

feeling in the great metropolis suggested to one so ambitious and self-confident opportunities for the exercise of his talents as a writer.

His friends raised enough money for the expenses of his travel and immediate requirements, and in about a week after the termination of his apprenticeship he left for London with bright hopes and high aspirations which a few months of hard experience dispelled as mocking illusions. At the two places where he lodged in London, first at Walmsley's, a plaster of Shoreditch, and next at Mrs. Angel's, dressmaker on Brooke Street, Holborn, he applied himself with almost incredulous industry to writing various compositions intended for publication. As a rival of Junius he was a contributor to the *Middlesex Journal*, for which he wrote under the signature of "Decimus," and also a correspondent of the *Town and Country Magazine* and of the *Freeholders' Magazine*. The fair measure of encouragement with which he first met, stimulated him to such efforts that his prolific pen soon produced abundant matter for the press, which was readily accepted. In a happy vein he wrote letters to his mother and sister, promising presents, mentioning china, silver fans and fine silk. But his second month in London suddenly arrested his brief but hard-earned success, and rudely awakened him from his happy dreams. His "Excellente Balade of Charity," one of his pseudo-antique productions which he had sent to the *Town and Country Magazine*, was refused publication. His political articles, which pandered to the popular passions, had at last to be discounted for fear of the party in power, so that he was usually paid only a shilling for each article, and eighteen pence for one of his songs. Some of his contributions were also held in reserve and remained unpaid. His financial embarrassment seems to have stung his sensitive soul and rendered him utterly despondent in the presence of want and starvation. Was he too proud, even then, in his suffering and humiliation, to yield to the discipline of the cross and seek the refreshment promised the weary and heavy-laden? Or did he feel any of the inspiration which made Charles McKay write:

"Hope on, hope ever, though to-day be dark.
The sweet sunburst may smile on thee to-morrow;
Tho' thou art lonely, there's an eye will mark
Thy loneliness and guerdon all thy sorrow!
Tho' thou must toil 'mong cold and sordid men,
With none to echo back thy thought or love thee,