

An hour after our return home, she sat weeping with her children around her, when a neighbor came in, and, learning our situation, supplied the present need."

This relation did not make me feel any the more comfortable. Anxiously I waited, on the next morning, the arrival of Polly. As soon as she came I sent for her, and, handing her the money she had earned on the day before, said,

"I'm sorry I hadn't the change for you last night, Polly. I hope you didn't want it very badly."

Polly hesitated a little, and then replied,

"Well, ma'am, I did want it very much, or I wouldn't have asked for it. My poor daughter Hetty is sick, and I wanted to get her something nice to eat."

"I'm very sorry," said I, with sincere regret. "How is Hetty this morning?"

"She isn't so well, ma'am. And I feel very anxious about her."

"Come up to me in half an hour, Polly," said I.

The old woman went down stairs. When she appeared again, according to my desire, I had a basket for her, in which were some wine, sugar, fruit, and various little matters that I thought her daughter would relish, and told her to go at once and take them to the sick girl. Her expressions of gratitude touched my feelings deeply. Never since have I omitted, under any pretence, to pay the poor their wages as soon as earned.



A DISCOVERY.

In a narrow street in Paris, called Rue St. Eloi, stood the shop of a petty broker. Among the articles for sale was an old arm-chair, so worn with age, that no one would give forty cents for it, being all the poor dealer asked. Tired of seeing so long a useless encumbrance, he resolved to beat it to pieces, and convert the horsehair to some more profitable purpose. On proceeding to do this, what were his joy and surprise to find, concealed in the seat, a roll of paper, in which were wrapped notes of the Bank of France to the amount of 1.150 francs, or 225 dollars!