

ing, isn't worth the breath it takes. I'll wait, an' see—an' love them harder'n ever.'

So she waited and loved and heaped systematic benefits upon the little brown heads so profusely that even they, who had known her kindness so well, were astounded. But somehow, the 'spring' had gone out of life at the farm. Janie and Amos felt it, and began to try to fit an explanation to it. They finally decided that something was worrying Aunt Calisty, probably money matters.

'I wonder if 'tis,' quavered Janie, 'she don't smile nearly all the time, an' she don't tell stories—or anything—only do things for us!'

'Pr'aps she's gettin' poor. We've hed such heaps of things!'

'An' we eat so much. Couldn't we eat a little less—just a little less of everything?'

'I—I'll try,' gulped Amos, thinking of buttered pan-cakes and honey.

So they did try, and succeeded—not very, very well, but well enough to make Miss Calisty heartsick with renewed apprehension. She had begun to faintly hope that something else might have happened to the scarf—but this indifference to food could but be the result of guilty and struggling consciences—nothing less.

The morning of the day before Christmas broke wild and stormy, with a wind that rocked the sturdy old house and lashed its roof with the elm branches. Breakfast was progressing, rather silently, when there came such a crash outside that they were all up and at the window before the echoes died away. There lay the old sweetening tree, still quivering.

'My dear old tree,' cried Miss Calisty.

'Poor little chippy,' wailed the twins.

'Mr. Bonney's cat caught him just before the first freeze. I hated to tell you,' explained Miss Calisty, turning away with quivering lips from the sight that was to her a tragedy.

'Let's go and see how little Chip had his winter bed made,' proposed Janet.

'All right,' said Amos, only too glad, manlike, to escape the sight of tears which he could neither understand nor help to dry.

Miss Calisty stood and watched them peering and poking about. Suddenly Amos gave a shout, and held up in both hands a bright soft something.

Calisty sank into a chair, 'weak as a rag,' she would have said. The twins both rushed in.

'It's that dandy thing you showed us the mishnery lady gave you, ain't it? See it ain't hurt hardly a bit. How did Chippy get it?'

'I s'pose it flew out of the window clean in' time—'twas a windy day,' responded Miss Calisty, in a queer, choked voice, as she held the scarf at arm's length. Suddenly she hid her face in it and cried and cried and 'cried.' Then she hugged the twins—both at once till they gasped.

'I b'lieve it's clearing off!' she cried, 'an' I b'lieve I'll take the stage an' ketch the train for the city. I'm kind of behind on Christmas things. I ain't felt well o' late, an' so kept putting it off.'

How were the twins to know that she had never been known to go farther than the village for 'Christmas things?'

'It was that scarf thing that's ailed Aunt Calisty. I don't b'lieve it was not havin' money at all!'

'Nor I,' replied Amos, with conviction—

and mournfully thinking of the pancakes he might have had.

But to his credit be it said he never once 'threw it up' to Janet that the uncalled for fasting was of her proposing. There was good stuff in Amos.

It was late that evening when Calisty returned, so late that the twins were fast asleep on the sitting room sofa, so soundly asleep that the clink of the late supper dishes did not rouse them.

Christmas morning dawned radiantly, and they awoke betimes—but earlier still had Miss Calisty been astir, moving softly and swiftly in and out, up and down.

They lay rubbing their eyes, wondering why they were all dressed, then of a sudden they saw a wonder that swallowed up all others—a big bough of the old sweetening tree, fastened up securely by the fireplace, bright with streamers and candles, and laden with gifts and under it—Panky!

'She's come to stay,' gasped Miss Calisty, between hugs.

'Always?'

'Always!' replied Miss Calisty, with rapid decision.

'Always!' echoed, half-laughed, half-sobbed, Panky.

And, neither Miss Calisty nor the twins being people given to much speaking, she never knew how she had worried them until they voluntarily half starved themselves, and they never knew how much, how nearly everything that queer Christmas tree meant to their dear Lady Bountiful.

