looked incredulously in each other's faces—it seemed so like a delightful dream, they could scarcely believe it was all true, and were almost afraid to move lest they should awake again to the sad reality of gnawing hunger and nothing to satisfy it. The man laughed as he glanced at their bewildered, half-tearful, half-smiling countenances, and taking

up his empty basket, and wishing them good evening, he left the room.

He had scarcely gone when another came, bringing a supply of fuel such as Maggie could scarcely remember ever having seen in their house.

"O Letty!" she said, when they were again left alone, "isn't it just like a fairy tale?"

"Ah, Maggie!" was Letty's reply, "isn't God good to us? I asked him to keep us from freezing and starving, and I knew he would. Come, let us thank him."

They knelt down beside the bed where they had been sitting, and Letty poured out, in her own simple words, the thanksgivings of a full heart.

"Now Maggie," she said, when they had risen from their knees, "I will make a fire, while you go and buy Willy some milk. I wish we could afford a candle, for it is so dark I can scarcely see anything; but we can't, and I'm so glad we can have a fire and something to eat; I ought to be too thankful to be wanting anything else. I wonder, Maggie, if Mrs.

Hamman has anything for supper! I think we might spare her one of these loaves and a little of the cold meat. You take them to her as you go out."

"Indeed," said Maggie, "she flew at me so when I came in, that I'd rather not go near her again."

"But you know you have to pass through her room when you go for Willy's milk; and it would be such a good opportunity to obey our Saviour's command, to return good for evil," said Letty. "But if you don't like to speak to her, I'll take them in myself."

Mrs. Hamman was making a fire, for she too had received a supply of fuel; though whether she had any food or not, Letty could not see, as the room was almost dark. She had come up close to Mrs. Hamman, and was just opening her lips to offer her what she had brought, when the woman, turning fiercely upon her, said—"I don't want none o' your cold victuals, so you may just carry them back. If I couldn't live without coming to the like o' you for victuals, why I'd starve; that's all."

Letty felt deeply hurt, but she turned away without replying, and went back to her own room. Her heart was very sad, and her eyes filled with tears; it was still dark and cold in their room, and Willy was crying again. But she exerted herself to speak cheerfully to him, while her hands were busied with kindling the fire and preparing the supper against her mother's return.

They sat around the fire, and talked more cheerfully than usual that evening; for though there had been no very material, nor permanent, change in their condition and prospects,—yet the gnawing of hunger, which had come to be an almost constant pain with them, had been relieved for the time, and that of itself brought with it a sense of enjoyment.

With the mother and Maggie it was only the forgetting of the future in the enjoyment of the present; but not so with Letty. With her it was leaning upon her Father's arm, and trusting him for guidance and support through all life's journey.

"He has provided for me," she thought,

"and he says to me, 'Fear not: thou art mine.' Oh! he will take care of me, and I will trust and love him all my days. Oh! it is so sweet to belong to him! to think that he is my God and my Father, and I am his child."

Letty seldom slept much; pain frequently kept her awake for hours, while all around her were buried in slumber; but she often said that she had no reason to murmur or complain, for it was then that she had her sweetest thoughts of her Saviour, and then that she gathered strength to bear the trials of her daily life.

That night, as she lay awake, she thought of her father's cruel taunt; and she prayed that she might not be permitted to be entirely useless, but that God would give her her work each day and hour, and help her to do it with an eye single to his glory. Then as she carefully considered her circumstances and position, that text, "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ," and the other, "For every man shall bear his own burden," came to her recollection, and

she said, "Yes, that is it. I will strive to bear patiently my own burden of pain and care, and toil, and to do all that I can to help others to bear theirs; 'and so fulfil the law of Christ.' Oh! it is sweet to think that thus I shall be obeying and pleasing him! And *he* will help me to bear my burden. I shall not be forced to bear it all alone, for I may carry it to him. And now, what work can I find to do? I can take care of dear little Willy, and teach him, as he grows older, to love and serve God; and I can pray to God to give him a new heart. What else? Let me think. I can earn a little by knitting and sewing; I can comfort mother and Maggie when they feel sad and troubled; and I can pray for them, and for my poor, poor dear father, and perhaps I may some day be of use to him; perhaps God will teach me how to lead him to Jesus. And then there are the neighbours all around; I can often do them some little kindness. And oh! I will ask Jesus to help me so to live that they, "seeing my good works, may glorify my Father which is in heaven."

Such were Letty's meditations, and such her resolutions as she lay upon her bed that night, wrapped in thought, and most steadily and earnestly did she strive to carry them out in her after-life. She trusted not in her own strength, but was ever "looking unto Jesus." To her he was an ever living, ever present, loving, sympathizing friend, to whom she might turn at any moment for counsel and assistance. Her trials were many, and often severe, but when filled with doubt and perplexity, or tempted to impatience or discontent, she had one short prayer always ready, and it never failed to receive an answer.

It was only three words—"Jesus, help me."

CHAPTER III.

"Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call."

MRS. FARNUM called again the next morning to inquire further into their necessities, and see what more she could do towards relieving them.

Letty had been taught by her own mother to sew quite neatly, and Mrs. Farnum engaged to supply her with work, and Letty was very anxious to do her best, but on account of having the sole charge of Willy during the day, and the weakness of her back which made it almost impossible for her to sit steadily at work for any length of time, it took her a long

while to finish a piece of work, and she was never able to earn a great deal.

Mrs. Farnum found employment for Mrs. HANMAN also, and provided the children with many articles of clothing; but she soon discovered, what she had suspected from the first, that the woman was extremely indolent, greatly preferring lounging about, or lying in bed, to honest labour; while her poor little children were sent out to beg in the streets. Again and again, did this kind and benevolent lady procure her work, but it was always so miserably done, and kept so long ere it was finished, that it was very seldom the case that the same person could be induced to employ her twice.

Seeing how utterly unfit she was to have the care of her children, Mrs. Farnum proposed to her to take them to the Children's Home, and at length she consented to do so. Ada came in one evening to visit Letty, with her head quite full of the idea.

"O Letty!" said she, "do you know that mother is going to take us to the Home? I'm so glad. I didn't want to go at first, but Mrs.

Farnum told me it was such a nice place. She says, I'll have plenty of good victuals and clothes, and a nice bed to sleep in, and can go to school every day; and after a while the ladies will get me a place in the country. Oh! won't that be nice? I think I should so like to live in the country. Wouldn't you, Letty?"

"Yes," said Letty, with a slight sigh, "I think I should very much indeed. When are you to go, Ada?"

"We're to go to the Home to-morrow, and may be I'll be there all winter, Mrs. Farnum says; and then in the spring the ladies will try to get me a place."

"Ain't you sorry to leave your mother, Ada?" asked Maggie.

"Yes," replied Ada, a little doubtfully; "but I guess I'll get to see her sometimes."

The next evening Ada came in again; she had been crying and looked very sad.

"Why Ada!" said Maggie, "I thought you were gone. But what is the matter?"

"Oh!" said Ada, bursting into tears, "we

went this morning, but when mother found out that they would never let us come back to her, she wouldn't let us stay. And now I know I'll just have to go round the streets, begging again. I don't want to be a beggar, nor I won't," she continued, passionately. "Just as soon as ever I'm big enough I'll run away, so I will. Mother's just as lazy as she can be; she lies in bed all day, and makes me beg victuals for her; but I won't do it much longer, for she might put us all in the Home, and then I'm sure if she'd be industrious she could take care of herself."

Letty felt distressed to hear Ada talk so, but was entirely at a loss how to reply to her, for she knew that all the poor child had been saying was quite true.

They were all silent for a little while, and then as Ada began again to recount her grievances, Letty said soothingly, "O Ada, don't talk so! I know it is very hard, and I'm sure I'm very sorry for you, but then you must remember that she's your mother after all, and

you know that God says, 'Honour thy father and thy mother.'"

"Well, it's very hard to do it when your mother's bad and cross," said Ada. "I can't do it, and I don't believe you could yourself, Letty, if your mother was like mine."

"Maybe I couldn't, for I often find it very hard to do right, Ada; but we must ask God to help us," replied Letty gently.

"I wish I was dead," said Ada; "I don't believe anybody ever had as hard a time as I have."

"Oh Ada, *don't!*" said Letty; "you can't really want to die, when you know you haven't a new heart, and can't go to heaven without one."

"You're not any poorer than we are," said Maggie, "if that's any comfort."

"But your mother doesn't make you beg," replied Ada.

"Would you like to change places with me, Ada?" asked Letty, gently, while her lips quivered slightly, and the tears came into her eyes.

Ada looked into the pale, patient face with its deep lines of suffering, and answered with a slight shudder, and in a compassionate tone, "No, dear Letty, I wouldn't."

The tears gushed from Letty's eyes, and trickling down her cheek, fell upon the floor as she leaned forward to conceal them from her companions, and she clasped her hands with a wild, longing wish to be like others; but she dashed the tears away, and an earnest cry went up from her heart—"Lord Jesus, help me to say, Thy will be done."

The next moment, she raised her head and spoke so cheerfully that Ada thought, "How strange, that Letty does not mind being so ugly and crooked! I should be always crying and fretting, if I was like her." And yet Ada left the wearing, wearying pain entirely out of the account of Letty's trials.

Both families were much more comfortable than before Mrs. Farquar's first visit; yet they did not get through that winter without a good deal of suffering from both hunger and

cold; for their wages were small, and fuel and provisions very dear.

Maggie went every day to the Industrial school and got her dinner there; but poor Ada was sent out to beg.

Mrs. Farnum had procured a soup ticket for each of the families, and thus those who remained at home were provided with a dinner every day.

Mrs. Callahan was usually out doing washing or scrubbing; so Letty and Willy were at home alone, and there was generally something left towards supper.

Letty was not able to go for the soup and bread herself, but Mrs. Hamman agreed to bring it to her when she went for her own, if Letty would take care of her children during her absence, which she gladly consented to do.

On Sabbath day Mrs. Callahan was always at home; she had no work, of course, and no clothes fit to wear to church. Letty's clothes were not much better than her mother's, and she was not able to walk far enough to attend

church, except on rare occasions when she felt unusually well. But she tried to spend the day in as profitable a manner as she could. She sometimes collected a few of the neighbours' children—the little Hammars and others—and told them Bible stories, and tried in her simple way to teach them the way to heaven. At other times she would read the Bible to her mother, or to an old woman living in the same court, who could not read it for herself, and was extremely ignorant, especially on the subject of religion. Letty was the only one in her father's family who cared for these things, and she had many longings, and put up many prayers for the conversion of her mother, father, and sister.

