

the furnitur (leastways his wife does, vich is all the same) as if it was his own. I'm sure I'm heartily sorry for 'em both, poor things, and will do all as lays in my power to serve 'em."

When the good lady had concluded her prolix statement, the chemist desired her not to let her lodgers want what was necessary in their present situation, for that he would be answerable for the payment, though he had not the slightest doubt that, when the elder Raymond was acquainted with his son's distress, he would come forward to his relief; but if not, he would himself see what could be done with the old gentleman. He then took his departure, and till the day of the funeral kept away from the afflicted parents, deeming it likely that his presence might be felt as a sort of intrusion; but when this last mournful rite was over, he frequently called on them, and by his friendly and considerate conduct impressed them with the most grateful feelings towards him, which were increased almost to reverence when they learned, through the medium of their gossiping landlady, that it was to his unobtrusive munificence they were indebted for the payment of their child's funeral expenses.

John Bull, John Bull—despite thy faults, and their name is Legion—thou art a fine fellow; a rough, knotty sample of humanity; sound at heart as one of thine own forest oaks! Reserved thou art, and crabbed; a sad grumbler, too—for grumbling is the first great law of thy nature—but even in thy sullenest mood the cry of distress never reaches thine ear in vain. At her husband's instigation, whose kindness to the bereaved couple was unremitting, the chemist's wife sought their acquaintance; and whenever she could spare an hour from her own household duties, she would spend it with Julia, whom she assisted in making preparations for her own fast-approaching confinement, and endeavored, by cheerful conversation, to rouse into something like activity.—But vain were all her efforts to assuage the childless mother's griefs. Her heart

lay buried with her boy, and from the hour of his death to that of her own, she was never once seen to smile. Till now she had borne up bravely against the daily pressure of her poverty and the sorrows which it brings in its train; but this last deadly blow had struck to her inmost soul. Even the fond endearments of her husband failed to lift up the crushed spirit within her. She lived like one in a trance, except when she sometimes heard the laughing voices of her landlady's children on the stairs, when she would cast a glance towards the cradle where her own boy used to sleep, as if half-expecting to see him wake up and stretch out his little rosy arms towards her. Then would the sense of her bereavement come upon her in all its first bitterness; but, this paroxysm over, she would relapse into her former state of moody lethargy.

About three weeks after the child's death, Raymond returned one afternoon from a visit to Mr. Dobbs, who had offered to take him back into the school, his last usher having just left him, when he was surprised by a request from Julia that he would accompany her in a short walk, to which he readily assented, at the same time expressing his satisfaction at her venturing abroad again, for of late she had persisted, notwithstanding all his entreaties, in remaining within doors all day. They took their way across some open fields in the neighbourhood of Islington; and when they reached the head of a quiet, leafy lane, whither they had often been in the habit of repairing on summer evenings on their first quitting West-end, Julia, complaining of fatigue, seated herself on the trunk of an old elm that lay across the foot-path, and placing her head on her husband's arms, and looking him affectionately in the face, thus addressed him, with an earnestness and solemnity that formed a striking contrast to her late reserved and lethargic bearing:—"I have asked you, love, to come out with me this evening, because I feel a conviction that it is the last walk we shall ever take together. Henry, I am dying! Start not dearest;