



VI.

Reginald's Work.

"Poor indeed thou must be, if around thee
Thou no ray of light and joy can'st throw;
If no silken cord of love hath bound thee
To some little world through weal or woe."



ARTHUR was painting the next morning up in his room, when old Simon, the servant, who looked with a kindly eye upon the friendless boys, opened the door and put his head in.

"Master Arthur, here be a note, and be there any answer?"

"A note for me! Oh, surely not, Simon."

"Yes, large as life, 'Master Arthur Forrester, Fir-tree Lodge,' bean't that you, sir?"