

## Harry and Co.'s Party.

("The Child's Companion.")

It was a splendid idea! Harry Gordon was going to have a party. After a long talk with his little friends, it was decided that the poor children of the village and neighborhood should be invited to spend the afternoon; and all Harry's savings for months past were to be spent in toys and sweets for the little ones. His parents promised to give unlimited tea and buns.

Offerings of all sorts poured in from all sides. One little girl sent her very best beloved doll, and her brother his only horse and cart; and soon Harry's play-room was a perfect bazaar, so full was it of all sorts of contributions to Harry & Co.'s party.

But among the boy's friends was one dear little girl whose parents, though once quite wealthy, were now very poor—so poor, indeed, that they could hardly live. Of course little Eva Banks—for this was her name—was invited to the party, but she was much distressed at having nothing to take with her as a gift. Her one or two old toys were too shabby to offer, and her parents had no money to spend on anything that would be acceptable.

Poor little Eva sobbed herself to sleep on the eve of the party. It was so hard to be the only little friend of Harry's who had no gift. With swollen eyes and a sad little face the child came down to prayers the next morning,

As it happened, the portion of Scripture selected for the reading was the fortieth chapter of Isaiah, to which Eva listened with marked attention. But when breakfast was over and her mother had cleared the table and gone away into the kitchen, Eva said to her father,

"Please, what does "impoverished" mean?"

"Poor—very poor," answered the father.

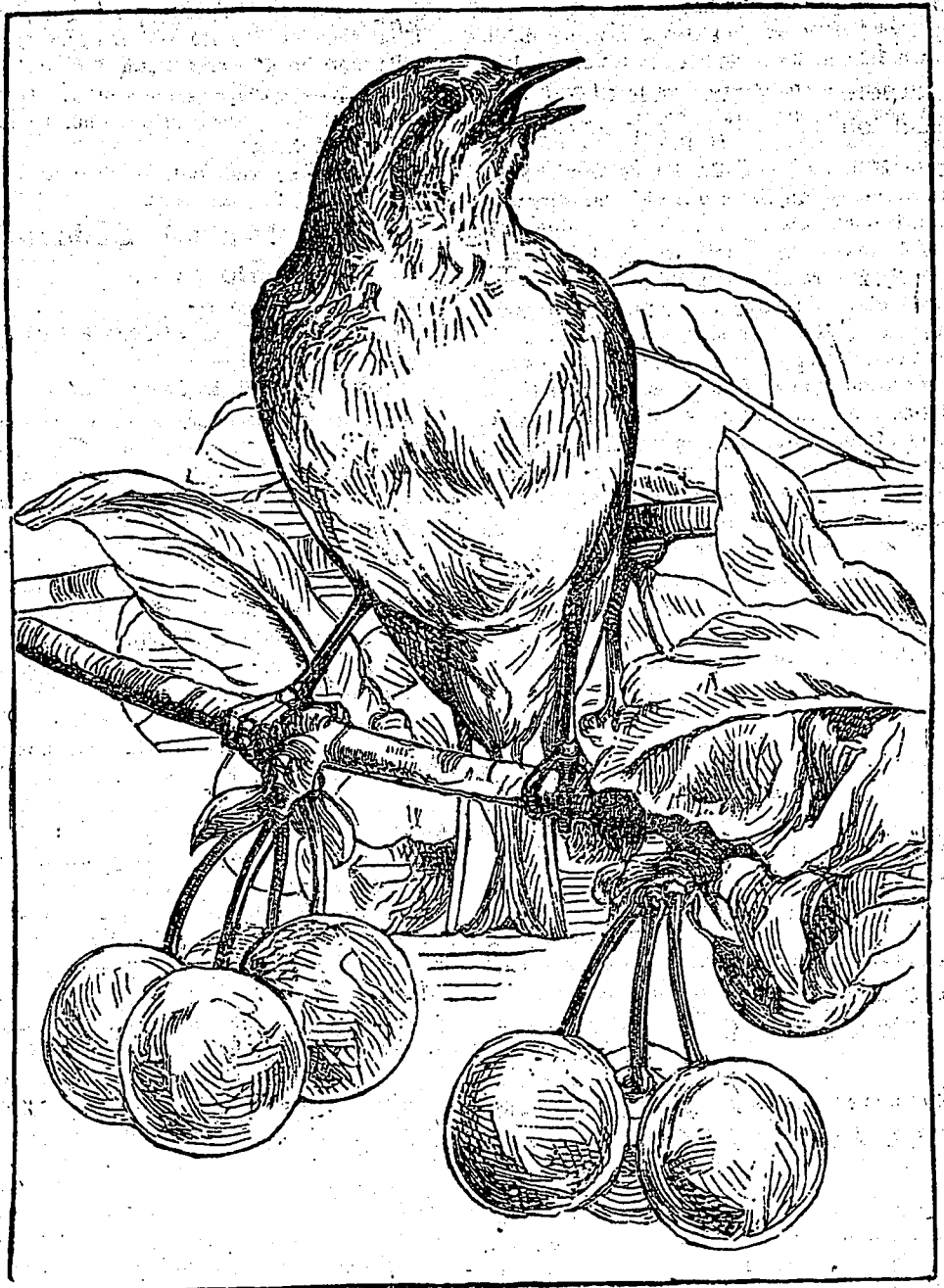
"Just as we are?"

"Yes, child," said Mr. Banks, with a sigh.

"And what's "an oblation," please, dad?"

"An oblation is an offering, Eva; but why are you asking these questions?"

For all answer the little girl took up the Bible, in which the mark



DRAWING LESSON.

still rested, and put the volume into her father's hand.

"What do you want, darling?" he asked.

"Please, daddie dear, read the verses about the impoverished, and oblation, and tree."

Greatly wondering, dad obeyed.

"He that is so impoverished that he hath no oblation chooseth a tree that will—"

"That'll do, thank you, dad," interrupted Eva. "The rest of it isn't for me."

"What do you mean, child?" asked Mr. Banks, fairly puzzled.

His little daughter smiled brightly up in his face. She had found a way out of her difficulty and could afford to smile now.

"It's like this, daddy, dear," she said; "you see, I'm like that man in the chapter, I'm so impoverished that I've no oblation; I've got nothing to take to Harry and Co.'s

party. But if the poor man chose a tree mayn't I have a log? We've got a lot in the wood-shed, and at least, when it's burning, it will help to keep the children warm, and be a useful present."

Just then Mrs. Banks came in, and the three went to the wood-shed and chose a splendid log which might make a fire fit for a king at Christmas time.

In the afternoon Harry and two of his friends came racing across through the snow with a small sledge, and soon little Eva, proudly seated on her oblation, was borne away in triumph to the party of Harry and Co.

What a joyful company assembled in Mr. Gordon's house that afternoon! How glad were all the little peasant children to whom everything around them in this comfortable home seemed like fairy-land!