

After a time, the minister learned that his guest was a skeptic; he therefore used every effort to promote his conversion, but soon abandoned the task as hopeless.

As time passed, Dr. Hartely became impressed with the happy and peaceful life of the minister, his unselfishness, his calmness in trouble, and forbearance in provocation. He saw that these were not the results of an apathetic nature, for his friend was a man of high spirit and active mind, but Hartely was conscious that he possessed a hidden power, which manifested itself in his happy and unselfish life. Then Hartely found himself longing for this same peace which his friend possessed.

"Will you let me see some of your religious works?" he asked one day of Mr. Beale.

"Certainly," was the reply. "Go into my library and select any you would like."

He perused several, without any satisfaction, when his attention was directed to "The Life of Christ." This work interested him deeply. The character of Christ aroused his highest admiration. He got the Bible, and read and re-read the Gospels in the New Testament. A new light seemed to be thrown over his mind. "Surely," thought he, "this man was divine; if so, then his word must be true; and, if true, what am I losing? What have I lost?"

Then the gloomy views which had previously presented themselves to his mind, returned with double force, which startled him. Probably they came in the form of a temptation, and savoured of the "principalities and powers of darkness," which muster in unseen array about the steps of those seeking the True Light. He sought his friend, who joyfully extended his sympathy and help. All that night they talked and prayed together; and as the morning sun arose in its splendour, pervading the earth with its light, so the light of the Sun of Righteousness shed his glory over the soul of Horace Hartely.

Twelve years have passed since we introduced Phyllis Gresham to our readers. It is Christmas-day, and once more we find ourselves in the town of D—. The people are thronging the sidewalks on their way to the various churches. We are told that services especially interesting will take place in the R— Street Church, namely, a wedding! We are delighted to hear that the contracting parties are none other than our old friends Horace Hartely and Phyllis Gresham. Of course, we will attend, and have not long been seated in the crowded church when the bridal party enter. The white-robed bride—not so girlish as when we last saw her, but as lovely as ever—with countenance radiant—takes her place at the altar, beside the handsome and stately bridegroom. Together they kneel in prayer, conscious that their love is strengthened and ennobled by the grand principle which guides their lives. The last words are said, and, amid strains of music and the blessings of many friends, they depart.

"Then pealed the bells more loud and deep,
God is not dead, nor doth he sleep.
The wrong shall fail,
The right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to man."

LET school boys and girls read, write, and do all their lessons thoroughly—not attempting too much. Remember that which is worth doing at all, should be done well.

LITTLE DOT: "Our minister prays ever so much louder than yours does." LITTLE BUB: "I don't care if he does. Our minister jumps the highest when he preaches. So there, now!"

A Christmas Carol.

BY ANNIE TRUMBULL STOSSON.

WHERE are you going, my little children,
Soft-eyed Zillah and brown-faced Seth,
Little David with cheek so ruddy,
Dark-haired, slender Elizabeth?

What are the burdens you carry with you,
Poised on the head and swung in the hand?
What is the song from your red lips ringing,
What is your errand, you little band?

"Sirs, as you know, we are Hebrew children,
I am Zillah and this is Seth;
Here is David, our little brother,
And this our sister, Elizabeth."

"Our father's sheep are on yonder hill-side,
He cares for us and he watches them;
We left our home in the early morning,
And go our way into Bethlehem."

"Surely you know that the blessed baby,
Greeted by angels with songs of joy,
Is lying there with his gentle mother,
And we are going to see the boy."

"Here in our baskets are gifts we bring him,
All to lay at his little feet;
Amber honey our bees have gathered,
Milk from our goats so white and sweet;

"Cakes of our figs, and grapes that are purple,
Olives plucked from our own old trees;
Savory herbs, and fragrant spices,
All we bring him on bended knees."

"See, this is wool so soft and so fleecy,
Purple dyes that a king might wear;
Skins of the goat, and the ram, and the badger,
All for the baby that's sleeping there."

"Here are shells from the Red Sea brought us,
Here are feathers all bright and gay;
Tell us, good sirs, had ever a baby
Fairer gifts than we bring to-day?"

