

"What is it, dear?" she asked, patting her gently. But Bronya could only sob over and over, "Mamo, Anna, Baby! All gone. Me left! Me all alone!"

The little girl who had brought her in, crept close and stroked her hand. "What is your name?" she whispered softly. Bronya looked up quickly. This was the first little Canadian girl who had really spoken to her kindly. She was just going to say, "Bronislava Romanoff," when she remembered that the little Canadian girls on the street had laughed at her name. She hesitated, and then remembering her English name, the one the lady had given her on the steamer, she whispered, with a big heaving sigh, "My name Happy-Heart."

"Happy-Heart!" The teacher's eyes filled with tears, as she repeated the name. "Oh, poor little Happy-Heart," she said, "how did you get your name?"

Little by little, in halting English, Happy-Heart told her story—the story of the high hopes of what Canada was to be, and the bitter disappointment. And when she had finished, the little story-teller's eyes were the only ones that were dry. But Bronya had cried so much she could cry no more.

When Bronya was wrapped up warmly and led back home, the deaconess who took her found Mrs. Kibort's portly figure filling up the doorway. The woman had been anxious over the little girl's absence, and was relieved at seeing her again. The sight of the baby's empty hammock overcame Bronya again, and she crept away in silent misery to a corner of the ragged bed.

In the best English she could muster, Mrs. Kibort repeated the little girl's sad tale. And while she told it the bright eyes under the blue bonnet were taking in all the signs of poverty in the poor little home. They saw more than poverty, too; they saw that, of all the cruel things that had been done to poor little Happy-Heart, the cruelest thing would be to leave her with Mrs. Kibort. Not that Mrs. Kibort was unkind.

"Me keep Bronislava," she repeated over and over. "Me take care of her. Her mudder my friend." But the little