Christmas Carol.

(Phillips Brooks, in 'Onward.')

The earth has grown old with its burden of care,

But at Christmas it always is young.

The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and fair,

And its soul full of music breaks forth on the air,

When the song of the angels is sung.

It is coming, old earth, it is coming to-night!

On the snowflakes which cover thy sod,
The feet of the Christ-child fall gentle and white,

And the voice of the Christ-child tells out with delight

That mankind are the children of God.

On the sad and the lonely, the wretched and poor,

The voice of the Christ-child shall fall;

And to every blind wanderer open the door,

Of a hope that he dared not dream of before,

With a sunshine of welcome for all.

The feet of the humblest walk in the field,
Where the feet of the holiest have trod,
This, this is the marvel to mortals revealed,

When the silvery trumpets of Christmas have pealed

That mankind are the children of God.

Peace on Earth.

For any true peace on earth, there must be peace with God. God has said it universally: 'There shall be no peace, saith my God, to the wicked.' How can there be peace in the soul so long as man is not reconciled to his Maker? Strange word—

'Peace with God!' Then, if there is now peace, there has been war. War with God! War of a worm with Omnipotence! Yet so it was, and so it is and so it would be for ever, if the Dayspring had not come and laid his hand upon us, both. He, and he only, is 'Peace.' He who has him has peace. People say: 'Make your peace with God.' Make your peace with God! You can never make your peace with God. But accept Christ and you accept Peace. The Gospel is the treaty; the angel's song, echoed now, was its herald; that light upon the hills was its flag of truce; the love of the Father drew the treaty; the blood of Christ sealed the treaty, and the contracting parties are an eternal God of truth, and every rebel man who lays down his arms, and puts his hand to the contract and professes 'Jesus only.' Made by that peace with God—within it, and a part of it, is the peace of the conscience, a sprinkled conscience. The language of that conscience is: 'I believe—I feel—I know that I am forgiven. I am simply nothing but a poor, poor sinner, forgiven; but whatever happens to me now, my affairs stand right with God.' He has said it and I take it, 'There is now no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus;' and there, by the infinite grace of God, I have placed myself, and I now am. They talk of 'Christmas pleasures!' What are they all to that sense of safety, that deep, inward peace? Can there be 'pleasure' if there is no peace? Could the Israelites sit down to the Paschal banquet, with the angel of death in the air, and no blood upon the door? Can you enjoy life if you are not ready to 'meet with God,' who may come in upon the Christmas revel? Be sure that you have peace with your own conscience—the peace of a witness within that you are in Christ—that you love Christ—that you would not willingly do anything to grieve Christ; that your own heart knows, in your own poor way, your first wish, your great end in life, is to please and serve and glorify Christ. Oh, that this 'peace' may be God's own Christmas gift—the peace of a Christ born in the low places of your own poor, mean, wicked heart; a Christ known—a Christ consciously your own—a Christ reflected in a life of self-sacrificing forgiveness and love to everyone. Put peace into your motto.—Canon J. Vaughan.

More Work for the Crusaders

13 Caer Howell street, Toronto.

Dear Editor,—We received a letter from Pastor Cornelius asking for the 'Weekly Witness,' 'World Wide,' and 'Northern Messenger.' I thought I would ask you to kindly announce in your columns requesting readers of those papers after reading them to forward to his address as follows: Pastor M. Cornelius, Agharam, Pittapuram, Godavery District, India.

Yours sincerely,

EVA DEMPSTER.

(Should friends wish to supply Pastor Cornelius they are offered the 'Weekly Witness' at \$1.54, 'World Wide' \$1.00, 'Northern Messenger' 77 cents, all post-paid to India, for one year.)

We acknowledge, with thanks, the following gifts:—

A Friend in Magog \$.50
Mrs. Frith 2.00
M. J. W. B. 2.00

Faithfully,

M. EDWARDS-COLE.