

when she came to. The first word she spoke was: "Father!"

"I've sent all the men folks off, dear," says I.

Then I warmed some milk and fed it to her and finally I got her into my bed, with a jug o' hot water to her feet, and she fell asleep; 'twas a wonder she wasn't froze, but I suppose bein' so deep in the drift was the reason.

But when she woke up wasn't she real pretty looking? She was about seventeen, and had the longest, softest, shiniest dark hair that ever you see, and big eyes as brown and soft as a robin's, and for all she was pale 'twas a hullsome paleness, and when she laughed or ran about outdoors there was a little rosy colour come and go in her cheeks till she looked the most like an apple blossom of anything I ever see.

Well, when she could talk she told us that she lived up in Canada on a farm; that her mother had died two years back, and her father got an idea he could get work in Boston, where 'twould be more folksy for him and her than in Canada, and they'd started for the States in their pung seein' they lived off any stage road, and they calculated to sell the pung and the pony when they got to some town.

So they came along till they got ketched in the storm and the last she knew the pung upshot and the pony run, her father holdin' on to the lines, but she fell out; 'twas snowin' real hard, as I said, but she set out to follow the road, and in the dark turned off onto the bridge and got to our fence, and didn't know no more till she found herself by our fire.

Well! the snow set in again that day, and we couldn't go to look up her father. It wasn't no way possible.

She said her name was Dora Wilson. "Least ways that is my calling name, madam; my christened name is Theodora, mother's name; she said it meant 'the gift of God,' and she was an only child, like as I am, so they gave her the name. The old priest, Father Lachine, at L'Hiver, used to call me 'la Diou donne,' and that means it, too." So the Winter went on, and the drifts never melted till Spring, and Dora came to be just as though she belonged to us.

Well, Spring came, and an awful freshet, and after awhile when the water was down Eben heered that a dead man had been found caught in the dam the week before, and a Canada pony and a pung was found too in a hemlock thicket just above. The pony'd been froze to death there, for 'twasn't thawed out when a logger come across it, prospectin' for lumber. So we told Dora we guessed she was a gift of God to us; and she was sure enough.

'Twas a year from the day she come that she an' Lorenzo was married, and when the minister'd done it 'Renzo said:

"My Dear Dora?"

"Yes; your Christmas gift from God, Renzo, and you are mine."

For she'd told us about Christmas; we hadn't ever kep' it; but we do now. Then 'Renzo stepped up and kissed me.

"Mother!" says he. "God grant I may stand in my lot to the end of my days."

Christmas Day.

BY NORA PERRY.

WHAT'S this hurry, what's this flurry,
All throughout the house to-day?
Everywhere a merry scurry,
Everywhere a sound of play.
Something too, 'a matter, matter,
Out of doors as well as in,
For the bell goes clatter, clatter,
Every minute—such a din!

Everybody winking, blinking,
In a queer, mysterious way;
What on earth can they be thinking,
What on earth can be to pay?
Bobby peeping o'er the stairway,
Bursts into a little shout:
Kitty, too, is in a fair way,
Where she hides, to guggle out.

As the bell goes cling-a-ling-ing,
Every minute more and more,
And swift feet go springing, springing,
Through the hall-way to the door,
Where a glimpse of box and packet,
And a little rustle, rustle,
Makes such sight and sound and racket,—
Such a jolly bustle, bustle,—
That the youngsters in their places,
Hiding slyly out of sight,
All at once show shining faces,
All at once scream with delight.

Go and ask them what's the matter,
What the fun outside and in—
What the meaning of the clatter,
What the bustle and the din.
Hear them, hear them laugh and shout then,
All together hear their say,
"Why, what have you been about, then,
Not to know it's Christmas day!"

CHRISTMAS.

"God be thanked for the bright Christmas day!" many have said, as the sunlight and gladness of its pleasant hours have fallen upon their lives. And not only the young have said these words, but many whose lives are crowned with age have grasped at the golden sunbeams that gild the glad Christmas time. Perhaps there is no season in all the weary march of years so fraught with happiness for all classes as this mid-winter holiday. The hearts of the aged seem to grow young again, and the young gain higher and brighter heights of pleasure and enjoyment.

