

from the religious character of the place. However I might argue, the old monk hesitated; but while the monk wavered, Christina's "monkey was up," and, taking her child in her arms, she started off without giving a "month's notice," and fairly left the monastery, with monks, priests, deacons, servants and the dogs all aghast and barking. There was nobody to wash the linen, to bake the bread, to sweep the rooms, to cook the dinner, to mend the clothes! Christina was gone, and the gentle sex was no longer represented in the monastery of Trooditissa.

I was sorry for Christina, but I was glad the child was gone; although I pitied the poor abandoned and neglected little creature with all my heart. As a rule, "maids of all work" should not be mothers, but if they are, they should endeavour to care for the unfortunate child. This wretched little thing was about two years old—a girl; its eyes were nearly closed with inflammation caused by dirt and neglect; it was naked, with the exception of a filthy rag that hung in tatters scarcely below its hips; and as its ill-tempered and over-worked mother alternately raved, or cried, the child, which even at this age depended mainly upon her nursing for its food, joined in a perpetual yell, which at length terminated in a faint and wearied moan, until it laid itself down upon the bare, hard stones, and fell asleep. It was a sad picture of neglect and misery; the shepherd's pretty children shunned it, and in its abandoned solitude the little creature had to amuse itself. The face looked like that of an old careworn person who had lost all pleasure in the world, and the child wandered about alone and uncared for; its only plaything was my