

time she discovered that the finishing up was not so unpleasant as she had imagined it would be. Indeed, she became very enthusiastic as one piece after another was actually finished, and such good use did she make of her leisure hours that in six months she had completed every bit of fancy work that she had on hand.

"Now, mamma," she said triumphantly, "the last piece is done, and I am so glad you made me take up all that neglected work. It is so delightful to feel that I have nothing undone, that I really believe that I shall never again deserve the name of Miss Unfinished."—*Christian at Work.*

On New Year's Day.

It was New Year's Day more than a hundred years ago. For the years came and went, and the sun rose and set, the same then as now. And there were little children in the world too, just as now, for here are George and Mary, brother and sister, going out to a New Year's party.

"Oh, dear," you say, "did the children a hundred years ago dress like that? Why, they look as if they had walked out from a picture! I am glad I did not live in those days."

Yes, that was how George and Mary looked that New Year's afternoon. For in one thing matters were better than they are with us. There were no late hours, and so there were no sleepy eyes next morning. Parties were given by daylight. When George and Mary had any little friends to tea, all the fun was early, and I dare say they were in bed by seven o'clock.

They were dressed in their very best this afternoon because it was New Year's Day. They might have been rather prim to our ideas, and it was a very low curtsey Mary made when she got into the room. George too took off his cocked hat and gave a polite bow. But after that I think they forgot to be stiff.

I am sure you would like to hear what games they played, and I can tell you. First "Puss in the corner." Do you know it? of course you do. Then a funny game in which you say, "Neighbour, neighbour, I have come to torment you," I daresay you know that too. Last of all came "Blind-man's-buff," a real romping game, and I expect they laughed as merrily over it as you might do.

We have a great many things to make us happy which those children had not. Such pretty books and pictures, such pleasant classes and Sunday schools, and many more nice stories about "Jesus and His love." Let

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La Grippe

"Last Spring I was taken down with la grippe. At times I was completely prostrated, and so difficult was my breathing that my breath seemed as if confined in an iron cage. I procured a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and no sooner had I begun taking it than relief followed. I could not believe that the effect would be so rapid."—W. H. Williams, Cook City, S. Dak.

Lung Trouble

"For more than twenty-five years, I was a sufferer from lung trouble, attended with coughing so severe at times as to cause hemorrhage, the paroxysms frequently lasting three or four hours. I was induced to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and after taking four bottles, was thoroughly cured. I can confidently recommend this medicine."—Franz Hofmann, Clay Centre, Kans.

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us thank God this New Year's Day for all these gifts of His to us.

Saints and Angels.

A good man says:—"The pattern of angels, who are pure spirits, is not so influential upon us as the pattern of good men. This is more correspondent and proportionate to our present state. The light of the stars is not so useful to us as the light of a candle that is near us. Good men, now removed by death, were nearly allied to us, they were clothed with the same frail garment of flesh, they had like passions, they were in the same contagious world; yet they were holy and heavenly in their affections and actions, they lived in civil conversation with men, and at the same time in spiritual communion with God."

—Man, being as he is, must have a Church. Christianity without order and authority is a dream, an enthusiasm, a desolation.—*Wilson.*

A Cradle Song.

The angels are bending
Above your white bed,
They weary of tending
The souls of the dead.

God smiles in high heaven
To see you so good,
The old planets seven
Grow gay with his mood.

I kiss you, and kiss you,
With arms round my own,
Ah, how shall I miss you,
When, dear, you have grown.

W. B. YEATS.

Lessons for Little Ones.

CHRIST THE TRUE VINE.

St. John xv.

There is scarcely any tree more beautiful than the vine, with its thick foliage of perfectly shaped leaves, and its heavy clusters of grapes, either green or purple. The purple are the most beautiful, perhaps, from their contrast with the transparent green of the leaves. It is this beautiful, fruit-bearing, fruitful tree which our Lord takes as a type of Himself. By it He teaches some lessons about Himself which even little children can understand.

We must remember, to begin with, that the perfect vine, the one that bears much fruit, is not the one which has been left alone to grow, as we say, freely. It is the vine that has been cut and pruned and trained that bears, really good fruit. And this teaches us a lesson about our Lord as Man. The Bible says He was made "perfect through suffering," Heb. ii. 10. His Human Life was not one of ease and pleasure, but full of hardness, sorrow, toil and pain, till the precious Wine flowed down from the Tree of Calvary to be the Life of the world.

And what the True Vine had to bear every branch, every tiny twig must bear, if it is to have good fruit. The branches of the vine make us think of the different branches of the Catholic Church, which is the Body of Christ. The Catholic Church is one like the vine, but, like the vine, it has different branches. They grow in different ways and in different directions, but they all get their life from the vine. The same sap, the same life runs through all, and that makes them one. They seem very far apart perhaps, but the fruit they bear, if it is good fruit, is exactly the same. If it is not good fruit, the same Hand trains and cuts and purges, S. John xv. 3, till the fruit is plentiful and good.

The fruit of the vine, the beautiful grapes, are pressed and bruised and crushed, and the juice by degrees becomes wine, wine which maketh glad the heart of man, Ps. civ. 15; and this makes us think of another thing. It makes us think of the Blessed Sacrament. Wine is God's good gift to man, meant to be used as such, and not abused. If a man is faint and weary, wine will revive him. When our souls are faint and weary, tired by the constant struggle with sin, the Wine of the Blessed Sacrament, which is to us the Precious Blood of Christ, will give them fresh life.

We can fancy how eagerly a Jewish child used to look forward to receiving the Passover for the first time. In the same way, but with greater, more eager longing, should Christ's little ones look forward to their first Communion. In Holy Baptism they were made part of the True Vine. In Holy Communion the union will be closer still, as they draw into themselves the



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very richness of the sap, and the life of the Vine becomes their very life, so that they are one with Christ Himself.—*Extracted.*

—Between us and His visible presence—between us and that glorified Redeemer who now sitteth at the right hand of God—that cloud still rolls. But the eye of faith can pierce it; the incense of true prayer can rise above it! through it the dew of blessing can descend.—*Farrar.*

—Why should we live half way up the hill and swathed in mists when we might have an unclouded sky and a visible sun over our heads, if we would only climb higher and walk in the light of His face?—*Dr. Maclaren.*