

expression to the cravings of hunger, and imploring "one ha'penny for God's sake, to get a ha'porth of bread," and was lodged in jail for twenty-four hours, when he did get as much bread as satisfied his hunger for that day, as well as having his hair closely clipped, which had got rather disordered since last his poor mother's kindly hand had lopped off the few locks she thought interfered with his usual tidy appearance.

But external were not the only changes in poor Johnny; he made some acquaintances in jail, to whom he was glad to tell his forlorn condition; they were not, like him, in for a first offence; they were old hands, and felt quite repaid for the slight inconvenience they experienced by having made an addition to their gang, and promised he should lead a gay and merry life, if he became their pupil. At first he felt this was not exactly the line of life he had planned for himself, but none other having offered, he consented to cast in his lot with the young thieves, most of them as homeless and friendless as himself. He did not prove so apt a scholar as they anticipated, and in a few days was again lodged in jail for some trifling theft. On being discharged the second time, he resolved not to join his former associates, but whither should he bend his steps? The clipped head too plainly told from whence he came, and was sufficient to prevent any feeling of tenderness or compassion for his forlorn condition. A few tattered garments were all that remained to screen him from the chill blasts of December. He wandered about some hours, when, in an obscure street, a gentleman looked round for some one to hold his horse as he alighted to make an inquiry. Johnny was now at hand, and for this slight office the stranger handed him twopence, saying at the same time to the shivering child, "Why do you not go to the Ragged School, my boy?" This awakened a new inquiry in the lad; he had never heard of such a place, though at home he had been accustomed to attend school regularly, and he knew that if he could but find such another he might get on; he accordingly ventured to inquire where was the Ragged School, and a kind hand pointed it out in an adjoining street. What was the poor boy's amazement to see nearly two hundred as miserable creatures as himself seated at their tasks! The teacher welcomed the wanderer, heard his sad tale, placed him in a class, and when a good lady who daily visits the school came in, he repeated it to her; she felt there was so much honesty in the recital of his sorrows, and no concealment of his crime, that she requested the master to procure him a