

stroked his face so gently, and the sweet voice which had sung that very tune to him. He could hear her, even now:

"Home, sweet home, there's no place like home; there's no place like home."

How sweetly she had sung it!—he remembered it so well. And he remembered what she had said to him just afterwards—

"I'm going home, Christie—going home—home, sweet home. I'm going home, Christie."

And those were the last words she had said to him.

Since then, life had been very dreary to little Christopher. Life without a mother, it hardly *was* life to him. He had never been happy since she had died. He had worked very hard, poor little fellow, to earn his bread, for she had told him to do that. But he had often wished he could go to his mother in "Home, sweet Home." And he wished it more than ever this night, as he heard his mother's tune. He waited very patiently for it, whilst old Treffy was playing the other three which came first, but at length some one closed the door, and the noise inside the lodging-room was so great that he could not distinguish the notes of the longed-for tune.

So Christie crept out quietly in the darkness, and closing the door softly, that no one might notice it, he stole gently upstairs. He knelt down by the door and listened. It was very cold, and