

merry Christmas—we don't know how to amuse ourselves."

"I do not think that, to any one who remembers the true Christmas blessing, it can fail to be a *happy* time whether it is *merry* or not," said Miss Matheson gravely, as she said good-bye to them.

When they got home, Ernest put his picture away safely, but while doing so he made a discovery, for in minute letters in one corner, he found the initials A. W. F.

Meanwhile, in the top room of the red house amongst the fir-trees, Arthur Forrester was sitting on his little brother's bed, for Herbie's cough had become worse during the night, and he was so exhausted in the morning that he could not get up.

"Well, Herbie, you'll soon have something warmer, I think. Isn't it fine?"

"Yes, Arthur, but you must not work so hard for me. I know you were up too early this morning, mounting that picture, and it was so cold."