

"Tell me what it means, Jem. I never understand these fine written letters. Are you to have her money?"

"Not I; but I am to have all her clothes, and much good they'll do me, or you either, if they're no better than what I used to see her wear."

Certainly the old lady's wardrobe was not much to boast of, when the bundle arrived and was displayed on the floor of the Robertson's kitchen a few days later.

"Burn them!" said Jem fretfully. "What's the good of making our house an old clothes shop?"

"No, I won't burn them," said Mrs. Jenkins. "They'll fetch something down town; and see, here is a stout cloth jacket. I could wear that, and it's not so remarkable a colour as most of the clothes, which seem fitter for a parrot than a Christian woman. Look at it Jem."

Jem took it in hand to oblige his wife, but soon returned it, saying the colour was right enough, but the jacket was a heavy lumpy thing.

"It's the cloth; it's real good, I can see. That's what makes it so heavy, and it's so loaded with buttons too, regularly plastered on, they are, I declare. Now I'll clear all this rubbish away, and get the water to boil for tea. After tea I'll take the things to Mrs. Powell of the old clothes shop, and see what sort of a bargain I can make." So saying, she set to work with a will, and the kitchen was soon clear of all the clothes but the jacket, which still lay on the back of a chair. Jem's eye fell on it.

"Give me the scissors, Jennie; I'll cut of the buttons for you; it will be doing som'at better than sitting with my hands before me, as I do all day."

"Here they are, Jem! See here, take them off the sleeves to begin with; don't cut the cloth through."

Jem took the scissors and snipped away man-like, letting the buttons fall to the ground as he did so. Percy's quick little fingers picked them up, and as he lifted one he said, "Mother, look! it's prettier inside than out, may I keep them to play with?"

"Yes, sure, child," said Mrs. Jenkins, busy with the teapot, "keep them and welcome."

So Percy had the buttons, and very quiet he was with them, stripping of the cloth they were covered with and arranging them along the window-sill, and he had to be twice called to come for his tea before he could leave his "pretty buttons." "Look, mother!" he said again, "just look! Don't they shine nice and bright?"

Mrs. Jenkins turned her glance toward the window. What made her rise so hastily from her seat and seize so quickly the discarded buttons? "Jem! Jem!" she cried, "they're not buttons, they're every one real gold sovereigns; see if they aren't. O Jem! you don't think there's any mistake, do you?"

Jem's pale face flushed as he took in the matter. The sovereigns were good enough, that he felt sure of; he rang them each on the table, and there is no mistaking the ring of true gold; but were they rightly his? That was the question which rose so quickly to his mind and prevented him at once answering his wife's eager question.

"Speak, Jem," she said again. "They are sovereigns, are they not? Feel how heavy they are."

"Yes, they are good, as good as gold need be; and look, here's the date—1845. What a time she must have kept them, and what a way of keeping her money. But are they ours wife, think you?"

"Ours! whose should they be?" declared

Mrs. Jenkins. "Of course they are ours, and that's why she left you her old clothes; and oh, how thankful I feel, Jem. We'll be out of debt before I go to sleep this night. Let's count them—seven on each sleeve, that's fourteen, and twelve down the front is"—And Mrs. Jenkins began reckoning on her fingers.

"Twenty-six," said Jem; "but look here, Jenny, don't you spend one penny of it till we've asked the lawyer if it is truly ours."

"O dear!" sighed Mrs. Jenkins, "my poor father used to say lawyers were sharks. I hope he won't want to have the money himself."

"No fear," said her husband. "Old Mr. Lane is as honest as the day, and I shall feel it's all right if he says it is."

"But if he doesn't, Jem?" urged his wife.

"Well, we cannot help it then. Just run down town now and ask him, and it will be done with. Be quick, for the office closes at six."

Mrs. Jenkins obeyed, and certainly did not dawdle on her errand, for she was back before her husband could have believed it possible, eager as he nevertheless was for her return.

"Well?" he said breathlessly as she opened the door; he could not utter another word; his eagerness and his anxiety all but choked him.

"Oh, Jem, it's all right! it's truly and lawfully ours—those were Mr. Lane's own words; and how gratefully I do feel, Jem. I've been thinking as I ran home of two things I must do to-night with the money. One is, I must pay the Robertsons, and the other is, I must go to the service this evening. I have so prayed for some way to pay my debts, and now this has come, I feel as I must praise God in His own house."

"I'll come with you," said Jem in a low voice. "I'm sure I feel as if thankful as you do."

