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HOME.

HOME! Sweet word to express the sum of earthly joys. What memories cluster around it! What bright anticipations are awakened by it! A child without a home is poorest of the poor.

The home which our little waif was now to find nestled in one of the most charming spots that nature has provided. The beautiful Penobscot wound its way in front, and towering hills, covered with oak and pine, lifted their craggy brows behind. The house which Mr. Robson and his charge reached on the day following that on which the events recorded in the last chapter took place, was a small cottage, the very picture of neatness and comfort. Well-painted, in good repair, with a tiny lawn in front, it suggested thrift, peace, and purity within.

Mrs. Robson was upstairs when her husband arrived. Hearing some one enter, she came down just as Mr. Robson had seated his adopted son in an arm-chair. After joyfully greeting her husband, Mrs. Robson discovered the little urchin in the chair, and exclaimed,—