

printed are also in great demand. The Revd. G. K. Baskerville writes : " It has been a pleasant task, bookselling, the people so eager and dancing around you for joy that the books have at last arrived : they will die with joy they say. Forty loads of ours have come altogether. Crowds flock here waiting to buy books, and until more come up from the lake we must refuse them. Just fancy, Walker investigating one of his boxes to-day, found 100 Luganda St. Matthews. Ashe after all managed to get them out in time. These we are not selling but lending about. 8 p.m. It is really piteous to hear the people ask for books, and we unable to supply them. One said " I will bring you a cow with calf for books." My boy Marko, when I showed him St. Matthew in Luganda, said, " I do want to buy one very much." I would gladly have given him one but that only 100 have come, and we are not even selling these. We shall give the Katikiro one, but the others are being kept for lending purposes. We could sell several thousands in a few days—I might say hours. Won't you send them to us? Prayer Books too we want. So few are in the country that even I am unable to do more than get the loan of one." I wish you could all have seen the intense joy of the people to-day. Thanks unending, some actually dancing and shouting for joy. Never, I think, although with a racking headache and swimming head have I enjoyed such a day of pure joy before, and now I cannot go to bed until I have tried to send some of it on paper to you."

## Annity Department.

### CHRISTMAS GREETING.

HARK, the joyful Christmas greeting  
Which the merry church bells ring.  
As they tell the grand old story  
And proclaim the heavenly king.  
For, in David's royal city  
Unto us a child is born.  
And to us a Saviour given  
On this happy Christmas morn.

Trustfully the sages sought him,  
When they saw the star arise,  
Beaming brightly, beckoning onward,  
Moving through the Eastern skies.  
Till above a lowly stable  
Soon it rested, shining clear ;  
Entering, the wise men found him  
In a manger rough and drear.

Precious gifts of gold and spices  
From the Orient they brought,  
Low in adoration bending  
To the King whose throne they sought  
In no robe of royal purple  
Was he clothed as princes wear,  
But in humblest garb, the Saviour  
Came our earthly lot to share.

As the wise men brought their treasures  
Offering them on bended knee,  
So may we our prayers and praises  
Ever offer, Lord, to Thee.  
Let us, then, with glad hosannas  
Sing His praise, with sweet accord,  
Who was born this day to save us,  
Jesus, Saviour, Christ the Lord.

H. S.

## THOSE BOYS.

CHAPTER XII.—WE KISSED AGAIN WITH TEARS.

[Continued.]

All the day long the oak door was locked, but Mike had a strong idea, that at night when he was in bed, the door was open. Suppose he got

up then, and entering by that door, ran across the passage to Ted's room? Then, when his mother who was surely in the room saw him, and he explained to her *then* his message and his want, she would believe him then ; *then* she she would not say no, she would let him see his brother.

There was silence in the sick room. There was the gloomy light of a shaded lamp. The furniture looked tall, dark and unfamiliar, as furniture that we know best will sometimes look at such times. The clock on the mantel piece, the only thing to break that intense stillness, ticked softly, but very distinctly. To all appearance it was ticking away the last moments of the little child's life.

The mother, tired out with grief and watching, was asleep on the sofa. The hour was midnight. Then the dying boy awoke, he awoke and looked about him. In his confused, only half-conscious brain, there was one image, one image which had pursued him all through the weary days of his illness, the image of Mike, as he had seen him last, when he had lain with his proud, resolved, little face and fast shut eyes, and refused, though he was awake all the time, to say good night to his brother. Vainly from side to side of his hot bed had Ted turned, hoping to chase this image from his brain. Still it ever remained there. It was coming now. He gave a feeble cry and shut his eyes. The next moment he opened them again with a faint, sweet smile. His brother was angry, but Jesus was his friend. Jesus loved him.

" *His is love beyond a brother's,*" he murmured.

At this instant the door was pushed softly open, a curly head peeped in, and then a little figure in its night dress stepped lightly across the floor.

" Ted," whispered Mike, in a low voice.

Ted looked up. There was the face that had haunted him, but no longer proud, no longer cold and angry and indifferent. The dark eyes were brimming with tears, the lips quivering with emotion.

" You've not got to die, Ted. Never you fear, the Good Doctor, Jesus, I will make you well."

Ted was too weak and too ill to take in the words, but the tone reached him ; the tone, the old tone of love, penetrated through his confused senses.

