

gized profusely, but took virtuous refuge in the knowledge of duty well done, and the fact that mistakes will occur.

"We must now get out of here," said Terry, his voice a mixture of several emotions. Immediately a home-coming spirit sprang into the air. The tall man shouldered the bulging carpet-bag, while Creighton ran for a carriage. There was a delicious bustle in the actions of everyone. Terry, one arm around his mother, the other linked through his father's, blinked back happy tears and would not

let the new-found parents out of his grasp.

Outside the air was filled with soft crystals which fell like a blessing on the little party as they drove through the streets. All at once the bells of a church rang out clear and sweet.

Then another and another set of bells clashed merrily till the air seemed full of joyous music. It was a typical Christmas greeting to the newcomers, and seemed to blot out the past and give much promise for the future.



Holly Sprays.

Agnes Lockhart Hughes.

All glossy and green,—its leaves steeped in dew, —
 A holly tree fair,—in an old garden, grew.
 Then, its sprays rudely cut, were wove in a crown, —
 And pressed on Christ's brow,—'till His blood trickled down.
 The tree gazed in anguish—and bent her proud head,—
 While the pearls on her leaves,—flashed a garland of red.
 But sudden, she heard 'bove the rude rabble's din, —
 The voice of the Master,—the Man without sin;
 "Weep not, O! fair holly,—henceforth thou shalt live,—
 In a garden of pleasure,—with love's gifts to give."
 Then—smiling,—He passed,—and the garden grew bright,—
 While the shadows gave place to a glorified light.

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So, now through the ages, the seasons' have seen,—
 The spiked holly leaves, keep their emerald-like green;
 And when the gay Autumn, all rainbowed, has fled,—
 She gives to the Ice-King, her corals of red,—
 To twine with the pearls on the loved mistletoe,
 And gladden the Yuletide,—with joy's golden-glow.