THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

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Protessional

ARCHITECTS!

The incoming Christmas found the fire on Aunt Nabby's hearth burning brighter than usual. A fine turkey that was to have bought a warm shawl for Nabby's old shoulders, instead lay on a large dish, roasted to a turn. Potatoes, onions and turnips sent forth a savoury smell ; while two mince-pies, the gift of a kind friend, set on the hearthstone nicely warming.

As the tiny window panes, glistening with their beautiful frost-work, testified to the keenness of the air without, so they made the warmth and cheer inside the little kitchen more apparent. A table, covered with a coarse but clean white cloth, stood in the middle of the room, spread with the fruits of her own labour. It was the harvest from her tiny garden spot, that had been tilled by her own industrious hands. The store which she had, like the busy bee, laid by for winter, was now offered upon the shrine of her love for Jesus. It had been given lavishly; there was no stint there, though she knew not whether her larder would be empty before the long cold winter was over. In her Sunday gown she stood surveying her work, her face beaming with happiness as she exclaimed : "A dinner fit for a king 1"

As the clock on the mantle struck the hour of one, the door, as if by magic, flew open, and six little girls in chorus chimes wished the hostess a "Merry Christmas I" Though poorly clad, their bright faces had been scrubbed until they fairly shone, and the usually unkempt heads were in good order. The eyes of the little folks literally danced at the sight of the fat gobbler, that many times had chased them about the yard. Ah I now they knew they had the best of their old friend, though he did lie in state so beautifully garnished with beets and carrots. They noted not that the china was far from being French, and was nicked and cracked. The refinements of a state dinner were lacking there, but to the halffamished little ones it was all the same, and the novel exclamations that greeted the ear of Aunt Nabby paid her for all the trouble and sacrifice.

edges.

"Oh how beautiful!" exclaims one, and "Nabby, you must be rich 1" says another. While some stood with bated breath, whipering, "O my 1 O my 1"

When they had quieted down somewhat, Aunt Nabby bowed her head, and folding her hands bade the children do likewise, while she thanked the Giver for the bountiful feast set forth. Then, in homely terms, she bade them "set to."

When the feast was ended the spare-room was thrown open, and the children were told to play "Puss, puss in the corned," while she "tidied up." A jolly good time was had, romping in the large vacant room that had been nicely warmed by Nabby's forethought. At dusk the party was over ; but in no home of the rich could there be found six happier children, at least so thought Aunt Nabby as she closed the door of her Christmas.

And we think when there is no more Christmas on earth for such as she, that the welcome words from the Master's lips will be, "Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you."

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SISTERS' DUTIES TO BROTHERS.

A ruin women alone can rebuild is the carelessness with which "brothers" are treated. Some sisters forget that the first, and often most enduring impressions men receive of the sex, come through their sister's actions. Is the girl a vain, petty, selfish being, never considering the brother's needs? Is it any wonder if the brother thinks all girls are like his sister? Sisters should seek to be the friends of their brothers. Their gentle, virtuous conduct may do much to create a right tone in the brother's mind, and will inevitably refine and help him. You, dear girls, can, and you are doing very much in shaping a young man's habits. If the sister shares his youthful troubles, advises him in difficulties, makes his home attractive, refuses to listen or to mix in any wild conversation, seeks to lead him into the right conception of manhood's privileges, in short, becomes a loving companion, then I am sure that many a youth who now sees in girls only vain, giddy creatures, will have that exalted view of womanhood which will be a safeguard in the days to come. Try to be the angel of the home to the brother. If you have failed here, begin to build this very day. God will give you strength.

TWO SIDES.

It is difficult for any of us to realize that we can occupy a ridiculous position. Others are capable of rendering themselves absurd, but as for ourselves, our perfections only are visible to the world, and it must be a flippant person indeed who can find matter in jesting in our absolutely decorous behaviour.

A young man boarding one summer at a hotel was wont to entertain two ladies of his acquaintance with ridiculous imitations of the peculiarities displayed by other guests in the house. They were ashamed to laugh, but it was impossible to help it, in the face of such truthful travesty.

"Well," said one of them to the other after an evening of hilarity, "I hope the others enjoy it as much as we do." "What others ?"

"Why, the people to whom he makes fun of us," was the

reply. "You don't suppose he does that !" was the innocent response. "There is nothing in us to be made fun of !" But there was, and the young man had seen and made use of it.

Indeed, there is always something reciprocal about the relation of life ; there are always two sides to a question, not inevitably similar, but capable of balancing each other. Let none of us forget that we, as well as our neighbours, live in glass houses, and that none of us can claim a monopoly of stone-throwing.



BELL

WM

GUELPH,



NATIONAL PILLS are a mild purgative, acting on the Stemach, Liver and Bowels, removing all ob-ONTARIO. structions