

thought seemed to enter his vacant mind—Toddle-Ben was dead—no doubt of that—he was gone, never to come back, his kind old mother had told him with tears in her eyes. Toddle-Ben being dead must have a grave, such as those neighbors who died—went away, never to return—had in the large cemetery outside the city, where Mrs. Golightly was wont to take Nick on pleasant Sabbath afternoons in the summer.

So down at the end of the little garden, where he and Toddle-Ben had passed so many happy hours, poor Nick set to work to make a mimic grave.

Laboriously he raised it, sodded it, and planted it with wild violets, "for Toddle-Ben had loved them so," and then he set about to make a head-stone for his lost darling. He fashioned a rude imitation of a cross out of a piece of wood by aid of a dull pocket-knife some one lent him, then his joy was complete.

There his darling, his little Ben must be. He was always there. He watered the violets every day, and sought in the woods for the prettiest ferns and flowers to place on the little grave. Many a rose and rare flower he begged for to take to his little friend, as he expressed it. Faithful love; it may be in all his coming life the curly-headed, toddling child will never again find in this world the sincere devotion of this simple friend of his baby-hood.

One day Mrs. Golightly, missing her son for a longer time than usual, went to seek him at his usual haunt—there he lay dead on Toddle-Ben's mimic grave, faithful even to death to his little playmate's memory.

And who was Toddle-Ben? No one knows! The Hospital waif is now loved and petted by those who can bestow on him all the world can give—wealth, position, name. Like a dream he passed from the care of his kind foster-mother and her simple son. Friendless no more; but will he ever find a more faithful friend than the poor idiot boy who loved him until death?