

piece of paper the children's ages and names, and I was almost sorry I had; for she had so much trouble in finding any paper. However, she did find it at last, and here are the names and ages of the little Fitzgeralds, just as their mother wrote them:

"Josephine	age	12
Willie	"	10
George	"	8
Mary	"	7
Francis	"	6
Florence	"	3
Geraldine, age ten months."		

'How funny! the oldest is Josephine, just like me!' exclaimed Josephine, 'but she is such a big girl, I should think she would like a kind of history book; and I know just ezzakly what Mary would like,' looking shyly at her mother.

'What?' asked her mother, smiling.

'Any little girl of seven, I should think, would like a beautiful doll's trunk, with trays, and a bonnet, too, and real lock and key.'

That was just what Josephine had been hoping for months that Santa Clause would bring her.

'But what if the little girl of seven hasn't any doll, or any doll's clothes?'

'Why, I never thought of that,' gasped Josephine. 'Hasn't poor Mary any doll?'

'I am afraid not,' said her mother, shaking her head, sadly.

'Then, of course, we must buy her one,' said Josephine decidedly.

'And poor little Florence, too,' said Elizabeth.

'Yes, I think that will be best,' said Mrs. Seymour; 'and here comes papa; we must consult him about presents for Willie and George and Francis.'

And so they did, and decided on sleds and a box of tools, as Mrs. Fitzgerald said George was already whittling and trying to make things.

That night the little girls fell asleep talking of to-morrow's shopping, and Josephine dreamed that she had only five cents to buy presents for seven children with.

The next morning, bright and early, they started down town with their mother, and returned at noon, tired but triumphant. Mamma knew such beautiful places to shop! and when their dollar and sixty cents did not cover the cost of the seven presents she made up the difference; and the two little girls looking delightedly at their purchases, remembered thankfully how many times they had gone without candy when it seemed as if they must have it.

'And now, just because we denied ourselves,' said Josephine, 'Josephine and Willie, and George and Mary, and Francis and Florence, and Geraldine, will have nice Christmas presents.'

Mrs. Seymour ordered the presents sent the day before Christmas, and gave the directions carefully: 'Mrs. Timothy Fitzgerald, 1021 Straight street.'

Those were busy days that followed, yet not so busy but that the two little girls found many moments to devote to thinking and speaking of the household they hoped to make so happy on Christmas Eve.

'I s'pose Santa Claus must feel like us all the time,' said Elizabeth, her little heart overflowing with the blessedness of giving.

At last Christmas Eve came.

'If we could only look in at the window to-night!' sighed the little girls.

About four o'clock in the afternoon there

was a faint ring at the street door, and a little boy in a ragged jacket was shown in, who introduced himself as Willie Fitzgerald, and was the bearer of a note written in pencil, which he handed to Mrs. Seymour. This was the note:

'Mrs. Seymour:

'I sent my little girl over to that house for them things, as you said; but them people won't give them, and them people say that the man what brought them tould them to keep them until he called for them. And may be he didn't tell at the store about them a tall. I would be very glad to have them for the little wones. If you please Mrs. Seymour. The store that brought them will have to get them. They won't give them any other way. I would be very glad to have them for the morning. I tought if you sent A note up to the store They would fix it all right.

'Mrs. T. Fitzgerald,

'1021 Straight street.'

Willie looked serious and unhappy, and watched Mrs. Seymour's face anxiously, as she read his mother's note.

'Does your mother mean that the things were taken to the wrong house, Willie?' she asked.

'Yes, sir—yes, ma'am,' stammered Willie. 'They live across the street, ma'am, and they're poor, and ma says they ain't the same kind of folks we be.'

'Oh, well; I must go out myself and see about it at once,' said Mrs. Seymour. 'Tell your mother not to worry, Willie; I will be there almost as soon as you are.'

