

less has its origin in the presents of the wise men of the East, and will probably last as long as the world does. But there are some who cannot make presents; some to whom Christmas is not Christmas at all; some whose dull routine of heavy toil is not broken by the joyous day; some whose abject poverty makes the day no time of rejoicing or mirth for them. Is it not our duty, if we are blessed with a great or small portion of this world's goods, to seek out those who are in want and misery and, according to our means, enable those who are too poor to help themselves to enjoy in some small degree this festive season, remembering the injunction of Him whose birth we celebrate, "The poor ye have with you always." Depend upon it, our own Christmas dinner will taste sweeter for the consciousness that we have enabled at least one fellow creature to enjoy a meal he would otherwise have gone without; and our own pleasure will be enhanced by the knowledge that we have let in a little light on some dark spot, and caused joy to reign where despair and sorrow held control. While we enjoy Christmas thoroughly ourselves, let us be mindful of those whose sufferings we can alleviate, and remember that He whose natal day it is came to bring

"Peace on earth, good-will toward men."

THE ORPHANS;

OR,

THE HEIR OF LONGWORTH.

He would have passed a pleasant life of it, in despite of "the devil and all his works," had not his path been crossed by a being that causes more perplexity to mortal man than ghost, goblin, or the whole race of witches, and that was—a woman.—*Washington Irving.*

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

Mrs. WINDSOR smiles.

"You have no other engagement?"

"None."

"Then do me the favour to come and count the wrinkles at my house. I am very desirous of seeing you before you go to New York on a matter of business."

She makes a pause before the last word, and looks at him as if afraid of refusal. Longworth, however, does not refuse.

"I spend my pleasantest evenings at

your house, Mrs. Windsor. I shall be glad to go."

She draws a quick breath, as of relief, and turns to depart.

"I shall expect you then. Perhaps, though, you will let me take you with me at once?"

"Not now; I shall present myself about eight. Will that do?"

"Certainly. Good evening, Mrs. Longworth. How is it you never come to see me now?"

"Many commercial gentlemen, and much gravy weigh on her mind," suggests Longworth, "as they must on all successors of the immortal Mrs. Todgers."

For this rose-wreathed white house facing the bay is a boarding house, and Mrs. Longworth, widow, and a distant cousin of the editor of the *Phenix*, the lady who keeps it.

Mrs. Windsor does not know Mrs. Todgers. She is not a lady addicted to novel reading of any sort; but she smiles graciously because the remark is Longworth's, and slowly and gracefully moving away, reenters her carriage, and is driven off.

"What can she want of you now, Larry?" says Totty, as though it were no unusual thing for Mrs. Windsor to want Larry.

"Do you know," says Mrs. Longworth, with a short laugh, "what people would say if Mrs. Windsor were thirty years younger? That she wanted to marry Larry."

Mr. Longworth has resumed his smoking and his chair. He glances over his shoulder at the speaker.

"That's a beastly remark, Mrs. Longworth," he says; "don't make it again."

"There's the dinner bell," says Totty, and she and her mamma vanish precipitately.

Mr. Longworth puts down his legs lazily, gets up, mounts to his bedroom, makes some improvement in his toilet leisurely, for although the dinner bell has rung, and the select circle of boarders may be waiting, he is never in a hurry.

"Yes, what does she want?" he thinks. "It would be remarkable if I received two of Fortune's kisses in one