

For a week the motherless infant lay unclaimed and unprovided for. There were Homes of several descriptions in the city where this waif first saw the light ; but one and all refused to admit the friendless creature.

The Orphan Asylum closed its doors against its admittance, as no one could prove it really was an orphan.

A Boys' Home only received boys who had passed a given age.

A Girls' Home did occasionally receive infants of tender age into its precincts, but unfortunately our waif was of the wrong sex to receive the shelter of this most benevolent institution.

A Home for the Friendless ! Ah ! yes ; there was such a place, but the friendless had to be paid for at the rate of so much per month. Our waif being so utterly friendless that he had no one able and willing to pay the necessary board money (friendless waifs so frequently are in this predicament), he had to remain outside the walls of this charitable edifice—the name of which hardly did justice to its rules and regulations.

So our hero remained in the hospital, his birth-place, for more than a fortnight.

Plainly no one wanted this being—so small, so wretched, so altogether insignificant—the very angels of death seemed to pass him by.

At last he was ordered out to make room for beings wretched like himself. Small as he was the place he occupied was required for others.

At the city's expense he was given in charge of a certain old woman—Mrs. Golightly, by name—we must here remark, in the interests of truth, that this female's name belied her. She went anyway but lightly. She was heavy and cumbersome, but in her ungainly figure there dwelt a big, soft, tender heart, and that unusual heart melted at the sight of the help-