

"Just like 'em," snorted the "Bull," "when tectotals and pasons do come to the top, 'onest folk like you an' me must go to the bottom."

Nevertheless, Little Bubbleton rejoiced famously. The fatted calf was killed, the old Squire's lady dried her tears, Mrs. Catchpole wept on the bosom of her son, old Elijah quoted the proverbs faster than ever, and declared that it was nothing else than wise old Solomon that brought the two bonny lads home again, while the gossips said, what this truthful historian will not venture to confirm, that pretty Susan herself looked younger than she had done for many a day. To this day Hall and Farmstead dwell in brotherhood and peace! Ring on, sweet Christmas bells, ring on!

"Oh, the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west,
And I said in underbreath, All our life is mixed with death,
And who knoweth which is best?"

"Oh, the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west,
And I smiled to think God's greatness flowed around our incom-
pleteness,
Round our restlessness, His rest."

GOD'S CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

LORD, still Thou givest gifts to me;
Thy mercy, like the dew,
From day to day my glad eyes see,
Forever fresh and new.

Thou giv'st me loss, and joy, and pain,
My peace, my grief are Thine,
The need that is my greater gain,
Grief lost in love divine.

Thy face is hid behind the cloud
That darkens all my days;
I know without that veiling shroud
I could not bear Thy gaze.

Thou giv'st me lessons every hour;
Thou giv'st me faith to trust
The gracious hidings of Thy power;
To know Thee true and just.

Thou gavest me Thy greatest gift,
When on earth that distant morn,
Thou did the gates of glory lift,
And Christ my Lord was born.