

"I can't paint to-day, Arthur, I will sit in my little chair by the fire, and read your prize."

Arthur's face brightened, and he drew the little wicker-chair, which had been his parting present to Herbie when he was going to school, close to the fire, and seated him in it.

"Are you all snug?"

"Yes," and Herbie looked up at him with a bright sunny smile, which made Arthur leave him with a lighter heart; he did not know, that, when he was gone, large tears began to roll down the little fellow's face, and dimmed his eyes so that he was unable to read. He was very weary of the pain and suffering of his daily life.

