

she had brought for Titmouse, "there's a bit of supper for you; and you're welcome to it, I'm sure, Mr. Titmouse."

"Thank you, thank you—I can't eat," said he, casting, however, upon the victuals a hungry eye, which beheld what he said, while in his heart he longed to be left alone with them for about three minutes.

"Come don't be ashamed—fall to work—it's good wholesome vittuals," said she, lifting the table near to the edge of the bed, on the side of which he was sitting, and taking up the two shillings lying on the table—"and capital beer, I warrant me; you'll sleep like a top after it."

"You're uncommon kind, Mrs. Squallop; but I shan't get a wink of sleep to-night for nothing."

"Oh, bother your thinking! Let me see you begin to eat a bit. Well, I suppose you don't like to eat and drink before me, so I'll go." [Here arose a sudden conflict in the good woman's mind, whether or not she would act on the suggestion which had been put into her head down stairs. She was on the point of yielding to the impulse of her own good-natured, though coarse feelings; but at last]—"I—I—dare say, Mr. Titmouse, you mean what's right and straightforward," she stammered.

"Yes, Mrs. Squallop—you may keep those two shillings; they are the last farthing I have left in the world."

"No—hem! hem!—a-hem! I was just suddenly a-thinking—now can't you guess, Mr. Titmouse?"

"What, Mrs. Squallop?" enquired Titmouse, meekly, but anxiously.

"Why—suppose now—if it were only to raise ten shillings with old Balls, round the corner, on one of those fine things of yours—your ring, say." [Titmouse's heart sunk within him.] "Well, well—never mind—don't fear," said Mrs. Squallop, observing him suddenly turn pale again, "I—I only thought—but never mind! it don't signify—goodnight! we can talk about it to-morrow—good night—a good night's rest, Mr. Titmouse!" and the next moment he heard her heavy step descending the stairs. Several minutes had elapsed before he could recover from the agitation into which he had been thrown by her last proposal; but within ten minutes of her quitting the room, there stood before him, on the table, an empty plate and jug.

NIGHT SCENES.

"Well—I'll take care of these anyhow;" and, kneeling down and unlocking his trunk, he took out of it his guard-chain, breast-pin, studs and ring, carefully folded them up in paper, and deposited them in his trousers' pockets; resolved that henceforth their nightly resting-place should be—under his pillow; while during the day they should accompany his person whithersoever he went. Next he bethought himself of the two or three important papers, to which Mr. Gammon had referred; and, with tremulous eagerness read them over once or twice, but without being able to extract from them the slightest meaning. Then he folded them up in a half sheet of writing paper, which he proceeded to stitch carefully beneath the lining of his waistcoat; after which he blew out his slim candle, and with a heavy sigh got into bed. For some moments after he had blown out the candle, did the image of it remain on his aching and excited retina; and just so long did the thoughts of *ten thousand a year* dwell on his fancy, fading, however, quickly away amid the thickening gloom of doubts, and fears and miseries, which oppressed him. There he lies, stretched on his bed, a wretched figure, lying on his breast, his head buried beneath his feverish arms. Anon, he turns round upon his back, stretches his wearied limbs to their uttermost, folds his arms on his breast, then buries them beneath the pillow under his head. Now he turns on his right side, then on his left—presently he starts up, and with muttered curse shakes his little pillow, flinging it down angrily. He cannot sleep; he cannot rest; he cannot keep still. Bursting with irritability, he gets out of bed, and steps to the window, which opening wide, a slight gush of fresh air cools his hot face for a moment or two. His wearied eye looks upward and beholds the moon shining overhead in cold splendour, turning the clouds to gold as they flit past her, and shedding a softened lustre upon the tiled roofs and irregular chimney-pots—the only objects visible to him. No sound is heard, but occasionally the dismal cry of disappointed cat, the querulous voice of the watchman, and the echo of the rumbling hubbub of Oxford-street. O, miserable Titmouse, of what avail is it for thee thus to fix thy sorrowful lack-lustre eye upon the old Queen of night!

