

pence a week his mother offered me if I would only have him, and keep him out of mischief. Besides, there was Transome laid up, and the rent running on, and sixpence a week ready for me if I'd take it. Still, it would cost me nothing to teach the child, and it came across me as if the Lord was saying, "This is what you can do for Me!" Yes, this was the extra work He had set me to do. After that, if anybody had offered me five shillings a week to send that child away to take another, I could not have done it.

"I'll be sure to pay some day," said the boy anxiously; "when you've taught me to write I'll write and ask father to come home quickly. He went away in his ship a long while ago: but he's sure to come home if I write him a letter. So I want to make haste and learn. May I begin this morning?"

"You shall begin very soon," I answered, ready to laugh and cry together at his eager way, and his belief that his father would come back if he could only write him a letter; "tell me what your name is."

"My father's Captain John Champion," he said, lifting his little head proudly, "and my name's Philip; but father calls me Pippin, and you may if you like. Mrs. Brown calls me all sorts of names."

"Creep in here, Pippin," I said, making a place for him close beside me in the chimney nook. There was barely room for me to stir; but the little lad kept so still and quiet, with his shining eyes lifted up to me, and his face all eager with hearkening to what I was teaching the other scholars, that I did not care about being crowded.

There was a small, low chair of Willie's, my only boy who was dead, that was kept strung up to a hook in the strong beam by a bit of rope. It was a pretty chair, painted green, with roses along the back; and many a time my scholars had admired it. But no child had ever sat in it since Willie died. When morning school was over I climbed up on one of the benches, in spite of my stiff limbs, and unfastened it. The tears stood again in my eyes, for I fancied I could see my boy sitting in it by the side of the fireplace, and watching me while I was busy about my work. But I dusted it well, and set it down just in Willie's own place in the chimney nook, where Pippin was still quietly squatting on the floor; for he had not run away the moment school was over, like the other children.

"There!" I said, "that's your seat now, my little lad. It belongs to my Willie, who's been in heaven these twenty years, waiting for me and father. Nobody but a good boy ought to sit on a chair that belongs to him, now he's an angel."

"I'm going to be a good boy now, and an angel some day," said the child, smiling up into my face.

"The Lord help him and me!" I said to myself, as I put the room to rights after the lads and lasses; "it's not that easy to be good."