

nearly to their heels, slit up behind almost to their shoulders, and fortified front and rear with innumerable buttons. The sermon was a plain, impressive gospel message. In the meantime Oscar had arrived and brought us new cheer. Service again at one o'clock, and then followed a pleasant afternoon of conversation, theological with the father, religious with the old ladies, and about America with them all.

At dark Oscar is banished from the room of the Christmas tree. The rest all gather in, and light up the tapers anew, and spread his presents on the table. At a given signal he enters, is greeted by a hearty song, and the performance of the preceding evening is repeated with variations. "Oh," exclaims Oscar, "I met with a friend on the way." And out he goes and produces one little present after another, until everyone bears off some memento of his kindness and thoughtfulness.

Saturday was kept as sacredly as Friday, with religious service and suspension of all secular work. Sunday was the third of the three Christmas festival days, but was kept far less sacredly than the other two. I noticed work going on that day that was untouched on the preceding two, and I remember particularly that the little boy was despatched with a piece of money to buy a loaf of bread. The days of the following week slipped rapidly by, amid visits, rambles, reading of German and English, and music, while the tree, little by little, was stripped of its sweet and gilded fruits. While reading Dickens' Christmas stories, in English, with the young ladies, I couldn't help asking myself how many daughters of country pastors in Canada could enjoy the reading of German tales in the original? My time was up, and off I started to college and my books again.

The shadows that were thrown over those days were few and small, while the good that I received went back with me to Halle, and lingers with me to-day, for no sweeter picture dwells in my memory than that of my first German Christmas in the old Parsonage of Badersleben.