

and many other
by the Mowat
entitled. Cow-
career for years,
to the singular
"St. Michael's
hire, \$624.20,"
each, and travel-
another \$646.00

ant fact in re-
Romanism on
een made public,
rious than any-
face, because it
on stone of the
Marriage Act,
and which was
few years since.
rning marriage,
city and sanctity
Mr. Mowat's Act
to the dust. Its
present political
since, a couple
about the license
law. The man
she entered suit
was frequently
ous legal techni-
time. A friend
of Chancery at
the cause of the
ever would be a
it would invali-
ges. Well, but,
No, he answered,
Sure enough,
act that all who
r without banns
ther, should be
the law. This
dated statutes,
statutes for that

ss an Act mak-
and hence the
ossible to find a
y country where
ails. Whether
not acting ultra
ections against
ing invalid ones,

calling of banns
that one calling
For it may be
ences or after it
ing is to be in
use, or place of
r religious com-
he ceremony is
with the careful
which the clergy
he banns of all
blished in the
ring service"
a voice so that
is to do away
marriages. On
at's bill seems
Roush Arch-
apel," probably
ty," and taking
fore, may give
fulfil the law.
g to Rome has
submit to be
ed by a volume
the Palace,"—
gal marriages,
me influences,
of the Refor-
their veins. I
Bible cuttings
cost \$3 229 00.
How many
nt?

A. D.

ig.

LAUS.

taring at the
"You don't
soul, did you

"A little girl! Oh! (Does n't know how it tastes!)" murmured Ned, under his breath. "My goodness! What a fine chance! She shall know; she shall know."

He gave his vest pocket such a vigorous thump that the little girl started.

"See here!" said he, putting his hand under her chin and holding her face up so that he could look into it. "That's dreadful. You must never tell that to anybody. I'm going to give you a turkey, and you must take it home to your mother and have her cook it for Christmas dinner. Oh, it's all right, I'm Santa Claus. People don't generally know it, but I am; and it's my business to see that everybody has turkey for Christmas. Bless my heart! Come in here, and just say to your mother that Santa Claus sent it. Never tasted turkey!"

"Oh, sir, how good you are! But I haven't any mother."

"Haven't you, though? That's bad. Tell your father, then."

"I haven't any father either; only little Jamie."

"Only little Jamie, eh? That's bad, that's very bad. Who takes care of you, then?" asked Ned.

We take care of ourselves. Jamie isn't well, but he crochets beautifully. I crochet, too; and we get along."

Ned Joyce was, now more than ever, sure that his extra five dollars had come to him by way of special Providence. Here was just the chance to use it. And he did use it.

He bought a turkey, and a bunch of celery, and a pint of cranberries.

"That's for your dinner," he said. "But how will you get it cooked?"

The little girl told him of a kind neighbour that would gladly attend to that; and then he went to a store near by and bought her a warm hood, a pair of mittens, and a pair of rubbers, and still he had a dollar left out of the providential five.

"Now, let's go get something for Jamie," he said. "But stop! How do we know what he wants. Do you know?"

"It'll be a book, I'm sure."

"Oh, ho! a book, eh? But what book? We mustn't get the wrong book. That wouldn't do. See here! Take these bundles. That's it. Now there's a dollar for Jamie's book. Find out just what he wants, and get it for him, and say Santa Claus sent it. Good night! Merry Christmas!"

And giving the spot over his vest pocket a sounding clap, Ned went off at a trot, laughing and chuckling harder than ever.

Such spirits as he was in after that! Every time he came to a slide on the sidewalk, he would "take it," in "spread eagle" style, with a jolly laugh, and then invite the boys to have a crack at him as he ran off. And every time a snowball struck him, he would laugh louder than ever.

Well, just fancy him getting home to the little brown house. What a romping time! Roby was six—Essie was four. They climbed up on him at once, and he tumbled them and rolled them about as if they had been made of India rubber, and motherly little Betty all the while putting on the supper and smiling demurely at them as if they were so many frolicsome kittens.

All through supper, and all through the going to bed, it was just the same merry time. It is a wonder Roby and Essie did not giggle all night. But they did not. They just said their prayers, put their heads on their pillows, and the house was still.