It was Sabbath afternoon. Willy was asleep, Maggie at Sabbath-school, and the father, as usual, lounging about some grog-shop. Mrs. Callahan sat with her head upon her hand, in a desponding attitude, seemingly absorbed in sad thoughts. Letty, who had been watching her for some time, at length said softly, "Mother, may I read a little to you?"

"I don't care," replied Mrs. Callahan, in a listless tone, "you can do as you like."

Letty opened her Bible at the third chapter of John, and read the account of the conversation between our Saviour and Nicodemus. As she finished the third verse, her mother interrupted her. "Stop a minute, Letty," said she, "and tell me what that means. I want to go to heaven—I s'pose that's what it means by seeing the kingdom of God—and if I must be born again to get there, I must know what it means."

"Wait a little, mother," said Letty, "I think Jesus explains it himself." She read on to the fifteenth verse. "Now here it is, mother," she said, "'That whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life. For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' You see, mother, that to be born again means to believe on Jesus; because you know he says, we must be born again, or else we cannot be saved, and then afterwards he says,

whosoever believeth on him, shall be saved, so it must mean the same thing."

"Well then, Letty, what is it to believe on Jesus? Can you tell me that?" asked her mother. Letty considered a moment, and put up a silent prayer for help.

"Mother," she said, speaking slowly and distinctly, "you know that we are all sinners in the sight of God—miserable sinners, deserving of eternal death. God has said, 'The soul that sinneth it shall die,' and this condemns all who have been guilty of even but *one* sin; then how much more those who like us have sinned so very, very often! We can't do anything to save ourselves, because you see to be saved by the law—that is, by being good and obeying God perfectly, as Adam was told to do—we must have been perfectly good and holy all our lives, and even if we could be holy for the future, it would not make up for the past."

"Yes, I see it," said Mrs. Callahan; "but, Letty, how then can any body be saved?"

“ ‘Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ,’ mother, ‘and thou shalt be saved.’ ”

“But now we’ve just come back to where we started from,” said her mother, “and you haven’t told me yet what believing means.”

“I’m coming to that, mother,” said Letty. “The first thing is to see how helpless we are of ourselves, that we may feel our need of Jesus. You know, mother, that God commands us to keep his law, but we are so sinful by nature that we cannot do it, ‘but do daily break it in thought, word, and deed.’ But Jesus said, he would come and keep the law for us; that is, he takes our place, and does our work for us. But you remember God says, ‘The soul that sinneth it shall die,’ and that condemns us, because we have all sinned. But Jesus said he would take that punishment and die instead of us, and you know he did die on the cross. And now God says if we will believe on Jesus we shall be saved. Mother, it means to feel how very helpless and vile we are, and coming to Jesus, just to give ourselves to him, and believe and trust him, when he

says that he will save us—save us from hell and from sin. O mother, was it not wonderful love that brought him down to die for us? how I long to love him more, and serve him better!”

“It seems very strange, Letty,” said her mother, musingly, “are you sure that I may come? I’ve been a sinner all my life, Letty; I don’t know that ever I said a prayer since I was born.”

Letty turned over the leaves of her Bible and read, ‘They that are whole have no need of the physician, but they that are sick; I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.’ Mother, those are the words of Jesus.”

Mrs. Callahan sat thinking a few moments, then she said slowly, more as if thinking aloud than addressing Letty, “I’d like to be a Christian if I only knew how: but I don’t see as I can. I can’t read, so the Bible ain’t of no use to me, and I haven’t the least idea that ever was, how to make a prayer.”

Letty again turned over the leaves of her

Bible and read the account of the two men who went up into the temple to pray. "There, mother," she said, "the publican's prayer is very short; I'm sure you can remember it. 'God be merciful to me a sinner.'"

"Yes, I can mind that well enough, and I s'pose it's just the prayer for me. But Letty, do you think that God will hear me?"

"Mother, he calls himself the Hearer and Answerer of prayer; but we must be in earnest, and never dare to come to him with lip-service only, for here in this verse Jesus says to the woman of Samaria, 'God is a spirit, and they that worship him, must worship him in spirit and in truth.'"

Again Mrs. Callahan sat thinking in silence, while Letty was lifting up her heart in a silent petition on her behalf.

"Mother," said she presently, "that prayer of the publican seems very suitable for you, and indeed for all of us; but, mother, I love to talk to Jesus in my own words. Can you not go to him and tell him all you want, just as you would if you could see him? Ask him

to give you the Holy Spirit to teach you how to believe on him."

"I'm not good enough, Letty; I wouldn't dare to speak to him. I must do better first."

Letty read, "'*Now* is the accepted time; *now* is the day of salvation.'" Then turning over to another place, "'To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts.'" You see, mother, it is all *now*; and you are not to wait to make yourself better, for that you can never do."

She read again, "'Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? then may ye also do good that are accustomed to do evil.'" You know, mother, that it would be impossible for any one to change the colour of his skin, and you see this verse teaches that it is just as impossible for us to make ourselves good. But, mother, if we hate our sins, and long to be rid of them, Jesus will help us, for he says, 'Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Won't you come to him, dear mother?"

"I'll think about it, Letty. Yes, I *do* mean to be a Christian some day."

"But don't put it off, mother; you know the Bible says *now*."

"Well, child, I intend to begin right away to try to do better."

"But come to Jesus *first*, mother. You can't make yourself better, though you try with all your might."

Her mother only shook her head, saying, "I'll think of it, Letty."

CHAPTER IV.

"I lay my wants on Jesus ;
All fulness dwelle in him ;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares ;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrow shares."

"O LEITY, just see how I have torn my dress! I don't know how to mend it, and mother will beat me so, when she comes home."

It was an intensely hot summer day; the sun shone with a scorching heat, the air felt close and sultry, even in the wide streets, and airy-built houses; but here in the narrow lanes and courts, and ill-ventilated houses, crowded with hundreds of human beings, living in poverty and filth, it was almost stifling.

Letty, who never felt well and strong, was to-day oppressed with a feeling of excessive languor; her head ached, and her hip pained her more than usual; but she must work, for she had her daily bread to earn. Slowly and wearily, but steadily, she plied her needle, thinking the while, that if she persevered she would be able to finish the garment before the day was over, and then she might afford to rest a little, for she had no more work in the house, and must wait until Maggie returned from school to carry that home to her employer and bring her a fresh supply.

"I can't do anything to help her. I'm too sick and tired," was her first thought, as Ada Hamman came in holding up her torn and dirty dress. But as she glanced at Ada's distressed face, the words of the Apostle, "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ," flashed across her mind, and putting up her accustomed prayer, "Jesus, help me," she laid aside her work, saying in a pleasant, cheerful tone, "I will show you how to mend it, Ada!"

But the dress was badly torn, and as Ada knew nothing about sewing, Letty soon found that it would be more trouble to show her how, than to do it herself. She set about it quietly and patiently, while Ada sat watching her.

"Letty," said she presently, as if a sudden thought had struck her, "I wonder what makes you so different from mother, or any body else that I know?"

"How do you mean, Ada?" asked Letty colouring a little, for she always thought of her lameness, when any one spoke of her being different from others.

"Why, you always seem happy; you always look pleasant and smile when any one speaks to you; and you never fret nor scold though you have to work so hard, and Maggie says you have a pain in your hip almost all the time. I should think you'd hate that man that hit you. I'm sure I should want to kill him."

"O Ada! that would be very wicked," said Letty. "I'm afraid though," she added with a sigh, "that I did hate him that way at first;

but now I would be glad to do him a kindness."

"Indeed I guess I wouldn't! I think that would be very foolish," exclaimed Ada in a tone of surprise.

"Ada," said Letty, "I should be very unhappy if my heart was filled with anger and hate. Oh! yes, I was dreadfully wretched when I hated him so;" she said, shuddering, and covering her face with her hands for an instant.

"Ada," she said, lifting her face, and taking up her work again, "I will tell you what it is that makes me happy in spite of all my pain and other troubles. It is because Jesus loves me, and I love him. All day, and all night long, I feel that he is close beside me, and that his kind, strong arm is around me; and I can tell him all my troubles, and ask him for everything I want, and when I feel cross and impatient he helps me to struggle against it; and it is so sweet to do right, because I want to please him, and to know that he sees me, and knows that I am trying to do

his will. Sometimes it seems very hard to be so poor and lame, and to have so much pain; but then I remember that it is his will, and I ask him to help me to let patience have her perfect work; and to teach me to obey his command, to be content with such things as I have, because he has said, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.' O Ada, isn't that a sweet promise?"

"I wish he would love me too," said Ada.

"O Ada! he will, if you will only ask him," replied Letty eagerly, looking up from her work; "he says, 'Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.'"

"But how shall I come?" asked Ada. "Where is he?"

"Every where," said Letty, "for he is God, and you must come to him, by praying to him."

"I don't know how; what shall I say? What shall I ask him for?"

"Whatever you want," said Letty; "ask him to give you a new heart and make you

love him, and then he will love you, for he says, 'I love them that love me.'"

"A new heart!" said Ada, "what is that? I've heard you talk about it before, but I never knew what you meant."

"Don't you know, Ada, that we all have very bad hearts? I mean that we have bad, wicked feelings, and like to do a great many things that God forbids; and there are many things he bids us do that we don't like to do. Now when we talk about a new heart, we mean having our feelings so changed that we will love every thing that is good and holy, and hate every thing bad and wicked. The Bible calls it being born again, and Jesus says, 'Ye must be born again. Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God:' that means going to heaven, you know, Ada."

"Well, I'd like to have a new heart, Letty, but where'll I get it?"

"You know I told you to ask Jesus. He says, 'Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find.' And in another place it says that

God is more willing to give his Holy Spirit to them that ask him, than parents are to give good gifts unto their children."

"Well," said Ada slowly, "I'd like to be like you, Letty,—I mean good, and kind, and happy like you,—and so I'll just ask God for the new heart we've been talking about; and I hope he will give it to me."

"He will, Ada, I'm sure, if you really want it, and ask him for Jesus' sake. Do begin at once to ask him every night and morning to give you his Holy Spirit."

"I will; but you must tell me the words to say, Letty; but only a few, for I can't remember many."

Letty thought a moment. "I think this will do, Ada," she said. "Father in heaven, give me a new heart, and make me thine own dear child for Jesus' sake. Amen."

Ada repeated it several times, till she could remember the words quite well, and promised to kneel down and repeat them every night and morning.

By this time the dress was mended, and

Ada put it on with many thanks. "Letty," said she, "do tell me, is it reading the Bible that makes you so kind and ready to help every body?"

"Yes, Ada," said Letty, "it says, 'Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ;' and I always think of that when I see anybody in trouble, and then I try all I can to help them, because I love to mind Jesus, for he says, 'If ye love me keep my commandments.'"

