

She's very clever, I can tell you,' and he stooped down and rubbed his curly head against her forehead, and then patted the 'old daddy,' as he called him, on the back."

The world of Literature, as well as that of Art, has been largely peopled by the children of Bloomsbury. Carlyle lived here for some time. *Bleak House* was written here. Shelley, Ruskin, and that amusing journalist, G. A. Sala, also lived here.

Where in London can one hear more beautifully pathetic music than at the chapel of the Foundling Hospital? It has appealed very forcibly to many hearts. I knew, 'long years ago, a dear old soldier (he was major of one of our most renowned line regiments) who told me that he used, when in Town, to go there every Sunday and listen to the children singing, and that he could never keep back his tears. This was a man who had been all through the dismal horrors of the Indian Mutiny; but he had the heart of a child, and the devotion of his men to him was splendid.

In *Little Dorrit* Dickens makes Mrs Meagles describe the scene thus:—

"Oh dear, dear" (she sobbed), "when I saw all those children ranged tier above tier, and appealing from the father none of them has ever known or