

was accidentally present at their meeting. The elder girls clasped their little brother and sister in their arms, in transports of joy. The pale-faced mother (who I perceived would soon bring another to share their joys and sorrows) wept in silence. Johnson stood gazing with mingled feelings on his helpless family.

But a grievous disappointment awaited Johnson. The man who had promised him work had no authority for so doing; and when he went, expecting to begin, he was told that he could not be engaged. When the keeper of the lodging-house heard this, he demanded payment before either Johnson or his family should retire to their miserable beds. Poor man, he had not anything wherewith to pay, and begged permission to remain till morning, offering part of his garments for security, which was reluctantly accepted.

On the following morning they were all turned into the street. They wandered about for several hours, when seeing an empty cellar, they got permission to remain in it for a few days. Mother and children sat down on the bare, damp flags, whilst the father went out to buy two penny-worth of coals, and a half-penny candle. Throughout the night which followed, Johnson sat on the flagged floor, before the flickering fire, with two children on each side, making his legs their pillows, and his pale, delicate wife leaning against his back. Did they sleep? Yes, the children slept, and sobbed in their sleep,—for bread.

That night Johnson was almost driven to despair. Dark thoughts passed through his troubled soul. The last flickering glimmer from the expiring embers had died away, and left them in utter darkness. His sorrowing wife, knowing he had done his best, did not utter a word of complaint, fearing to increase his grief by repining, yet could