

For a moment the boy stood regarding her with an expression on his frank young face which would have puzzled her had her eyes not been otherwise engaged; it was a mingling of perplexity and respect, with a question thrown in. Then he took up his cap, and departed.

"I'll see you this evening," he remarked.

Two hours later, when the April sun was near its setting, Harry Walton, back from his six-mile tramp, perched upon the stone wall which bounded his father's meadow, sat pondering various things, one being girls' ways, in particular. Almost unconsciously his eyes wandered over the landscape, just waking to the touch of spring, and presently their expression indicated the fact that something had attracted his attention. A child, a little girl in the quaint costume of a "Home" not far from the village, seemed searching for something in the dry grass of last year.

"Whatever is she after?" thought Harry; "certainly not nuts or berries at this season. Halloo! she seems to have found something!"

For at that moment the child began to gather something, and, crouched close to the ground, sat regarding her "find" somewhat doubtfully. Just a few glossy wintergreen leaves, and a bit of a partridge vine, though Harry was too far off to discover this.

The child shook her head, as though not entirely satisfied, but rose to her feet, and strolled across the meadow in the direction of the "Home"—and Harry. She did not notice him till she had come quite close; then she looked up with a start when he addressed her.

"Halloo! little one, what have you there?" he asked.

One quick glance into the kindly face seemed to satisfy her, for she replied at once: "I wanted to find something to send to church for Easter. Some people have money to give, you know, but I haven't any. Do you think that they would like these? They are very shiny. If they do I could get more, you know." And she looked wistfully up at him.

Harry smothered an exclamation in a low whistle, then answered promptly:

"Of course they will," after which, for a time, a silence fell.

"Thoughts" had suddenly filled his mind—thoughts of another girl's example—thoughts of a crisp, new five-

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dollar bill which was—which had been—going to be exchanged to-morrow for a new tennis bat. He glanced down at the child, and again his mental vision saw that other girl stitching away the long, lovely afternoon on work she "hated."

"I 'spose they're not very nice," the little thing began; "I wish they had flowers on them!"

Harry jumped down from the wall.

"Suppose you come with me; I believe I can find you something with flowers on them."

"Real ones, for me to give? Oh, goodie!"

It was a short walk across to the green-houses just beyond the village, but the head gardener shook his head doubtfully.

"Every pot and bud is due in the city on Saturday morning," he said. "However, I suppose that I can't refuse the doctor's son! So take your pick, Master Harry."

Harry glanced down at the child. She was biting her lips to keep from speaking, but her eyes were fixed on a pot in full bud, all its pink loveliness ready to burst into bloom.

"I'll take that, Mr. Knight," he said, indicating the plant, and, laying down his precious bill, put the pot into the child's eager, outstretched arms. "Run along home with it, and keep it watered till Sunday," he said. And taking up his change, he turned homeward himself. But when he reached his room he went straight to his desk, wrote a note, and slipped

the remaining bills into the envelope, and directed it to the Matron of the "Home."

The evening before his return to college, at the close of the Easter holiday, Harry went to bid Alice "Good-bye."

"Sir Knight," she said, as he was leaving, "a little bird has told me all about a certain pot of Easter flowers, and the delightful treat provided for the children at the 'Home.' Their gratitude is something pretty to see."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the boy, blushing. Then, turning the tables on her: "They have you to thank for it!"

"Me!" cried Alice; "me to thank for your flowers, and your ice-cream!"

"You and nobody else. It was, as grandpa's coloured man says, your 'fluence.' Yes, your 'stitching' is responsible for it all—and more." And with a warm clasp of the hand he was gone.

"Oh!" cried the girl, her eyes full of happy tears. "Oh! how lovely!"

—Annie L. Hannah.

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