Clouds and sadness flee away at the coming of summer glory in the midst of winter's gloom. The voices of sorrow are hushed, as the joybells ring out in their silvery sweetness. The dark powers of anguish and despair are for once held in check by the invisible chain of silver and gold. Glad songs and floating melody come over the tranquil waters, where moaning tempests have lingered so long. Sweetness, beauty and sunshine all mingle lovingly together, to make up the crowning glory of the day.

Who can tell the secret of this glad day?

Who can point out the invisible power that makes it so beautiful?

Is it the "ivy green" and winter flowers twined gracefully together in fantastic forms? Is it the many offerings of friendship and love? Is it the Christmas carol and grand anthem that float out beautiful melody? Is it because this glad day comes in the midst of the gloom and desolation of winter? Is it because all are joining in this scene of rejoicing? Perhaps these things help to render the scene beautiful, yet they do not constitute the central glory of it. The sweet love of Christ is the hallowed power that beautifies the day. The festive hours are ushered in in memory of his coming to redeem the world, and the joy and gladness of that great day still floats down the tide of ages.

There was joy when he came, and there will ever be glad joy as the Redeemer's birthday comes with the years. We can well afford to be joyous as Christmas breaks upon us with its hallowed joys. We can well afford to bestow our "love offerings" upon others, when we have received by the coming of Christ a gift of untold worth.

Oh! royal day, full of brightness and precious memories, we will keep thee sacred forever.—Mrs. M. A. Holt.

THE CHRISTMAS-GUEST.

"HAVE you a guest-chamber, a place of rest for those who may come?"
"For my friends."

"Has it comforts for those who are worn—some nook of rest for those who have been wearied by the way?"

"All that love can furnish."
"Is there an open door?"
"Night and day."
"And you keep it for these alone?"
"For these alone."

"Then let me tell you. A King, your King, is coming to be your guest. In the stillness of the early Christmas-morning he will come, your King, your Saviour. Will there be an open door and some one waiting there to welcome him?"

"Alas! I have no room."
"No room? But you said you had a guest-chamber."

"It is my heart. It is not good enough for him."

"He will come into it just as it is. You need not hang richer curtains at the windows, nor lay a thicker carpet, nor make softer beds."

"But it is occupied."
"Are there guests in it?"

"Yes, it has other guests. The King can not stay with them."

"You hang your head. What are they?"

"Pride."
"And that alone?"
"Anger."
"Another?"
"Envy."
"Another?"
"Wilfulness."

"Another?"

"Oh, so many! Selfishness in all its forms. Their faces are evil, and the face of the King is holy. Theirs are dark, and his is the light itself."

"But will you not turn them out? Will you not make room for the King? He will come in if you will have it so. Will you let him, your King, go past your door—he who has so much to bestow on you who need so much? Turn out those guests that would drive him away robed of scepter and crown. Did you not say that door was open?"

"It is open, and those guests have gone!"

"Gone because the King, that Christmas guest, has entered, his forgiving, loving presence filling the chamber of your heart."—S. S. Classmate.

Christmas Time.

I FEEL so happy I cannot keep still!
Just one more day and 'twill be Christmas day,
And all the house is full of secrets now
And everybody whispers what they say.

When I go in the door, unless I knock,
Or rattle with my hand upon the latch,
Mamma hides something underneath her chair
And Auntie jumps up, something else to snatch.

John's got a ball for Bess, and yesterday
He let me bounce it on the playroom floor,
And how we laughed when Bess came running up
To ask about the racket at the door.

I've made a heart-shaped pin-ball for papa,
And Auntie's book-mark now at last is done;
She has not seen it and she cannot guess
What I have for her—O it is such fun.

To-night, when nurse went down to get our tea,
I watched the man lighting the lamps below,
And as they twinkling up the long, long street,
Like a procession of stars down in the snow,

When jingle, jingle, straight up to our door
Came through the dusk a horse and wagon too,
A man jumped out with bundles in his arms
And to the stairtop all we children flew;

Then Jennie took them in, but ere we saw,
Mamma ran up the stairs and drove us back,
But Bob said he was sure he saw a sled
When, naughty boy, he peeped out through the crack!

To-morrow night I shall not go to sleep,
But watch the chimney, Santa Claus to see,
I think he is papa, but now he lives
In the spare room, and Auntie keeps the key,

And all the bundles Jennie puts in there—
To-morrow how the bells will ring all day!

O dear! how I do wish Christmas would come,
And Santa Claus, and never go away
—Lilla C. Perry

Mind your tongue! Don't let it speak nasty, cruel, unkind, or wicked words.