

finished, lay in a basket beside her, and still she stitched on, regardless of a small shadow on the opposite wall, until Mamie stole softly up behind her, and putting her arms around her mother's neck, burst into tears.

"O, mother," she sobbed, "the day after to-morrow will be Christmas, and I do so want to buy you a little tea, and a cake, that you might be stronger to go on with your work, the next day, for you won't sew on Christmas, will you Mammy?" Mrs. Walton did not answer for a few moments, she was thinking of Christmas days of her own childhood, which were so different from these she was obliged to give her child. For a short time she was quite overcome by these happy memories, but remembering that no time must be lost, she pressed her little daughter to her, and said, "My child it must be done, we cannot work just when it suits."

Little Blanche Eldon drove home in almost as much grief as Mamie herself. She had noticed the thin, pale face of the little girl at the shop door, and would have spoken a word of sympathy to the child, had her mother permitted it. Her last thought that night, and the first the following morning was of the poor, little stranger.

She begged her mamma to take her into town again, that day, and Mrs. Eldon who granted her only child's request, whenever it was in her power, at once consented. They drove, much to Blanche's delight, to the same store as yesterday, but no little, shivering figure was to be seen to-day. The next place they entered was a toy shop, and here, Blanche, leaving her mother to make some purchases, stole quietly to the door. No one was to be seen, however, except some working men who were laying a new pavement. Blanche, after looking in every direction for her young friend, let her thoughts turn to to-morrow's festivities, but was soon startled by a hoarse cough, a little distance from her, and lifting her eyes in the direction whence it came, she espied the old plaid shawl, which she knew belonged to the little girl she had seen the day before. She uttered a little cry of joy, and opening the door, crossed the road to where Mamie stood.

"Little girl," she said, "are you very cold?" Mamie turned quickly to see who was addressing her in this manner, and recognizing the Judge's little daughter, she bowed, smiled, and answered: "Well, Miss, I is rather cold, but I'm getting so used to it, that I hardly mind."

"Poor little thing," said Blanche, her eyes filling with tears, then she added quickly, "You must take this," and she dropped into Mamie's hand a shining coin.

At this moment Mrs. Eldon opened the door opposite, but stood spellbound on the step. Could that be her child? Yes it was. What would people think? She immediately crossed to where they stood, with the intention of leading Blanche away, but as she neared them, these words caught her ear—"O, Miss! How

can I thank you? I will be able now to get Mamma some tea, and she will not have to work on Christmas." Then her little daughter replied, "You are quite welcome to it, I am sure, and I would give you some more, only if mother found out she would be so angry, for, although we have lots of money, she thinks it is waste to give it to the poor." Mrs. Eldon put her hands to her ears. Her only child saying that her mother would be angry if she gave more than a few pence to a starving little one!

She went to where the children stood and putting a hand on the shoulder of each, said, addressing her daughter, "Give her all you have Blanche, and I will add to it." She then took the delighted Mamie into a dry goods store, close at hand, and bought her a large, heavy shawl, which she wrapped closely around her, bidding her run home at once.

That night Mrs. Eldon told her husband what had happened, and through the influence of their little daughter, they both decided to let a tenth of their money, from that time forth, go to the poor in the great city.

Toronto.

G.

HE WOULD NOT BE A BUTTERFLY.

By MRS. C. B. STETSON.

The garden heds I wandered by  
One bright and cheerful morn,  
When I found a new-fledged butterfly  
A-sitting on a thorn:  
A black and crimson butterfly,  
All doleful and forlorn.

I thought that life could have no sting  
To infant butterflies,  
So I gazed on this unhappy thing  
With wonder and surprise,  
While sadly with his waving wing  
He wiped his weeping eyes.

Said I, 'What can the matter be?  
Why weepst thou so sore?  
With garden fair and sunlight free  
And flowers in goodly store—'  
But he only turned away from me  
And burst into a roar.

Cried he, 'My legs are thin and few  
Where once I had a swarm!  
Soft fuzzy fur—a joy to view—  
Once kept my body warm!—  
Before these flapping-wing-things grew,  
'To hamper and deform!'

At that outrageous bag I shot  
The fury of mine eye:  
Said I, in scorn, all burning hot,  
In rage and anger high,  
'You ignominious idiot!  
'Those wings are made to fly!'

'I do not want to fly,' said he;  
'I only want to squirm!'  
And he dropped his wings dejectedly,  
But still his voice was firm;  
'I do not want to be a fly!  
I want to be a worm!'

O yesterday of unknown lack!  
To-day of unknown bliss!  
I left my fool in red and black;  
The last I saw was this:  
The creature madly climbing back  
Into his chrysalis.