

*A FAREWELL TO OUR FRIENDS.*

the shelf, and, with thankful heart, thought of how her Father had provided for them a home, and again came to her mind the sweet words, "Behold the fowls of the air, for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they? Take, therefore, no thought for the morrow, for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things."

Before Christmas there were many changes. Horace had gone off to school, but not before Helen felt good hopes that he was influenced by that blessed Spirit who alone could preserve his youthful feet from straying, and guide him into that narrow path whose ways are indeed pleasantness—whose end is assuredly peace. Long before that festal season, Maggie and Will were settled in their new home, and busy with their new duties—duties which were rendered light by the thought of the evening together; and then, as Maggie said, there was always Sunday to look forward to, when they both went to church and Sunday-school—Maggie to Mrs Gordon's class, for she no longer feared or disliked her. She had long since learned to know what a kind, motherly heart lay hid under the somewhat abrupt manner which used to repel when it would attract. Mrs Gordon, too, was changed; she had learned many lessons during the past year. That happy Christmas-time did not find many happier homes than The Cedars,