

ened the thin, sad face of the mother ; the most careless observer could see that her heart was bound up in the noble-looking boy standing near her easy chair.

“ But where will our little mother go ? ”

In spite of the smile on the lips, and the attempted gayety in the words, his mother saw a twitching about the sensitive mouth, and could hear, too, a quiver of pain in her boy's voice. Glancing through the open window at her side, over the bare brown fields on which the April sun was fitfully shining, she tried to answer carelessly.

“ Oh, there will be no danger about me, I can get a situation somewhere ; I shall not care for myself if my children are only cared for.”

“ Your children will care, though, my mother, so don't let us think of breaking up our home yet ; surely we can manage somehow through the summer, and you must recollect I am a good deal stronger to work than last year ; just wait until you see the crop I shall put in.”