'Oh, mamma, please let us go too,' cried Josephine and Elizabeth; and this time their mother did not refuse them. They took a car at the nearest corner, which carried them to within a block of the Fitzgeralds. And there was the house across the street; a smaller, poorer house, even, than the Fitzgeralds', as they saw it in the twilight; and as they drew nearer a light appeared in the window, and showed them that it was just as full of children. But what a noisy, happy group the lamp-light shone upon! Those meagre arms clasped the very gifts they had chosen for the children across the way, and their grimy little hands caressed the two dolls that they had hoped would gladden the hearts of Mary and Florence.

Mrs. Seymour had meant to knock at the door and firmly demand the return of her packages; but now all three stood as if fascinated, watching the living picture showing through the lighted window.

As they looked, a thin, pale woman crossed the room; carrying a baby in her arms; a baby who was biting contentedly on the very rubber ring they had bought for ten-months-old Geraldine. Then they went softly to the door and knocked, sure that the tired woman with the baby in her arms would open it; and when she did, very gently Mrs. Seymour said:

'I think there has been a mistake about some things I ordered sent to Mrs. Fitzgerald, I thought the name and address were on the package.'

'Indeed, ma'am. I couldn't understand it myself,' said the poor woman. 'I am not a scholar about readin' writin', and the man what fetched 'em, he says this was the place the lady sent 'em—meaning you, I s'pose, ma'am. And then the children they got hold of 'em, and they was that pleased, never havin' had the likes o' no such Christmas before, ma'am; so when Mis' Fitzgerald

she comes and says them things belongs to her, why I up and tells her I'll not give 'em up till the man what fetched 'em comes and takes 'em. But if you say they're hers, ma'am, she can have 'em; an' welcome, though it'll come hard taking 'em away from the little ones, seein' as my man's off work, and we wasn't expectin' to have no Christmas this year; and perhaps you wouldn't mind, ma'am, lettin' 'em keep 'em till they go to bed—that'll be soon, now—and I'll give you the word of a lady I'll take 'em over to the Fitzgeralds' myself, as soon as ever the children's asleep, and the hollow eyes looked anxiously and wistfully into the kind face before her.

'I see it is all a mistake,' said Mrs. Seymour; 'they were just a few things my little girls here wanted to give to some little children who weren't expecting Santa Claus, as they are; and I am sure they will be very glad to have your children keep them as their gift, for the sake of the One who loves all little children.'

Josephine and Elizabeth had been pulling their mother's skirts and begging her in frantic whispers not to take the things away.

'Oh, yes, please keep them for your childrer, and we can give something else to the Fitzgeralds,' cried Josephine.

Their mother smiled; 'I knew how they would feel,' she said, holding out her hand to the poor woman before her, who clasped it in her rough palm, feeling for the moment that they were just two mothers, and understood one another.

'I can't thank you, ma'am,' she said brokenly, 'but I do thank you with all my heart, and you'll know that I mean it when I never see the children so happy in all their born days, and you that's a mother knows what that is, and my man he'll feel the same, and may God bless your Christmas.' Then she looked at the little girls, 'and may God bless you, too, that's surely doin' his work, in bein' good angels to my poor little children.'

As they turned away the little girls felt very solemn and happy. It was such a beautiful thought, that this that they had done was for the dear Christ's sake.

They stopped a moment at the Fitzgeralds' before going home, and late that evening a big bundle found its way to the right address this time; and Mr. Fitzgerald thought it was just as easy for 'rich people' like the Seymours to give presents to two families as to one. But the Seymours' friends wondered why the little girls did not give their party Christmas week this year as usual, and Josephine and Elizabeth never told how they paid for the second big Christmas bundle.—Cora Whittlesey, Gregory, in 'Young Churchman.'

The Children's Offering.

The wise may bring their learning,
The rich may bring their wealth;
And some may bring their greatness,
And some bring strength and health.

We, too, would bring our treasures
To offer to the King;
We have no wealth or learning,
What shall we children bring?

We'll bring the little duties
We have to do each day;
We'll try our best to please Him,
At home, at school, at play.

And better are these treasures
To offer to our King,
Than richest gifts without them;
Yet, these a child may bring.

—Hymn.