

the most casual observer, that she had died of absolute starvation.

Poor houseless wanderer! She had found at last a safe home—a soft bosom on which to pillow her aching head, and still the wild beatings of her breaking heart.

“Bless my soul! but this is a bad business, a bad business,” muttered the farmer. “I wonder how it all com’d about.”

The innocent child put its wasted arms around its mother’s neck, and tried to awaken her with its caresses, kissing pale lips that could never kiss again, and warbling unintelligible baby language into an ear locked by eternal silence.

The man’s rugged nature was touched by the pitiful sight. Tears filled his eyes, as he lifted the living child from the dead bosom to which it obstinately clung. The ragged cloak, with which maternal love had endeavoured to shield its offspring from the fury of the storm, became holy as the white robe of an angel.