"I wish every body would mind that, and then I think we'd all have a nice time," said Ada.

"Well, Ada, let us try," said Letty, "and every day ask God to help us. You can begin with your mother, and little brother, and sisters; by being kind and patient with the little ones, and doing all you can to help her."

"Mother don't do it," said Ada.

"Ah! Ada," replied Letty, "we must look at our own faults and not at other people's, if we really want to grow better."

Ada left the room, and Letty took up her own work again, and sewed away less wearily

for the pleasant consciousness of having done a kind act at the cost of some self-denial.

Her work was not quite finished when Maggie came in from school with eyes beaming with delight, to show her sister a new dress and sun-bonnet which had been given her, by the ladies of the school, as a reward for diligence and good behaviour. Letty fully sympathized with her sister, and her eyes beamed with heart-felt pleasure as she said, "O Maggie, how glad I am! now you can look as nice and neat as any body need wish, when you go to Sabbath-school."

"Yes; but, O Letty, I wish you could go too: the ladies are so good and kind. And so you might if it hadn't been for that"—

"Oh! don't, Maggie, don't speak of it!" said Letty, shuddering.

"But don't you hate him, Letty? I do."

"No, Maggie! but don't talk of him. I don't like to think about it for fear I may."

"Let me finish that shirt, and you lie down; you look real sick," said Maggie, taking the work from her sister's hand.

Letty lay down for a few moments, but soon got up, saying, "I feel as if I should smother! it seems to me there isn't one breath of air stirring here. I'll take Willy down to the door and see if it's any cooler there."

Two little girls were playing with broken dishes upon the sidewalk a few doors off, and Letty watched them with kindly interest, as she sat with Willy in the door-way, half panting for a breath of fresh air.

For a while they played very pleasantly together, but ere long, a dispute arose concerning some bit of china which both fancied, and angry words passed back and forth, and then one struck the other, who was just raising her hand to return the blow; when Letty stopped in between them, and asked in a pleasant tone, "Why, what is the matter, Janey and Mary? I hope you wouldn't fight! you know that is very wrong."

"She's got my chauey," said Mary, "and she won't give it up."

"No, it isn't hers, it's mine," said Jane, stoutly.



"Why, what's the matter, Juan and Mary? I hope you wouldn't
fight."—Page 83.

"Come, let us sit down, and I think we can settle it," said Letty, taking a hand of each, and leading them to the place where she had been sitting. "Now tell me which of you found it, and where?"

"We were both together round yonder in that other street, by the back gate to that big house, and so we both found it," said Mary.

"Was that the way, Janey?" asked Letty. Jane assented.

"Now I'll tell you what we will do," said Letty; "it's a pretty big piece, and we'll just break it in two; won't that do?"

"No," said Jane, "you shan't break it, it's mine."

"Well then, let's put it away a little while, and I'll tell you a story, shall I?" said Letty.

"Oh yes, do!" said the children.

Letty began with the story of Adam and Eve, their creation, and their fall; then she told them of the sad effects of the fall; how, in consequence of it, we are all born with wicked hearts; then she spoke of heaven—

its golden streets, and the white robes, and crowns, and golden harps of its inhabitants, and she explained to them that if they wished to go to that happy place, they must be made holy. Next, she told them of Jesus—how he had suffered and died that they might be saved from hell, and made fit for heaven; and of his love for little children when on earth, and his command to us to love one another. Their hearts were touched and softened, and when she had finished, they were ready to shake hands and be friends, and willingly allowed her to divide the disputed bit of china.

Maggie had finished the work, and carried it home; and just as Letty dismissed the children to their play again, she returned, bringing a fresh supply, and they both sat on the door-step sewing, until it was too dark to see.

“Letty, have we any thing for supper?” asked Maggie, rising and folding up her work.

“Yes, some bread; that is all. You bring down a piece for Willy and me, when you

carry up the work, won't you? and then I won't have to go up again until bed-time; it's so hot and close up there."

"I will," said Maggie, "for I know it hurts you to go up and down, and I'll help you to bear your burden. You see, Letty, you've said and acted that so often, that I'm beginning to think of it too."

Ada had just come home—she had been out begging all day—and presently she came and seated herself beside Letty and Maggie.

"Oh, I'm so tired!" said she. "I'd go to bed, but it's so dreadfully hot up there."

"I think you *must* be tired," said Letty. "You've been walking nearly all day, haven't you?"

"Yes. Oh, dear! I'm so tired of being a beggar; I wish I could go to school like you, Maggie. I do so want to know how to read."

"I think Maggie and I can teach you, Ada," said Letty. "We have an old spelling-book up stairs, and if you'll come in whenever you have time, I'll give you a les-

son. I can show you the letters while I am sewing."

"Oh, will you, Letty? I'm so glad! when may I begin?" exclaimed Ada joyfully.

"To-morrow, if you like," said Letty.

CHAPTER V.

“ Into the blithe and breathing air,
 Into the solemn wood,
Solemn and silent everywhere:
Nature with folded hands stoned there,
Kneeling at her evening prayer!
 Like one in prayer I stood.”

ALL through the summer and fall, Ada was daily sent out by her mother, to beg in the streets, and thus the family were kept from starvation.

The mother's time was spent in idleness or something worse, while the younger children were left to wander about the neighbourhood and take care of themselves. Poor Ada had an intense longing for something better than this vagrant life, and Letty, to whom she carried all her troubles, did what she could to comfort and encourage her to hope for better

times. Letty's influence over her was very good. She could not come into daily contact with so lovely and consistent a Christian character, such simple, earnest piety, without being benefitted by it.

As winter weather returned, the family again suffered much from hunger and cold; and Mrs. Farnum, who had never entirely lost sight of them, once more urged the careless, cruel mother to give up her children to the Home. At length, to Ada's great delight, she did so. And now the poor children were, probably for the first time in their lives, washed clean, and comfortably clothed and fed.

Ada, who was a bright child and extremely anxious to learn, had already begun to read under Letty's tuition, and now that she was in a regular school every day, and under the care of a good teacher, she improved rapidly. She and her little brother and sisters remained in the institution all winter, but in the spring, places were found for them, one family taking the two little girls, another the boy, and a third Ada.

Mr. Rea, the gentleman who engaged to take Ada, was a farmer, living some twelve or fifteen miles from the city. Ada was almost wild with delight when she heard that she was really to live in the country.

It was a lovely afternoon, about the middle of May, when she entered the cars under the care of one of the ladies, to go to her new home. Everything was new, strange, and delightful to the poor little girl, whose short life had thus far been passed in begging from door to door in the streets of a city. It seemed to her but a very few moments ere the cars stopped, and her protectress told her that they must get out, for it was here that they were to meet Mr. Rea, who was to take her the remainder of the journey in his carriage. He was there waiting for them. Ada looked at him with eager curiosity. He was rather young looking, with a kind, benevolent face, and she felt at once that she had nothing to fear from him. Her friend bade her good bye, Mr. Rea lifted her into the carriage, and in

another moment they were driving along the road towards her future home.

Their way lay along the picturesque banks of the Schuylkill. The country was looking very lovely; the grass was of the richest green, the violets and anemones were peeping up here and there by the road-side, and the fruit trees in the orchards they passed were loaded with pink and white blossoms, which filled the air with their fragrance.

People were out at work in their fields and gardens, and the little birds were busily employed in building their nests. To Ada, who had never been outside of the city before in her life, it was all so new and delightful, that she could scarcely refrain from jumping up in the carriage and clapping her hands for joy.

Mr. Rea watched her animated countenance with a benevolent smile, seeming highly to enjoy her pleasure. Presently he pointed with his whip to a house at a short distance, almost concealed by trees and shrubbery, saying, "There, Ada, is my house! *Voilà*! you think you shall like to live there!"

“Oh! dearly, dearly! Oh! delightful! I never thought of anything half so lovely!” she exclaimed, as they drove up in front of the house which was built of stone, and stood back some distance from the road. It was two stories high with an attic above; there was a portico in front covered with honeysuckle and roses, and a nice gravel walk bordered with flower-beds led up to it from the front gate. The rest of the front yard, which was quite large, was covered only with a carpet of grass cut short and even, with here and there a shade-tree. At the back of the house was a pleasant porch covered also with vines, and looking out upon a well kept vegetable garden, and the farmer's fertile fields beyond. The public road passed quite near the front gate, and but a few yards beyond was the river. The orchard lay on one side of the house, and a beautiful green meadow on the other.

Almost all this Ada took in at a glance, as Mr. Rea stopped the horses, and, throwing the reins to a rough looking man, whom he ad-

dressed as Mike, sprang out and lifted her to the ground. She had seen too, that there were several ladies and children gathered in the portico, watching their arrival.

"O father, father! did you bring the little girl?" cried two merry little voices, and, Ada turning round, saw a little girl of five, and a boy of three racing down the gravel walk.

"Yes, here she is," replied Mr. Rea, opening the gate and leading Ada in.

"Ah! how do you do, my dear?" said a very kind looking lady, with a baby in her arms, who had followed the children down the path. "Come into the house, my child. I hope you will like your new home very much. "Lilly dear, don't stand staring, but show the little girl up stairs to her room."

"Come," said Lilly, taking Ada's hand, "I will show you the way. Grand-mother," she said, as they stepped upon the portico, "this is the new little girl father has brought."

The old lady stopped Ada, and deliberately surveyed her from head to foot. "Well," said

she, when she had finished her scrutiny, "you are cleaner and more decent than I expected. I hope you're going to behave yourself and mind what's said to you; for it is not often a girl is so fortunate as to be taken out of the streets to such a place as this." Her look and tone were more severe than her words, and poor Ada's face flushed painfully, and her eyes filled with tears.

But Lilly hurried her on through the nicely carpeted hall and, up two flights of stairs to a little room in the attic.

"Oh, how nice!" thought Ada, as she glanced around at the neat rag carpet, clean and bright, the low bedstead with its pretty patchwork quilt, the little chest of drawers, and the end window with its curtains of pure white muslin now gently fluttering in the spring breeze which came so softly in, laden with fragrance from the orchard and garden below.

"Here," said Lilly, "is a basin of cold water, and a clean towel. Mother said she

thought you'd like to wash the dust off your hands and face."

"Yes," said Ada, putting down her little bundle of clothes, and taking off her bonnet, "but is this to be my room, Miss Lilly? It seems too nice for me."

"I don't think it's too nice," replied Lilly, watching Ada curiously as she washed her hands and face, and smoothed her hair. "Mother says," remarked the child, "that you're a poor little girl without any kind father and mother to teach you to be good and to take care of you, and we must be very kind to you. But grandmother says you're just a dirty little beggar girl, and will steal and tell lies, and she wouldn't have you round the house; but mother says she means to try to be very kind and patient, and teach you to be good."