At that moment there happened to be also gazing at the same glorious object, but at some two hundred miles distances from London, a somewhat different person with very different feelings, and in very different circumstances. It was one of the angels of the earth—a pure-hearted and very beautiful young woman; who, after a day of peaceful, innocent, and charitable employment, and having just quitted the piano, where her exquisite strains had soothed and delighted the feelings of her brother, harrassed with political anxieties, had retired to her chamber for the night. A few moments before she was presented to the reader, she had extinguished her taper, and dismissed her maid without her having discharged more than half her accustomed duties—telling her that she should finish undressing by the light of the moon, which then poured her soft radiance into every corner of the spacious but old-fashioned chamber in which she sat. Then she drew her chair to the window

recess, and pushing open the window, sat before it, half undressed as she was, her head leaning on her hand, gazing upon the scenery before her with tranquil admiration. Silence reigned absolutely. Not a sound issued from the ancient groves, which spread far and wide on all sides of the fine old mansion in which she dwells—solemn solitudes, not yet less soothing than solemn! Was not the solitude enhanced by the glimpse she caught of a restless fawn glancing in the distance across the avenue, as he silently changed the tree under which he slept? Then the gentle breeze would enter her window, laden with sweet scents of which he had just been rifling the coy flowers beneath, in their dewy repose, tended and petted during the day by her own delicate hand! Beautiful moon!—cold and chaste in thy skyey palace, studded with brilliant and innumerable gems, and shedding down thy rich and tender radiance upon this lovely seclusion—was there upon the whole earth a more exquisite countenance then turned towards thee than hers? Wrap thy white robe, dearest Kate, closer round thy fair bosom, lest the playful night-breeze do thee hurt, for he groweth giddy with the sight of thy charms! Thy rich tresses, half uncurled, are growing damp—so it is time that thy blue eyes should seek repose. Hie thee, then, to yon antique couch, with its quaint carvings and satin draperies dimly visible in the dusky shade, inviting thee to sleep: and having first bent in cheerful reverence before thy Maker—to bed!—to bed!—dear Kate, nothing disturbing thy serene thoughts or agitating that beautiful bosom! Hush! hush!—Now she sleeps.

It is well that thine eyes are closed in sleep; for, behold—see!—the brightness without is disappearing; sadness and gloom are settling on the face of nature; the tranquil night is changing her aspect; clouds are gathering, winds are moaning; the moon is gone;—but sleep on, sweet Kate—dreaming not of dark days before thee. Oh, that thou could'st sleep on till the brightness returned!

BORROWING.

When at length this day came to a close. Titmouse, instead of repairing to his lodgings, set off with a heavy heart, to pay a visit to his excellent friend, Huckaback, whom he knew to have received his quarter's salary the day before, and from whom he faintly hoped to succeed in extorting some trifling loan. "If you want to learn the value of money, try to borrow some," says Poor Richard—and Titmouse was now going to learn that useful but bitter lesson. Oh, how disheartening was that gentleman's reception of him! Huckaback, in answering the modest knock of Titmouse, suspecting who was his visitor, opened the door but a little way, and in that little way, with his hand on the latch, he stood, with a plainly repulsive look.

"Oh! it's you, Titmouse, is it?" he commenced, coldly. "Yes. I—I just want to speak a word to you—only a word or two, Hucky, if you aren't busy?"

"Why, I was just going to go—but what dy'e want, Titmouse?" he enquired, in a freezing manner, not stirring from where he stood.

"Let me come inside a minute," implored Titmouse, feeling as if his heart were really dropping out of him: and, in a most ungracious manner, Huckaback motioned him in.

"Well," commenced Huckaback, with a chilling distrustful look.

"Why, Hucky, I know you are a good natured chap—you couldn't, just for a short time, lend me ten shill!"

"No, I'm hanged if I can: and that's flat!" briskly interrupted Huckaback, finding his worst suspicions confirmed.

"Why, Hucky, wasn't you only yesterday paid your salary?"

"Well—suppose I was?—what then? You're a monstrous cool hand, Titmouse! I never!! So I'm to lend to you, when I'm starving myself!—I've received such a lot, haven't I?"

"I thought we'd always been friends, Hucky," said Titmouse, faintly; "and so we shouldn't mind helping one another a bit! Don't you remember, I lent you half a crown?"

"Half-a-crown!—and that's nine months ago!"

"Do, Hucky, do! I've positively not a sixpence in the whole world."

"Ha, ha! A pretty chap to borrow! You can pay so well! By George, Titmouse, you're a cool hand."

"If you won't lend me, I must starve."

