

shrunken, ragged, wretched, keen-witted Arab of the street and closes of the city.

He stood for a few minutes diving and rumaging into the recesses of his rags. At last little Tom Thumb said, 'Are you the gentleman that bought few less yesterday frae Sandy?' 'Yes, my little man.' 'Well here's seven-pence,' (counting out divers copper coins.) 'Sandy canna come—he's no weel—a cart ran o'er him the day, and has broken his leg, and he's lost his bannet and his tweezers and your fourpence piece and his knife—he's no weel. He's no weel ava—and the doctor says—says—he's dee—in';—and that's a he can gie ye now: and the poor child, commencing with sobs, ended in a sore fit of crying. I gave him food; for though his cup of sorrow was full enough, his stomach was empty, as he looked wistful at the display on the tea-table. 'Are you Sandy's brother?' 'Ay sir, and the good gates of his heart again opened. 'Where do you live? Are your father and mother alive?' 'We bide in Blackfriars Wynd in the Cogate. My mither's dead, and my faither's awa': and we bide whiles wi' our gude mither,' sobbing bitterly. 'Where did this accident happen?' 'Near the college, sir.' Calling a cab, we were speedily set down at Blackfriars Wynd. I had never penetrated the wretchedness of those ancient closes by day, and he entered one by night, and almost alone. Preceded by my little guide, I entered a dark, wide, winding stair, until, climbing many flights of stairs into total darkness, he opened a door, where a light maintained a feeble, unequal struggle with the thick close smelling, heavy gloom. My courage nearly gave way as the spectacle of that room burst upon me. In an apartment, certainly spacious in extent, but scarcely made visible by one guttering candle stuck in a bottle, were an over-crowded mass of human beings sleeping on miserable beds spread out upon the floor, or squatted or reclining upon the cold, unfurnished boards. Stepping over a prostrate, quarrelling drunkard, I found little Sandy on a bed of carpenter's shavings on the floor. He was still in his rags, and a torn and scanty coverlet had been thrown over him. Poor lad! he was so changed. His sharp, pallid face was clammy and cold—beads of a sweet of agony standing on his brow. A bloated woman in maudlin drunkenness now and then bathed his lips with whiskey and water. A doctor from the Royal Infirmary had called and left some medicine to soothe the poor lad's agony—for his cause was hopeless—but his tipsy nurse had forgotten to administer it. I applied it, and had him placed on a less miserable bed, and seeing a woman to attend him during the night, I left the degraded, wretched home. Next morning I was again in Blackfriars Wynd. . . . For the patient, medical skill was naught, for he was sinking fast. As I took his feeble hand, a

flicker of recognition seemed to gleam across his face. 'I got the change and was comin'—' 'My poor boy, you were very honest. Have you any wish—anything I can promise to do for you? I promise to—' 'Reuby I'm sure I'm deesin'; who will take care o' you noo?' Little Reuben was instantly in a fit of crying and threw himself on the bed. 'Oh, Sandy, Sandy, Sandy!' sobbed his little heart. 'I will see to your little brother.' 'Thank you sir! Dinna, dinna leave me, Rew—Rew—by. I'm coming'—coming'—' 'Whist, whist! cried little Reub, looking up, and turning round to implore some silence in the room. That moment the calm faded smile that seemed to have alighted as a momentary visitant upon his face slowly passed away, the eyes became blank and glazed, and his little life imperceptibly rippled out. The honest boy lies in the Canon-gate Churchyard, and I have little Reuben at Dr. Guthrie's Ragged School, and receive excellent accounts of him and from him.

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A Parish Clerk's Lament.

Our Parson's took up with the Ritchelist views. And he's all over changed from his 'at to his shoes; His coat is so long, and his face is so grave; And he calls his good crabstick his pastoral staff. An' his voice has got hollow, and sad like, and mild. And he'd think he was yielding to sin if he smiled: They may say what they please, but whatever they says, I don't like the looks of these Ritchelist way.

Our parson he once was so hearty and stout, And knew what the farmers and folk were about; He'd talk with the men as they worked in the field.

He knew every acre, and what it would yie'd; He'd a famous loud voice, and a kind, merry face: 'Cept when he was scolding a child in disgrace. Now he walks through the lanes in a sort of a maze.

And that's what has come of his Ritchelist ways.

And the old village church he'd have done it up new,

And there's plenty of benches, but never a pew; And pillards, and holtars, and things queer in spellin'.

An' as for the vestry, that's quite past my tellin'. There used to be two gowns I had in my cares—A black gown for preaching, a white 'un for prayers;

And now there are twenty, wi' gold all ablaze—And that's the expense of the Ritchelist ways.

There's lirrrip's and stolen that is always in wear, And copes to put on for the Litany prayer, An' green wi' white edgings for churchings and listen.

He puts on a purple and white gown to christen: There's things that hang loose, and things that fit tight,

And he's mighty displeased if I don't bring 'em right;

Oh, it's almost enough a poor body to craze, The ins and the outs of these Ritchelist ways.