

long surplice and let her golden hair down upon her shoulders. Then she took a little red berry from the decorations and deftly shot it with her finger and thumb to the other end of the church. When it fell with a slight rattle. One of the would-be robbers was kneeling on the window ledge outside, about to enter, and the other was just stepping into the church. The sound made both start and look round and then Jenny glided noiselessly into the chancel, standing with golden hair, pale face and white robe, erect in the stream of moonlight, pointing an arm at the thieves. A yell from the sacrilegious burglars broke the stillness of the night. The appearance of the ghost in that sacred place struck terror to their hearts. The man outside quickly dropped to the ground and ran away, while the other fell head foremost into the church, striking his head against an angle of the pew and lying insensible. A few strokes on the bell summoned help and thus Jenny Gilchrist became the village hero and escaped from her lonely position, while she had the satisfaction of knowing her thoughtfulness and bravery had saved the church plate. It was a joyful Christmas for both her and her father.

#### THE CLOSED DOOR.

“Behold I stand at the door and knock!”

The days work was over, and in the quiet of that December night as the year drew to a close, John Madden, a sturdy churchman and a faithful man, sat by the fireside reading the beautiful verse aloud to his wife: “Behold I stand at the door and knock!”

Suddenly there was a pause in the

reader's voice. Two little hands had imprisoned his knee, two eyes full of wonder were raised to his face, and in child's tones asked feelingly: “But why, father, why didn't they let Him in?”

Little Jack, busy tossing his ball up and down against the cottage wall, had caught the sweet sound of our Saviour's gracious words and full of surprise had run to his father with the eager question: “Why didn't they let him in?”

Ah, it must seem strange to the angels and to God Himself as well as to little ones, this neglect of the Saviour's pleading call. Again and again Christ has knocked at the door of your heart. Will you allow 1890 to pass without Christ's knock being heeded? Scores of times no doubt He has knocked and sought in vain for an entrance. At some children's service when you heard the parson's earnest pleading you felt Christ was knocking. When you were appealed to in your Sunday School class by your teacher, and again when you were preparing for Holy Confirmation, you heard that gentle call: Son, give me thine heart. Suffer me to enter in. When some little friend or near relation was borne from your side to the lonely grave and the truth came before you again that death reaps from the young as well as the old, you heard his knock and you suffered Him to pass by neglected.

O hesitate no longer. Open the door of your heart. Offer it to Him just as it is, (a cage of welcome birds, as the prophet says,) and he will cleanse and purify and sanctify it and make it a fit dwelling place for the King of Kings. Open it to Him who has bought it with His blood and you will not regret your action.