

and unaffected ; why it is quite a treat to talk to one of the handsomest girls I ever saw in my life, and one of the most sensible, and no pride about her. How sweetly she sings ; why she beats my sister all to atoms, and Annie can sing well too. Did she not look pretty, helping at the supper-table ; and how simple and tastefully she was dressed. She is nearly eighteen. I wonder why her father will send her back to school. I wonder what they can teach her that she does not know. Well, I shall see her again in the morning ; that's good ! Grace ! what a sweet name ; yes, and it belongs to one of the sweetest girls on earth. I wonder whether they will ask me again, after to-morrow, to their house. I hope so. Wasn't it lucky I came here first !"

He stood at his window, looking out on a Canadian winter landscape—everything looking so white and pure as the Infant whose birth was this night memorialized by many millions, in all lands where His name was known ; then, looking up to the heavens, covered with stars, where a sweet mother now dwelt, he thought, " Oh, could she only have heard me singing that Christmas hymn she so