

your godmother after all,' said Judith, as she and her mother sat together on the next Christmas Eve, while Sylvia, Roland, and Eleanor scorched their faces over the fire making toffee.

Mrs. Manners smiled, 'Nelly's plan and Nelly's face,' she said. 'If she had not been so like my portrait at her age, Sylvia might not have noticed her. God has been very good to us in this year, Judith, and I do think we have learned some lessons from our troubles.'

'I hope I have learned not to be so horrid,' said Judith, 'I hate to remember how cross and discontented I was last Christmas Eve when all the time such beautiful things were preparing for us.'

'That is what we all need to remember, Judith. We fret and grumble about our little earthly trials and think them so hard, when if we did but think, "such beautiful things are preparing for us."'

'Mother!'

'Mother!'

'Aunt Eleanor!' came in excited cries from the three toffee makers, 'the toffee is perfectly beautiful, do come and look at it. We are going to take a piece to grandmother.'

—Lena Tyack.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is December, 1901, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

The Norse Yuletide.

HOW THE SCANDINAVIANS CELEBRATED THE FEAST OF JUUL.

In the Scandinavian feast of Juul, when they burned huge bonfires in honor of Thor, we discover the origin of the Yule log. The descendants of the old Norsemen, who no doubt are responsible for the custom in England, carefully preserved half of the log with which to light the fire at next Yuletide, and so we have the old English proverb, but in poetical form, by Herrick:

Part must be kept wherewith to tend
The Christmas log next year,
And where 'tis safely kept the fiend
Can do no mischief here.

The Druidical contribution to the modern Christmas celebration originated in the annual feast given in honor of the Druid god Tutanus, who corresponds to the Phœnician sun god Baal. His favorite among all trees and plants of the forest was supposed to be the mistletoe. The number of three was held in reverence by these ancient people, and, because the leaves and berries of this parasite grew in clusters of three, this, in addition to the glory of being Tutanus's favorite, made the plant sacred, and annually there was a great festival given in its honor.

In the choice and selection of the Yule log the ash tree plays a very important part. In Scandinavian mythology it is Odin's tree and was most noble, for its wood made the spear and the javelin, the oar and the mast. In their language ash means man, and the legend runs that when the sons of Bor, who were sons of Odin, formed the first man and woman they were made out of a piece of ash. This man was named Aska. And, at the present day, in Devonshire, as a relic of this pagan reverence for this tree, we find the Christmas fagot made of ash sticks, bound

tightly together by green withes or bands of pollard oak. The gypsies, too, and the wild hill people of Bavaria and Bohemia reverence the ash, although their legends attached to it are Christian in their origin.—Albany 'Press.'

The Little Maid's Sermon.

(Susan Teall Perry, in the 'Congregationalist'.)

A little maid in pale blue hood
In front of a large brick building stood.
As she passed along, her quick eyes spied
Some words on a little box inscribed:
'Twas a box that hung in the vestibule,
Outside the door of the Charity school.

'Remember the Poor' were the words she spelled,

Then looked at the dime her small hands held;

For chocolate creams were fresh that day
In the store just across the way.
But gleams of victory shone o'er the face
As she raised her eyes to 'the money-place.'

But her arm was short and the box so high
That a gentleman heard who was passing by
'Please, sir, will you lift me just so much?
(For the tiny fingers could almost touch)—
The stranger stopped, and he quickly stood
By the sweet-faced child in the pale blue hood.

As he lifted her, she gently said,
'Would you mind it, sir, if you turned your head?

For you know I do not want to be
Like a proud, stuckup old Pharisee.'
He humored the little maid, but a smile
Played o'er his face as he stood there the while.

'Excuse me, child, but what did you say?'
The gentleman asked in a courteous way
As he took in his the wee white hand.
'I believe I didn't quite understand.'
'O, sir, don't you know? Have you never read,'
Said the child, amazed, 'what our Saviour said?

'We should not give like those hypocrite men
Who stood in the market-places then,
And gave their alms just for folks to tell,
Because they loved to be praised so well;
But give for Christ's sake from our little store
What only he sees and nobody more.

'Goodbye, kind sir, this is my way home;
I'm sorry you'll have to walk alone.'
The gentleman passed along, and thought
Of large sums given for fame it brought,
And he said, 'I never again will be
In the market-place a Pharisee.
She preached me a sermon; 'twas true and good—

That dear little maid in the pale blue hood!'

Few Friends.

'I don't make many friends,' said a young girl in the street-car. She was talking to a companion, and she made her statement with quite a superior air, as if the possession of few friends was a mark of distinction. 'If people like me, that is all right; but I never run after anyone.'

A few days later we were not surprised to hear a schoolmate say of her: 'June is not a favorite with the girls. She isn't—well, spontaneous enough, if that's the proper word for it. She never goes heartily into anything, as the rest of us do; she is always sitting back in some corner waiting to be coaxed and invited with a great deal of ur-

gency, before she will take any part. She seems to have a fear that she will be cheapening herself if she should be genuinely obliging.'

Not to minister but to be ministered unto is the theory with which she has set out in life; not to give but to get, and that ends always in soul poverty and loneliness. — 'Wellspring.'

Christmas Bells.

(Martha McCulloch-Williams, in 'Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly'.)

Softly silvern, and golden clear,
The passing bells of the passing year,
Ring out! ring out! O chimes!
A knell for the rose, and the summer dead,
For the lavish autumn full richly sped,
And the blossomy April times.

Softly silvern, O Christmas bells!
Your din some clamor or falls or swells
In a chorus richly ringing.
Hark! hark! It swells into upper air,
To join the stave, so fine, so rare,
The earth, the heavens, are singing.

Richly silvern and high and far,
As the dazzling gleam of a falling star.
Hark to the angels crying:
'Peace upon earth! Good will to men!'
And bells from hamlet, plain and glen,
In high accord replying.

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