

given, and his water made sure." As she knelt with her fatherless ones that morning, in spite of her poverty, she realized that "Our Father" in heaven careth for His children; that He knoweth best when to give and when to withhold earthly good. Strengthened and comforted, she sat down to her day's sewing. If the white vest, on which she bestowed so much care, could have spoken, it might have told of moistened eyes that day, and of a tear now and then, as tender memories of one who had once made this season so bright with his cheering smile and loving words came crowding in upon her heart.

When they returned from school in the afternoon, the little ones asked many a thoughtless question, as children will; but the mother still worked on, and her cheerful, patient words betrayed no sign of sorrow.

The vest completed, Mrs. Ray carried it to the shop for which she worked; received her small payment, and hastened home, fearing that the "agent" would be there for his rent before her.

Instead of the "agent," she was met by Martin, watching for her at the door, who whispered that Miss Hattie Clarke and several ladies were waiting to see her. This was something so unusual, that for a moment the weary, anxious widow paused with a feeling of timidity almost amounting to alarm. The words, "Fear not, for I am with thee," came assuredly to her mind, and she calmly entered her room to find it occupied by a group of smiling faces, who greeted her as if she had been an old acquaintance.

After a few moments spent in friendly enquiries and expressions of interest, to which the widow had long been a stranger, the ladies left, with assurances of kindness to herself and the children. Hattie lingered a moment to say, as she held the widow's hand, "Dear Mrs. Ray, we have told the man at the door to bring you something for a Christmas present,

and we hope you will have a happy time to-morrow."

Who could express the widow's thanks or picture the delight and surprise with which the children saw rolled into the room a barrel of flour, a sack of potatoes, a barrel of apples, a fine turkey, a large package of sugar and tea, a large cake, and a box containing books, dresses for the little girls, and—strange to tell—the very articles Mrs. Ray had so much wished to be able to purchase. There was the cap for Walter, the new shoes for Grace, boots for Martin, and such a nice little red cloak for Susie.

"How did they know?"

"My shoes fit beautifully!"

"Who told the ladies?"

"Won't we have a good time!" exclaimed the happy children, as they appropriated the articles designed for them. The last package was directed to the mother, and proved to be a nice dark merino dress, and enclosed a note from Hattie containing five pounds for the purchase of a sewing machine, with which she trusted the widow would be able to support her family more easily.

Mrs. Ray's heart was filled with grateful love that night, and the words of the thirty-fourth Psalm, while she read them to her children, seemed spoken to herself; for she felt more than ever that "they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing."

Would you spend the happiest Christmas you have ever known? Find someone who is poor, these hard times, and prove, as Hattie did, that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." Or if too late for such a Christmas experiment, try to give someone a very "Happy New Year!"

—The world needs the true Christian spirit, the spirit of love. Alas! for those who turn it all into barter; who only give to those who can pay back.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

O, lovely voices of the sky,

That hymned the Saviour's birth!

Are ye not singing still on high,

Ye that sang, "Peace on earth?"

To us ye speak the strains

Wherewith, in days gone by,

Ye blessed Syrian swains,

O voices of the sky!

O, clear and shining light, whose beams

That hour heaven's glory shed

Around the palms, and o'er the streams,

And on the shepherd's head;

Be near through life and death,

As in that holiest night

Of Hope and Joy, and Faith,

O, clear and shining light.

O, star, which led to Him whose love

Brought down man's ransom free,

Where art thou? 'Midst the hosts above

May we still gaze on thee?

In heaven thou art not set;

Thy rays earth might not dim,

Send them to guide us yet!

O, star which led to Him!

Felicia Hemans.

Christmas Eve.—To the Church and to each one of us severally, it was in effect proclaimed from heaven on the first birthday of our Lord, and it is proclaimed anew every Christmas Eve, "Arise, shine." Let us see how the words are spoken, and what Christmas thoughts we may, by God's blessing, draw out of them to do us good.

Christmas Day.—If it should please God to preserve our life through that year which will soon begin, may we so live during that year that we may find ourselves next Christmas to have really made a step in that blessed journey.

FURS



EVERYTHING NEW IN

Seal Skin, Persian Lamb, Electric Seal and Grey Krimer Jackets, Fur-lined Circulars, Opera Cloaks, Carriage Wraps, 5 O'clock Tea Muffs, Caperines, Cropovers, Ruffs, Short Boas, Men's Fur-lined Overcoats....



Sleigh Robes

in BEAR, WOLF, WOLVERINE, MUSK-OX, Etc.

Our Furs are manufactured on the premises by expert workmen. Our fitter and designer is the best we have ever had. He is an artist and understands his business. The style and quality of our Furs are away ahead of any other house in our line and prices lower.

G. R. Renfrew & Co.,

35 and 37 Buade St., QUEBEC.

5 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.

