

more, his eyes growing sweeter as he looked upon the children's gifts. "They shine so only since our Lord has looked upon them," he said gently. "To-day they were simple copper cents like this other. But this that gleams like silver in the moonlight was given by another little girl, as happy and light-hearted as the first. Her eyes were dancing while she sang, and her thoughts more than once went straying to the Christmas stockings and the gifts she had made for father and mother, and the delight that was to wake with to-morrow's sunlight. She had her money held tightly in one little hand, and whispered, 'I'm glad I've one little bit of help for them!' And, just as the coin dropped, tinkling upon the others, I caught a little prayer unfolding like a little rosebud in her happy heart. It was no wonder that the copper changed to silver when the Lord looked down and saw it."

The sadness was gone from the listening angel's face. "And the other?" he said.

"The other?" A look of tender awe came into the eyes of the first spirit. "The other—ah, they laughed when that was added to the rest. But I saw more than the earthly eyes could see, and I wept for joy that our Lord should have so fair a Christmas gift. It was a boy, thin and pale and careworn, who gave that golden penny. He lives with his mother and three other children. They are very poor, and this year the mother had worked early and late to earn a few extra pennies, so as to make a little happiness for her boys and girls at the holiday time, but the very best she could do was only a little, and this boy knew all that. He is his mother's helper, and they had talked it over, and decided that the little gifts should all go to the younger ones. It was only last night that he earned the five-cent piece which was in his pocket to-day. He kept turning it over while he listened to the speakers, and, like other children, his thoughts wandered now and then. He thought how he would slip out Christmas morning and spend the

money as soon as the first store was open, and of how surprised his mother would be to find that he had done his part in making a Christmas for the little ones. And then came the stories of those children of our Lord's love who do not know of their heavenly Friend, and of the good men who live in poverty and hardship for the sake of teaching them, and I saw the boy's eyes grow large and thoughtful as he listened. There were tears in his eyes as the pastor told of all that our Lord gave up for the people of earth, and of how, for their sakes, He became poor. The boy drew out his piece of money and looked at it with troubled eyes, without noticing the curious looks of those around him. 'After all, I'm a pretty big boy to be caring about cake,' I heard him murmur. 'What if I was a preacher out on a prairie, in the snow, without my money being paid! I'll just tell them at home that I got something else for myself instead of cake! One penny isn't much to give up!'

"He looked up into the face of the man who was taking the collection, with a little anxious smile. 'Could you change five cents, sir?' he said, and he counted over the five pennies which were given him very carefully, before dropping one into the box. The boys around him laughed and nudged each other.

"If I couldn't spare five cents, I wouldn't give any!" whispered one, and, when my boy heard it, he flushed and looked troubled. But he has forgotten that now, and is happy with the other pennies under his pillow."

The other angel bent over the piece of money, and breathed a blessing on the heart of the giver.

"Hark! it is midnight!" said his brother. The bells from a dozen churches were ringing in the festival day as the two spirits passed out into the snowy night.

"The Holy Day has begun!" they said, solemnly. And, lifting their happy voices, they sang once more the song once heard from angel lips over the plains of Bethlehem: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good-will to men."—*Kind Words.*

### A CHILD'S KINDNESS.

A child in Canada was seen one winter every day struggling through the snow, battling with the winds, that she might spend an hour with an old sick woman to whom her visits were like those of an angel. She was a bright, golden haired girl, brought up in a well-to-do family, but her little heart went out in pity to the poor, lone, sick woman who was waiting at the edge of the dark river for the angels to bear her home. So some one embodied her kind-hearted action in this little poem:—

"Somebody" came to see "Nobody" once,—

"Nobody's" poor, you know;  
And "Nobody's" old and "Nobody's" sad,

So "Somebody" came through the snow,

"Nobody's" days are a little dark,  
Like Autumn days with rain;  
When "Somebody" came it was sunshine  
showers,  
Which glistened and gleamed again.

If "Nobody" dies before "Somebody" dies,

And goes to the Land of Light,  
The story of all that "Somebody" did  
Will be told in that region bright;  
And then, when it's "Somebody's" turn  
to go,

What music sweet there will be,  
Of "Welcome, welcome!" sounding  
from far,  
Like church-bells over the sea.

And oh! the gladness, and oh! the joy,  
When "Some-one" and "No-one"

meet,  
Where the pleasant paths of Paradise  
Are, instead of the wintry street.  
For the kindly deeds that are done on  
earth

Are remembered there, as we know;  
And just such a story as angels love  
Is "Somebody's" walk through the  
snow.

—*The Dayspring.*

### "A GENTLEMAN."

"A Gentleman—a man in any station of life possessed of good breeding and refined manners, of strict honor, kindness of heart, and such like qualities."

"What hard words!" So Bertie Carwell thought, as, leaning on the window sill, he gazed earnestly at the open dictionary before him and pondered:

"Good breeding,"—what did that mean? Clean hands, he supposed, and your hair always