

to old Treffy's organ; she said it disturbed the lodgers; but on Treffy's offering to pay a little per week extra for his little attic, on condition of his being able to play whenever he liked, she made no further opposition.

And thus, till late in the night, he turned away, and his face grew brighter, and his heart lighter, as he listened to his four tunes. It was such good company, he said, and the attic was so lonely at night. And there was no one to find fault with the organ there, or to call it old-fashioned. Treffy admired it with all his heart, and felt that at night at least it had justice done to it.

But there was one who was listening to the old organ, and admiring it as much as old Treffy, of whom the old man knew nothing. Outside his door, crouching down with his ear against a large crack, lay a little ragged boy. He had come into the lodging-room downstairs to sleep, and had lain down on one of the hard benches, when old Treffy's barrel-organ began to play. He had not listened to it much at first, but when the first notes of "Home, sweet Home" had been sounded forth, little Christie had raised his head on his elbow, and listened with all his might. It was almost too much for him. It was a memory of the past. A few months ago, little Christie had a mother, and this was the last tune she sang. It brought it all back to him—the bare, desolate room, the wasted form on the bed, the dear, loving hand which had