"You, Jem!" said his wife, looking at him in utter astonishment. "You forget surely, how ill you've been. It's all you can do to crawl down-stairs once a day; you can never walk to church. It's night, too; you must never go out at night for the first time."

"Yes, I can," said Jem stoutly, and with more backbone in his voice than his wife had heard for many a long day. "The thought of paying my debts has given me fresh life. I feel a different man already."

"Well, I never!" ejaculated Mrs. Jenkins as she sat down to her long-deferred tea. "Then I shall have two things to be thankful for if you feel able to get out once more;" and then again jumping up, for she felt too excited to sit still that night, she reached down her husband's great-coat from the press and set it to air in front of the fire, and Percy, with a child's love of imitation, immediately fetched his coat and put it before the fire too.

"What's that for, Percy? It will be too late for you to go to church. Little boys are in bed when their fathers and mothers go out at night."

"Oh, mother!" interposed Jem, "let him come with us; it won't hurt him to be up late once in a way, will it Percy?"

"Very well—yes, you shall come, my lad; it will be nice to come to church with father, won't it?"

"Yes, mother; and may I have one of the pieces money to give in church, like Johnnie does?"

Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins looked at each other and were silent a minute, at last Jem said—

"I fancy Percy is about right, mother. We thought plenty about paying, and now we must think about giving. I've fancied often enough, as I lay here, how, if I were rich, I would help the sick and the poor; and now I've the chance I won't shirk it. Here, Percy,

here's one of your buttons, as you call them, and you must put it in the poor box that stands by the church door as you go out; and here, mother, let you and I each give one."

"O Jem!" ejaculated Mrs. Jenkins, her breath taken away with the thought of so great a gift, and then continuing, "Well, I believe you're right, and perhaps it will bring a blessing on the rest, as Mrs. Robertson always says money given to the poor does. Dear! how thankful I am to feel rich instead of poor. I'm sure I'm glad enough to be able to help the poor. Now, Jem, I'll just run and pay the Robertsons—it's nine pounds eleven shillings we owe—I've reckoned it over many a time—and then it will be time to start for church, if you really feel strong enough to walk."

"I feel strong enough to walk to Ireland," said Mr. Jenkins, and with a light heart at her husband's joke, Mrs. Jenkins ran quickly to the last house in Orchard Row.

The Robertsons were both in, and were almost startled as with a hasty knock Mrs. Jenkins burst in among them and laid the gold upon the table, and saying, amid a flood of happy tears, "God bless you! and He only knows how glad I am to be able to pay you. It's very few would have done what you did, and Jem and I don't mean to forget. There's plenty I can't pay back, I know, but the money part I can, at any rate; and I'm so pleased to be able to do it."

The Robertsons stared at their visitor and at the golden coins she showered on the table, and Mrs. Robertson at last found voice to ask—

"But how did you ever come by it all? Is it really true then what folks have been saying, that Mr. Jenkins' aunt has left him five thousand pounds and her house and garden?"

Mrs. Jenkins had recovered herself by this time, and going easily from one extreme to the other, she could not help laughing at this exaggerated account of their little legacy.

"Oh, dear," she said, "what will folks say next? We're nothing like such grand people as that yet, but we've had enough given to us to pay our debts and get straight again; and both my husband and I mean to keep straight this time, and to follow your plan of putting by something for a rainy day. I can't stop now, though come in to a bit of supper, please, and my Jem will tell you all about it. And bring Johnnie, for it's like a fairy story."

It is not possible to give here the whole story of the future lives of the Jenkinses, so I think we cannot better say good-bye to them than in the old church where they kneel, blessing God for present mercies and even past trials, and drawing from both the lessons they were meant to teach.

The three golden chinks, representing three sovereigns dropped into the poor box as they went out, brought smiles to three glad faces.

"We'll save if it's only to be able to spend in this way," said Jem, pressing Mary's arm.

"And, father, may I put som'at in the bag on Sunday, like Johnnie does?" asked Percy.

"Aye, you shall put a halfpenny of your own penny that I give you on Saturdays for sweets," said his mother.

"Aye," returned the child thoughtfully, "that'll be my very own to give. Thank you, mother!"

Who?—Who has not seen the glistening dew-drop clinging to the rose-bud in the early spring morn? Who has not seen our brilliant blue-white Diamonds brighter far and more resplendent than any dew-drop? Echo answers, "Who have not, come and see!"  
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