"Seth gives his dove, though he loves it dearly;
David these shells for the holy boy;
Elizabeth wove him this pretty basket,
But I have only this little toy,—

"Two sticks of olive wood, carved by my father,
One standing up and one crossing it—so;
We have little to offer, we poor little children,
But we give all we can, and we sing as we go."

Singing they went with their simple treasures,
Sweet rang their voices o'er valley and hill;
"Glory, oh, glory to God in the highest,
Peace on earth, and to men good-will."

Still they went singing, these Hebrew children,
Soft-eyed Zillah and brown-faced Seth,
Little David with cheek so ruddy,
Dark-haired, slender Elizabeth.

Tom's Offering.

THERE was a loud knock heard upon the door; and it was the very door, too, upon which a piece of black crape fluttered.

The ladies within the house were a little startled, for it was an unusual occurrence for any one to knock upon the front door. There was a bell in plain sight, and it was customary for people to ring it very softly when the sign of death was placed so very near it. Indeed, it seemed almost irreverent for any one to knock in that way upon the door, while little Annie, the household idol, was lying still and cold in the room close to the door.

"Some tramp, I guess," one of the ladies said. "I will tell him to go to the back door," she added, going toward the place where the knock was heard. To her surprise she found a little, ragged boy standing there, with a few wild flowers in his hand.

"Are you Annie's mother?" he asked, in an eager voice.

"No," the lady answered; and then she asked, "Who are you?"

"I am Tom Brady, and I want to see her," he answered quickly.

The lady hesitated, and was about to say to him that Annie's mother was in deep affliction and could not see him, when the lady in question came to the door herself.

"What do you want, little boy?" she asked, kindly.

"Are you her?" asked the little fellow, with tears in his eyes. "I mean, be you Annie's mother?" he explained.

"Yes," was the lower answer.

"Well, I heard that she died, and I brought these flowers to put upon her coffin," he said, while the tears came larger and brighter into his eyes.

"What made you bring them, little boy?" the mother asked, while the tears came into her own eyes.

"Cause she always said 'Good mornin'' to me when she passed our house upon her way to school, and she never called me 'Ragged Tom,' like other girls. She gave me this cap and coat, and they were good and whole when she gave them to me; and then, when our little Jean died, she brought us a bunch of flowers to put on his coffin, and some to hold in his hands. It was winter then, and I don't know where she got the flowers. They looked very pretty in Jean's hand, and he did not look dead after that. He was dead, though, and we buried him down among the apple-trees. I could not get such pretty flowers as she brought to us, but I went all over the big mountain yonder, and only found these few. You see it is too early for them, but I found two or three upon a high rock, where it was warm and sunny. Will you put them upon her coffin?"

And the little fellow reached out the half-blown wild flowers that had cost him such a long, weary tramp.

"Yes, and we will place some of them in her hand, too," the mother answered, in a broken voice.

"Could I see Annie, just a moment?" the boy asked, almost pleadingly.

"Yes, come in, little boy," the mother again answered, as she led the way to the little dead girl.

The boy looked at the sweet face very earnestly, and then he took from his torn coat pocket another half-blown flower, and placed it in the shiny golden hair of little Annie.

"Will you let it be there?" he asked, in a sobbing voice.

"Yes," was the only answer.

He went out softly, and the sweet, spring violet remained just where his trembling hand had left it. The others were placed in the little white hand and upon the coffin. Surely the ragged Irish boy could not have expressed his gratitude to his little friend in any better way.—*Zion's Herald.*

What is the Tongue for?

"SINCE God made the tongue—and he never makes anything in vain—we may be sure he made it for some good purpose. What is it, then?" asked a teacher one day of her class.

"He made it that we may pray with it," answered one boy.

"To sing with," said another.

"To talk to people with," said a third.

"To recite our lessons with," replied another.

"Yes; and I will tell you what he did not make it for. He did not make it for us to scold with, to lie with, or to swear with. He did not mean that we should say unkind or foolish, indecent or impatient words with it. Now, boys, think every time you use your tongues if you are using them in the way God means you to. Do good with your tongues, and not evil. It is one of the most useful members in the whole body although it is so small. Please God with it every day."