"Go to my uncle's." [Titmouse groaned aloud.] "Well—and why not? What of that?" continued Huckaback, sharply and bitterly. "I dare say it wouldn't be the first time you've done such a stick, no more than me. I've been obligated to do it. Why shouldn't you? Ain't there that ring?"

"Oh, oh, that's just what Mrs. Squallop said last night."

"Whew! She's down on you, is she! And you've the face to come to me! You—that's a-going to be sold up, come to borrow! that's good, any how! A queer use that to make of one's friends; it's a taking of them in, I say!"

"Oh, Hucky, Hucky, if you only knew what a poor devil!"

"Yes, that's what I was a-saying; but it ain't poor devil's one lends money to so easily, I warrant me; though you ain't such a poor devil—you're only shamming! Where's your guard-chain, your studs, your breast-pin, your ring, and all that. Sell 'em! if not, any how, pawn 'm. Can't eat your cake and have it; fine back must have empty belly with us sort of chaps."

"If you'll only be so kind as to lend me ten shillings," continued Titmouse, in an imploring tone, "I'll bind myself, by a solemn oath, to pay you the very first moment I get what's due to me

from Dowlas & Co." Here he was almost choked by the sudden recollection that he had almost certainly, nothing to receive.

"You've some property in the moon, too, that's coming to you, you know!" said Huckaback, with an insulting sneer.

"I know what you're driving at," said poor Titmouse; and he continued eagerly, "and if any thing should ever come up from Messrs. Quirk, Gem!"

"Yough! Faugh! Pish! Stuff!" burst out Huckaback, in a tone of contempt and disgust; "never thought there was any thing in it, and now know it! It's all in my eye, and all that!"

"Oh, Hucky, Hucky! You don't say so!" groaned Titmouse, bursting into tears; you didn't always say so."

"It's enough that I say it now, then; will that do?" interrupted Huckaback, impetuously.

"Oh, what is to become of me?" cried Titmouse, with a face full of anguish.

MR. THOMSON,

The following lines, by E. Cook, struck me as being full of piety and deep feeling. If you have a spare corner in your valuable paper, by inserting it you will oblige W. H. R.

PRAYER.

How purely true, how deeply warm
The inly breathed appeal may be,
Though adoration wears no form
In upraised hand, or bended knee.
One spirit fills all boundless space,
No limits to the when or where;
And little reck the time or place
That leads the soul to praise and prayer.

Father above, Almighty one,
Creator, is that worship vain
That hails each mountain as thy throne,
And finds an universal fane?
When shining stars or spangled sod,
Call forth devotion, who shall dare
To, blame, or tell me that a God
Will never deign to hear such prayer?

Oh, Prayer is good, when many pour
Their voices in one solemn tone,
Conning their sacred lessons o'er,
Or yielding thanks for mercies shown.
'Tis good to see the quiet train
Forget their worldly joy and care
While loud response and choral strain
Re-echo in the house of prayer.

But often have I stood to mark
The setting sun, and closing flower,
When silence and the gathering dark
Shed holy calmness o'er the hour,
Lone on the hill my soul confess'd
More wrapt and burning homage there,
And served the Maker it addressed,
With stronger zeal, and closer prayer.

When watching those we love and prize
Till all of life and hope be fled;
When we have gazed on sightless eyes,
And gently stayed the falling head—
Then what can sooth the stricken heart,
What solace overcome despair,
What earthly breathing can impart
Such healing balm as lonely prayer?

When fears and perils thicken fast,
And many dangers gather round;
When human aid is vain and past
No mortal refuge to be found.
Then can we firmly lean on Heaven,
And gather strength to meet and bear;
No matter where the storm has driven;
A saving anchor lies in prayer.

Oh, Lord! how beautiful the thought,
How merciful the blest decree,
That grace can e'er be found when sought,
And nought shut out the soul from Thee.
The cell may cramp, the fetters gall,
The flame may scorch, the rack may tear,
But torture—stake—or prison wall
Can be endured with faith and prayer.

In desert wilds, in midnight gloom,
In grateful joy or trying pain,
In laughing youth or nigh the tomb,
Oh, when is prayer unheard or vain?
The Infinite, the King of kings
Will never heed the when or where,
He'll ne'er reject a heart that brings
The offering of fervent prayer.

ELIZA COOK.