

gave him a silver sixpence. A very happy boy was he, as he ran down the lane to the toy-shop, there to buy the pretty top he had longed to possess for many weeks.

He had not gone far, when he saw a boy with a large basket of oranges on his arm, standing at the door of a small house. Georgie stopped to look; he did not mean to buy any, for he thought a red top better than any orange that ever grew. A little cripple sat in the door of the house, looking longing on the golden fruit. "O dear, I wish I had three cents to buy one," he said, "they look so nice." But he had no money and the orange seller walked on. Georgie walked slowly after him. "I will buy that lame child an orange," he said, to himself. "No, I won't; for if I do I can't get that top. O dear, I wish I had nine cents, then I would get him one; he can't play as I can." Thus this little boy kept thinking to himself, and finally he started off upon a run after the boy with the oranges.

"Stop, stop!" called Georgie; "I want to buy two oranges;" and held out his sixpence. The boy gave him the fruit, took the money, and went on. Georgie hurried back to where the lame boy sat with his head on his hands. The little boy put the coveted oranges in his lap, saying, Here they are, don't cry;" and ran home before the cripple had time to thank him.

"Where is your top, Georgie?" asked his mother. The boy told how he had spent his money. "God bless you, my son," she said, laying her hand on his curly head; "are we not told, He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord?"—*Child's Paper.*

CHILDHOOD'S YEARS.

Childhood's years are passing o'er us,
Youthful days will soon be done
Cares and sorrows lie before us,
Hidden dangers, snares unknown.

Oh, may He who, meek and lowly,
Trode himself this vale of woe,
Make us his, and make us holy,
Guard and guide us while we go.