

little dimples showed for a moment one on each right cheek. At least Barbara smiled first, and then Janet followed suit.

The snow came down thick and fast that night, but old Sir John, wont to dream of bugles, sounding alarm, and of ambuscade and skirmish, dreamed of a long-forgotten meadow above the weir, where the blue speedwell grew and bloomed until the ground was all of a delicious blue like the angelic robes in the old chapel windows; and waking next morning, cast about in his mind as to whether this might not be token death; for had he not heard all his life that

Flowers out of season
meant
Trouble out of reason?

It would seem very funny, nowadays, for an experienced and brave old gentleman to worry about dreams and signs, but people were not very wise about such things in the fifteenth century.

The same night the old nurse was awakened by a light foot-fall in the room, and, peeping out from the bed-clothes, saw a litting white figure cross the dusky space that was but dimly lighted by the gleams from the dying embers.

She put her hand out for her nursing. The little nest in the bed was warm, but empty. Up she started in alarm, and saw—a sight for Fairyland! For little Margery, hearing one of the twin babies cry in her sleep, and her nurse not waking, had stolen out of bed and was busy tucking her in and cooing to her like a little wood-dove. The old nurse called her softly, and the little bare feet pattered across the floor to the bed, to be caught up and cuddled to sleep again.

The next morning Margery would not eat until the twins had been put one on each side of her at the table; and then she would feed them, giving now Barbara a bit of the wheaten loaf, and now Janet a spoonful of cream. And if she ever gave to Janet first, Janet would shake her small head, as brown and glossy as a nut, and point with her wee finger to Barbara. The whole party were in high glee, until Margery noticed with displeasure that too many were looking on. For the very hostlers, and the scullions had stolen to the doors to peep at the strange sight of three babies among all those soldiers who now seemed to be quite friendly together, add wonderfully quiet in their innocent presence.

Margery turned her head quickly to Sir John, and asked, with an air that delighted the landlady, 'Are dose folks all so hungry?'

There was such a shout of applause that the intruders fled abashed, and the little lady gravely returned to her breakfast.

Very soon the two convoys went on their separate roads, and whether the little lady of Hightowers and the twin heiresses of Barnstaples ever met again, and were friends or foes, our chronicle does not say. But the coming of the three babies to the Saracen's Head on Christmas eve was not soon forgotten, and in memory of the day of good-will that grim old Moslem was hauled down from his creaking sign-post, and in his place swung gaily to and fro a freshly painted holly branch with the words CHRISTMAS INN beneath it.

MARY'S PERSIAN GUEST.

'Don't you think we can invite the Persian to stay here, futher,' said Mary.

'I don't know. Why do you want him?' replied her father. 'It will make more trouble for you if we do.'

'Yes, I know that, but it is a kind of missionary work, you see. He is a theological student, and these lectures he gives during vacations are to help him with his education. If we were to entertain him, it would save his hotel bill.'

'Very well, daughter, have him if you want to.' So the matter was settled.

On the evening of his coming, Mary made her tea table as pretty as her dainty china and linen could make it, with a bunch of sweet peas gracing the centre. Her father went to the station to meet her foreign guest, and she eagerly awaited his coming, wondering what he would be like. She was somewhat disappointed to see a young man much like an American, only with, perhaps, a trifle darker complexion, dressed in garments made by an American tailor. His language was a little peculiar,

but easy enough to understand, and his lecture in the evening was both interesting and instructive. After their return, they sat down on the porch, and he asked Mary if there was any thing she would like to know about his country and people that he did not tell in the lecture.

'I shall be glad,' she said, 'if you will tell me all about your women in Persia.'

He smiled, and said: 'That would take longer than you would like to listen to-night; but if you highly-favored American women could only know what Christianity has done for you, you would want to do more for my countrywomen. I will tell you a few things to show you the difference. At the age of six a girl is compelled to put on a veil. If she rebels, her mother takes a stick and beats her until she is willing to submit. After that she is taught to sew and cook. The women make all their own clothes, as well as the clothing for the men. If she is not married at the age of sixteen, she is considered an old maid; and that is something almost unknown there. Our courtships are carried on very differently from what they are in this country. A man, or you would call him a boy (they are married before they are twenty), never sees his wife before they are married. If a young man wants to marry, and he hears of a girl who is pretty

a cloth being spread on the floor, and the food placed on it. If there is any thing left, the women get it, but they must eat with their veils on. If a woman is seen looking at a man without having her face covered, her husband beats her. In every thing a man is considered superior to a woman. We Persian men know nothing at all about the courtesies which I have noticed that every American man shows to a woman. If we want any thing, the women must get it; if they want any thing, they must get it themselves. A man never thinks of speaking to a woman outside of his own home, not even his own wife or mother.'

