

don't you bring home a nice bit of fish sometimes; and Emmie and baby are well, and haven't I got you?' "

'Very well, mother,' said Charlie again; and he took up his basket and went off a slower step than usual, and without the cheery whistle that his mother loved to hear.

Perhaps it was because he went on his way with downcast eyes that he caught sight of something bright, half-buried in the dust of the street. He sprang forward, and snatched it up almost from under the wheels of a passing carriage.

'Hallo, you youngster, look out!' called the driver.

But Charlie neither heard nor cared. Hiding the treasure in his innermost pocket, he stood for a moment thinking what he should do.

Home to mother was the first thought. But no, it was already late; he would go first to his master and tell him.

No matter what had been under his feet, he flew along too fast to see it, and when his master looked up at his quick entrance, and said, 'Late, Charlie,' he drew him into an inner room with such an air of mystery that the man's curiosity was excited.

Very cautiously he showed his find.

'Well, you are a lucky chap!' said his master. 'This is evidently very valuable. We must find the owner.'

'Will you take care of it, sir?'

'Well, no; perhaps you had better take it to your mother. Look alive, as it's late.'

Charlie's mother was preparing for her move when he ran in, and, too breathless and excited to speak, put the treasure into her hand. But it does not take a boy very long to 'get his wind,' as they express it.

'Look, mother!' he said. 'I think them what you calls dimonds, and them other stones is what you reads of in the Bible, what the walls of heaven are made of, you know. I think we shall get as much as a pound for it—twenty shillings!'—in an awe-struck tone. 'Hide it, mother, and don't let anybody in!' And off he ran, leaving his mother 'all

in a flutter,' as she said afterwards.

About an hour after, Lena left to advertise the lost watch. I went out with my boy Sydney to do some morning shopping, and among other places called at the fishmonger's.

'I'm afraid I can't send your fish quite so soon this morning, ma'am,' he said. 'I have sent my lad home; but he's a good little fellow, and never loiters.'

'Quite an exception, is he not?' I said, smiling.

'Indeed he is, ma'am. No one knows how I have been troubled with my errand-boys. While customers are waiting, and they know it, they play with other boys, or sit on their baskets for ever so long, and of course I get the blame; but this lad can be trusted "out of sight," as they say. Why, only this morning he picked up a valuable watch, and brought it straight to me.'

'Hurrah!' exclaimed Sydney. 'Why, that's mother's watch! Won't poor Lena be glad!' And he had performed some wonderful capers before I could speak.

'Well, that beats all!' said the fishmonger. 'Why, they're that poor since the father died that they haven't enough to eat, and to-day they are moving out of their old home!'

'I am indeed glad my watch has fallen into honest hands,' I replied. 'I have offered a reward of £10 for it.'

'Why, ma'am, it will just make their fortunes! Well, I am glad—begging your pardon, ma'am sorry for "your loss."'

Very soon we were in a carriage, and driving to the widow's address. She had resumed her packing, and greatly was she surprised when we drew up at her door. But when, after telling her what I had heard of her boy, I counted out the ten pieces of gold, she quite broke down, and, overwrought by her previous trouble and the events of the day, she sobbed so much that it was some time before I could soothe her.

Then we had a long talk. She told me her life history, and of the death of her husband six months before in hospital, but brightened up when she spoke of her son.

'There never was a better!' she said. 'He brings me every

penny he earns, or that the customers give him. They all like my Charlie—but oh, lady, the best of our good fortune is, that he won't doubt God any more! I was so afraid of that!'

Well, the widow's rent was paid, her home saved, and some treasures she had been obliged to pawn redeemed. Her house was a corner one, and had a small bow window. It was older than the small red-brick tenements which had grown up round it—the very place for a shop! How often she had wished to open one there! But it was impossible, without going into debt, which she had resolved she would never do.

One result of our talk was that after a few alterations the window was stocked with a variety of small wares, and to Charlie's intense delight the widow found herself the proud possessor of a shop, where Lena and Sydney took care to be the first customers.

Again I sat by my window, listening to the swish of the waves, but thinking this time of the chain of events which had brought help to the widow in her need. Was it all chance?

Did You Ever Think.

That a kind word put out at interest brings back an enormous percentage of love and appreciation?

That though a loving thought may not seem to be appreciated, it has yet made you better and braver because of it?

That the little acts of kindness and thoughtfulness day by day are really greater than one immense act of goodness once a year.

That to be always polite to the people at home is not only more ladylike, but more refined than having 'company manners?'

That to judge anybody by his personal appearance stamps you as not only ignorant, but vulgar?

That to talk, and talk, and talk about yourself and your belongings is very tiresome for the people who listen?—'Our Sunday Afternoon.'

There is one mother who has thousands and thousands of children. You can spell her name with an L and an A and a Z and a Y! Do you know any of them?