

A fortunate chance it was that brought Dorothy beneath farmer Rushmere's roof. From that day, the good Providence that had watched over her, blessed his basket and his store, and made every undertaking to prosper in his hands.

Had he found a crock of gold, the treasure would have been of less value in the homestead than the services of Dorothy proved to its inmates in after years.

Mrs. Rushmere, a kind, simple-hearted woman, had but one child, a boy, some six years older than Dolly. She had always wished for a daughter, to share with her the domestic labours of the farm, and her desires had met their fulfilment when the orphan child of the vagrant was thrown into her arms.

The little maid grew and prospered under her maternal care; and became the pet and darling of her adopted mother. At fifteen years of age she was able to perform all the labours required in the