

for you to do to-day, as you must need food, for you've eaten neither supper nor breakfast. But don't be discouraged, dear child; the Lord will provide. He will never forsake the widow and fatherless. He who feedeth the raven and the sparrow, will care for us.'

'I think,' replied the boy cheerfully, 'I shall certainly get a job to-day, from both Mr. Jenks and Mr. Rand. If I get five cents from Mr. Jenks, I shall come home before going to Mr. Rand's, and bring you a loaf of bread; then you'll feel better, won't you, mother?'

'Thank you, dear boy, you're always thinking of me; 'twill make you walk much longer, and you are not so strong as you used to be. But,' she added, with a sigh, 'perhaps you had better do so, as I feel very faint. For your sake I must try to keep up my strength.'

Poor Willie had been to both his employers, and neither needed his services. With a sad heart and weary feet he was retracing his steps, when the children's merry voices attracted his attention.

Upon raising his eyes and seeing Willie, Frank exclaimed—

'What are you doing there? Get away, you ugly beggar-boy! I'd like to know what right you have to look over the fence at us. We shall not give you any of our good things, so you may just go away.'

Though Frank was really a handsome boy, his face had a most sour disagreeable expression just then.

Little Willie's heart was too full to bear being so rudely addressed. The blood rushed to his face, and with streaming eyes he turned quickly away.

'I wonder,' thought he, 'if that boy knows how wicked it is to speak so. I hope God won't make him as poor as He has me. He didn't know I had a sick mother at home who is dying for want of food, or he wouldn't have spoken so. I mustn't feel angry with him, though I'm so sorry he didn't want to give me just one orange.'

'O Frank,' exclaimed Maude, in a reproachful tone, 'how could you

speak so crossly to the boy? I'm sure it doesn't do us any harm to have him look at us as long as he wants to. Perhaps he is hungry too. I've read of children who have not enough to eat. I wonder if he is, poor fellow!'

Quick as thought she snatched her portion of the white, frosted cake, oranges and little oyster crackers, and hastily putting them into a little basket, hanging on her arm, which she had brought out to fill with flowers, rushed after the unhappy outcast, calling—

'Little boy! little boy! wait a minute.'

Willie turned, and saw this beautiful child running towards him. She was very fair, with soft blue eyes, over which dropped long shining lashes. Dark curls hung over her snowy white shoulders. 'Twas such a sight as our heavenly Father loves to behold, when that little one, with a heart full of love, offered her basket to the unfortunate child.

'I'm sorry, little boy,' said she, 'that Frank spoke so to you. I guess you're hungry, and have brought these for you.'

Willie's face brightened as he took the basket, and said—

'Oh, I thank you a thousand times. I was wishing God would put it into your hearts to give me some. I did not want it for myself, but for my mother, who is very sick, and faint for want of food.'

'But aren't you hungry too?' asked little Maude.

'Yes,' replied the boy, 'but I don't care for that. O how glad mother will be! The oranges will be so nice for her to take when she coughs. You are real kind. I shall run all the way.'

After once more thanking his benefactress with looks as well as words, he hurried away, but not until she had slipped a gold dollar from her pocket into his hand, saying, 'Tis mine to do as I please with, and I want you to take it to your mother.'

'Maude,' said her cousin, as she returned, 'I do believe you are the queerest girl that ever lived. Now you've