

family one by one, by the hand, and leads them to separate piles on the table. They are sure to find something for which they have been secretly longing, and wonder how anyone suspected it, and as soon as they find out who are the donors of the different articles, they fall to thanking and laughing, kissing and weeping for joy, as they think of the love which prompted this or that gift, and the occasion which settled the choice.

As I stand looking on in wonderment, and half-entranced, the father takes me by the hand and leads me to a pile of articles at the end of the long table. Here is a plate heaped with apples, crowned with a honey cake large as the plate itself. And then a book, on which is written "Dem lieben Mr. Eby," a pretty book mark, upon which I had seen busy fingers working through the day, all unconscious as I was of its destination, and a fine engraving of Luther's Monument at Worms. These things may have cost but little; they gave me, nevertheless, as much pleasure as if they had been of far greater value, from the spirit of kindness in which they were given.

As soon as the first storm of congratulation and thanking had subsided, one after another slips out, and returns with some new surprise for papa or mamma, or aunt, or brother or sister, or the stranger, whereupon the first scene of amazement and joyous demonstration is repeated, over and over again, on a smaller scale. My pile is increased by the addition of two articles. First the little boy brings me a fine cake of — soap! and then my wee namesake trots up with a piece of flannel rudely edged and hemmed by her own chubby hands, as an accompaniment to her brother's gift. These two articles must not be looked upon as containing a latent hint, but rather as kindly meant gifts of things indispensable to a European student or traveller. After singing a hymn of Christmas thanksgiving—and I think I never heard sweeter sung—the lights were blown out by means of a long tube, and we betook ourselves to the soothing feathers.

Friday, Christmas morning, service is held at nine o'clock in the quaint, cold, old-fashioned church. The good peasant women came trooping in, dressed in plain homespun, with little black pyramids on their heads, and the men with coats extending