

“What do you want most to be done for you?”

“O sir,” said Constance eagerly, “there is one thing Ernest and I want very much.”

“Well, what is it?”

“I’m afraid it’s asking too much, sir.”

“No; I’ll do anything for you up to a five pound note.”

“Oh, that is capital!” cried Ernest.

“Well, sir,” said Constance; “there’s a lady here who comes every morning to teach me, and she lives at the corner of the village street, and she’s got a brother who is clerk in a bank at M—, and she wants him home for Christmas, but he can’t afford to come because they are very poor. So it would be so nice to send him the money to come home, wouldn’t it?”

The old man’s eyes glistened. “Yes, and you are a good child to think of it; so here is five pounds, and you shall sit down and write to him now, and send it.”