

You see it's getting late ; it will soon be dinner time ! ”

Looking at my watch and finding that it was not quite ten o'clock, I told her, thinking she would not hurry on so fast. But she shook her wise little head and repeated :

“ We must hurry ; it will soon be dinner-time ! ” and up through the cedars and bushes of elderberry and scarlet “ sealing wax ” they went, the little one piping all the way, “ It'll soon be dinner-time ! ” while the sun glinted on a heavy gold bracelet the child wore on her slender wrist. It seemed a little sad to see the wee arm shackled with gold at such an early age and it brought back to me the sight of another little arm that I saw through a ragged blue jersey one hot day last week. It was at the butcher's. The little fellow's eyes hardly came up to the top of the chopping-block, but they were full of life and eagerness and illumined the whole of his little peaked face. I had seen him there before, and we had exchanged smiles—that golden coin of the realm that is so cheap, so rarely spurious, and negotiable all over the world. That day I said to him, “ You ought to get mother to mend this hole in your jersey,” where I was able to put my fingers in and feel the soft flesh and the bones that were all too prominent. “ Oh ! yes,” he said brightly, “ but ma's