'You must often have thought American women very bold, when you first came to our country,' said Mary.

'Yes,' he replied, 'and I do yet sometimes. I can't get accustomed to their being considered equal to men. Perhaps, it is because I know nothing about the social life here, for, since I have been in America, I have had to work hard, and have had no opportunity of seeing women in their own homes. For the first time, here in your home, I have seen something of the sweetness of a Christian home, and it makes me sad to think that my sisters and friends at home know nothing of Christ, who has given you all this. Take your

lady, in this city, in whose society both these friends passed much time. On one occasion she gave an elegant party, at which both were in attendance. During the evening when refreshments were served she came to the friend of her cousin and asked him to drink with her a glass of wine. Very fond of her, the young man was sorely perplexed, but finally declined, saying: 'I will do anything for you that I properly can, but I cannot drink the glass of wine.' Turning from him with somewhat of an air of displeasure, she said: 'Well, I will go to — (her cousin), he will drink it with me. She crossed the room to her cousin, extended the invitation to him with the air of confident expectation, but he also declined, greatly to her astonishment and not a little to her chagrin.

In this last interview, many years after the party in question, one thing which passed between these two old friends was the statement of the one who was about to die, which he wished to make as something of a confession, to the effect that he was at that time an observer across the room of what transpired with his cousin, and though he had never before thought of abstaining from intoxicating beverages, to the social use of which he had always been accustomed, influenced by the example of his friend in declining, he also determined to decline. He wished now to make acknowledgment of his gratitude for this eventful incident in his life, which he had no doubt had saved him from excesses and ruin which, in his case, would almost certainly have followed the continuance of the drink habit.

In this incident may be seen a practical illustration of the power of right example. Its influence is sometimes more potent and far reaching than words of counsel alone, however good they may be. May every one, young and old, realize in the light of this dying statement of one friend to another, the great value and importance of the abstainer's example to others.—*National Temperance Advocate.*

TWO LITTLE T'S.

Poor little Teddy! On Christmas Day
They gave him a cap and muffler gay,
A box of tools, with skates and sled,
And high-topped boots whose tops were red,
But what was that! 'twas nothing at all
When he wanted a great big rubber ball
Poor little Teddy!

He wanted pie for dinner one day.
They were going to have it he heard 'em say.
But pudding with plums is what he had,
O poor little Ted! now wasn't it sad?
His red lips grew to a terrible pout,
He didn't want that so he went without.
Poor little Teddy!

He wanted to try his bran new sled.
One day after school, O poor little Ted!
But his mother sent him off to the store—
'This poor little boy! and his grief was sore;
O how he hated to mind his mother;
To help her, and play with his little brother.
O poor little Ted!

