

With which the dark temptation came
In some unguarded hour."

But our children cannot look upon the failing of others in any such light. They are unjustly prejudiced by indiscreet words against many persons, who in the main are well worthy of their respect. And these prejudices stay with them, until they arrive at a standpoint far beyond the present outlook.

So let us all bar out of our homes and our hearts all distorted bits of unkind tales of any our friends and neighbors. Let us impress upon the young hearts the need of charity toward those who have been overtaken in a fault, and the striking out of over two thirds of the detrimental items in the story connected with it. Don't ever carry a bit of unkind, uncharitable, indiscreet piece of news of anybody anywhere. Express instead of circulate things that reflect discredit on our friends.

S. T. P.

KATIE'S CHRISTMAS STORY.

"Now for a story!" cried a chorus of voices, as the door closed after the nurse, who had gone down stairs for half an hour, leaving the children to their own devices.

"Tell us a Christmas story, Katie."

"I'll tell you a story about last Christmas eve then" said Katie, taking baby Rose on her lap and gently knitting the while. "It was a dreadful cold night, the snow was beginning to fall, and the east wind seemed to chill one's very bones."

"Standing by a crossing in one of the London thoroughfares was a little boy, who seemed not to heed the weather, though his poor little feet had no shoes or stockings, and his elbows and knees were poking through the few rags he wore. His face was all wan and pinched, and the great blue eyes had such dark hollow rings round them, for 'Broomsticks,' as he was called, had only eaten one little crust that day, and everybody had been too busy getting Christmas gifts to remember the little crossing sweeper. So although it was quite late in the afternoon, he hadn't a penny to get a Christmas dinner for himself and poor blind Lizzie at home.

"At last he wandered up the street, trailing his broom after him, till he came to a provision dealer's window. There he stood, flattening his nose against the glass, unable to turn his longing eyes from the tempting display. He was so taken up by the sight of all the good things that he did not notice the merry group inside, who were busily choosing cakes and sausages, etc.: but one of the children, bending over to find some special

dainty, caught sight of the hungry looking little face peering through the window, and all her sympathy went out to the lonely ragged street boy.

"Oh, mother," she said, "look at that poor little boy outside; he seems to want a bun so badly. May I give him one?"

"Winnie's mother was a kind woman, who had saved enough from the weekly wages for her children to choose some good things for Christmas. She looked up quickly, and saw at a glance, more clearly than her little daughter could, the want and neglect pictured in the sad little face.

"Yes, Winnie," she said, "give him a bun by all means, if you will; but I think he needs something more than that."

Broomsticks felt a hand laid upon his shoulder, and starting up, met a pair of kindly eyes looking down into his, and a gentle voice asked him a few questions, which soon drew out the whole sad story,—how his mother had died a year before, leaving him with only his blind sister Lizzie, who stayed at home all day in their little garret while he went out to earn a living, if possible, at his crossing. And then came the last bit—how he had planned to get a real nice Christmas dinner to surprise her, because she was sick and ailing; and, just as if to spite him for such a bold resolve, he hadn't earned a penny that day.

"Come and show me where you live," said the woman kindly, "and perhaps we'll get a dinner for you and Lizzie, after all."

"Delighted at such hopeful words, Broomsticks led the way till they reached the narrow street where he lived. Up the rickety stairs they went.

"Here Liz, I've brought a kind lady and her little girl to see yer," said Broomsticks, as he wiped the dust off two shaky chairs, and placed them for his visitors. Lizzie curtsied, and Winnie took her by the hand, while Mrs. Hyde talked to her, and listened to all the praises of Broomsticks, which seemed the only subject Lizzie cared to speak of.

When they said good-bye, Winnie's bag of cakes was left in Lizzie's delighted hands, and Mrs. Hyde had given half a crown from her Christmas fund to buy the things they most needed. And that was not by any means their last meeting, for when Christmas was over, a situation was found for Broomsticks in the same workshop in which Mr. Hyde was employed, which brought him regular wages, instead of the chance pennies he used to get, and it will be a long time before he and Lizzie are in want of a copper to buy bread again."

Silence fell over the little group in the nursery for some minutes after Katie's story was ended.