

der income by teaching a small but select school. At length the day of trial came: Mr. Grant was taken ill, and was obliged to relinquish his parochial duties. Ella's time was devoted entirely to her sick husband. The school was broken up, and after a long and severe affliction, which consumed all their little savings, the curate died deeply regretted by his flock, by whom he was justly beloved; and such was the poverty of his circumstances, that his funeral and decent interment for his wife and children, were furnished by subscription. After the melancholy rite was over, the widow found herself and her young children utterly destitute.

"I have hands to work—I must not despair," she said, as she divined the last morsel of bread she had among the children, reserving none for herself. "I have trusted in God all my life, and though it has come to this, I will trust in him yet."

She sat down by the window, and looked willy-nilly towards the churchyard. She could scarce, as yet, realize the truth, that her husband was sleeping there, and that she, the churchwarden of his heart, had pray'd for daily bread from the Great Father, and was laid fast by the hand of death. It was a silent, cold day, and the mournful wind was stripping the scaffolding over the trees, and making like a hunger wind over the trees, and shivering brambles, a little spark was lit upon the window-sill, and its bright, blushing fire, lighting up some graves, that the children had gathered in the ear, and left by accident there, and while the poor mourner watched the bairn through her tears, the text which so touchingly illustrates the providential care of the Master, recurred to her memory: "Fear not, ye are in more value than many sparrows," and she dried the tears from her eyes, and felt comforted.

The postman's sharp ring at the door roused her from her vision of hope and trust, and she was presented with a letter. Alas! the postage was unpaid. To her, who had not a single cent in the world, this was a severe disappointment.

"John Hays, I cannot take the letter."

"Why not, inland? I am sure 'tis directed to you."

"But—but I have no money. I cannot pay the post."

"It might as well be a pound, John. You must take it back."

"No, indeed, that's just what John Hays won't do. I can't over-reach him, but I will trust you with the shilling, and take my chance. That'll bring you news of us a-torture."

Mr. Grant read the letter, and John Hays, leaning against the open doorway, held all the while. At length he clasped his hands, and said, "Wake up, don't be deceived. You can see the sign in the postman's pocket: the postman is dead."

"The postman is dead?" said H. R. ALBRIGHT.

"Yes, the Sunbury Rail road is bound to be built."

H. R. ALBRIGHT being established beyond a doubt, John Hays, who had been waiting to prop up the ailing, now turned to the wall, and, with a smile, said:

"H. R. ALBRIGHT, I suppose, the public are to make up the cost of the rail road, and let us have a free ride."

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