"I don't steal nor tell lies," said Ada. "I used to, but Letty told me it was very wicked, and God wouldn't love me if I did it, and so I stopped."

"Who is Letty?" asked Lilly.

"Oh, I'll tell you all about her some day,"

said Ada, "she's very good, and always kind and pleasant to every body: and she taught me to pray every night and morning."

Lilly's mother now called from below that supper was ready, and they must hurry down. Lilly led the way, and they soon reached the kitchen—a pleasant room looking out upon the back porch—where such a supper as Ada had never seen, was set out upon the table. Stewed chicken, and hot biscuits, and golden butter, and pie, and cake, and preserves; and all the more inviting for being spread upon a cloth as white as snow, and eaten off dishes that shone again. And every one, excepting the grandmother who took no notice of her, was so very kind.

Mr. Rea seated her by his side, and heaped her plate with food, telling her she must be hungry after her ride, and need not be afraid to eat all she wanted. She would have felt quite at her ease if old Mrs. Rea had not been sitting at the other side of the table, watching all her movements.

When supper was over, Mrs. Rea showed

her how to wash the dishes, and put them away in the cupboard. Then Lilly and Freddy took her out to see the garden, the orchard, and the beehives; and then to the poultry yard to help them feed the fowls. Then they went down to the meadow to see Bridget milk the cows, and she gave Ada her first lesson in the art.

They were out until daylight had given place to the light of the full moon, when they returned to the house and were all called together into the sitting room, while Mr. Rea read a chapter from the Bible: then all joined in singing a psalm of praise, after which Mr. Rea led in prayer. This Ada soon learned was the regular custom morning and evening, and she thought it a very delightful one. Then the mother put the little ones to bed; and Ada, too, was told that she might go to her own room.

"Oh! what a happy home I have come to!" she thought as she closed the door, and looked around upon all the comforts of the neat little apartment.

"How thankful I ought to be! I've prayed

to God so often to give me a nice home in the country, and now he has done it. Oh! how good he is! Letty told me he would hear my prayers, and now I'm sure he does."

She knelt down and repeated the little prayer Letty had taught her, and the Lord's prayer which she had learned since; and then she added another in her own words, thanking her heavenly Father for her pleasant home, and asking him to help her to do right, and please them all—even the old lady who seemed so determined to believe her a very wicked girl.

She was quite ready for bed, but felt wide awake. The night was warm and pleasant, and the moonlight streaming in at the window, tempted her to sit down and gaze out upon the landscape. It was a very lovely one, and Ada's eyes drank in its beauty, so new to her, with intense delight. The moonlight rested softly on the distant hills, and lay like a line of silver on the gently flowing waters of the river.

All seemed so hushed and quiet after the

noisy city, instead of the rattling of carts and omnibuses, and the shrill cries of the vendors of hot corn, &c., she heard only the song of the cricket and frog, the slight sound of the water flowing by, and the gentle rustling of the trees in the wind. It was a very pleasant change; and Ada, leaning her head against the window-frame, looked and listened, while giving herself up to a delightful waking dream of happiness.

She was aroused from her reverie by feeling a hand laid lightly upon her head, while a gentle voice said, "My child, I fear you will take cold!"

"Oh! ma'am," said Ada, looking up into Mrs. Rea's kind face, "it is so beautiful! I can't bear to go away from the window! Please let me stay a little longer. I never saw hills before; I never saw anything but streets and houses."

"And the works of man are not to be compared to the works of God," said Mrs. Rea. "Well, I will not force you away yet, but you must have a shawl around you."

She left the room, and presently returned with a shawl which she threw around Ada's shoulders; and then sitting down beside her, she talked to her in a pleasant way of all that they could see and hear, gradually leading the conversation "from nature, up to nature's God," and was surprised to find that the child was by no means as ignorant as she had supposed of the plan of salvation, and her duty to God. Then by a few well directed questions, she drew from her her simple story, and not merely her own, but Letty's also; and ere it was concluded, Mrs. Rea felt deeply interested in the little Christian heroine, bearing so meekly and bravely her heavy burden of poverty, pain, and toil; with no human applause to cheer her on, and striving so earnestly to assist others in bearing theirs, often far lighter than her own. And she felt a longing desire to take her away from the polluted atmosphere of her wretched home, and bring her there where she might breathe the pure air of heaven, and gaze upon those sweet rural scenes.

But it was growing late; and telling Ada

it was time to go to rest, she made the child kneel down beside her, and with her hand laid softly upon her head, prayed that God would bless her, and make her one of his own dear children. And then, when the child had laid her head upon the pillow, she stooped and pressed her lips upon her forehead, and left her with a gentle good-night. That kiss sent a thrill through Ada's whole frame; she seemed to feel it still when she awoke in the morning, and already she loved the gentle lady with her whole heart. She had never felt her own mother's hand laid in prayer upon her head; and she could not remember that she had ever spoken to her in such gentle, loving tones, or kissed her with so much affection.

It was yet quite early when Ada was awakened by the opening piece of a full orchestra of merry little songsters underneath her window. She sprang from her bed, and, dressing hastily, ran to the window to look and listen. The sky was beginning to brighten in the east, and she watched with eager eyes as it grew brighter and brighter, until at length the sun,

slowly ascending from behind the hills, sent his golden beams glancing over their tops, and flashing down upon the bright waters of the river below.

"Oh, how beautiful! how glorious!" cried Ada, clapping her hands with delight. "I wish I could always live in the country, and see the sun rise every morning."

But she heard sounds from below which told her that the family were astir; and tearing herself away from the window, she hastily completed her toilet. Then kneeling reverently down by the bedside, she repeated her prayers, for it had now become a settled habit with her; and it was no longer a service of the lips alone, for she had learned to love and value the privilege of thus bringing her petitions to her heavenly Father, and the words came warm from her heart.

When Ada reached the kitchen she found that Bridget had already gone out to milk, and Mrs. Rea was getting the breakfast. She greeted Ada with a pleasant smile, asked her how she had slept, and then told her to set

the table and grind the coffee. Then she was sent out with Lilly and Freddy to feed the fowls. This was the regular morning's work. After breakfast Mrs. Rea took her up stairs and taught her to make beds, and sweep, and dust.

Bridget, a strong Irish girl, did all the heavy work, and Mrs. Rea the more difficult parts of the cooking, while the lighter tasks fell to Ada's share. She knew nothing at all about work, and often tried Mrs. Rea's patience considerably, but she was naturally bright, and extremely anxious to learn, both on her own account, and to please her kind mistress; and the lady, fortunately both for herself and the child, had a large stock of patience, and after a few months' training, Ada became really an efficient help.

CHAPTER VI.

"For what glory is it, if, when ye be buffeted for your faults, ye shall take it patiently? but if when ye do well, and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God."—1 Peter ii. 20.

It was on Friday that Ada came to her new home. Saturday was passed very pleasantly between work and play, and the next day was such a Sabbath as she had never spent before; so still, so quiet and peaceful.

Mr. Bea's family was one which "remembered the Sabbath day to keep it holy." There was no unnecessary work done on that day by any one in the house, neither were the holy hours wasted in idleness or sleep, but the family rose and breakfasted at their usual early hour, after which, if the weather would at all permit, all excepting the one who was

necessarily detained at home to take care of the baby, entered the family carriage and rode to church, some four or five miles distant. When they had returned and eaten their dinner, it was quite time to set out for Sabbath-school, which was held in a little school-house about a mile from Mr. Rea's. The school had been organized and was superintended by him; it was not very large, but it contained good and faithful teachers, and quiet, orderly scholars, interested in their lessons and anxious to learn.

Ada's teacher was a very pleasant looking young lady whom Mr. Rea addressed as Miss Taylor. She received Ada very kindly, and introduced her to her classmates, six very nice looking little girls, who greeted her with smiles and pleasant glances.

Ada thought Miss Taylor explained the lesson in a very interesting way, and that some of the girls asked very sensible questions, and she wondered if she should ever know as much as they. Then Miss Taylor spoke so earnestly, and affectionately to them of the necessity

of repentance and faith in Christ that Ada went away feeling very solemn, and determined never to rest until she was sure she had given her heart to God. Then came the quiet walk home, through the pleasant green fields and lanes, where a Sabbath stillness seemed to reign; and the remainder of the afternoon was spent in reading her Bible and library book.

After tea, Mr. Rea gathered the children about him, and gave them such religious instruction as suited their ages; and the evening was finished by singing hymns, and hearing Bible stories from the lips of the younger Mrs. Rea.

Thus I have endeavoured to give you an idea of the manner in which the Sabbaths were passed at Mr. Rea's.

On week days Ada's mornings were spent in house work or gardening—which last she considered perfectly delightful—and in the afternoon she and Lilly were required to spend an hour in sewing, after which if the weather was

pleasant, they took a walk, sometimes with Mrs. Rea, and sometimes alone.

This was for the first few weeks; after that Miss Taylor opened a day school in the little school-house, and Ada and Lilly were sent to her.

Ada had made such diligent use of the few opportunities she had enjoyed, that she was not so far behind others of her age as might have been expected. There was difference enough however to occasion some mortifying remarks, and glances which poor Ada found it hard to endure. But these things only caused her to make such exertions in the way of study, that she was able in a few months to outstrip even the most advanced of her own age. Ada was fond of both study and play, and enjoyed her school very much. She liked the long walk going and returning; she liked learning and saying her lessons, for she found them interesting, and her teacher was very kind—and she always enjoyed the play hour spent by the side of the brook under the trees, talking or reading a story-book, or in a game

of romps in the pleasant grove which surrounded the school-house. Upon the whole, Ada was happy in her new home, and yet she had some pretty severe trials.

She had from the first loved Mr. and Mrs. Rea very much; especially the latter—and she soon became warmly attached to the children, who were dear, merry little creatures. Bridget, too, was kind to her in her rough way, but old Mrs. Rea evidently looked suspiciously upon her, and seemed determined not to believe that there could be anything good about her. If any mischief was done, the old lady at once said it must have been Ada who did it; if anything was mislaid or lost, Ada had taken it; and when the child gave an indignant denial of the charge, she accused her of falsehood, and talked to her of the sin of lying, and the wickedness of the ingratitude she was showing to her friends.

All this was very trying to poor Ada, who really wished to be honest and truthful, and to do all in her power to please her employers. She felt that it was very hard to be accused

of lying when she was really speaking the truth, and still harder to be told she was ungrateful to those whom she felt she would almost have died to serve. She was naturally quick-tempered, as well as warm-hearted, and sometimes the injustice of this treatment so aroused her anger and indignation, that she forgot the respect due to the lady's age and station, and answered her impertinently.

