

only to ripple over again a minute afterward, as he hastened to ask his little friend where he was going to get the seed that must be put in the ground.

"We have talked that all over, too," Robbie said, while a shade of sadness flitted over his hopeful face. "Mother thinks Helen might go out to service, for a few weeks, among some of the farmers, and help us to get a little in that way, and beside, we have father's watch to sell." His lips quivered, but he opened wide those soft grey eyes and looked steadily up at the dark cloud that was slowly bearing down towards them, with the promise of a threatened shower, thereby missing the compassionate look in the kind-hearted old farmer's face, as he said :

"There's no need of doing either. I have more seed, of every kind, than I shall plant. Dick may take you a load over to-morrow when he goes to plough."

Robbie's eyes were too full to watch the cloud any longer.