

cheered pretty well all the way from the corner o' the Liverpool Road (though the air ain't over fresh there), right to the Old Crown, on Highgate Hill. That's where we got out o' the wan. I'd shown 'em Whittington's stone as we come up, an' I told 'em the story when we got out. That pleased 'em uncommon. I fancy the little chaps thought they'd only to slip out there some fine mornin', an' 'ear Bow Bells, to get made Lord Mayors of.

"It was cur'ous to see how the little uns started up the hill. The houses was so clean an' so quiet, I thought the people couldn't be up yet; an' the ivy was hangin' over the old wall t' other side o' the way—it was a queer sight for us Folly folk. An' then we went along the lane, an' stopped to have a look down atop o' Highgate Archway. That pleased the young uns, too. I was afeared they'd topple over, or squeeze theirselves through the balusters. There was the road ever so far down so lonely, an' the birds a-singin', an' the laylock was out in the gardens, and the sun was a-shinin' quite hot where we was, an' yet you could hardly see London for the smoke. It did look uncommon dreary. I couldn't help pityin' them that was left in it, an' wishin' they could ha' been out enjoyin' themselves like us. It made me think somehow, sir, of the City of Destruction in the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' but then there was the church spires stickin' up here an' there, so that wasn't like; an' St. Paul's looked just like a big gray balloon up in the clouds, an' the sun was a-shinin' on the goold cross, though it was so black below. I like to look at that cross, sir, when I happen to be near by, though it do give me a crick in the neck to look up at it. There's a deal o' wickedness in London, but there's goodness too; an' there's the cross, up above all the dirt, a-watchin' over us.

"When we'd got out o' Crouch End we had a race, an' I should ha' beat, if my crutch hadn't tripped me up. I must ha' looked a comical sight, but it was pretty how the little uns kept from laughin' till they see I wasn't hurt. When we got to Hornsey Church we sat down in the churchyard to have a rest, and the little uns picked daisies, an' most on 'em chattered away just like sparrers in the ivy in the old tower. But the littlest—her name was Jemima Webber, an' a sweet little gal she was, an' uncommon fond of me, pretty dear—sat as still as a little mouse. 'What are you thinkin' on, Jemima?' says I. But she never said a word. Then I see she was settin' by a babby's grave, an' patten' it just as if it was babby. 'They'll wake the child,' says she presently, just like an old woman, 'if they make so much noise.' Pretty dear, little as she was, she'd had to lug about a babby, an' the little thing had died, an' Jemima had a'most cried her eyes out when she see it buried. Poor little Mima! She's buried herself now, an' I can't tell you, sir, how I used to miss her. She'd come in an' set with me by the hour together, when none of the others was there; an' a lonely old lamester likes a sweet little thing like that to take to him.

"When we'd had our rest, we went across the fields to our kind