

must have been some fearful influence brought to bear upon him, to make him do so. I believe that whoever put the cup to his lips, and tempted him to fall, will have a fearful account to answer for before the Judge of the universe.

The old man spoke feelingly, and with great earnestness. Philip Winters moved uneasily in his chair, and cast a searching glance into his father's face to see if he suspected him of being the one he denounced so severely, but there was nothing in the calm, thoughtful face opposite to indicate that he had any knowledge of Philip's instrumentality in William Ellis's downfall.

'He wasn't obliged to make a brute of himself if he didn't choose to do so,' said Philip, impatiently. 'I don't believe in excusing one man on another's shoulders.'

'Nor I,' answered his father in an impressive manner. 'The two sins are separate, and each will have his own account to settle at the last. God's judgment is wiser and broader than ours; He looks deeper into human hearts; He understands the true cause of every one's sinning, and His judgment will be just.'

Philip Winters bit his lips and—was it the glow of the firelight that sent such a ruddy flush over his face, or was conscience accusing him of a noble life's ruin?

'Grandpa,' said the boy, who had been an attentive listener to this conversation, 'I shall never touch a drop of wine again as long as I live, and I'll never, never ask any one else to drink either.'

'I hope that you will remember your promise, Charlie,' said his grandfather, laying his hand caressingly on the boy's sunny hair. 'Such little boys as you ought not to know the taste of wine.'

'We have it on our table at dinner, and papa drinks, you know, grandpa, and sometimes he gives me a little with sugar and water,' said Charlie, with an anxious glance at his father. 'I like the taste of it, but I'll never touch it again.'

'Ah, Philip,' said Mr. Winters, gravely, 'you are sowing tares and the harvest is sure to come.'

'Grandpa, grandpa, there's a poor little beggar boy and his mamma looking in at our window, and they's so cold! may we call them in and warm them?' asked a bright-faced little girl, slipping her hand coaxingly into his aged one, and as she lifted her sweet, pleading face to his, she whispered:

'For Jesus' sake, you know, grandpa, dear, 'cause it's His birthday to-morrow.'

'Yes, darling, bring them in,' he answered, and away flew the happy child on her mission of mercy.

The next instant the great door flew open, and a little fairy in silken robes and dainty slippers appeared, framed in its massive oaken casing. The wind tossed her golden curls back from her animated face, and her blue eyes shone like twin stars.

'Come in, come right in,' she called out. 'Grandpa said I could vite you in. There's lots of room in here, and it's so cold out there.'

When the old man, with slower footstep, had followed the little one into the hall, he met her bringing forward a poorly-clad woman and a little boy who clung to her in shy timidity. When the light from the chandelier fell on her thin, tired face he knew his daughter, and opening his arms he gave her a joyous welcome.

Perhaps the words of censure which Mr. Winters spoke, without knowing the rebuke was merited by his son, softened the haughty pride of Philip Winters's heart; perhaps his conscience upbraided him for putting the fatal cup to the lips of another; it may be

that he realized his instrumentality in bringing ruin upon his sister's home; at any rate he gave that sister and her child a cordial welcome, and strove by every means in his power to make their future as happy as their past had been miserable. Although he never confessed that he had erred in his past judgment of what was right and proper, his little son had no opportunity of draining his wine glass in the future, for wine never made its appearance on his table from that day forth.—'Temperance Truths.'

Christmas.

The inn was full at Bethlehem;
A busy crowd was there;
And some were rich, and some were wise,
And some were young and fair;
But who or what they were, to-day
There is not one to care;
But in the cattle's manger
There lay a baby stranger,
Soft nestled like a snow-white dove, among
The scented hay;
And, lo, through Him was given
Our song to earth and heaven,
The song two worlds together sing upon a
Christmas day:
'Glory to God! Good will to men!'
O listen! Wake it once again!
'Peace upon earth! Good will to men!'

