

one time that she should be left alone. Tears came to her eyes as she uttered the last words, and further conversation was interrupted by Mr. Pearson calling young Winslow to his bed-side, when he told his young friend how he had been taken ill, and how Alice in the still hour of night went to call the doctor, as they were alone with no one to send. Young Winslow's call was necessarily short, but as he bid his friend and Alice good-bye he promised to call again. As he stepped off the door sill, Alice said, in an undertone: "The doctor is fearful that it will turn into brain fever, and if it does it will be so terrible to be all alone!"

Young Winslow assented to this, but hoped all would turn out for the best, and started homeward, after renewing his promise to Alice that he would call in the evening and do any little errand she might require.

At his bench that afternoon many things passed through his mind, not the least of which was the neat and humble home, of his sick friend. Father Pearson grew worse, and young Winslow called every day to learn how his friend's health fared, and to do anything needed. A week had passed; a few neighbors had called on Father Pearson; but Alice watched day and night beside the bed of her father, scarcely tasting food, and she was weary and care-worn. Young Winslow noticed how miserable she looked, and on returning home one night told his mother that he feared Alice Pearson would get sick in taking care of her father, and that she looked as though she had not tasted food in a week.

Mrs. Winslow told her son that she was sorry for the Pearson family and that if she got through her baking in time, she would go over and see the sick man. About four o'clock that afternoon Mrs. W., a kind hearted Christian woman, rolled up in a napkin a few biscuits and a loaf of cake and went over to the Pearson's cottage. She rapped, and was on the point of knocking a second time, when the door was opened by Alice, who had her head tied up with a white handkerchief, and looked very pale. Alice asked her in, and said as she did so; "I have been up with father all night, and I have got such a head-ache that I can hardly sit up." Mrs. Winslow did not wait to ask what to do, but set to work at once to relieve Alice's head-ache. She went into the kitchen to make a fire for the purpose of preparing a cup of strong tea for her young friend. She managed to find some bits of wood, and soon the tea was prepared, and Alice drank of it as though it tasted good. When Mrs. W. left, Alice felt much better and Mr. Pearson said he felt more comfortable.

The first question Hiram Winslow asked his mother on returning home to tea, was if she had been over to Father Pearson's. She told him she had, and during the conversation expressed to her son the belief that Alice had nothing in the house to live on. She said she would make up a basket of necessaries and he might take it over after tea; but just as tea was over, visitors called on Mrs. W., and the donation for the time was forgotten.

Next morning Hiram Winslow determined to take up a small contribution for his sick shop-mate, and stepped over to Warren Sanford's bench and told him in a half confidential way what his mother had said regarding the necessities of Mr. Pearson. Sanford regarded the plan as a proper one, and advised him to draw up a paper and let all sign it, and give what they felt best able to afford.

Young Winslow looked all over the shop to find a blank sheet of writing paper, but was only able to find a half sheet printed on one