

a warm frock, or whom we could lend a picture-book to."

"Or some old woman to be comforted in her rheumatics," said Ernest, slyly.

"Yes, I begin to see some things we could do, and then there will be our own Christmas boxes, and the little ones, and our school-treat coming on; I only wish that horrid old Mr. Barnett wasn't coming, but never mind, Ernest, we'll have some fun."

"To be sure we will," said Reginald, "and I've been thinking that we might perhaps have some fun for the little ones."

"Oh, capital," said Ernest, who was not at all above this kind of thing; "and there'll be the putting up of the holly in the church."

"And let us remember," said Reginald, "in all we do, that Christmas is to remind us of something higher than our own pleasure; He who came down into this dark dreary world from His home of light,