

so we never need be hungry again. He'll do it, I am sure."

The storm passed on; the miser went home. A little flower had sprung up in his heart; it was no longer barren. In a few weeks he died, but not before he had given a cottage to the poor labouring man. And the little children always had a solemn and yet happy feeling when at their morning prayers they came to those beautiful words, "Give us this day our daily bread."

THE CONTENTED FARMER.

ONCE upon a time, Frederick, king of Prussia, when taking a ride, noticed an old farmer ploughing his acre by the wayside, and cheerfully singing at his work.

"You must be well off, old man," said the king. "Does this acre belong to you?"

"No, sir," replied the farmer, who knew not it was the king. "I am not so rich as that; I plough for wages."

"How much do you get a day?" asked the king.

"Eight groschen" (about a shilling), said the farmer.

"That is not much," replied the king. "Can you get along with it?"

"Get along, and have something left."

"How is that?"

The farmer smiled and said,—

"Well, if I must tell you—two groschen are for myself and wife; with two I pay my old debts; two I lend out; and two I give away for the Lord's sake."

"This is a mystery which I cannot solve," said the king.

"Then I will solve it for you," said the farmer. "I have two old parents at home who kept me when I was weak and needed help, and now that they are weak and need help, I keep them. This is my debt toward which I pay two groschen a-day. The third pair of groschen