

the work, saying "he knew nothing about me, and was afraid to give work to a stranger;" he went for another man and after a short consultation, I received half a dozen, instead of a dozen as the others had done.

I hurried out of the place weary and dispirited, thinking of the conversation I had heard and the probable fate that was before me. Occupied by my thoughts I turned down a wrong street, and lost my way.

On asking direction from a passer-by I was desired to take a street which led through one of the crescents as being the nearest approach to my home.

As I passed one of the houses in the crescent, a man who was delivering coals, stumbled and spilled quite a quantity, I leaned against the balustrade of the door steps, looking at the man as he gathered them up, glad of the excuse this formed for resting a few minutes; a girl came from the basement to sweep the pavement, and scolded the man saying "he had left a large basket full of coals, and they gave such a dirty look to the front of the house, and she had no time to pick them up," saying so she was about to descend into the basement when I called her back asking:

"What are you going to do with the coals?"

"Nothing, it will be soon dark now and the scavengers will sweep them off in the morning."

"Will you allow me to gather them up?"

"You!" said she looking me hard in the face, "are you poor, do you need them?"

"Yes, I have a sick baby and we have no fire."

"Poor thing; oh, surely take them, but what'll you carry them in?"

"I'll go home for a basket."

"I'll give you a basket myself, if you'll be sure to bring it back to-morrow."