" You'll kiss me *now* and say good night, brother," whispered the little boy.

Nearer and nearer came the sunny face of Mike, nearer and nearer, until their lips met, and two tears from the repentant brother lay on the sick brother's cheek.

When half an hour later, Mrs. O'Donnel awoke and approached the bedside, two little curly heads were pressed together on the pillow. The little brothers were asleep. Ted was nestling close to Mike, a smile on his lips ; and Mike, his arm thrown protectingly over the sick boy, had a mixture of penitence, peace, and even a little triumph, on his bright face.

" Must they both go? must both be taken?" said the poor mother, who saw only danger in the little picture before her.

" Nay," said Uncle Edward, who was also looking on, " who knows but that God will be better to us than our fears, and there may be life yet for both the boys. Mike has got back his peace of mind. See what a satisfied face. And for the little one, the fever has left him, he is sleeping sweetly."

CHAPTER XIII.—A BIRTHDAY THREAT AFTER ALL.

Uncle Edward was right. There was life, earthly life, yet before both the boys, and God, as he ever is to those who trust him, was better to these anxious parents than their fears, for Mike never took the fever, and Ted did not die.

For many days the little child's life hung to the balance, for many days despair and hope

were alternately felt about him, but at last all anxiety passed away and he began slowly to mend. During these days of uncertainty, however, Mike had no doubts, he rather wondered at his father's and mother's fears. Had he not asked the Good Doctor, Jesus, to cure his brother?

" Ask in faith, nothing doubting."

Mike had done so, and the answer had come speedily and surely, for Ted did not die.

There was not now in the whole of Kerry a happier boy than Mike O'Donnel. Forgiven by God and reconciled to his brother, his heart felt light as a feather. So glad and thankful was he, that even his lessons now were a pleasure to him, nor though Ted was far too weak to join him, had Mike any longer to play alone. Tootsie was his constant companion, she sat on his shoulder and toddled by his side, and was his plaything and playmate in one, far dearer than his pigeons, his rabbits, his garden, or anything, or any one, Ted always excepted. He discovered, too, that her real name was Eileen, which for the dead Eileen's sake, gave her a still stronger claim on his affections.

But his best hour was in the evening, when he knelt by Ted's side, and together the little brothers, repeated their evening prayer. Into his, Mike had inserted a fresh clause, which he repeated night after night with great fervency.

" Please God, keep me from tellin' another lie, and may I love my Teddie more and more, for Jesus's sake, Amen."

" Boys," said Uncle Edward one evening when Ted was downstairs again, and nearly as well as ever, " Boys, I have given you no birthday present, after all." At these words Mike, who was lying flat on the floor for Tootsie to crawl over, sprang to his feet, and running up to Ted whispered vigorously in his ear.

" All right," said Ted nodding.

" Uncle Edward, please," said Mike, " may Ted and me have whatever we like?"

" I don't know that," replied Uncle Edward, laughing. " You might make too great demand on my purse."

" Oh! we doesn't want anything out of your purse."

" Still it is safest not to promise. Perhaps you will expect me to make over Tootsie to you?"

Mike raised a shout. " Why, Uncle Edward, you *is* clever—that's just what we does want ; Ted and me, we want Tootsie for our birthday present, to be our little sister for ever'n ever. Don't we, darlin'?" And he caught up the child and danced round the room with her.

" De Buder Mike," said the small thing, stroking his cheek approvingly. Uncle Edward looked from the baby girl to the boy, then somehow his eyes grew dim, the smile faded from his lips, and he walked without speaking to the window.

" We will take much care of the little one," said his sister, touching his arm. " Don't you think she will be happier here than in Malta?"

" Yes, Mary, you are right ; God forgive me if I have been very nearly selfish again. You are right, she will be happier here."

So it was settled that for the next three years Tootsie was to be Mike's and Ted's little sister and playmate, for during that time Uncle Edward expected to be abroad with his regiment.

" But I have a week longer here yet," he said, " and I don't want to go away with that boy's cheeks so pale. Mike," turning to the elder nephew, " what do you say to our visiting Glangariff after all? Not on the mail car, Ted is not strong enough for that, but suppose I hire a carriage from Killarney? and suppose I invite not only you and Ted, but father and mother and Tootsie and Nurse Nora? and suppose