

conclusion either that it was not mine, or that I lived amongst them under false appearances. She confessed the force of my arguments, and let me have it my own way.

"She had bought a large house to be a home for young women out of employment, and in it she proposed the entertainment should be given: there were a good many nice young women inmates at the time, who, she said, would be all willing to help us to wait upon our guests. The idea was carried out, and the thing succeeded admirably. We had music and games, the latter such as the children were mostly acquainted with only producing more merriment and conducted with more propriety than were usual in the court or the street. I may just remark, in passing, that had these been children of the poorest sort, we should have had to teach them, for one of the saddest things is that such, in London at least, do not know how to play. We had tea and coffee, and biscuits in the lower rooms, for any who pleased, and they were to have a solid supper afterwards. With none of the arrangements, however, had I anything to do, for my business was to be with them, and help them to enjoy themselves. All went on capitally, the parents entering into the merriment of their children, and helping to keep it up.

"In one of the games, I was seated on the floor with a handkerchief tied over my eyes, waiting, I believe, for some gentle trick to be played upon me, that I might guess at the name of the person who played it. There was a delay—of only a few seconds—long enough however for a sudden return of that dreary November afternoon in which I sat on the floor, too miserable even to think that I was cold and hungry. Strange to say, it was not the picture of it that came back to me first, but the sound of my own voice calling aloud in the ringing echo of the desolate rooms that I was of no use to anybody, and that God had forgotten me utterly. With the recollection, a doubtful expectation arose which moved me to a scarce controllable degree. I jumped to my feet, and tore the bandage from my eyes.

"Several times during the evening I had had the odd yet well-known feeling of the same thing having happened before; but I was too busy entertaining my friends to try to account for it; perhaps what followed may suggest the theory that in not a few of such cases the indistinct remembrance of the previous occurrence of some portion of the circumstances may cast the hue of memory over the whole. As—my eyes blinded with the light and straining to recover themselves—I stared about the room, the presentiment grew almost conviction that it was the very room in which I had so sat in desolation and despair.

Unable to restrain myself, I hurried into the back room: there was the cabinet beyond! In a few moments more, I was absolutely satisfied that this was indeed the house in which I had first found refuge. For a time I could take no further share in what was going on, but sat down in a corner and cried for joy. Some one went for Lady Bernard, who was superintending the arrangements for supper in the music-room behind. She came in alarm. I told her there was nothing the matter but a little too much happiness, and if she would come into the cabinet, I would tell her all about it. She did so, and a few words made her a hearty sharer in my pleasure. She insisted that I should tell the company all about it, 'for,' she said, 'you do not know how much it may help some poor creature to trust in God.' I promised I would, if I found I could command myself sufficiently. She left me alone for a little while, and after that I was able to join in the games again.

"At supper I found myself quite composed, and at Lady Bernard's request stood up and gave them all a little sketch of grannie's history, of which sketch what had happened that evening was made the central point. Many of the simpler hearts about me received it, without question, as a divine arrangement for my comfort and encouragement—at least, thus I interpreted their looks to each other, and the remarks that reached my ear; but presently a man stood up—one who thought more than the rest of them, perhaps because he was blind—a man at once conceited, honest, and sceptical; and silence having been made for him—'Ladies and gentlemen,' he began, as if he had been addressing a public meeting, 'you've all heard what grannie has said. It's very kind of her to give us so much of her history. It's a very remarkable one, I think, and she deserved to have it. As to what upset her this very night as is—and I must say for her, I've knowed her now for six years, and I never knowed *her* upset afore—and as to what upset her, all I can say is, it may or may not ha' been what phylosophers call a coincydencc; but, at the same time, if it wasn't a coincydencc, and if the Almighty had a hand in it, it were no more than you might expect. He would look at it in this light, you see, that maybe she was wrong to fancy herself so down on her luck as all that, but she was a good soul notwithstanding, and he would let her know he hadn't forgotten her. And so he set her down in that room there, wi' her eyes like them here o' mine, as never was no manner o' use to me—for a minute, jest to put her in mind o' what had been, and what she had said there, an' how it was all so different now. In my opinion, it were no wonder as she broke down, God bless her! I beg leave

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