Papa Ned and Betty sat in front of the cozy grate fire, smiling lovingly at each other until it was quite certain that the little ones were sound asleep. Then Papa Ned could not keep still any longer, and he told Betty all about his good fortune—how he had received the extra five dollars, and how he had spent it on the poor little girl.

Of course, Betty approved. It seemed to her that he had done the only thing he could do, and it certainly did look as if he had received the extra five dollars on purpose to make the little girl and Jamie know what a Christmas really could be like.

"And to think," said he slapping his vest pocket gratefully, "that I could do so much, and still have my twenty—my twenty—my—"

He felt in the vest pocket he had so often slapped, and repeated "my twenty" several times over. Then a serious look fell on his jolly face, and he felt in the other pocket, saying "my twenty" more slowly. Then a scared look took the place of the serious one, and he felt in both pockets at once.

Then he sprang to his feet and felt in his trousers pockets; then in his coat pockets; then in every one of his pockets; then he fell on his knees on the floor and began to search.

Betty asked for no explanation. She put the lamp on the floor, and searched too. After a while Ned Joyce looked up and groaned:

"I must have given it to the little girl."

"And you don't know where she lives?" asked Betty.

"No," said her father.

"Oh, dear! But, Papa, maybe she'll be waiting for you on the corner where you left her."

"Maybe she will. She looked like a good girl," said Ned, more cheerfully.

He put on his hat and coat, and hurried out. He was gone an hour, and came back looking very dismal. You would not have believed jolly Ned Joyce could look so.

II.

The little brown house Ned Joyce lived in, had been a country cottage once; but that was long ago. The city of Brooklyn had grown up all around it, and there it stood, now, nestling so snugly in among the big brick houses, that tired city people always felt like turning in at the gate, as if they were sure of finding rest there.

The Joyces could have filled every nook and corner of the little house, which was only two stories high, but as they could not afford to do that, they occupied only the lower floor, and rented the upper story to a Mr. Job Skeens.

Now Job Skeens was as unlike Ned Joyce as you can imagine. There was, indeed, just such a difference between them as there was between the parts of the house they lived in. The lower story was broad and low and cheery looking; so was Ned Joyce. The upper story, having a gable roof, was narrow and gave you an uncomfortable feeling of being full of sharp corners to bump against,—for all the world like Job Skeens.

He was very tall and very lean. His neck was so long that it kept his head lifted high up above his coat collar; his wrists were long and his hands were bony, and his laugh was thin, dry, and sarcastic—very different from jolly Ned's.

The Joyces had very little to do with Mr. Skeens. They had once asked him to take supper with them, and afterward spend the evening, but his queer looks and awkward ways so puzzled and disturbed them, that the experiment was never tried again.

Of course, then, you can believe he was not the man Ned Joyce would choose for a comforter in his trouble. And, in fact, he would not even have spoken to him about it, had it not so happened that he met him at the gate next morning, as both were going to business.

"Well! You don't look happy this morning, Mr. Joyce," said Mr. Skeens, in his vinegary voice, seeming positively pleased to see his usually jolly neighbor looking dismal.

"I don't feel happy, either, Mr. Skeens," answered Ned, dolefully.

"Sickness in the family? eh?"

It seemed to Ned that Mr. Skeens asked this question with an air of pleased expectation, and, really, he felt like striking him for it. However, he restrained himself, and answered shortly:

"No, sir, thank you! We all are well."

With that he would have left Mr. Skeens; but that disagreeable fellow would not be left, and he so pestered Ned with his questions, that at last the poor fellow told him the whole story. Mr. Skeens listened with many a grimace, and when Ned was through, he exclaimed in his chuckling way:

"Why don't you draw some money out of the bank? You'll never see your twenty dollars again."

"I have no money in the bank," said Ned, sadly.

"Then you can't have any Christmas presents, eh?" suggested Mr. Skeens.

"Not unless I find my money," Ned replied.

"Oh, you'll never find it!" said Mr. Skeens, adding with his most unpleasant laugh: "And your presents were all selected, too, eh?"

"They were, sir," said Ned, indignantly; "but I don't see anything in that to laugh at."

"Of course not—he-he—of course not. And you'll have to countermand the turkey, too." And Mr. Skeens seemed positively to glow with pleasure.

"Good morning, sir," said Ned warmly; "I couldn't laugh at any man's misfortunes."

