

said anything to her, but some of the girls looked scornfully at her old clothes, and whispered to each other about her. She was dressed very meanly, in an old thin dress, and she had very poor shoes. She looked so unhappy, that I thought I would speak to her and try to comfort her, so I asked her if she had a pleasant Christmas, and whether she had a nice present. I was sorry as soon as I asked this, for she burst into tears, and told me that she never had one in her life. I tried to comfort her, but just then our teacher came, and I could not talk any more with her. As soon as school was out, I started for home, and saw just before me the same girl. She was running along shivering with cold; I did not overtake her; but I saw which corner she turned and saw her go into an old house, down an alley. I have been thinking about her all day, and I want you to go with me to see her, for I know she must be a good girl, she always behaves so well at Sunday school. I want you to see what she needs, and let me have that money, and get her a New Year's gift, instead of having the work-box."

"My dear Annie," said Mrs. P., "I am glad that you are not selfish, but feel for the sufferings of others; I will go with you to see this little girl, and if she seems worthy, you may do as you wish about giving her the present; I doubt not it will make you far happier, than to have the box yourself, for the Bible says 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

"Thank you, mamma," said Annie; "and now we are almost there; I saw her go into that cellar door; shall you be afraid to go down there?"

"No, my dear, if poor people live here, surely we may visit them."

We will now leave Annie and her mother at the door, and take our readers into a dark under-ground room, and introduce them to little Nelly Collins and her sick mother. It is some time before Annie and Mrs. P. arrived. Poor Mrs. Collins is very ill, and Nelly is sitting by her, and talking in a very earnest, sorrowful tone.

"But, dearest mother, it is *hard* not to envy those who have enough to eat, and plenty of clothes to keep them warm?"

"It may be hard, Nelly," replied her mother, "but we must try, for our Father in Heaven has told us, that it is wicked to envy."