

"Is it because presents are 'new to them?' speculated Effie, while Annette, something stirring her more deeply, went up to speak to the sick woman, who was repeating her tales.

"I could almost venture to church in that fine warm cloak, miss."

"To church!" those words pricked Annette's conscience. A wonderful change had come over her naturally proud spirit since yesterday. She turned almost humbly to Martin.

"I should have asked you last evening how your work in the church got on, but I felt stupidly vexed because I could not oversee it myself; but I am sure that you and the gardener took great pains with it, and that it looks very nice."

"Ay, indeed it does, miss," returned Martin, as pleased by the kind words as if a new addition were made to the store of presents which Effie was arranging in order upon the table. "Mr. Plant did all exact to your orders, miss, an' it's grand."

"I am sure it is," repeated Annette; then, after a moment or two longer contemplating Martin's happiness in his Christmas-boxes, she and Effie ran home.

"Well?" asked Cousin Charlie, as the two girls entered his sitting-room.

"Oh, he was delighted, enchanted, charmed!" they responded in chorus. "He liked everything, even the 'cards.' He called them 'pretty pictures.'"

"Good little boy!" patronizingly pronounced Ronald, whose spirits had revived at the prospect the frozen pond promised of "splendid skating," quite reconciling him to the loss of the hunt. "Did Santa Claus bring you the doll with real hair, Effie?"

"Yes, I got one, just the kind I wished for. I think every thing is turning out nice this Christmas; and nothing was nicer than to see how glad poor Martin was over his Christmas-boxes; and bringing them to him was better than even getting the doll, though I like her very much, too."

"It is more blessed to give than to receive," said cousin Charlie.

"Yes, it is," spoke Annette. "And it is really so easy to give great pleasure," she added, with a little sigh.

"Annette told me coming home," went on Effie, "that this new year she would have her 'trees' for all the poor children about, who never have any trees of their own; and Martin will come too, and they will all get presents. Won't they like that, cousin Charlie?"

"I'm quite sure they will. What a 'happy thought' of Annette's!"

"No, not mine altogether; only a continuation of yours yesterday."

"All the poor little children will get presents," repeated Effie. "It is too good even to think of."

"Very good, and better still to 'think,' Effie, of the one great 'present' God gave to the whole world eighteen hundred and eighty odd years ago. It is, you know, in commemoration of this great gift we keep Christmas, and all our little tokens given and received at this season, are in memory of the Divine good-will then shown to all mankind. This is why people are expected to be especially loving, and kind, and charitably disposed towards each other, at Christmas."

"I am afraid, then, we have never fulfilled such expectations. At least I am sure I have not!" rejoined Annette sadly.

"Well, it is 'never too late to mend,' you know," spoke cousin Charlie pleasantly. "Remember, too, it was altogether a 'new way' of spending Christmas we were trying to 'invent' whilst those 'tiresome' snowflakes—"

"No, not tiresome," interrupted Annette, "whilst those pretty inspiring snowflakes fell on Christmas Eve."—E. Noble.

HARVEST-HOME.

BY ERNEST GILMORE.

It was nearing the time of the Harvest-Home.

"We're going to have things up to the last notch," said Farmer Greene's wife to her nearest neighbor, Farmer Doane's wife, who had walked over a distance of half a mile for a friendly chat. "We will begin to-morrow making preparations. Such a pile of work to be done! 'Bakin' and brewin', an' 'bolilin' an' 'stewin' for so many men and boys, not to speak of the women and children—the women to help wait on the men, and the children to follow their mothers,

If I do say it, it's as true as law and gospel that Nathan does like to make a splurge at Harvest-Home, never thinking what drudges it makes of the women folks. But if there's one thing more than another that Nathan prides himself on, it's my currant wine." And a glow of pride overspread Mrs. Nathan Greene's comely face. "And 'tis good if I do say it. Henrietta, run and bring Mrs. Doane a glass of that wine we opened for dinner. Bring two glasses—one—oh here, Henrietta, supposing you just bring the bottle and three glasses, of course you'll want one yourself."

As Henrietta, a bright-faced, healthy young girl, went to do her mother's bidding the latter said, "These children do love mother's wine so."

"I don't wonder they love it," said Mrs. Doane (who seemed willing to be thrown entirely in the shade by her prosperous neighbor) as she sipped the delicious wine given to her by her hostess. "I've tried my best, and I think my wine is good, but it can't compare with yours."

"Come, mother, give a tired fellow a glass of wine," said little Ben Greene, rushing up the steps of the broad veranda where the ladies were sitting. Ben was as fine a specimen of robust boyhood as one ever sees—handsome too, and very winsome. He had a smiling face and honest blue eyes, and his heavy hair was wet with perspiration just now. When his mother poured out the glass of wine he took it quickly and drank every drop, saying laughingly, as he returned the empty glass to her, "There's no wine like mother's wine, it has such a delightful twang, and touches the right spot every time."