But Mr. Skeens laughed many times more that day, in his sarcastic style, as he sat in the dingy cellar, not far from Fulton street where he kept a second hand book store. But finally something happened which made him chuckle with even greater delight.

Late in the afternoon a little girl came in and asked him if he had a copy of the "Arabian Nights."

"Yes," he replied; but he did not move to get it for her.

"May I see it?" she asked timidly.

"Third shelf, fifth book," he said, pointing to the place.

She reached up, took the book down, and opened it.

"It hasn't any pictures," she said.

"I didn't say it had," said Mr. Skeens.

"I want one with pictures," she said.

"Fourth book further on, same shelf. Price, seventy five cents," said the bookseller grimly, glancing at her over his spectacles.

"Oh, yes," said the girl, opening the book. "I know Jamie would like this better."

These words were said to herself, but Mr. Skeens heard them; and in an instant he was out of his chair, staring hard at his little customer. For her appearance, and her mention of "Jamie" recalled Ned Joyce's story of that morning; and now, as she turned the leaves of the book, Mr. Skeens, looking closely at her, saw that she held in one hand a twenty-dollar bill.

"The very same girl, I'll wager!" he exclaimed under his breath; and stepping forward, he peered down into her face and demanded:

"Didn't you get that twenty dollars last night from a little fat man?"

"Why—ye—yes, sir," she faltered in a terrible fright. "I—I was going to watch for him to-night."

"Oh, to be sure! very likely—quite probable. What's your name?" he asked.

"Molly Findley, sir. I was going to—indeed, I was. Here is the dollar bill; he gave me this one, and told me to buy the book. He dropped the other, and I didn't see it at first. Do you know him?"

"Know him? Indeed I do. Here, give me that money," he demanded. "Or no," he added, as Molly held back hesitating, yet alarmed, "tell me where you live. I'll see him and let him know where he can find his money." Mr. Skeens laid his long fingers on Molly's shoulder. "You seem like an honest child," he said, "but I think, after all, I'd better shut up shop and go along with you to see if your story is true."

It was after he had been home with Mollie, and had returned to his cellar, that he gave way to his glee.

"What luck!" he piped, in his thin voice, "for me to find his twenty dollars. I'll see that he doesn't get 'em before Christmas. He wouldn't laugh at another man's misfortunes. O no! But I would. I must have a look at him to-night. How nice and dismal he did look!"

And, true enough, when he went home that night with Ned Joyce's twenty-dollar bill in his pocket, he knocked at the door, and then poked his head in to say, with a smile:

"Countermanded that turkey, yet?"

(To be continued.)

A CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL.

BY JAY BEE.

As Christmas draws near, superintendents and teachers in various Sunday schools begin asking the question, "What shall we do this year to please the children?" It is to answer such questions that a short account of what has been done in this way is here presented. Surely the highest, purest pleasure that man or child can know is to feel that he has made some one else happy; and to this end we should allow the children, where they are able, to give instead of receiving, so that they may early learn what this pleasure means, and form the habit of finding in it their highest joy.

Year before last, a circular, as follows, was given, about December 10, to every member of the Fifth Avenue Sunday school, in New York:

Last year, when it was proposed that every member of the Sunday school should bring some little gift for a poor child or a sick person, the question was asked on every side: "What shall I bring?" It is to answer this question that the following list of suitable articles has been prepared, from which the children can select those which please them best.

Books.—Any children's books in good order are much prized, and picture books and scrap books are particularly useful for lending to sick children. Rolls for hanging on the wall, with hymns and texts in large print. Old Christmas and New Year cards. Back numbers of St. Nicholas or Harper's Young People.

Clothing.—Being intended for Christmas presents, any articles in this line should be fresh and new. Small woollen shoulder shawls are nice, either for old women or little girls. Knitted cardigans, mufflers, or hoods are always warm and always needed. Wristlets, stockings, and mittens are never out of place. Handkerchiefs. Shoes, of any size, can be used, as there are many little feet without any, even in this bitter winter weather. Lace boots are better for poor children than those that button, being cheaper and stronger. A good strong umbrella.

Provisions.—Coffee (of which all Germans are so fond) done up in one pound packages, as that is all that is ever given to one family at one time; and if it is done up in small quantities, it saves the