

"The day before Christmas, my husband and children were better; we ate our dinner, but had nothing left for supper. None of our neighbours knew anything of our circumstances, and we had no desire to tell them, but took it to our heavenly Father in prayer; feeling sure that He who feeds the ravens and watches the sparrows, would not let our little ones suffer from hunger, or beg for bread. My husband went out that afternoon—weak though he was, to look for work. Night was coming on, and he had not returned; the younger children were growing anxious about their supper, and I did not know what to do. I thought of going myself, and explaining matters to the grocer, thinking perhaps if he knew our need he would trust us; but that would look like begging.

"I looked over my own clothes and those of the children, but there was nothing worth selling which I could spare, except a towel. I sent my little girl out to sell it, and she soon returned, bringing me ten cents with which I bought some potatoes, and was preparing them for supper when my husband came in. A glance at his face told me he had been unsuccessful, and had come home with the prospect of going to bed supperless.

"I showed him the potatoes, and proceeded to the basement to kindle a fire and cook them. The back door opened into the basement, and was seldom locked; imagine my surprise to find at the foot of the stairs a pile of three bushels of potatoes. Near by was a bag of flour, several loaves of bread, a large roast of beef, and plenty of fresh vegetables. On the stairs there were some cans of fruit and other delicacies for the sick; while out in the back yard there was a large load of wood and coal dumped, both of which we greatly needed.

"I stood looking around me, afraid to speak, lest I should wake up and find that I had been dreaming; but thinking that perhaps my husband had met with some streak of good fortune that afternoon and had sent all these good things home before he came, to surprise us, I called him. He, however, knew nothing about it, and suggested that they must have been intended for some one else, and were put into our cellar by mistake. Together we looked over the different parcels, 'with fear and trembling,' lest they should vanish at our touch, or we should find something to indicate that they were not intended for us; but we found nothing, except our own name, street and number.

"Our hearts were too full for words. We received them as a fresh token of our heavenly Father's love and care over us, his children, and as a direct answer to our prayers. We had plenty of food and fuel to last us until my husband and children recovered and had gone to work; but we have never been able to find out what instrument the Lord was pleased to use to supply our wants, or who put the things into our cellar without our knowledge or consent."—*Selected.*