

less creature the nurse gave into her care—poor wailing babe—it found a friend the instant her stout arms enfolded it.

Before the appearance of this first friend the parish curate had given to the nameless waif a name—Benjamin it was—probably from the fact that the aforesaid name occurred in the morning lesson, and was floating in the mind of the reverend bestower. As a surname was out of the question, he was registered in the city book as Benjamin Brown.

The family, to which B. B. was consigned, consisted of two members: Mrs. Golightly and her simple son Nick. *Pere* Golightly had long since bid farewell to this sorrowful sphere, or, as his faithful widow was wont to say, "gone to glory," leaving Nick and his mother to be all in all to each other.

For years the latter had supported herself and her afflicted son by washing and charring, now, as declining health and the twinges of "rheumatics" told of coming old age, she determined to take an infant to "raise" for the city. So it happened our friend Benjamin fell to her care, and very loving care it was.

Two years passed by. The helpless hospital waif had grown into a fine boy, with white, curly hair and large, hazel eyes. "The face of a hangel," Mrs. Golightly was wont to say, in describing her charge to her numerous friends. All poor, foolish Nick's love was centered on little Ben, or Toddle-Ben, as he had named him; and all the neighbors knew and loved the white-headed two-year-old by that name.

"Wee, Toddling Ben" the men had called the child as they met him learning to walk, guided by Nick's devoted hand: they paused, as they passed the pair, to lay a hand, mayhap, on the little curly head, and say a kind word to the poor idiot boy—his tender nurse on all occasions.

What an imperious little fellow Toddle-Ben was, to be sure! No monarch ever ruled a kingdom more tyrannically than he ruled his constant, faithful companion, who worshipped the very dust those chubby feet toddled over.