

and had got them laced up about his ankles, just as the carman came. So out he bounded into the snow, leaving the door to take care of itself, and was up in the car in a twinkling. It did not take long, with John's active assistance, to transfer the contents of the car to the widow's store-room, which had been for a long time wanting in almost everything.

"Good night to you madam," said the carman as he was retiring, "and may tomorrow be the merriest Christmas you have ever spent. It isn't every one who has a friend like yours."

"No, and may God reward him," said Mrs. Elliott, fervently, as the man closed the door, and left her alone with her children.

And now the timely present was more carefully examined. It consisted of many articles. First, and not the least welcome, was half a barrel of flour. Then there was a bag of cornmeal, another of potatoes, with sugar, tea, rice, molasses, butter etc.; some warm stockings for the children, a cheap thick shawl for herself, and a pair of gum shoes, besides a good many little things that had all been selected with a strict regard to their use. A large chicken for a Christmas dinner, and some leaves of fresh Dutch cake for the children, had not been forgotten. Added to all this was a letter containing five dollars, in which the generous donor said that on the next day he would send her a small stove and half a ton of coal.

Edward Mayfield slept sweetly and soundly that night. On the next day, which was Christmas, he got the stove for Mrs. Elliott. It was a small, cheap and economical one, designed expressly for the poor. He sent it with half a ton of coal.

Three or four days after Christmas, Mrs.

Green said to Lizzy and Jane, as they sat sowing—

"I declare, girls we've entirely forgotten our washerwoman, Mrs. Elliott. It is some weeks since she sent us word that she had sprained her wrist, and could not do our washing until it got well. I think you had better go and visit her this morning. She stands in need of something. She has two children, and only one of them is old enough to earn anything, and even he can only bring home a small sum. We have done wrong to forget Mrs. Elliott."

"You go and see her Lizzy," said Jane, "I don't care about visiting poor people in distress; it makes me feel bad."

"To relieve their wants Jane, ought to make you feel good," said Mrs. Green.

"I know it ought; but I'll not go to the washerwoman's."

"Oh yes Jane," said Lizzy; you must go with me. I want you to go. Poor Mrs. Elliott! who knows how much she has suffered?"

"Oh yes Jane, go with Lizzy; I want you to go."

Jane did not like to refuse positively, so she got ready and went, though with a good deal of reluctance. Like a great many others, she had no taste for scenes of distress. If she could relieve a want by putting her hand behind her and not seeking the object of penury, she had no objection to doing so, but to look suffering in the face was too revolting to her sensitive feelings.

When Lizzy and Jane entered the humble home of the widow they found everything comfortable, neat and clean. A small stove was upon the hearth and though the day was very cold, diffused a general warmth throughout the room. Mrs. Elliott sat knitting, she appeared to be extremely glad to see the girls. Lizzy inquired how her wrist was getting along and if she