

Jabez came and stood near them both, his hand on his wife's shoulder.] He was very pale, very grave, and in his eyes was the look of a dog who knows he has done wrong, and is expecting his deserts.

'Mother, she is right, I did not know you were a tenant of mine. If I had I would have—' he stopped, and his wife looked up at him.

'You would have brought her home,' she said, quietly.

He walked nervously about the room for a moment, then came back again to the woman. 'Yes, I would have,' he answered, 'but—I must tell her, Janet, I can't rest until she knows.'

Lavinia raised her head and sat up very stiff and straight in her chair. 'I can tell, I daresay,' she said, rather shrilly. 'You were ashamed of—of me.'

'It was my fault,' broke in Janet. 'When he knew me first, and my relations, we—'

'I was a cur, that is all there is to be said. She made me feel that when I knew her better. I was afraid she would not care for me, that I was not as well born.' Lavinia sat with hard eyes, but a quivering mouth. After all her talk of her son, this was hard to bear. Janet patted her shaking hands tenderly. 'But I soon grew to know her better,' went on Jabez, quickly, 'and she made me ashamed; and then I took her down to see you, and you were gone to London, so they told me in the village.'

His mother groaned. 'Then they all knew I wasn't with you?'

He nodded. 'Yes, they knew that; it could not be helped; but they shall soon know that you are. Mother, you will come to me now? I shall never be happy again if you refuse.' She could not answer. 'Come



I AM JABEZ' WIFE AND YOUR NEW DAUGHTER.

to us, mother,' he pleaded, sitting beside her and taking her other hand in his. 'For months we have searched high and low for you; I have known no rest since I knew you were lost. Mother, you will come to us now to show you will try to forgive me?'

And Lavinia, bursting into tears, consented.



SHE LED LAVINIA TO A CHAIR.

Christmas in India.

Christmas eve in Calcutta is very gay, we are told. All the big European shops keep open till twelve at night. Crowds of people go from shop to shop, meeting friends and spending money. The roads are crammed with traffic, and the shops are brilliantly illuminated outside and in. It is amusing to observe the way in which Indian domestic servants view Christmas. They seem to believe that plum pudding has some direct connection with the religious origin of the festival, and if you fail to have one, they secretly mistrust that you are falling away from grace. All over India some sort of recognition of the great event will be made, and the natives are inclined to have some slight participation in the joys of 'Kismas.' It is the Eurasian woman's great occasion for donning new clothes. Be the Eurasian woman ever so poor, she will strive and save so that she may have 'new things' to wear on Christmas morning. It is pathetic and inexplicable, this peculiarity of Christmas-keeping Eurasians. Out-door recreations, especially among the wealthy Europeans and half-castes (or Eurasians), are prominent features of holiday festivity. —'Christian Herald.'