

cripple plied his long, lithe fingers amongst the little gallipots of paint, the little wooden winches, and the little stiff wooden men, with wire-articulated limbs, with which, instead of shattered pipe-stem, his table was littered—he listened to a little class of scholars, squatted on the floor like young Orientals, and spelling out, from an old Bible passed from hand to hand, the first chapter of St. John. Every now and then, too, he looked up to laugh at a chirping, gurgling toddler, tethered to his chair with an old red bell-rope, like a grazing kid; a chubby little toddler, whose cheeks, it must be confessed, were more than sufficiently begrimed, but still too fresh from God's hand to have been distorted by man's into the harsh angularity, or flattened blur of feature, that generally characterizes the Folly's youth.

The friend to whose lodgings I had taken the short-cut through the Folly, had charge of the "Mission District" in which it stands. When I mentioned to him what I had seen, "Oh, yes," he said, "I know him well—a most worthy little fellow. He makes me think sometimes of what Bacon says, 'Whosoever hath anything fixed in his person that doth induce contempt, hath also a perpetual spur in himself to rescue and deliver himself from scorn.' It's better spur than that, though, the little man has got. I believe that the love of God is so shed abroad in his heart that it runs over with love upon others. He's the peacemaker of that terrible place he lives in, and it's astonishing how many ways he finds, feeble as he is, to help his neighbours. You're almost always sure to find a swarm of children in his place. He looks after them for their mothers, and teaches them to read when he can get the chance. A good many of the women there are a sad set, but they've a great respect for poor little 'Hoppety Bob'—that's the name he's known by. They'd clean out his room, or cook his food for him any day, and sometimes, when he is worse than usual, he is obliged to let them take his work to the shop, or do something of that kind. But he's a very independent little fellow, and hops about on his crutch like a sparrow. He's making penny toys now, but he's been all kinds of things. If you'd like to have a chat with him, I'll take you round some evening. Mind, though, that you don't offer him any money. He isn't like other folks. I declare to you that, when I have no money to give them, I often feel inclined to skip calling on some of my poor people. It seems such mockery to preach patience with them, when they are cold and hungry and naked, without doing anything to help them—to speak about God's love, without showing any of it in man's aid. But you would only offend Bob by offering him money."

On a sultry summer evening, about a week afterwards, I found myself with my friend at the entrance of the Folly. A thunder-cloud hung over the whole of London, and in that wretched place the air was oppressively hot and close. Men and boys lolled against the posts, listlessly smoking, and almost too languid and ill-tempered to stand aside and let us pass. The women sat on the doorsteps, with their feverish faces resting on their up-drawn