

the wind swept up the staircase, and made little Christie shiver. Yet still he knelt by the door.

At length the organ stopped. He heard the old man putting it down by the wall, and in a few minutes all was still.

Then Christie crept downstairs again, and lay down once more on his hard bench, and fell asleep, and dreamt of the mother in the far-off land. And he thought he heard her singing, "‘Home, sweet Home.’ I’m home now, Christie. I’m home now, and there’s no place like home.”