

"Why, Ezra!" but the other continued slowly. "He's just a lad, but he has been married a year, and has a little one to work for, too. From what I hear, it's uphill work for them all there in the city. Perhaps his wife wants a blue silk dress, and the baby a change of air, and he—well, he wants much more than he has.

"We can let Eben's money go to them now—now when they're fresh, and young, and strong, and the world's so good to look upon, and when they'll enjoy it as they'll not enjoy it later on. I think somehow we have enough. What do you say, Mary?"

"Yes!" came the quick, low answer. And when the darning was resumed, a moment later, the face which bent over it wore a look of sweet joy and peace.

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