One day Lilly's coral necklace was missing. Her mother searched the house and garden, but without success. She questioned the children, but they all denied any knowledge of the missing ornament.

"Lilly," asked her mother, "where had you it last?"

"Yesterday afternoon, mother, it came undone, and I put it on the table in the parlour."

"Ada dusted the parlour this morning," said old Mrs. Rea. "Ada, what have you done with that necklace?"

"Indeed, ma'am," said Ada, "I did not see it at all; it was not there when I dusted."

"Now don't tell me such a falsehood as that!" exclaimed the old lady; "if Lilly put it there it must have been there, for I know well enough it couldn't get away without hands, and nobody's been in that room since, but you; besides that, there's nobody else about the house that would take things."

"I *don't* take things!" exclaimed Ada indignantly. "I've never told a lie, nor touched what didn't belong to me since I came here, nor for a long while before that."

"It's useless for you to deny it," repeated the old lady, "for it is perfectly clear to me that you *must* have taken it."

"I *didn't!* and if you say I did, it is *you* that tells a lie, and not me," said Ada passionately, for she was now very angry indeed.

"Ada," said the younger lady, quietly, "go up to your room, and remain there until you are calm, and can remember the respect due to one so much older than yourself."

Ada obeyed in silence. She sought her own room, and throwing herself upon the bed, wept bitter tears of shame and anger.

"Jane," said the older Mrs. Rea to her daughter in law, when Ada had left the room, "I would not keep such an impertinent child about me another day, if I were you. I'm sure I never expected to be spoken to in that manner in my own son's house."

"Mother," said Mrs. Rea, gently, "I am very sorry; but the poor child has had very little teaching, and we must make great allowances for her, and bear patiently with her faults if we would do her good. I'm inclined to believe her, I must confess. I know the disappearance of the necklace seems at present quite unaccountable, but stranger things have happened, and I think we will find it yet, and not in Ada's possession either."

The old lady shook her head. "You'll never be able to make anything of her," she said, "I always knew she was a bad child."

"She has not a bad face, mother," replied the younger lady, "and I have not yet seen anything in her conduct to lead me to suppose that she is worse than other children. Indeed

I really believe she is a christian child. I think I can see that she is daily striving most earnestly to do her duty. She does her work, I find, quite as well when alone as when I am with her: and I know too, that she is a praying child; the habit of prayer was formed before she came to us."

"Nonsense, Jane, you're good yourself, and so you think every body else is; there's the whole secret of it."

"I am not good, mother, but I wish to have that charity which 'thinketh no evil,' and I think the surest way to make the child dishonest, is to show her that we believe her to be so. To be always suspecting her, when she does not deserve it, would certainly have a tendency to discourage her from trying to do right."

Ada wept long and bitterly. She really knew nothing of the necklace, and again and again she repeated to herself that it was very, very hard she should be accused of taking it. But gradually she became calmer, and as she thought the matter all over, she acknowledged

to herself, that it was, after all, very natural that they should suspect her; very natural for them to suppose she was a thief, for she well knew that very many of the class to which she had belonged were such.

When she thought of old Mrs. Rea, she felt an intense desire to run away where she should never see her again; but where should she go? and how could she bear to leave the rest of the family now that she had learned to love them so very dearly? "But Mrs. Rea, dear, kind Mrs. Rea believes that I took it," she thought, and the tears flowed faster, and her sobs almost choked her.

Oh! how she longed for some friend that would believe, who would *know* that she had not taken it. Then she remembered Letty's plan of always carrying her troubles to God. She remembered that he knew her innocence and could make it clear to others. "I will go to him," she thought, "and ask him to help me in my trouble."

She knelt down by the bed-side and prayed in her own childish words, amid her choking

sobs, that God would help her by causing the necklace to be found, "so that dear, dear Mrs. Rea, and Mr. Rea too, might know that she was not such an ungrateful girl, nor a liar, nor a thief." She paused a moment, then added, "And oh, forgive me for being so angry at old Mrs. Rea, and help me to forgive her! O dear Saviour, make me good and patient and meek like thyself."

She ceased speaking, but still remained in the same position with her head resting against the bed, quite still, excepting that now and then a sob shook her frame. But some one sat down on the floor beside her, and she felt an arm thrown around her waist, while Mrs. Rea's kind voice said, as she drew her towards her, until Ada's head rested against her bosom—"My poor child! your prayer has already been answered, at least in part, for I am perfectly satisfied of your innocence." She bent down, and kissed the child's forehead as she spoke.

Ada threw her arms round the lady's neck, exclaiming, "O thank you! thank you, dear, dear Mrs. Rea! you are very good to say so!

Oh! I couldn't bear to have *you* think I was a thief, and so ungrateful as to steal from you."

Ada felt half-frightened the next moment at the liberty she had taken, but Mrs. Rea did not seem at all offended.

"I do not believe, my child," she said, "that you would steal from me or tell me a lie. But, Ada, I think you have shown a very bad temper, and been very impertinent to one who is entitled to respect, because she is very much older and wiser than yourself; and I was glad to hear you ask God to forgive you, for it showed me that you were sensible of your fault, and sorry for it. But, Ada, don't you think you ought to tell Mrs. Rea so, and ask her pardon for speaking as you did?"

"I think she treated me a great deal worse than I did her," said Ada, "for she said I stole and told lies, and I had not done either. It was enough to make any body angry; don't you think it was, Mrs. Rea?"

"Ah! Ada, but we must think, not of the

faults of others, but of our *own*, and strive to do right ourselves, whether they do or not."

"But it is very hard to be told that you have done such wicked things, when you know you haven't," said Ada.

Then followed a long conversation, in which, Ada, encouraged by Mrs. Rea's kindness and sympathy, told her much of what had been passing in her mind during the two hours she had spent there alone; her distress at the idea that she and Mr. Rea would think her dishonest and ungrateful, and her feeling that she could not stay where she was so suspected and falsely accused.

"Ada," said Mrs. Rea, when she had finished her story, "it is useless to try to run away from trouble in this world. It will come to us in one form or another wherever we go. 'Man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble.' Every one has some trial or affliction, some burden to bear, and the only way to be happy, is to bear it patiently and submissively, because it is God's will; for you know that it is he who has

placed each one of us in our several stations, and orders or permits all that befalls us. Look," she added, pointing from the window, "at those oxen in the field! see, one goes patiently along, quietly submitting to wear the yoke, and it does not hurt him; but the other is restive and trying to rid himself of the burden, and see how it galls his neck."

"That reminds me of Letty," said Ada. "She never frets nor complains, but is always patient and cheerful; and when I asked her what made her so, she repeated that verse, 'For every man shall bear his own burden,' and said she thought it meant that she must bear her pains and all her troubles without complaining and fretting to make those around her uncomfortable; and that the other verse, 'Bear ye one another's burdens,' meant that she must try to help others to bear their troubles; and she said she had been a great deal happier since she had tried to obey those two verses."

"Then, Ada, will you not try to be like

her in bearing *your* troubles patiently and cheerfully?"

"Yes, ma'am, I will," said Ada; "I will ask God to help me."

"That is right, for without him we can do nothing," said Mrs. Rea. "I know," she added, "it seems very hard to bear undeserved blame, but you must remember this text, 'For what glory is it, if, when ye be buffeted for your faults, ye shall take it patiently? but if when ye do well, and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God.' I am very sorry that my mother-in-law is inclined to be suspicious of you; but if you continue to behave well, I have no doubt that you will be able to gain her good opinion in time."

"I will try very hard," said Ada; "and I will tell her, when I go down, that I am sorry I was impertinent, and will try not to be so again."

Old Mrs. Rea received Ada's apology rather ungraciously, remarking that it was hardly worth while for her to say she was sorry for

impertinence, while she refused to acknowledge worse faults.

Ada was very near being angry again, but she controlled herself and made no reply, but went away by herself again to shed a few more tears.

For several days she felt quite uncomfortable; for, though the younger Mrs. Rea treated her with the greatest kindness, the old lady was very cold and distant, and Mr. Rea, too, she thought, was unusually grave and silent whenever she was present.

But Monday morning, as Ada was in the kitchen washing up the breakfast dishes, Bridget, who was at the wash-tub, suddenly uttered an exclamation of surprise, and Ada, turning round to see what had occasioned it, saw that she was holding up the lost necklace.

"Ah, ha, Ada, honey, I reckon the ould lady'll be afther belavin' ye now!" she said.

"O Biddy, I'm so glad!" cried Ada, eagerly, springing forward and catching it out of her hand, "but where did you find it?"

"In little Masther Freddy's pocket to be sure," said Bridget.

"Oh! it's found, it's found! here it is, Mrs. Rea. Biddy found it in Master Freddy's pocket, when she went to wash his coat," cried Ada, rushing into the sitting room, where Mrs. Rea and the children were.

"O yes, I fordot all about it! I did put it in my toat potet," said Freddy, jumping up from the floor where he had been sitting building a block house.

"I am very glad and thankful that it has been found in such a way as to clear you from all suspicion, Ada," said Mrs. Rea, glancing at her mother-in-law, as she took the necklace from the child's hand.

"I acknowledge that I was mistaken *this* time," said the old lady, stiffly; laying a marked emphasis on the word "this."

Poor Ada's bright face clouded, and she went back to her work with a heart only half relieved of its load.

"An' what's the matter now?" asked Bridget, "you've come back with a face only half

"as bright as ye carried away five minutes ago."

Ada repeated old Mrs. Rea's remark.

"It's just too bad!" exclaimed Bridget; "but ye needn't mind the likes o' her, Ada, honey. The young mistress is a real lady, though."

CHAPTER VII.

"Not rendering evil for evil, or railing for railing; but contrariwise blessing; knowing that ye are thereunto called, that ye should inherit a blessing."—1 Peter iii. 9.

ADA had some trials at school as well as at home. Although nearly all her school-mates treated her in a kind and friendly manner, there were a few who, merely because their parents were wealthy, considered themselves quite her superiors, and behaved towards her in a very cold and haughty way.

She would sometimes hear whispered remarks such as these; "She's nothing but Mrs. Rea's servant girl; and I guess if I were Lilly, I wouldn't say 'please' to her, and treat her just as if she was my equal." "Oh, she was just a beggar they say; Mrs. Rea took

her out of the street. *I shan't associate with her.*"

These things often sent the blood to Ada's cheek and tears to her eyes; and often, when she knew they were meant for her ear, she was tempted to turn to the speaker and give an angry retort. But she struggled to overcome the inclination, for she had learned from God's holy word that anger is sinful, and she was earnestly striving to be like the meek and lowly Jesus, "who, when he was reviled, reviled not again." She was very young and ignorant, but she was daily learning in the school of Christ.

