

the rattle of a teaspoon to disturb the good minister who spoke to us of the Saviour born to us, who was Christ the Lord.

Some of the little people had to say hymns and portions of Scripture about the babe of Bethlehem. To my great joy I was one of these. At a given time I was to stand up and repeat a Christmas Hymn. I had prepared it with great care, but my heart beat lest I might forget any of it, or not speak loud enough for all the people to hear. In my innocence I thought this absolutely necessary. At the appointed time I rose and repeated Montgomery's Hymn

Angels from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth ;
Ye who sang Creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth :
Come and worship—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Shepherds in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing ;
Yonder shines the infant light :
Come and worship—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Sages leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar ;
Seek the great desire of Nations,
Ye have seen His natal star
Come and worship :
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Saints before the altar bending,
Waiting long with hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord descending,
In His temple shall appear ;
Come and worship—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Sinners stung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence ;
Mercy calls you break your chains.
Come and worship—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

I will not tell how I murdered these beautiful verses. I would like to forget it as I hope every one else has done long, long ago.

The festival was nearly over when the door opened and a man came in and with shuffling uncertain step, came forward

into the light. A shabby man in clothes that had been those of a dandy once, but now were so stained with the mud of travel, torn and tattered with accidents and fights by the way, that he was little more than a shabby genteel bundle of rags. A hall servant brought him to a seat, where I could see him without looking round very much, which I did not like to do, from a sense of my recent failure as well as from the wholesome dread I felt for Miss McClosky. I looked across and forgot everything in amazement and horror when I recognized Scrieven Doyle. He must have been on a long tramp and a great spree before he came to be such a figure. He could not I thought, be anything like sober or he never would have ventured in among people in such a plight. His crop of spiky black hair was standing up in all directions, like the feathers of an enraged hen, as feathery looking as Nebuchadnezzar's must have been after he quit taking care of it. I knew the Adelaide brown coat with its tattered velvet collar that used to be so smart, but now was ragged and torn, and buttoned up to the throat to conceal the greater rags, or the want of them beneath. His shoes, light pumps, were laced with black thread. There he was in all his misery sitting in the glare of the light in a most conspicuous place where all his full-lengthed wretchedness could be seen. He was set in the uppermost room at the feast, which was too much for his comfort, and he rolled his blood-shot eyes about in search of a corner to escape into out of sight. Seeing none he tried to smooth his face into becoming gravity and only succeeded in looking more drunkenly hideous. I felt a dreadful terror lest he should notice me and claim me as an old acquaintance. I could not keep my eyes off him, as he sat there, holding his hat, as if he could not find a place to lay it down. Oh, such a hat ! all battered and bruised, and torn and crushed out of all shape and resem-