Strange how blind some mothers are. Strange that instead of Ben's suggestive remark arousing fear in those two mothers' hearts, it only pleased them, and they both laughed. Ben's mother saying as he turned away, "Such a boy!" And then after he was out of hearing, adding, "I don't believe I have a favorite among my four children, but if I have, it is Ben."

Dear, precious Ben! he seemed to be everybody's favorite. His sunny face was welcomed everywhere. He was the small boys' champion, although only twelve years old himself. He was the big boys' admiration, the daring, venturesome, ever-ready-for-a-good-time Ben Greene. He was envied by more than one mother, and Mrs. Doane was one of the envious number.

"He is a boy to be proud of; so bright, so full of life and health," she said with a sigh; "if only my little Charlie was like him."

"How is Charlie?" asked Mrs. Greene kindly.

"He is getting as thin as a rail, and I feel if he keeps on this way for a few weeks longer he will vanish entirely."

"I am very sorry. He must be sure to come over to Harvest-Home; he needs't work any, but he will have a good time only looking on."

It was the day preceding Farmer Greene's Harvest-Home that a gentleman arrived at Farmer Doane's; it was Mrs. Doane's uncle. Not having seen his niece since her marriage he was warmly welcomed by her. He was a sunny-hearted, sunny faced man, but a cloud overspread his face as he noticed the run down condition of the farm, the crops being poor, and all things bore the impress of neglect.

"You see, 'twould be different if Daniel was well," apologized Mrs. Doane, "but he isn't able to see to things generally, and so we kind of drift along."

"All wrong, all wrong," said uncle Richard decidedly; "one can't fight the battle of life drifting, one must steer. If your husband isn't able to see to his farm he ought either to sell it or get a head to run it."

"You ought to see Farmer's Greene's farm, and you can if you choose," said Charlie Doane; "we're all going over there to-morrow to Harvest-Home, and won't it be jolly if such a lunch as they have! Sandwiches, and biscuits, and cold chicken, and corned beef, and pickles, and cheese, and pies, and cakes, and the best of wine and—"

"Fine!" exclaimed uncle Richard. "Surely you children don't touch wine."

"Why not?" asked Charlie, surprised, "it's good wine and mother loves it."

two boys, Charlie aged twelve, and Ray, aged eight.

"Promise me, boys, that you will never drink wine again; you will not be sorry."

They promised, and so did their mother; and the next day when they saw Ben Greene lifted from the grass where he had fallen heavily, and carried into his house, they were not sorry that they had refused the sparkling wine.

Years rolled on—twenty of them—again uncle Richard comes to visit Farmer Doane's. This time broad, rich fields greet him—there is a rich harvest to be gathered.

"They've been sowing good seed and laboring untriflingly, and they now have their reward," he said in great delight.

Ray is still unmarried, and at home, the head of the farm; but Uncle Richard misses Charlie's face, and inquires for him.

"You will have to be introduced to him; you will never recognize him, he is so changed. After dinner we will drive over and see Charlie."

"Going to call at Farmer Greene's? I thought you were after Charlie; I am anxious to see him," said Uncle Richard a little later, as they drove into the spacious, beautiful grounds that had once belonged to Farmer Greene, but were now owned by Charlie Doane.

A healthy, happy young man came out quickly to greet the party; it was Charlie, and clinging to his hands were two wholesome, laughing children—they were Charlie's, and in the door-way stood a sweet-faced, smiling lady; it was Charlie's wife.

"I can hardly believe what I see," said Uncle Richard, as Charlie grasped his hand and led him into a delightful, roomy house; "what a change! what a change!"

"Under God, it is all owing to you, Uncle Richard. I was a little fellow when I saw you before, but what you said that night before the Harvest-Home stirred me strangely; it stirred us all, somehow, for things picked up after that, and when father stopped drinking wine his head grew clear, and things did not drift any more; it seemed so good to see him able to run the farm again. I resolved then to sow some seed that would bring us joy, not sorrow."

"A wise resolve; but where are the Greenses?" asked Uncle Richard, in a voice husky with deep emotion.

"If you are not too tired we will take a short walk, and I will tell you where they are."

They walked down the back-yard path, heavy on either side with luscious fruitage, crossed a meadow, and reached a little country burial-place.

"Mr. Greene and his two daughters have moved away to some distant place. There deep the mother and her two sons," Charlie pointed to three grass-grown graves, upon whose slabs Uncle Richard read with moist eyes, "Mother Greene, aged 50," "Benson Greene, aged 20," "Harold Greene, aged 18."