She had begun to say the prayer Letty had taught her, at first as a mere form, and because she saw that, in some way, prayer seemed to make Letty happy, and she wished to be happy too. But gradually her heart became interested; she added a petition of her own, then another, and another, until at length her prayers had come to be the very outpourings of her soul's desires, hopes, and fears, and these precious seasons were looked

forward to, as her greatest privilege and delight. Each morning she asked for strength to be faithful in the performance of all the duties of the day; and each night she passed in review all she had done and said, and tried to see wherein she failed, confessed it all to God, and asked to be forgiven and made more like Jesus.

Ada, like her friend Letty, was striving to bear her own burden patiently and cheerfully, and to help others to bear theirs. She was constantly on the watch for an opportunity to do a kindness, and thus she gradually won her way to the hearts of all her young companions.

Julia Powers, a girl several years older than Ada, stood out against her longer than any of the others. She was the only daughter of a wealthy farmer, and quite looked down upon many of her school-mates, simply because they were poorer than herself. To Ada she had been, without any provocation, particularly insolent.

One day, during the noon intermission, the

larger girls were engaged in playing a lively game, when one of them, seeing Ada pass, called to her to join them. Ada eagerly accepted the invitation, feeling just in the mood for a romp; but Julia Powers immediately left the circle, saying, "I've never been used to associating with beggars and servants; if she is to play, I won't."

An angry and indignant flush rose to Ada's cheek, but biting her lips to keep down the bitter reply which rose to them, she turned round and ran away as fast as she could, fearful that if she remained, she should not be able to control her tongue.

"What a shame of you, Julia!" exclaimed the girl who had called Ada, as she started after her to bring her back. She found Ada sitting, crying, at the foot of a tree.

"Come, Ada," she said, putting her arm around Ada's waist, "never mind what Julia says, but just come and play in spite of her. Who cares whether she plays or not?"

"No, Annie. I had rather not," said Ada.

"I don't want to go near her until I have quite got over my anger."

"She ought to be ashamed of herself, and I wouldn't speak to her again as long as I lived, if I were you," said Annie.

"Oh, Annie! I hope God will keep me from ever being so unforgiving as that," replied Ada, earnestly.

"Well, come and play, won't you? Now do."

"No, thank you," said Ada, and Annie, finding entreaties were useless, left her and went back to her companions.

School was dismissed, and the scholars all hurrying away or gathering up their books and dinner-baskets preparatory to so doing, when Julia Powers uttered a loud exclamation, "Oh, my! what shall I do?"

"Why, what's the matter?" inquired several voices.

"Oh, I've lost one of my ear-rings! Dear! dear! what *shall* I do! Haven't any of you seen it, girls? Mother told me not to wear

them to school, because I'd be sure to lose them."

Then, what did you do it for?" asked Annie, "I think you deserve to lose them for disobeying your mother."

"Oh, girls! won't some of you help me hunt it?" cried Julia in sore distress. But they all had some reason for hurrying home, for Julia had too many haughty airs, to be a favourite with her schoolmates, and many of them rather rejoiced in her distress.

Ada was in great haste to get home that afternoon, because she had been promised a ride with Mr. and Mrs. Rea if she returned from school in season. She had accordingly gathered up her books and started as soon as school was dismissed; but she had only reached the door when Julia's exclamation caused her to stop to learn what was amiss.

She stood still a moment hesitating whether to offer her services in searching for the lost ear-ring.

She was half afraid to speak to Julia, as she had always treated her so haughtily, and

never addressed her but in scorn and contempt. But while she hesitated, the others had all gone, and Julia was crying and lamenting as she searched here and there.

Ada felt a strong inclination to hurry away and leave her; for she was extremely anxious to have her ride, and besides had an interesting book which she wished to finish after learning her lessons.

And why should she give up all this for Julia, who had never so much as given her a kind word or look, and who had treated her so scornfully that very day? But then here was a most excellent opportunity to return good for evil.

It cost her a struggle, but it was only for a moment. Putting down her books, she went up to Julia, saying, in a pleasant, cheerful tone, "I will help you hunt it, Julia."

Julia looked up in surprise, but made no reply.

They searched the school-house thoroughly, and then the play-ground, and finally, when nearly an hour had been spent, and

they were just ready to give up in despair, Ada discovered it lying in the grass where it had fallen.

"Thank you!" said Julia, colouring, and dropping her eyes as she took it from Ada's hand. She hesitated a moment, then added, hastily,—*"I'm sorry for what I said this noon. You were very kind to help me after that."*

Ada walked home with a light heart, for though she knew she had lost the ride, and would receive a scolding from old Mrs. Rea for coming home so late, she did not regret the sacrifice she had made; for she had the sweet consciousness of having done right, and more than that, had changed an enemy into a friend.

We will pass over two or three years. During this time Ada had so grown and improved, that scarcely any of her old friends would have been able to recognize her. She had attended school regularly nearly all the time, and was getting a very good common education, while at the same time she was be-

coming, under Mrs. Rea's tuition, an accomplished house-keeper, cook, and needle-woman. But, better than all these, she was growing in grace and heavenly wisdom; becoming daily more like Jesus in the spirit and temper of her mind. It was a long time before she was able to gain the good opinion of old Mrs. Rea, but she tried to be very patient, and at length she did succeed.

And now she was very happy in her home, for she was beloved by all the family, and loved them ardently in return. And she was no longer considered as a servant, for Mr. and Mrs. Rea finding how dear she had become to them all, had adopted her as their own child.

Miss Taylor was still teaching in the little school-house, and Ada, Lilly, and Freddy were among her pupils.

One day there was a new pupil, a girl a year or two older than Ada, near whom she happened to be seated. She had a bold, pert look which did not please Ada, and she felt inclined to avoid her.

But the girl, who seemed to have taken a

fancy to Ada, came up at recess and introduced herself as Eliza Flanagan.

"Where do you live?" asked Ada, making room for her to sit down beside her.

"Oh, over at Mr. Walters'. I came there last spring. I used to live in the city before; and so did you, they say."

"Yes," said Ada, "how do you like the country?"

"Oh, in the summer-time, I liked it pretty well, but now the weather's got cold, it's dreadful lonesome; don't you think so?" she said with a yawn.

"No," said Ada, rising and moving away, "I love the country dearly, and wouldn't go back for anything."

Eliza came to school all winter. She was very ignorant,—scarcely able to read, but did not seem at all ashamed of it, nor to feel sufficient interest in her lessons to learn very fast. Ada, who was always looking out for opportunities to do a kindness, often assisted her with her lessons.

Eliza was constantly complaining of the

loneliness of the country, and the hardships of being obliged to work for her living.

"Haven't you a good home?" asked Ada, one day. I always heard that Mrs. Walters was a very good and kind woman."

"O yes, she's kind enough," said Eliza; "but then there's Miss Sallie orders me about as if I was her slave; and then if I answer her back, I got a lecture for impertinence."

"It isn't pleasant to be treated that way," said Ada; "but you ought not to answer her back, for the Bible says to servants, 'Not answering again.'"

"I don't care! I will talk back to her! I'm just as good as she is; and I think it's too hard that I have to work in the kitchen, while she's dressed up and sitting in the parlour at her ease."

"I'm sure, Eliza, that *that* is not a right feeling," said Ada; "because we know that God has placed each one of us where we are, and he has commanded us to 'be content with such things as we have.'"

"I don't care! I don't see why some folks must have so much trouble, and others none."

"But that isn't so," said Ada. "I know that every body has some trouble to bear, though other folks can't always see what it is; and I believe we may all be happy if we will only bear our burdens patiently, and try to help others to bear theirs. Don't you know the Bible says, 'Bear ye one another's burdens?' and then again, 'For every man shall bear his own burden?' Letty tried it, and it made her happy, and so did Mrs. Rea, and so have I, and it has made us all happy. Now, won't you try it, for I'm sure it will make you happy too?"

"I don't know what you mean," said Eliza, crossly.

"Why," said Ada, "I think by burden is meant any trouble or sorrow we may have; anything that vexes us or tries our patience; and that we are to bear such things patiently and pleasantly, thinking less of our own troubles than of trying to help others. The very

best way to be happy ourselves, is to try to make others so."

"I think any body would be a fool to bear trouble she might get rid of," replied Eliza, with a scornful laugh.

"Perhaps not," said Ada, gently, "if getting rid of it was only exchanging it for another. Mrs. Rea says we will have to leave this world before we can get rid of trials and vexations."

"Well, *I'll* never bear any burden I can get rid of; my own nor any body else's, I promise you," said Eliza.

Eliza Flanagan had been a poor street girl, accustomed, like Ada, to beg from door to door; and Ada thought she ought to feel very grateful to Mrs. Walters, and to look upon such slight troubles as she had there as very little trials, easy to be borne. But Eliza was naturally indolent, and her vagrant life had so increased this natural infirmity, that she really preferred enduring very great privations to being obliged to labour steadily; and soon

after this conversation, Ada heard that she had run away from Mr. Walters.

One evening the next fall, Ada, who had been visiting a young friend and remained rather later than she intended, was hurrying home, when, as she passed through the orchard, for she had taken that way in preference to the road, as it was much shorter,—a man suddenly stepped out from behind one of the trees, and stood directly in front of her.

Ada uttered a slight scream.

“Hush!” said he in a low tone, “I’m not going to hurt you; but I wanted to say a few words to you without anybody by. You’re Ada Hanman, ain’t you?”

“Yes,” said Ada, faintly, “what do you want?”

“Well, your mother’s doing very well now, and she wants you to come home.”

“Home!” exclaimed Ada, “I have no home but this.”

“Yes, you have now, for your mother’s married and keeping house. I s’pose I may as well tell you at once—I’m your step-father.

Now, you come home with me like a good girl, and we'll treat you well."

Ada's heart beat so fast she could hardly breathe. She leaned against a tree for support, and her voice trembled, as she replied, "I don't want to leave Mr. and Mrs. Rea. I love them too dearly. It would break my heart to be taken away."

"I've heard," said the man, "that they're very religious folks; don't they teach you that you ought to mind your father and mother?"

"Yes," said Ada, speaking very low, "but oh! I *can't* go back to be made to beg, and lie, and steal!"

"You'll not be told to do none o' them things," said the man. "Come, will you go?"

"I must have a little time to think what I ought to do," said Ada.

"Well, I'll be here again to-morrow-night, and you come out and see me; but don't you say a word to them, for I know well enough they'll not want to give you up."

He turned and walked away, and Ada ran to the house as swiftly as her feet could carry her.

She sought her own room to weep and pray, and think what she ought to do.

