Idleness, vice3, and intemperance had don their miserable work, and the dead mother lay cold and still amid her wretched children. She had fallen upon the threshold of her own door in a drunken fit, and fied in the presence of her frightened little ones.

Death touches the spring of our common humanity. This woman had been despised, scoffed at, and agrily denounced by nearly every man, woman, and child in the village; bot nuw, as the fact of her death was passed from lip to lip, in subdued tones, pity took the place of angetr, and sorrow of denunciation; Neighbors went hastily to the old tumble-down hut, in which she had secured little more than a place of shelter from summer heats and winter cold; some with gravie-clothes for a decent interment of the bosy; and some with food for the half-starving children, three nin number. Of these, JHohn, the oldest, a boy of twelve, was a stout lad, able to earn his living with any farmer. Kate, between ten and eleven, was bright, active girl , out of whom something clever might be made, if in good hand; but poor little Maggie, the youngest, was hopelessly diseased. Two years before a fall from a window had injured her spine, and she had not been able to leave her bed since, except when liften in the arms of her mother.