

ileges of a class-fellow, and sat with him on the same form. The company broke up a little after ten; and I did not again hear of John Hogg till I read his elegy, about four years after, among the poems of my friend. It is by no means one of the happiest pieces in the volume, nor, it strikes me, highly characteristic; but I have often perused it with interest very independent of its merits.

### CHAPTER III.

But he is weak; — both man and boy  
Has been an idler in the land.

WORDSWORTH.

I WAS attempting to listen, on the evening of the following Sunday, to a dull, listless discourse, — one of the discourses so common at this period, in which there was fine writing without genius, and fine religion without Christianity, — when a person who had just taken his place beside me tapped me on the shoulder, and thrust a letter into my hand. It was my newly-acquired friend of the previous evening; and we shook hands heartily under the pew.

“That letter has just been handed me by an acquaintance from your part of the country,” he whispered; “I trust it contains nothing unpleasant.”

I raised it to the light; and, on ascertaining that it was sealed and edged with black, rose and quitted the church, followed by my friend. It intimated, in two brief lines, that my patron, the baronet, had been killed by a fall