Mrs. Rea had heard her come in, and thinking something must be wrong, she presently laid down her work, and followed her. She knocked gently at the door. Ada opened it, and as soon as Mrs. Rea beheld her pale, tear-stained face, she exclaimed, in surprise, "Why, my dear child, what is the matter? What has happened?"

"Oh, my mother! my more than mother! must I leave you?" sobbed Ada, throwing her arms around Mrs. Rea's neck, and laying her head against her bosom.

"Leave me, my child! never, unless you wish it: but why do you ask? Who has been speaking of such a thing?"

Mrs. Rea, as she spoke, passing her arm round Ada's waist, drew her to a seat. "Now tell me all about it," she said, soothingly. "What has troubled you so?"

Ada gave her a full account of her interview with the stranger, and confessed that though the thought of leaving her dearly loved home, and going back to her degraded, unnatural parent, was unspeakably distressing to her, she feared it was her duty to do so.

"Wait a little, Ada, till you have fully considered the matter, before you decide," said Mrs. Rea. "I think I have now a stronger claim than your own mother, since she did of her own free will give you up entirely, and I took you with the understanding that it was so." She then told Ada of a letter she had received some time before, from one of the ladies connected with the Home, telling her that Ada's step-father had been there, trying to find out where she was; which she had refused to tell him, as she was satisfied from the knowledge of the mother's character, that it would be only an injury to the child to hold any communication with her. And upon inquiry, she had learned that they were keeping a low tavern, and supposed that they wanted Ada to work, as she must now be large enough to be

of some use. "It would be a dreadful place to send you to, my poor child," said Mrs. Rea, in conclusion, "where you would see and hear nothing but swearing, drinking, and gambling from morning to night; and since I have adopted you as my own child, and engaged to bring you up in the right way, I cannot think that I ought to let you go where you would be exposed to such temptations. No, you are mine, Ada, and I intend to keep you," she added, giving her an affectionate caress.

"Oh! I am so glad it is right for me to stay!" exclaimed Ada with a sigh of relief. "But must I see that man again?"

"No, Mr. Rea will see him, and tell him he is to trouble you no more."

CHAPTER VIII.

"This languishing head is at rest,
 Its thinking and aching are o'er:
 This quiet, immovable breast
 Is heaved by affliction no more.

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The lids she so seldom could close,
 By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
 Sealed up in their mortal repose,
 Have strangely forgotten to weep."

It was a cold cloudy day in the latter part of the month of March. The wind blew damp and chilly, and occasionally there was a little flurry of snow and sleet.

In a small room on the ground floor of an old house, in one of the narrowest and dirtiest streets of the city, sat an aged woman, shivering over a scanty fire.

She held in her trembling hands a well

worn Bible, while, with her finger on the page to keep the place, she spelled slowly and laboriously along.

The room was almost entirely unfurnished: a rude bed and table, the chair the old woman sat in, and one other on the opposite side of the fire, were about all it contained. The window was broken and stuffed with rags, and there were many wide cracks in the walls where the plaster had fallen, which admitted many a draft of wind that set poor old Nancy's rheumatic limbs to aching sadly.

Now and then a moan of distress, or a hollow cough was heard from the next room. There was one more prolonged and distressing than usual, and Nancy, pausing in her employment, exclaimed, "Poor young thing! she can't stand that long I know. Poor thing! I wish she was fit to go!"

There was a gentle rap at the outer door.

"Come in," said Nancy, rising slowly, and with some difficulty, from her seat. "Oh Letty! is it you, dear?" she exclaimed, sinking back into her seat again, as her visitor en-

ferred, "I'm glad to see you,—I hardly looked for you to day; it's a little slippery, isn't it?"

"Yes, but Maggie helped me, so that I was not much afraid of falling," replied the lame girl, limping slowly and painfully across the room to the chair opposite Nancy.

"I think you get worse, Letty, don't you?" asked the old woman sympathizingly.

"Yes," said Letty, with a patient sigh, "I think I do. I had a fall two or three weeks ago, and I believe I've been growing worse since; but, Nancy, when we get to heaven I won't be lame, and you will have forgotten all about your rheumatism. Oh, the thought of that helps me to bear it all patiently!"

"Oh yes, Letty, so it does;" said Nancy. "I often think how happy we shall be there, with no pain nor sin to trouble us. I want you to read me that chapter that tells about it," she added, turning over the leaves of her Bible.

"I will, directly," said Letty, "but let me help you to read a chapter first."

"Yes, I was just trying this one, but I

can't make out much by myself," replied Nancy, pointing out the place where she had been reading.

With Letty's assistance the chapter was soon finished, and then taking the book, she read the description of the New Jerusalem given by the apostle John in the latter part of Revelations.

"Ah!" said Nancy, sighing, "I can get the sense of it so much better when you read it. I wish I'd been sent to school when I was young. I'd take a sight o' comfort readin' to myself. But I'll not fret about it now. I've a great deal to be thankful for as it is—thankful to God, and thankful to you, Letty, for you've had a great deal of patience, and taken a great deal of pains to teach me. Oh! if it hadn't been for you," she added, with emotion, "I don't believe I'd ever have learnt the way to Jesus, and I'd just have been going down to the grave without any hope; like that poor young thing that we hear coughing so, in the next room."

"Who is she?" asked Letty.

"A poor young thing that's taken a heavy cold, and can't be long for this world I'm sure," said Nancy, shaking her head; "but poor dear! she's not fit to go, and does nothing but fret. You'll step in to see her, Letty, before you go, won't you? maybe you might be able to say a word that would do her good."

"I don't know, Nancy, I'm willing to try," replied Letty, rising; "will you go in with me?"

"Oh yes, child, to be sure I will," said Nancy. "I'm an old woman, Letty, and you see I'm getting very stiff in the joints," she said, as Letty assisted her to rise from her chair. "I don't think you'll ever be as old as I am, Letty."

"No, I think not," replied Letty, with a bright smile.

They found the sick girl lying upon a hard straw bed, laid upon the floor, and covered with a dirty ragged blanket, and an old torn quilt. There was nothing in the room that could be called furniture, and there seemed to be no at

tempt at cleanliness; all was squalid filth. The invalid was quite young, younger than Letty herself, but evidently her race was nearly run.

"This is Letty Callahan, I've brought in to see you, Eliza," said Nancy.

"Letty Callahan!" repeated the girl, turning her hollow eyes upon Letty's face. "Did you know Aida Hamman?"

"Yes, a good while ago," said Letty, "do you know her?"

"Oh yes! if I'd listened to her, I'd never have been here," replied the girl, turning away her face with a heavy groan.

"Sit down, won't you?" she said, again turning towards them.

They sat down on the side of the bed, for there was nothing else to sit on.

"Do you suffer much?" asked Letty, in a tone of sympathy.

"Oh yes, I'm dreadfully distressed for breath, and this cough seems as if it would tear me to pieces," gasped the invalid in reply.

Letty's eyes filled with tears, as she watched the poor girl tossing from side to side, struggling and panting for breath.

"Poor thing! poor, dear young thing!" said Nancy, in an under tone.

"Oh!" exclaimed Kliza, "if I had only known when I was well off! if I had only minded what Ada said to me, I shouldn't have been lying here!"

Another paroxysm of coughing came on, and when it was over, she lay back quite exhausted upon her pillow.

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are;"

whispered Letty, leaning towards her. "Eliza, do you love him?"

"Oh, if I had only come to him when I might!" exclaimed the poor girl, bitterly, "but now it is too late."

"No, he says *now*, and it is *not* too late," replied Letty, earnestly.

"Listen!" said the sick girl, fixing her eyes upon Letty's face, "I had a good home in the country; they were kind to me,—gave me

plenty to eat, drink, and wear—taught me to read the Bible—took me to church and Sunday-school, and did all they could to keep me out of temptation, and lead me to do right. But I wasn't satisfied. I wanted more liberty, and didn't like to think I was a servant. The mother was kind, but the young lady, I thought, ordered me about too much, and I said I wouldn't bear it. I told Ada, and she said every one had some burden to bear, and that God put us each in the station he thought best for us, and so she advised me to bear my burden patiently. She said if I tried to get rid of one I should be sure to find another. I didn't believe her then, but now I see she was right. I wouldn't bear the burden God sent, and now I have a much heavier one. I left my good home where I might have learned every thing good, because I didn't like to be controlled; and came here, where I see and hear nothing but wickedness—Sabbath breaking, drinking, swearing, lying, and cheating—and I soon got to be almost as bad as the rest; and now I've taken a dreadful cold—leaving a

comfortable home to come to such a place as this—and they tell me I'll never get well, and I know I ain't fit to die. Oh dear! what shall I do?"

"Come to Jesus," said Letty; "he will receive you, if you come to him with your burden of sins and sorrows, for he says, 'Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Come to him, repenting of and forsaking all your sins; believe and put your trust in him, and he will go with you through the dark valley and shadow of death, and you will then have nothing to fear, for his presence will make it all light and pleasant."

"I want to come, but I don't know how," said Kliza, sadly; "will you tell me how? I'm not fit to come, what shall I do?"

"All the fitness He requireth,
Is to feel your need of him;"

repeated Letty softly. "You can't make yourself any better, and so you must just come as you are. Come *now*, for the invitation is for to-day. You must feel what a vile, helpless

sinner you are, deserving of nothing from God but eternal death. Then cast yourself entirely upon the merits of Jesus Christ. Just give yourself into his hands, and you will be safe. He says, 'Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out,' and 'He is able to save unto the uttermost all that come unto God by him.'"

But it is not necessary that we should repeat the whole of the conversation which passed between them. It was not the last, for Letty, greatly interested in the welfare of the poor girl, and anxious to do her good, frequently brought her work and sat beside her.

She also sent Maggie for her minister, who came and conversed with Eliza a number of times during the few weeks that she lingered, ere death came to release the spirit from its prison house of clay, the poor suffering body. And when she was gone, they who had loved and cared for her, sorrowed not as those without hope, for they had a comfortable assu-

rance, that she went not down into the dark valley alone.

It was a sultry evening in June. Letty had limped down stairs and across the court, in the vain effort to find a cool and airy spot. Old Nancy, who was sitting in her doorway, called to her to take a seat by her side. Letty accepted the invitation, and they had been conversing a few moments, when Willy came rushing across the street, his eyes wild with affright, and his cheeks deadly pale. "Oh, sister!" he gasped out, "father's killed, and they're carrying him home."

He turned round and ran back, and Letty rose and followed him without a word. Her senses seemed stunned by the suddenness of the blow, and she scarcely knew how she got up the stairs, and into their own room. The men who had brought him passed her on the stairs, and she found her father alone; not dead as she had expected, but lying on his bed groaning with pain. To her gentle inquiry whether he was much hurt, he replied

fiercely, "that any one could see that without bothering him with questions." He had fallen from a building where he was at work, and in addition to breaking a limb, had received some internal injury which rendered his case quite hopeless; but this he was not yet aware of.

