

by his side, and that Harry should take the back seat with Mamie as his partner. Nor was it astonishing that Jack, absorbed in a story of some Thrivewellian doings, should have neglected to firmly hold the reins, as he generally did, that the horses should have shied at the sight of a drunken man slumbering in a ditch, that the well-fed animals should have started at full speed, and that, before Jack could recover control, the carriage was upset. That Jack scrambled to his feet and rushed to the heads of the horses, and performed prodigies of valor in the way of controlling them, that Harry rescued the girls from the broken carriage, that Mamie fainted, that Lizzie exhibited nerve and skill, that Harry kept a cool head throughout and helped to loose the horses from the carriage, ran for water and proved himself generally to be as equal to the occasion as Jack himself, need scarcely be told. And it seems almost superfluous to add that during the time necessarily spent in Daisydell while repairs to the carriage were being executed, Jack found time, opportunity and inclination to tell Lizzie how he had suddenly discovered that he really loved her, and that she made a similar confession. What followed may easily be guessed. Mamie remained at Daisydell, and Jack returned to Thrivewell, where, in manly fashion, he informed his parents of his new intentions. Matter wept and Pater stormed, but Jack was obstinate. The usual result, where common sense prevails, in due course came about. Jack and Lizzie were married next Christmas Day, with Mamie as chief bride's maid, and ere another year had passed, on the anniversary of the fateful carriage upset,-- Harry led Mamie to the altar in the largest English Church in Thrivewell. And although nearly half a

century has passed, husbands and wives still live, and in no homes in Thrivewell and Daisydell is Christmas Day more religiously kept than in theirs.

GRANDFATHER.

AN OLD FASHIONED CHRISTMAS.

We are so often told from the lecture platform and the newspaper press that this is an age of progress, and of almost miraculous discoveries and improvements in the useful arts and sciences, the tokens of which are all about us in increased comforts and conveniences in every walk of life, that we are apt to look back with a feeling of complacent superiority if not contempt upon the knowledge and achievements of the days of our grandfathers.

Yet I sometimes think the humbler joys and simpler pleasures of those early days, mixed as they were with much toil and many privations, had a zest and piquancy which are now almost unknown.

Who can tell, for example, how much of heartfelt enjoyment, of cosy comfort, of delightful social chat and sparkling conversation has been banished from our homes with the removal of the old fashioned fireplace with its huge logs, its gleaming fire irons, and its hospitable wide embrasure filled with warmth and light: not to mention its picturesque lights and shadows which made of the humblest cottage interior a study for the artistic sense to revel in.

What inspiration of eloquence or enthusiasm to the aesthetic mind can one expect to find in the modern house, when the visible soul of the house, the altar of its Lares and Penates is confined within a furnace in the dark and cheerless basement, instead of its ancient and honorable place in the household, giving out with its generous warmth a potent