

tempest raged without, a fearful tempest, against which man and beast were alike powerless.

A poor old miser, much poorer than these shivering children, though he had heaps of money at home, drew his ragged cloak around him, as he stood in the doorway of the miserable hut. He dared not enter, for fear they would ask him to pay for shelter, and he could not move for the storm.

"I am hungry, Nettie.

"So am I. I have hunted for a potatoe-paring, and can't find any."

"What an awful storm!"

"Yes, the old tree has blown down. God took care that it did not fall on the house. If it had it would have killed us."

"If he could do that, couldn't he send us bread?"

"Let's pray 'Our Father,' and when we come to that part, stop till we get some bread."

So they began, and the miser, crouching and shivering, listened. When they paused, expecting in their childish faith to see some bread come to them, a human feeling stole into his heart; God sent some angel to soften it. He had bought a loaf at the village, thinking it would last him several days; but the silence of the two little children spoke louder to him than the voice of many waters. He opened the door softly, threw in the loaf, and listened to the eager cry of delight that came from the half-famished little ones.

"It dropped right from heaven, didn't it?" asked the younger,

"Yes; I mean to love God always for giving us bread when we ask Him."

"We'll ask him every day, wont we? Why, I never thought God was so good! Did you?"

"Yes, I always thought so, but I never knew it before."

"Let's ask Him to give father work to do all the time,