"She sowed the seed of a maddened brain, when she gave her bright, beautiful boys the wine that proved to be their ruin; she was insane for two years before her death."—Youth's Temperance Banner.

DOMESTIC TRAINING FOR CHILDREN.

Children soon tire of toys, for there is no satisfactory result. Whatever grown persons may think of the wee ones, they are in their own conceit little men and women, and like to disport themselves accordingly; they like to be helpful, to be of importance, and to be thought important.

Monday mornings always bring the linen-sorting and setting down for the laundress, and the clean things need overlooking as to want of buttons, tapes, and mending fractures in the wash. A child may be brought to find amusement in the work, and in due time to become a real help. The mistake that mothers make is, they don't want to be troubled with a child while their work is in progress. Of course the child's help is none, but oftentimes a hindrance, yet the probable future should never be forgotten, for only in this way can a child be properly taught domestic work, and indeed be kept out of mischief, which is surely improperly directed energy.

Either girl or boy is delighted to meddle with a fire, and it is a good plan to show them how to build one in two ways, each on a useful principle, literally "scientific," inasmuch as each is adapted to the purpose

required of it, and "science" is the best adaptation of means to a given end.

A little girl might be taught when very young the right principles of domestic work: be taught to wash breakfast-things in very hot water, and as each article is washed to plunge it, while hot, into cold water, thus to be certain that the china will be clean, as it cannot be by any other method.

Glasses should be washed in cold water, never in warm, unless milk has been put in them, or custards, and then, after washing them in warm water, each must be rinsed in cold. And the reason for this is that hot water never cleans the glass. And also if it were permitted careless servants would put a glass under a tap of boiling water, and so suddenly expand it that it would at once snap.

And if it be actually necessary to put hot water into a tumbler, a very little should be poured into the glass so as to cause the thick part to become thoroughly heated; before the thin part is so, otherwise the thin portion would expand by the heat and crack, while the thick part remained cold. Also a child might be taught that it is safe to put a glass on a hot hearth and let it gradually warm, when there would be no danger of its cracking, because the heat is equal throughout the glass. This is a lesson which a child will readily understand and probably never forget. It is in the A B C of domestic training, the alphabet of "How to do things properly," that the children may, without being aware of it, learn invaluable knowledge; and whether they take to domestic work or not, it is a knowledge of simple matters that they will hereafter reap advantage from, and very particularly so in good cookery.—Cottage Hearth.

POTATO PUFFS.—Chop and season well some cold meat or fish. Mash some potatoes and make them into a paste with an egg. Roll it out, and cut round with a saucer, put your seasoned meat on one half, and fold the other over like a puff. Fry a light brown, and serve hot.

Question Corner.—No. 24.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

- 1. Where is the prophecy in the Old Testament that Christ should be born in Bethlehem?
2. What is the first prophecy of Christ in the Bible?
3. What was Jacob's prophecy of Christ?
4. What was Baalam's prophecy of Christ?
5. Give two prophecies, one in Isaiah and one in Malachi, referring to John the Baptist.
6. What chapter of Isaiah is entirely occupied with a description of Christ?

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

Arrange the words in the form of a diamond. The key to the whole is contained in the answer to the sixth question, and the central letters of each word together express the same.

- 1. A consonant.
2. A Hebrew prefix signifying son.
3. A father petitioned by his daughter for springs of water.
4. One of the Cities of Refuge.
5. The bearer of a scornful message from a mighty king to the people of Judah.
6. The type of "our Prophet, Priest, and King."
7. A glad name, by which Zion is one day to be called.
8. The faithful servant of a man distinguished for his faith.
9. An early convert to the Apostolic church.
10. The sea, a passage through which was miraculously effected.
11. A consonant.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 22.

- 1. Cana 2. Herod. 3. Innocents. 4. Lamb. 5. Dove. 6. Redeemer. 7. Emmanuel. 8. Nathanael. 9. Oliver. 10. Bethlehem. 11. Elizabeth. 12. York. 13. Youth. 14. Simeon. 15. Unseen. 16. Resurrection. 17. Peter. 18. Asa. 19. Rock. 20. Egypt. 21. Nicodemus. 22. Thomas. 23. Simon. 24. Intercession. 25. Nazareth. 26. Andrew. 27. Lazarus. 28. Lord's Supper. 29. Turtle Doves. 30. High Priest. 31. Isaac. 32. Nain. 33. Gabriel. 34. Saviour.

ENTAILS.—Children obey your parents in the Lord. Written by Paul, Col. 3:20. CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED. Correct answers have been received from Albert Jesse French, Bolla F. Christie, Charles Reid, and Willie S. Falk.