A physician came and examined him; shook his head gravely, and having set the broken limb, wrote a prescription, and went away.

Willy ran after him. "Is father going to die?" he asked.

"Not to night, my little man, but we must all die some day," was the reply. "Go back and help your sister to take care of him."

Letty looked at the doctor's prescription in despair, for she had no money to pay for the medicine, and no one to send for it but Willy, who was too young to go alone. Her mother and Maggie were both away at work in a distant part of the city, and not expected home that night. "What shall I do?" was her mental exclamation, "if father does not have the

medicine, it may be the cause of his death. Jesus, help me!" she prayed.

She considered a moment, then calling Willy and telling him to stay with their father till she came back, she went over to Nancy, and told her her trouble.

It was not often Nancy had any money to spare, but a lady had called to see her that day and given her a few shillings, and now she willingly lent Letty enough to pay for the medicine; and as Letty was returning home, she met a boy for whom she had done some trifling favour. He had heard of the accident, and now offered his services if she wished anything done. She thankfully accepted his offer, gave him the prescription and the money, and he set off upon a run, and soon returned with the medicine.

All night long Letty sat by her father's side, fanning him, bathing his head, and giving him his medicine. He was very restless and impatient, tossing about, groaning, and complaining continually. Letty shuddered to hear the oaths which now and then escaped

his lips, and trembled to think that he was in danger of dying in his sins. Once she attempted to speak to him of his soul's salvation, but he cut her short with fierce, impatient words. She dared not speak again, but sent up earnest and almost incessant petitions on his behalf.

In the morning the doctor came again.

"How long will it be, doctor, till I shall be able to get to work again?" asked the injured man.

The doctor hesitated.

"Come," said Mr. Callahan, "I want to know the worst."

"I'm afraid, sir," replied the physician, "that you have done your last day's work."

"What! you don't mean to say that I'm to be a cripple? That leg's not so bad, I'm sure, doctor."

"No, not the leg, but there are other injuries."

"What do you mean, doctor? Say it right out."

"Well then, I mean that you can't live six weeks, maybe not two."

"Are you *sure*, doctor?" he asked in tones he vainly endeavoured to make calm.

"Perfectly certain, and if you have any preparation to make, I advise you to set about it at once. You cannot live longer, and you may die much sooner than I have said. Good morning."

He left the room, and while Letty wept silently by her father's side, he turned his face to the wall and lay for a long time without speaking or moving; so long that Letty was beginning to fear that the shock might have hastened his end, when he turned towards her and said, "Bring your Bible, Letty, and read to me. If the doctor's right, I'd better be getting ready to go."

Letty gladly obeyed. And now, day after day, she sat by his couch, reading or talking with him, whenever he was able to bear it; while he listened with eager attention. He had often said that a minister should never enter his house, while he was in it, but when

Letty, at length, ventured timidly to propose sending for one, he gave a ready assent.

Mr. Callahan lingered a few weeks and then died. His friends had some hope in his death, but it was a faint one, for they well know that there is very little dependence to be placed upon a death-bed repentance.

They were too poor to bury him themselves, and it was done by the overseers of the poor. His wife, and Maggie, and Willy followed him to the grave, but Letty, who was completely worn out with watching and waiting on him, remained at home lying on her bed.

Her mother and sister had relieved her at times, but as it was necessary for them to labour for the support of the family, the great burden fell upon her, and she was ill able to bear it.

It was the evening after the funeral. Cholera was prevailing at the time, and there had been several deaths from it in the neighbourhood. The house seemed lonely and desolate; no one felt inclined to sleep, and they sat conversing to a late hour, talking over their plans

for the future. It was a cheerless prospect; nothing but the same weary struggle with grinding poverty, that they had always known. But at length they all lay down. Was not sleeping necessary to strengthen them for the morrow's toil?

Letty had fallen into an uneasy slumber, when she was awakened by groans which she found proceeded from her mother's bed. She rose and went to her as quickly as possible.

"What is the matter, mother? Are you sick?" she asked.

"Yes, Letty, I've got the cholera, I'm sure, for I never had such awful pain in my life."

Letty called Maggie to run for the doctor, and in the mean time did the best she could for the relief of the sufferer. It seemed a long, long time ere Maggie returned bringing the physician with her.

He looked at his patient, pronounced it a bad case, and said he would do all he could to save her, but had very little hope. Oh, how glad Letty was that she had long had reason to believe that her mother was a Christian!

In a few hours she was a corpse, and before night they had laid her beside her husband.

"O Letty! what shall we do? what is to become of us?" asked the weeping Maggie as she sat by the side of the bed where her sister was lying.

"Don't fret, dear sister," replied Letty in a quiet, patient tone, "the Lord will provide: we will look to him for counsel, and for help."

"We can't keep together," sobbed Maggie, passing her hand lovingly over the curly head of Willy, who had cried himself to sleep with his head on her lap.

"No, that is the hardest part of it, Maggie," said Letty in a tremulous tone. "Dear little Willy! it will be hard to part with him: and with you too, dear sister. You have been a dear, good, kind sister to me, Maggie."

"Oh, Letty! and what a good sister you have been to me! You have always given me comfort and counsel; you have helped me to bear all my troubles; and it was you who taught me the way to Jesus. Oh! what shall I ever do without you?"

They wept in silence for a time. Letty was the first to speak. "Dear Maggie," she said, "let us not waste our time in useless tears; but let us consider calmly what we had better do. I have been thinking, Maggie, that you had better take Willy, and go to the Home tomorrow morning. I think they will keep you both until places can be found for you in the country."

"And what will you do, Letty?"

"I don't know. I can't get a place, for I am not able to do much work. Indeed I couldn't do anything now, for I feel as if I had scarcely strength to move. But somehow, Maggie, I'm not a bit troubled about myself. I have such a sweet, peaceful feeling that God will take care of me, and I've nothing to do but lie still, and leave it all to him."

"But, Letty, you must do something! You can't expect God to work a miracle!" said Maggie, in a tone of surprise.

"Oh no, Maggie! I didn't mean anything of that kind. But I *can't* do anything just now, and so I will just lie still and leave it all

with him. I think sometimes," she said, thoughtfully, "that perhaps he will soon take me home. I feel at times as if it must be so, and oh, how *glad* I would be to hear the summons!

' My thirsty spirit *faints*
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.'

Oh, Maggie! just to think of being with Jesus, and free from sin! Oh! I've been longing and striving, these many years, to be like him, meek and humble, gentle, patient, and forbearing, but ah! I seem yet to fall very far short. The likeness is so faint I'm afraid no one can see it. But when I leave this sinful nature behind, and get into his very presence, I shall be like him for I shall see him as he is. 'Now I see through a glass darkly!' she exclaimed, clasping her hands, and looking upwards, "but then face to face; now I know in part, but then shall I know even as also I am known!"

She lay quiet for a moment, her lips mo-

ving as if in prayer, then turning to her sister again, said, O Maggie, what a comfort it is, that wherever we go, Jesus goes with us! for has he not said, 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee?' I think perhaps they will take me in at the Home for a little while! if not I suppose I must go to the poor house. The thought of that was once very dreadful to me, but it does not trouble me now at all. Jesus will be with me even there."

"O Letty, I can't bear to think of it," sobbed her sister. "But you shan't stay there long, if I can help it! I'll work my finger ends off, but what I'll make a home for you one of these days."

"Thank you, dear sister," said Letty, returning Maggie's embrace, "but I shall not need it. I shall go home indeed, long before that. Maggie, put Willy on the bed, and help me on to my knees. This is the last night we shall be together; but let us pray with each other once more."

They did so, and then they embraced each other and lay down to sleep.

Maggie woked quite early, and lay thinking sadly of their approaching separation, and trying to contrive some plan by which they might be kept together. She thought that Letty was sleeping soundly, and feared to move lest she should awake her.

And so she lay there until she had heard the town clock strike the hour several times, and the sun had mounted high in the heavens.

Then, struck with a sudden fear, she started up, and going round to the other side of the bed where her sister lay, she stooped to speak to her. Letty lay in an easy position, with one hand under her cheek, and such a sweet, peaceful expression on her face, as seemed almost heavenly. It frightened Maggie, she scarcely knew why.

"Letty," she said, in a low, tremulous tone.

There was no movement. "Letty! Letty, dear, it is getting quite late."

Still no answer, no movement, and Maggie, trembling with terror, sank on her knees by the bed-side. Once more she called; this

time quite loudly. Then, nerving herself to know the worst, she laid her hand gently on her sister's forehead. It was very cold. She had indeed gone home; and the separation had come sooner than they had expected.

There was another funeral from that cheerless old room, another new made grave wet with the tears of devoted affection. Old Nancy dressed her for the grave, and soothed Maggie's wild grief, by speaking of the blissful change that had come to the dear departed, the glories and the joys of heaven.

"Dear creature!" she said, "I've seen for some time that she was failing very fast. Waiting on your father quite wore her out, and the shock of your mother's sudden death just finished it. Poor dear! she had a very heavy burden to bear, but she bore it very patiently and cheerfully, and now, thank God! she has laid it down, never to take it up again."

Maggie remembered the longing to depart and be with Christ, which her sister had ex-

pressed, and felt that she must rejoice for her, though for herself, she was very sorrowful.

She and Willy went to the Home, and in a few weeks, places were found for both in the country.

Maggie was adopted by an elderly couple living but a short distance from the city, who had buried all their own children. They soon became much attached to Maggie, and she to them, and she was very happy in her new home. Her anxieties for Letty were all over, and from Willy she heard occasionally, and knew that he was happy and doing well.

Maggie had been but a short time in her new home, when she learned, to her surprise and pleasure, that Ada Hamman, now known as Ada Rea, was a near neighbour of hers. They first met at church, thought each other's face familiar, and the next day meeting at school, learned that they were old friends. They now renewed their friendship. Each had much to tell and much to hear.

Ada wept when told of Letty's death. "O Maggie," she said, "it has been one of my

dreams that some day I might be able to give her a comfortable home. But I'm sure I need not weep, for I know she is far happier where she is."

"Yes," said Maggie, "she used often to speak of going home, and though I miss her sadly, it makes my heart glad to think that she is there. And oh! Ada, let us strive to follow her example in bearing patiently whatever burden the Lord may see fit to give us, while doing all we can to help others to bear theirs."

Dear reader, will not *you* follow Letty's example, and whatever your burden may be, bear it without murmuring, cheerfully and submissively, because it is your Father's will?

Will you not ask him to help you do this, and to obey his command, "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ?"

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