

wondered how it could be that this country lad had the knack of putting himself into his letters along with so many other things that were interesting. She was touched, too, by the love for his mother that shone through every line he wrote. Over and over again, he called her his dear mammy and tried to comfort her; and sometimes he spoke of Miss Mary, and he was so deft in expressing his gratitude to her that the young lady blushed and trembled lest some one else was writing little Billy's letters, as she was writing his mother's.

And then, somehow, she never knew how, his face came back to her memory and planted itself in her mind and remained there. Little Billy was no longer the green, awkward, and ungainly country boy, peddling the scanty fruits of his poverty about the village, but a hero, who had no thought for anybody or anything except his dear old mammy.

As the cold weather came on, little Billy wrote that he would feel a great deal more comfortable in the mind if he knew where he could get a thick suit of clothes and a heavy pair of shoes. But he begged his dear mammy not to worry about that, for he had