



CHRISTMAS DECORATION.

PARSON DRAYTON'S CHRISTMAS.

THERE were some people decorating the little church of Brucefield, with a glad desire that on Christmas day it should wear its suitable Christmas dress. The rector was there and rendered what assistance he could. Presently the time came for work to cease for the night, and all preparing for departure, took a short survey of what had been done.

"Do you think, Mr. Drayton," said one young lady to the rector, "do you think we shall have everything ready for Christmas day? Remember to-morrow is Christmas eve, and we have only one more day."

"Oh!" said Mr. Drayton, "with willing hands

a great deal can be done in a day."

And then they all left the church, and the rector and his wife took their way through the snow to their humble dwelling. And such it was, for Parson Drayton was poor and his people were not very liberal. He had tried to make them so, but while many of them had luxurious homes, his was poor, for his stipend was small.

"Oh!" he said to his wife, as they were walking home, "I never feel the want of money more than at Christmas time."

"And how much do you want?" pleasantly said his wife.

"Well, at this particular time I would like to have enough to get a new altar cloth and present it to our church. I would like to get you that beautiful fur jacket I was looking at the other day, and some nice things for the children, above all a rocking horse for Reggie, our only boy. Oh! how he would enjoy it. And then I should like to pay \$25 to save Mrs. Tate's piano. She told me to-day, poor

woman, that after all her struggles to pay what she has paid on it, she will lose it. Her husband drinks and the man who used to board with her has moved away. Her daughter is getting on so nicely with her music, and she will miss it so. I never felt more like paying anything than that \$25, which to some would be a paltry sum."

"And then," said Mrs. Drayton, "for yourself what?"

"Oh! for myself, my library is very poor and I think I should purchase at once the Encyclopædia Britannica. The agent sorely tempted me to-day to take one volume every three months."

Mrs. Drayton then hummed pleasantly a verse of "Castles in the Air" and said,

"Well, never mind, dear John, the children are