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to the Son,  
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Phil, Polly's  
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Miss Polly; you  
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about the homes  
children, too. But  
no idea what a

tremendous piece of business it is, and worst of all, we are so disappointed in many of the letters. So many lovely children will be crowded out this year, and may get nothing at all."

"Poor children, I suppose," said Polly. "We are trying to do all we can to help Santa Claus give them all something."

"Very kind of you, I am sure; but these are not poor children that we are grieving over, many of them are even rich, but they will be crowded out by Santa's new law. These are such hard times, he says children must share with others; that Christmas is the time to think and do for others. He is so anxious that children shall learn to be thoughtful and generous. The new law is that those children who write letters asking for too much, and only for themselves, shall get nothing at all; nothing whatever! Think of it! Oh! Polly, you don't know how many sad-faced children will look up bare chimneys, holding limp stockings in their pretty hands, it makes our little hearts ache."

Polly shivered, wondering if her modest letter would count her out, but her bird friend continued:

"We know you know how blessed it is to give, and we want you to do some missionary work for us right off. Of course you must not tell the children the secret of this new law, but help them to do something for other people. Have them write a second letter to Santa Claus, an 'important' letter, asking his favour for some one else, instead of so much for themselves—we will be on the look-out to guide Santa to them. Let this be the sign; let every child who has done something for somebody else, has really scattered Christmas love, put some Christmas green in the window, and we will come with real blessings, oh, so gladly we will come! You know, Polly, dear, that in every holly-berry there is cheer, in every yulelog there is comfort, and wherever the holly, the greens, and the yule log are, there will come Christmas glory in some form with its blessing. Let everyone thus learn to cheer and to bless, that the world may rejoice, that—"

Just then a sudden gust of wind swept in, and the letters drifted into a snowbank, and the other children trooped in with their arms

full of the green treasures. "See! what a lot we have!" they shouted. "Why, Polly, where did you get those beautiful white berries?"

Polly looked with surprise at the branch of lovely white waxen berries she had just picked. She laid them thoughtfully on the top of her pile of green, saying:

"Yes, we have such a fine lot, let us see how many places we can take them to, places where they won't be likely to have any; let's play Santa Claus, and carry things to other people, and get other people to carry to someone else. And let us be sure, every one of us, to put some green in our own windows."



OLD CHRISTMAS JOYS.

for I have heard that means we think of others, and that Santa Claus will surely think of us!"

"Good! that's what we will do! Won't it be fun to play Santa, and then won't it be fun to watch the windows to see just where the dear old fellow is going to call!"

Rejoice all, for on this day a Son was born to the sweet and willing Virgin, a Child of Man—and the eternal Word, God of God. Light of Light, shines forth in that blessed Child, the Hope of the sorrowful, the Saviour of sinners, the Life of men.

#### A CHRISTMAS CURE.

Santa Claus sat by the fire in his own home, looking very much troubled.

Santa Claus sat there thinking, thinking. It was just before Christmas. What was the matter with the good, jolly old saint? Had his sleigh broken down? Had any of his reindeers got loose?

But no—it was none of these things. Couldn't he find toys enough to go around? Bless your dear little anxious heart, don't you be afraid of that! Santa Claus had toys enough. That wasn't the trouble!

One stocking there was for which Santa Claus had not yet planned a single thing, and that was why poor old Santa Claus was in such a state of worry and anxiety. This stocking belonged to a little boy whose good parents had long before Christmas sent on his name to Santa Claus. But although there had been plenty of time, and Santa Claus had put plenty of thought upon the matter, he had not yet been able to decide upon one thing for that little boy's stocking.

Perhaps it seems strange to you that Santa should be puzzled about such a thing as that when filling stockings is his regular profession, but the little boy to whom that stocking belonged was a very strange and unusual child. Whatever was given to him he would either break to pieces very soon or do some naughty mischief with.

Yet kind old Santa could not bear to leave even this stocking empty. So he had been puzzling his brains to find something with

which the little boy could not hurt people, and something which he could not break; and though he had been thinking over all his toys and presents, nothing had he found yet.

"Chirp! Chirp!" sounded a sharp little voice. "You may as well give it up. He doesn't deserve anything, the little scamp!"

"Oh! Is that you, Cricket?" said Santa. "Come up here," and as he held out his fat forefinger a tiny black cricket reached it with a sudden jump.

"You may as well give it up!" creaked the cricket. "You can't think of anything, I know."

"I know, I know," said Santa. "No! I