

One fine, spring day, an elderly gentleman, accompanied by a sad-looking, middle-aged lady, alighted from the last way-train at the depot in the city where Toddle-Ben first saw the light.

They drove straight to the hospital and asked to see the matron. A long, private conversation ensued, in the course of which Sallie Burgess was sent for.

The conversation ended, the lady and gentleman left the hospital, leaving Sallie the richer by their visit, and taking with them the soiled and crumpled envelope with which she had possessed herself on the night on which Toddle-Ben's mother had gone to her rest.

The contents of the envelope read as follows :

Dear Father :

When you read these few lines I may be far away. Take care of my poor baby, if God spares it ; it has not sinned. Forgive my deceit—my disobedience. Father, I have suffered for it all. He has deserted me. But God is forgiving.

ISABELLA.

This was all? No, not all—blessed proof. These two people had come many, many weary miles, hoping, scarcely daring to hope, to find—marriage lines!—proving the dead girl to be the lawful wife of the man who had lured her from their loving care—her baby—their legitimate grandchild. Where was this child? Already they were on the road to find him. Toddle-Ben—once the waif! the baby outcast! Toddle-Ben—the heir of wide acres and a lawful name.

So the once friendless infant, the chubby, white-haired boy, was claimed by his grand-parents, found his real owners, and was kept at the city's expense no more.

Toddle-Ben has gone. Nick grieved sorely for his constant companion. He formed the idea that his little friend was dead.

He wandered aimlessly about, with a more daed expression than usual in his pale blue eyes. Suddenly a bright