They sing it, those who sang it first,
The angels strong and high;
They sing, in shining white, the saints,
Who died long years gone by;
And all the fluttering cherub throng,
The children of the sky;
They sing, the patient, waiting souls
Who still faith's conflicts know;
They sing, life's happy innocents,
Their faces all aglow;
One melody fills heaven above,
And floats from earth below,
The song of that sweet stranger,
Who in the cattle's manger
Lay, nineteen hundred years ago, among the
scented hay!
All sin and wrong forgiven,
Earth seems close kin of heaven,
And sweet two worlds together sing upon a
Christmas day!

—Marian Douglas, in 'Harper's Bazar.'

'In My Name.'

(By Lucy Randolph Fleming, in 'Children's Work for Children.')

The little bright-faced congregation gathered in the sitting-room, where the cheery fire and lamplight seem flashing out a welcome, is not at all altered from the group which sat on the hearth-rug just twelve months ago.

'This will be our last talk for this year,' said Edith; 'and I wonder what text mother will give us to-night.'

'I am so sorry this must be the last,' said Alice. 'I never knew or stopped to think how much children can find in the bible to help in mission work.'

'Nor I,' said Ned. 'I always thought mission work must chiefly be trying to get money to help.'

'Well, our band has raised more this year than it did last,' said Hal, exultantly.

'Don't you think it's holier money than it was once?' ventured Lulu timidly. 'I never put anything in my mite-chest now without thinking about the blessing on even little gifts.'

'The thought of "helping together" always stirs me,' said Frank. 'Somehow that seems to bring me right close up to the missionaries in a way I never thought about before.'

'I used to put in my pennies, and sing at

the band meetings,' chimed in Bessie, 'and I thought it all ended there till next time. Now I think ever so much oftener of those heathen children since we had those texts about "our Father" and "the little ones." Why, they almost seem kin to me!'

The older children could not help laughing a little at Bessie's earnestness. But this talk among themselves showed that the true missionary spirit was surely implanted and growing in their hearts, and thoughtful, expectant faces greeted Mrs. Palmer's entrance.

'For eleven months,' said Mrs. Palmer, 'we have been trying to find out some of the sweet and wonderful ways in which God is pleased to help our mission work when we come to Him as our Father, knocking in humble faith at the door of His great storehouse of grace. We have seen how ready He is to answer; how tenderly the Saviour listens; how graciously the Holy Spirit helps us when we do not even know how to ask for what we need. We have found many sweet, encouraging promises which tell us how surely we may help ourselves and others by prayer.'

'And now in this last talk we have the grandest promise of all: "If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it." It is among the last promises, the last sweet, tender words, Jesus spoke to His disciples before He died on the cross.'

'It is in John's Gospel, thirteenth chapter, fourteenth verse,' said Alice.

'And, mother,' said Edith, 'the verse before is very much like it: "And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son."'

'Is there not a grand promise in these texts? Anything in Jesus' name, and it will be given us!'

'As we go about our mission work we must remember the words of the hymn, "Take the name of Jesus with you." We must give the gospel of Christ to the heathen, because "there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." We must give the gospel that His name may be glorified and His kingdom come, and because He has commanded that we do this in His name. And then for grace and strength to do this work, for blessings on it, for the gift of the Holy Spirit for ourselves, the missionaries, the heathen—for all things, for anything, we need to do His will—we must humbly ask God to give us for Jesus' sake.'

When Christmas Comes.

When Christmas comes,
The baby girl who scarce can speak,
The youth with bronzed and bearded cheek,
The aged, bent with weight of years,
The sorrow-stricken spent with tears,
The poor, the rich, the grave, the gay,
Who fare along life's rugged way,
Are glad of heart, when in the sky
The wondrous seraph wings sweep by,
When Christmas comes,

When Christmas comes,
The sailor on the seas afloat,
The traveller in lands remote,
The warrior by the campfire's light,
The courtier in the palace bright,
The student by the midnight lamp,
The miner deep in dust and damp,
Alike uplift, through riven skies,
The wondrous look of glad surprise,
When Christmas comes.

When Christmas comes,
In field and street, in mart and farm,
The world takes on a lovelier charm;
Sweet-scented boughs of pine and fir
Are brought, like frankincense and myrrh,
To make our hallowed places meet
For hands that clasp and tones that greet,
While hearts, worth more than gold or gem,
Go forth to find their Bethlehem,
When Christmas comes,

Margaret E. Sangster.