

air. It is not pleasant to relate such painful incidents. But we know not how else to convey an adequate idea of the enthusiasm and the terror of the scene. A party of eight gentlemen, were sitting at a table, weary with fatigue of hours of conflict, busily partaking of refreshments. A cannon ball pierced the dwelling, passed over the table, just sweeping it clean of all its contents, and buried itself in the side of the house, injuring no one. That ball is now gilded, and suspended in the front of the dwelling, with the inscription, '*An orange from Charles X.; the last token of his paternal love.*'

As the king's troops encountered the barricades with which the streets were every where impeded, the citizens from the yards and chambers and roofs of the houses, and from every protecting point, poured in upon them the most destructive fire. As these veteran soldiers, injured to all the horrors of war, fought their bloody way along the narrow streets, in compact masses, they were crushed by logs of wood and heavy articles of furniture, and paving-stones, thrown by a thousand unseen hands, from the windows of the houses, and rained down from the roofs, like hail upon their heads.

For three days this terrible conflict continued with unabated fury. The streets of Paris flowed red with blood. The quick rattling fire of regiments of infantry, the thundering explosion of cannons and mortars, the shouts of the combatants and the cries of the dying, resounded through the ill-fated metropolis. New troops were continually sent in by the king, to take the place of the wounded and the dead; more than one thousand of the royal guard having been killed the first of the three days. But all the suburbs were continually pouring in their countless multitudes of enraged countrymen to swell the masses of the king's enemies, swarming in the streets.

The king soon became thoroughly alarmed. His defeated troops, driven in from all points to their head-quarters at the garden of Tuilleries and the Palais Royal, from the assailants, became the assailed. Charles terrified at the resistlessness of the fury which he had excited, recalled the execrable ordinance, and dismissed the obnoxious ministers. But it was too late for compromise. The victorious people rushed like an inundation into the Louvre and Tuilleries, and the exhausted troops were swept before them, like rubbish on the flood.

THE "RAGGED SUNDAY SCHOOLS" OF LONDON.

When we reached the school, the teachers were there, but few children had assembled. In bad weather, it is generally well attended—sometimes by from two to three hundred; but when the evenings are fine, most of the scholars spend them in bird-nesting or other amusement or wickedness. A policeman was stationed at the door of the room, which is a commodious building of brick, though situated in a low and filthy neighbourhood. It is divided inside by a large moveable wooden partition, separating the boys from the girls. The scholars continued to drop in. Some came leaping and hopping merrily to their places—one clubbing his feet, and making wry faces to his companion. The services began by singing a hymn, in which all manner of noises were mingled; and prayer, during which the scholars kept their seats, or were intended to keep them. This rule had been adopted from finding it impossible to keep anything like order if they were permitted to stand.

The scholars, mostly stout boys of from ten to fifteen years old, were squalid and filthy in their persons, and soon gave indications to strangers that they were very different from ordinary Sabbath school materials. Some were scarcely seated when they began quarrelling with their companions; others got up a good-natured fight, evidently for the purpose of annoyance; one restless ragamuffin, for obstinate misconduct, was handed or pulled by his teacher to another class. Scarcely had he reached his new place when one of the class he had left flung his cap after him, striking the teacher on the head. One lad began amusing himself by flinging peas at all within his reach, and supplying his companions for the same purpose. This was tolerated for a while, in spite of remonstrance, to the annoyance of all; till at last the ringleader in the mischief ventured to throw a handful of peas into the middle of the class. As this was beyond endurance, the boy was seized by the teacher, who emptied his pockets, and gave him a cuff on the

ear, on which he gave a shout and a scowl of defiance, declaring that he should not be hit here for nothing, and forthwith struggled to the door. Shortly afterwards another began fighting, became unmanageable, and was handed to the policeman. Before the close, a policeman had to be brought in and set down within arm's-length of the most unruly.

A teacher sitting near me had been trying to impress on one of the boys that his heart was hard and wicked, and his need of a new heart. On separating, the teacher was repeating this, when the boy tore open his tattered jacket, and drumming fiercely on his breast, cried, "Mine's not a bad un, sir—mine's not a bad un!"

Before dismissing, an intelligent and vigorous teacher from Yorkshire shortly addressed them. At first they were inattentive and restless; plans were tried in vain to arrest their attention, till he began to tell of a man who was *hunged at the Old Bailey*. In a moment every eye was fixed; the subject was evidently no stranger to their thoughts. The teacher said, "His name was John." A lad called out, "That's my name, sir." With ready tact he answered, "It's my name too; but attend to me. He used to frequent a place in Gray's Inn Lane." "I knows it, sir," cried another. "Fox's Court, Gray's Inn Lane—a bad place." "That it is, sir, I knows it." They continued in this way, while the address continued, to offer their assistance to the speaker.

While the last hymn was being sung, one more was carried to the door, amid the derisive shouts of his fellows. Some half-a-dozen near me then began to cross their legs, and imitate the stitching and hammering of a shoemaker at work, others at the same time pulling and dragging each other from their places.

On prayer being begun, they were told as usual to put their hands together. Some of them forthwith clasped their hands, and dropped down on their knees on the floor, while others kept calling to their companions across the room.

Amid such scenes, anything like regular lessons it is of course almost impossible to teach. Books are provided; but few have the ability, and fewer the will, to read them. Nearly all that can be done is to attempt, by reiteration, to fix in the memory of these poor outcasts some of the leading truths that can make wise unto salvation. The teacher's labour is here emphatically a work of faith.

The class of persons at the school described are believed to be among the most abandoned in London; but this sketch may give an idea of the population for whom the Ragged Sunday Schools are designed. In this lowest layer of society strange characters are sometimes found, and strange answers received. Once, when a school was addressed about the barron fig tree, a boy exclaimed, "I say, sir, you have been for cutting down that 'ere tree two times already—I'd like to know what you'd be arter with it now?" A minister, visiting the school described, asked a boy, "How long have you been at this school?" With impudent wit he replied, "*Just five minutes, sir.*" Another boy was asked, "Where do you live?" "I live where I can, sir." "Why, where do you generally sleep?" "*Under a cart, sir, when I can get one.*" "And what do you live upon?" "Why, sir, I do as they say in the Sunday school—

'O all ye hungry starving souls
That feed upon the wind.'

A ruffian-like youth was once asked, "Have you a father or a mother, boy?" He looked fiercely in the teacher's face, and answered, "Tell me, sir, *do I look as if I ever had a father or a mother?*"

Our readers, like ourselves, will be ready to ask, Where were men to be found to persevere in such a work as this? On conversing, at the end, with the teachers present, we found that at first many had come, attracted by the novelty of the enterprise, and perhaps the *romance* of the work; but when they met with such trials, their zeal, having no deepness of earth, had withered away—the floor had been winnowed, and nothing but wheat was left. We had a warrant, in their mere perseverance, for the sterling worth of those who remained. They were quiet, serious, earnest men—seemingly men of faith and prayer.—*Sunday School Magazine.*