

**LAME ALLAN; OR,
CAST THY BURDEN
ON THE LORD**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649546244

Lame Allan; Or, Cast Thy Burden on the Lord by Mrs. Scott

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

MRS. SCOTT

**LAME ALLAN; OR,
CAST THY BURDEN
ON THE LORD**



LAME ALLAN.

LAME ALLAN;

OR,

CAST THY BURDEN ON THE LORD.

BY MRS SCOTT,

AUTHOR OF "MARY MATHEWSON," "TALES OF MY SUNDAY SCHOLARS,"
"TOM ELDERTON," ETC., ETC.



EDINBURGH:
WILLIAM OLIPHANT & CO.
LONDON: HAMILTON, ADAMS, & CO.

1868.

250. t. 302.

EDINBURGH :
PRINTED BY SCHEKX AND M'FARLANE,
ST JAMES' SQUARE.



LAME ALLAN;

OR,

CAST THY BURDEN ON THE LORD.

CHAPTER I.

THE midnight bell had tolled out from the city clocks, and its sound was still vibrating on the air: the hush of night had fallen upon the crowded thoroughfares, and few steps were to be heard, save those of the policemen treading their beats, or here and there some band of drunken revellers returning home after a night's carouse. Three or four such were walking with unsteady steps down the

Canongate of Edinburgh, and, suddenly stopping at the top of one of those narrow wynds which open from it, some coarse jokes were exchanged with one of their number, who then left his companions and turned down the wynd. He had evidently been drinking deeper than the rest, and it was with difficulty that he kept his footing as he staggered down the dark, narrow lane. He began some drinking song in a loud voice, but soon broke down in the tune; then he suddenly stood still, and, with drunken gravity, seemed to remember something. "Why, bless me," he said to himself, "they sent me for the doctor, and I'm sure I only stopped a minute to get a gill o' whisky; but somehow it's a deal later than I thought for. Why, it was just in the gloaming that I went out, and now it's as dark as pitch; I can't make it out." Then, striking his forehead as if to help his recollection, and muttering an oath, he entered a dark passage, and mounted a steep, narrow, filthy stair, the smell of which would have

sickened any one less accustomed to it. Stumbling at almost every step, and uttering dreadful oaths at each stoppage, he reached the top landing at last, and, after some fumbling, lifted the latch of one of the doors that opened from it, and entered the miserable attic which he called his home.

It was a pitiful sight that met his eye as he opened the door; but when did the habitual drunkard ever feel pity or genuine love? The attic had a sloping roof, which, being considerably out of repair, occasioned dark green blotches here and there upon the walls, showing where the rain had dripped in on wet days. The small window could scarcely be said to be glazed, for more than half of the panes had been broken, and replaced by brown paper pasted on, or by rags stuffed into the holes. There was no furniture in the room, unless a rickety table with only two legs and a-half, which rested against the damp wall, and a small three-legged stool, could be digni-

fied by that name. The very smallest possible fire smouldered in the bottom of the rusty grate, filling the room every now and then with smoke, as the cold November wind blew in fitful gusts down the chimney; and a farthing dip-candle, stuck into a bottle, lighted up the dreary scene.

Melancholy, however, as were these outward surroundings, it was the human element in the picture that gave it such inexpressible sadness. Lying upon a bundle of straw in one corner of the room was a young woman of four or five and twenty years of age. It was evident at a glance that she had been very pretty; but anxiety, want, and sorrow had stamped deep lines on the young forehead and once fair cheek. She was deadly pale, and with the scanty covering of an old torn blanket, tried to shield herself and a new-born infant from the cold. By her side, on the three-legged stool already mentioned, sat an old woman, with another new-born baby on her knee,