

friend's, an' the first thing he did was to give the little uns such a feed as must have astonished 'em; an' the way they tucked into it must have astonished him. Eatin' an' drinkin' was goin' on, more or less, all day. The gen'loman an' his good lady an' the young ladies waited on us, just as if we'd been the Royal Family. Very kind people they all was, and is. There was plenty o' sport, though, of all kinds between whiles—an' the gen'loman an' me rowed 'em about in a boat. He'd got a real nice place, with medders for the young uns to cut about in, an' cows for 'em to see milked, an' a great garden where he let 'em pick as many flowers as they liked to carry 'ome. An' what they couldn't eat he had packed up for 'em, an' he gave 'em a shillin' apiece besides. When the last eatin' an' drinkin' was over, he had us all in his big drorin'-room, an' the little uns sang the Evening Hymn, an' one o' the young ladies played it on the pieanner, an' then we all knelt down—the little uns didn't seem to know what to make o' the fine cushions they put their little noses into—an' he said a beautiful little prayer. An' then the wan came to take us home. Just didn't the little uns cheer as we druv off! They kep' it up, too, along the road as long as they could; but most on 'em was sound asleep afore we got back to the Folly. Pleasurin's tiringer work, I fancy, 'specially when you ain't used to it, than peggin' away at what you've got to do every day. It's a wearyin' kind o' world this, anyways. I feel thankful to think that I shall get a rest afore I go to heaven even. I fear as if I shouldn't be braced up to stand its brightness else, if God in His goodness should ever let me see it. Leastways, I like to think as that's what the Psalms means when it says that He gives His beloved sleep."

CHRISTMAS OFFERINGS.

We come not with a costly store,
 O Lord! like those of old;
 The masters of the starry lore,
 From Ophir's shore of gold;
 No weepings of the incense-tree
 Are with the gifts we bring;
 No odorous myrrh of Araby
 Blends with our offering.

But faith and love may bring their best,
 A spirit keenly tried
 By fierce affliction's fiery test,
 And seven times purified;
 The fragrant graces of the mind,
 The virtues that delight
 To give their perfume out, will find
 Acceptance in Thy sight.