

"God help my dying child!" he feebly muttered; and, pressing his hand to his forehead, staggered to the door, as if to lean for support against it.

The chemist regarded him with astonishment. "Eh, what's that you say?" he exclaimed, "dying child?—No, no, young gentleman, not quite so bad as that, I hope—poor fellow, he does not hear me! Come, come, sir, where do you live? We'll go together. Jenny," calling to his wife, who was in a parlour adjoining the shop, "bring me my hat—quick—and look to the shop till the boy returns; I'll be back shortly. Now, sir, let's be off;" and, seizing the bewildered Raymond by his arm, he hurried him into the street.

In less than ten minutes Henry was again at home; but, alas! the very first glance he cast at Julia convinced him that his worst forebodings were verified. The poor child had just breathed its last in its mother's arms; and the landlady, with the tail of her apron held up to her eyes, was administering to her such consolation as her feelings suggested on the spur of the moment.—

"Don't take on so, dear lady," said the compassionate dame, "pray don't. It goes to my heart to see you sitting there so sad and patient, with your poor eyes fixed on the baby, and never a tear in 'em. It was the Lord's will, and you must submit. Ah! I know well what it is to lose a child. I had a boy once, beautiful as your own, and just as he began to know me, and say 'mother,' God called him away; and now he's happy, and so is little Charley, and that ought to be a comfort to both of us. Have a good cry, Mrs. Raymond, do, and you'll be all the better for it, and don't think of the little bill as is owing, I'll never press you for it;" and so saying, the kind-hearted creature gently withdrew the child from Julia's arms, and laid it on the bed in the adjoining room.

Mean time, the chemist, who had been a silent spectator of this sad scene, respecting, with true delicacy, the sacredness of parental sorrow, made a sign to the landlady, who accompanied him down stairs, when he put several

questions to her regarding her lodgers; for their bearing, so superior to their situation, their poverty, which was equally manifest, and the deep, still, gnawing anguish which seemed to have been long wearing them away, had strongly excited his feelings in their behalf.—"When they first come here," said the landlady, pleased with the interest that the chemist took in them, "they was as nice a couple as you'd see any where; but sickness and poverty fell on 'em, and then they got into arrears with me, vich, however, I'm nowise particular about, because their principle's good, and Mrs. Raymond tells me that her husband's father is a gentleman with lots of money, who is expected back in a few days from foreign parts, when I have no doubt he'll settle matters quite pleasant and comfortable. Ah, sir! she's a sweet young lady is Mrs. Raymond—so gentle and civil, never spoke a cross word since she's been in this house!"

"Do you know what trade or profession her husband is in?"

"Can't say I do; but he's a very pleasant spoken gentleman when he's in his right senses."

"What! have you reason to believe that his mind's at all affected?"

"I don't know about that; but he's werry queer at times, and is always walking up and down his room, like the tiger at Exeter 'Change. I believe he's what they call a genius, and writes books, and goes out teaching, vich accounts for his being so queer; for I've heard say as all geniuses is a little cracked—it's a part of their profession. T'other day he flung two of my best plates out of a window, because I sent him up summat nice and hot for dinner, thinking, in course, as he was hungry, he'd like to eat; instead of vich, he goes off in one of his wagarries, flings up the window, and shies both plates smack into the gutter! But he's a werry excellent lodger for all that—never asks for the key of the street door at night—never goes to sleep in his boots, as my last lodger did, arter he'd come home druuk at four o'clock in the morning—and takes as much care of