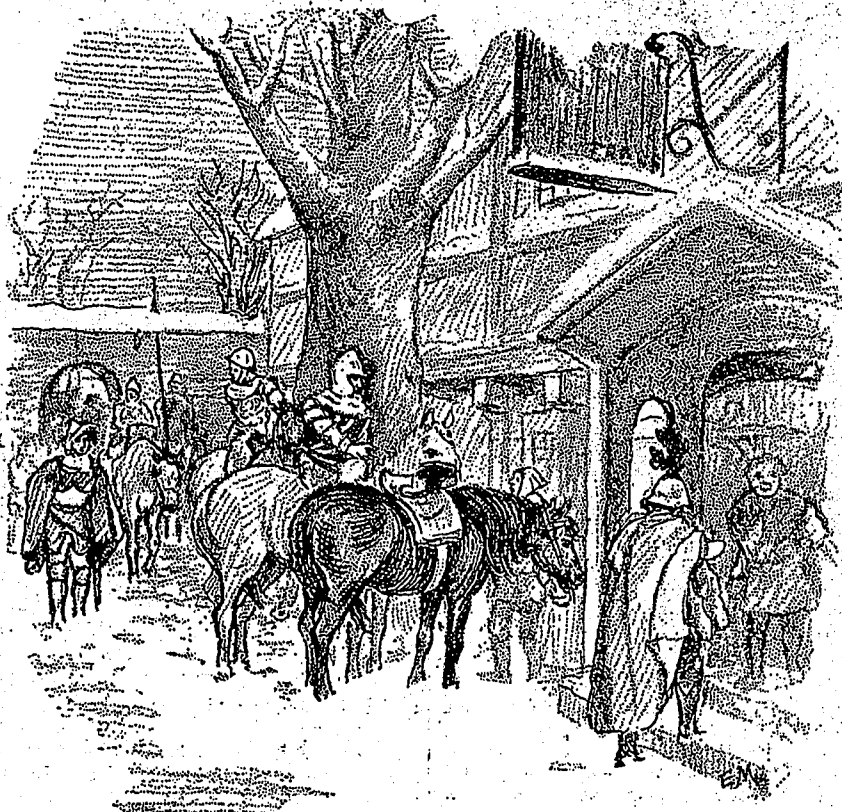
Rich little Tommy! On Christmas day
Only one present came in his way.
A pair of mittens his mother had knit,
A fiery scarlet, and just the fit!
Weren't they nice? he asked his brother;
And hadn't he got the dearest mother?
O rich little Tommy!

Sometimes he didn't have dinner enough;
And you may think that he called it rough.
But he didn't, not he—this rich little boy.
Sometimes he had plenty, and that was joy
And he loved to help his tired mother.
He loved to play with his little brother.
O rich little Tom!

In summer or winter, fall or spring,
He was just as happy as any king.
In winter 'tis true, he had no sled,
But he slid down hill on a board instead,
When the snow was hard and glazed with ice
He could steer it 'lovely'—'t was just as nice.
Rich little Tommy!

Tommy and Teddy will both be men,
Will there be a difference between them then?
Ah, yes! there must be, my little lad,
One will be happy and one will be sad.
Look over these lines, eyes black and blue,
And see which one is the most like you.
Of those two little T's.

—Our Little Men and Women.



ACROSS THE THRESHOLD ENTERED THE LATE COMERS.

and likely to suit him, he goes to the girl's mother and tells her that he would like to marry her daughter. The mother says, 'I can't tell you till I ask the father; you must wait a week.' He returns in a week. In the meantime the father has, perhaps, given his consent, but the mother tells the young man that she must see what all the relations say, and he must come again. The next time he comes he is told that the relations know nothing against him, but she has said nothing to the girl yet, and she sends him away again. Last of all, the girl is told that she must marry this man. If she objects, the mother takes a stick and beats her; if she is obstinate about it the mother waits until the next day, and repeats the beating until the girl consents. After that the preparations for the wedding begin, as engagements only last a few weeks. The young man's father buys all the bride's clothes and pays all the expenses of the wedding, which sometimes lasts two weeks. The ceremony is three hours long. At the end of the festivities, the man takes his wife to his father's house, where she is not allowed to speak to any one except her husband, and is expected to do all the housework. If she does not know how, it is the mother-in-law that does the beating then. She does not have any of the conveniences for cooking that you have, not even a cooking stove. There is a hole in the floor, where the fire is made, and of course, the room is full of smoke, as there are no chimneys. The men are always served at their meals first,

Bible, your Church, and your Christian friends out of your life as they are out of my countrywomen's, and what would you have left? O, why don't you women, that call yourselves followers of Him who commanded you to preach the Gospel to all nations, do more to obey your Master?

The next morning, when the Persian said 'good-by' to Mary, and thanked her for her hospitality, she thanked him for having given her a better knowledge of the condition and needs of women in Persia.—*Agnes J. Beard, in Presbyterian Observer.*

THE POWER OF EXAMPLE.

A well-known Christian merchant of this city, not long ago had an urgent telegram calling him to see an old friend residing in a suburban town. When he arrived at the house of his friend, he found the latter very ill and only expected to live for a few hours. This friend asked to see him alone, and when by themselves, said: 'My doctor tells me that I can live at the most but twenty-four hours. I wanted once more to see you, and to say to you something that I have never told you.' In early life, as young men, they had met in this city, in business relations, and it was at that period that the close bond of personal friendship was formed. They went much together in society, and had great happiness in each other. The one who was about to pass away had in their young manhood a cousin, a beautiful young