

ourite white cat should pounce down upon one of them. As winter came creeping on, throwing his snowy mantle around, little Annie's feathered friends would come in numbers hopping about, waiting to be remembered by their thoughtful provider. She would open the window and throw out handfuls of crumbs on the snow-covered lawn, the birds pecking them up crumb by crumb, chirping their grateful thanks for such a meal. As it was now Christmas time, the dear little birds must have a double portion; indeed, Annie wished they might have some crumbs of plum pudding and mince pie, that they, too, might share these old enjoyments, and be made, as she thought, doubly happy by an extra treat.

And does not little Annie's loving care remind us of One above who neither slumbers nor sleeps, but whose eye is ever upon His own dear children? and is it not a wonderful thought that the Lord Jehovah, who created Heaven and earth, whose name is Holy, should condescend to notice even one little sparrow's fall? Should this not encourage us to carry all our wants, cares, and anxieties to this loving Friend? Surely, if a little sparrow alone upon the house-top is not too trifling to be noticed by our Father in heaven, may we not desire to be found listening to His own loving words, "Ye are of more value than many sparrows"?

"Day by day the manna fell;
Oh, to learn this lesson well:
Still by constant mercy fed,
Give me, Lord, my daily bread.

"Day by day the promise reads,
Daily strength for daily needs;
Cast for bidding fears away,
Take the manna of to-day."

Catarrh in the Head

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"Holly for Sale!"

We sometimes hear it called "Christmas." "Have you got a bit of Christmas?" somebody asks, who is interested in you, and in Christmas.

If you have not "got a bit of Christmas," then buy a bit—and buy it of the boy out in the snow—whose mother is thinking of him at this very moment. There is a history in that boy's anxious eyes; there are several chapters in that patch on his shoulder.

Fall tenderly, gentle snowflakes, on that boy's thin and threadbare coat. He's a good boy, I tell you, a bread-winning honourable son; and he is doing his best to add to the brightness of his own home as well as yours on Christmas Day. We may speak to the snowflakes, may we not? King Lear spoke to the winter winds and the bitter sky; Ajax addressed the lightning; other people may say a word or two to the snowflakes.

Holly to sell! But all the same, that is not a bunch of holly that Tom Lee is holding up to the window. Look at its leaves and twigs and berries.

All the rest is holly, though, and he is a holly boy. When you buy a bunch, and he tells you the price is "three-half-pence, ma'am, and thank you," give him a little more than he asks; cheer him on his way by some word of sympathy; "never mind the change" out of that bit of silver; it is Christmas time, and it will soon be over.

Where all the holly comes from is a mystery and a marvel. Holly is a slow-growing plant, and will not grow anywhere, even if you give it its own time to grow in.

However, the boy is more interesting than the holly; is he not? Snowflakes drive hard against the windowpanes, and rush in at the window when it comes. Deal tenderly and gently with the boy outside, and give him a word of Christmas cheer.

Holly is pretty in your buttonhole on a Christmas morn; on the mantel-piece, in the window, anywhere where the fire will not shrivel up the berries. And to think when you look at it, "Those pretty berries made me acquainted with that boy; I am so glad I bought them, and helped to make one family the happier on Christmas Day."

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Brouchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe in German, French or English with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper—W. A. NOYES, 220 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

The Silver Whistle.

Harry and Percy Clinton with their cousins Charlie and John had gone to spend their holidays at a little place on the north coast of France, and great fun they had, climbing about the rocks, catching shrimps in the shallow pools, and bathing.

One pleasure was forbidden them: that was boating, for Mrs. Clinton was so nervous that it made her miserable to think that any of her boys were on the water. Of course, as they could not do it, it was the one thing that they wished for, and they used to climb in and out of the boats that lay on the sands, and try and imagine themselves at sea.

One day they were at their favorite game. Several children had been watching them, but an older girl, whose wooden shoes clattered noisily over the stones, suddenly joined them and called to the boys in the boat to come out to her.

"Let us pretend we don't understand," said Percy, "It's only a girl." So Charlie went on fishing for sea-

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weed with his stick, and Harry blew the silver whistle he had that day received as a birthday-present.

The girl grew excited, waved her hands and beckoned, besides pouring out a torrent of talk.

Now the boys had picked up enough French to know that she wished them to leave the boat, but why they did not understand, so it was not till they saw a man running across the sands towards them that they tumbled out of the boat and waded to land.

The man, who seemed in a frenzy of rage, raised a thick stick and went after them. Percy, Charlie, and John fled, but Harry saw that the girl was trying to stop her father, and that the stick was about to descend on her shoulders, and he was too much of a man to allow that, so he sprang forward.

"Don't whack her—she's a girl," he said: "besides she told us to come off, and we wouldn't."

The man stopped, surprised. He did not understand a word that Harry said, but he saw that he was offering himself to be beaten instead of his daughter, and though the stick was lifted, it was allowed to fall harmlessly again, and a storm of angry words came instead.

Harry listened patiently till the fisherman's anger was spent and he had returned to his pipe, then he pointed to the girl's arm where the first blow had fallen, and tried to say he was sorry.

HARPER'S BAZAR

In 1897

The BAZAR, a thoroughly up-to-date periodical for women, will enter upon its Thirtieth Volume in 1897.

As a Fashion journal it is unsurpassed, and is an indispensable requisite for every well-dressed woman. KATHARINE DE FOREST writes a weekly letter on current fashions from Paris. In *New York Fashions*, and in the fortnightly pattern-sheet supplement, ladies find full details, directions and diagrams for gowns, wraps and children's clothing. SANDOZ, BAUDE and CHAPUIS draw and engrave the newest and finest Parisian designs every week.

The serials for 1897 will be:—*The Red Bridge Neighborhood*, by Maria Louise Pool; and *Father Quinnallion*, by Octave Thanet. Short stories will be constantly presented by brilliant writers, among whom are MARY E. WILKINS, HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD, MARION HARLAND, RUTH MCENERY STUART, VIOLA ROSEBORO, and MARGARET SUTTON BRISCOE.

What Women are Doing in various parts of the Union will form a series of special interest.

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She looked at it rather ruefully too, but shook her head and turned away when he produced a half-franc piece and two sous, the sum of his fortune, though she looked wistfully at his little whistle. Harry could not bear to part with his new toy, but he was so ashamed of having brought the girl into trouble, and so anxious to do something to make up, that he held it out to her. A look of childish joy spread over her face, and she thanked him again and again. Harry went home wiser for the lesson he had learned, though it cost him his silver whistle.

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