

glass and silver, it blushed with flowers, it groaned with good things to eat; so it was strange that the Ruggleses, forgetting that their mother was a McGill, shrieked in admiration of the fairy spectacle. But Larry's behavior was the most disgraceful, for he stood not upon the order of his going, but went at once for a high chair that pointed unmistakably to him, climbed up like a squirrel, gave a comprehensive look at the turkey, clapped his hands in ecstasy, rested his fat arms on the table, and cried, with joy, "I beat the hull lot o' yer!" Carol laughed until she cried, giving orders, meanwhile, "Uncle Jack, please sit at the head, Sarah Maud at the foot, and that will leave four on each side; Mamma is going to help Elfrida, so that the children need not look after each other, but just have a good time."

A sprig of holly lay by each plate, and nothing would do but each little Ruggles must leave his seat and have it pinned on by Carol, and as each course was served one of them pleaded to take something to her. There was hurrying to and fro, I can assure you, for it is quite a difficult matter to serve a Christmas dinner on the third floor of a great city house; but if every dish had had to be carried up a rope ladder, the servants would gladly have done so. There was turkey and chicken, with delicious gravy and stuffing, and there were half a dozen vegetables, with cranberry jelly, and celery, and pickles; and as for the way these delicacies were served, the Ruggleses never forgot it as long as they lived.

Peter nudged Kitty, who sat next him, and said, "Look, will yer, ev'ry feller's got his own partic'lar butter; I suppose that's to show yer can eat that much 'n no more. No, it ain't neither, for that pig of a Perory's just gittin' another helpin'!" "Yes," whispered Kitty, "an' the napkins is marked with big red letters. I wonder if that's so nobody'll nip 'em; an' oh, Peter, look at the pictures painted right on ter the dishes. Did you ever!"

"The plums is all took out o' my cramb'ry sarse, an' it's friz to a stiff jell!" shouted Peoria, in wild excitement.

"Hi—yah! I got a wishbone!" sung Larry, regardless of Sarah Maud's frown; after which she asked to have his seat changed, giving an excuse that he gen'ally set beside her, an' would "feel strange"; the true reason being that she desired to kick him gently, under the table, whenever he passed what might be termed "the McGill line."

"I declare to goodness," murmured

Susan, on the other side, "there's so much to look at I can't scarcely eat nothin'!"

"Bet yer life I can!" said Peter, who had kept one servant busily employed ever since he sat down; for, luckily, no one was asked by Uncle Jack whether he would have a second helping, but the dishes were quietly passed under their noses, and not a single Ruggles refused anything that was offered him, even unto the seventh time. Then, when Carol and Uncle Jack perceived that more turkey was a physical impossibility, the meats were taken off and the dessert was brought in—a dessert that would have frightened a strong man after such a dinner as had preceded it. Not so the Ruggleses—for a strong man is nothing to a small boy—and they kindled to the dessert as if the turkey had been a dream and the six vegetables an optical delusion. There was plum-pudding, mince-pie, and ice-cream, and there were nuts, and raisins, and oranges. Kitty chose ice-cream, explaining that she knew it "by sight," but hadn't never tasted none; but all the rest took the entire variety, without any regard to consequences.

(To be continued.)

EARLY FAITH.

Whom hear we tell of all the joy which loving faith can bring,
The ever-widening glories reached on her strong seraph wing?

Is it not oftentimes they who long have wrestled with temptation,
Or passed through fiery baptisms of mighty tribulation?

Perhaps in life's great tapestry the darkest scenes are where
The golden threads of faith glance forth most radiant and fair;

And, gazing on the coming years, which unknown griefs may bring,
We hail the lamp which o'er them all shall heavenly lustre fling.

Thank God! there is at eventide a gleam of ruby light,
A star of love amid the gloom of sorrow's lingering night,

An ivy wreath upon the tomb, a haven in the blast,
A staff for weary trembling ones, when youth and health are past.

But shall we seek the diamonds in the lone and dusty mine,
When 'mid the sunny sands of youth they wait to flash and shine?

Neglect the fountain of true joy till woe-streams darkly flow,
Nor seek a Father's smile until the world's cold frown we know?

Nay! be our faith the rosy crown on morn's unwrinkled brow,
The sparkling dew-drop on the grass, the blossom on the bough;

The gleam of pearly light within the snowy bosomed shell;
An added power of loveliness in beauty's every spell.

Oh! let it be the sunlight of the pleasant summer hours,
That calls to pure and radiant birth unnumbered fragrant flowers;

That bathes in golden joyance every anthem-murmuring tree,
And spreads a robe of glory o'er the silver-crested sea.

Oh! let it be the keynote of the symphony of gladness,
Which wots not of the broken lyre, the requiem of sadness;

For they who melodies of heaven in hours of brightness know
Will modulate sweet harmony from earth's discordant woe!

—Frances Ridley Havergal.

WISE WORDS.

In a recent address to his clergy, Bishop Niles, of New Hampshire, gives the following godly counsels: "(1) First of all, they must be established in the faith they are sent to teach. They have a definite message to deliver. It is a thing to be held, not in blind belief, but with intelligent apprehension; not in the bigotry of ignorance, but with all the certainty of knowledge, as it justly may be.

"(2) Preserve the distinction between the Christian faith and theology, opinions and views. Theology is based upon the faith. It is not a subject for scoffs or sneers. Theology is a science built upon unchangeable truth; but, like all other science, it is liable to be modified by the discovery of new truth. Reasonable opinions are to be respected, differences in opinion tolerated; but 'views' should be avoided.

"(3) There should be plain speaking about Christian living, the things to be done and those not to be done. Instruct the people how to be good rather than about goodness. Teach morals, behavior, how men should treat themselves, and, what is of more importance, how they should treat others.

"(4) Preach God the Father. The pastor should be saturated with the temper and meaning of the parable of the prodigal. So he will be able to teach God, not as an infinite Being only, with obscure relations to men; not as a Creator merely, having but a Creator's interest in us; but as made known to us by Jesus Christ—the Father. Avoid the cant of the day about the Fatherhood of God, which really means He does not care enough about us to mind our doing wrong, which is a very different affection from the love that longs to lift us up into participation in the divine nature."—Parish Visitor.