

offer, and that night he spent a happy hour fixing his tree for to-morrow's surprise. Besides the doll for poor sick Mamie, there was a little keepsake for each of the younger children. Mamma's present was a nice warm pair of gloves. Of course they were cheap ones, but they were much better than her old ones, and coming from her little boy they were highly prized.—'The Sunbeam.'



Ah, dearest Jesus, Holy Child,
Make thee a bed, soft, undefiled,
Within my heart, that it may be
A quiet chamber kept for thee.
—Luther.

Christmas Eve.

Three happy children were looking out of the window. Within the room it was warm and bright, but outside the streets were filled with snow. Night was drawing near, and the people that walked rapidly through the streets drew up their coats and wraps, for it was very cold. Baby was fretful, and mamma brought him to the window too.

'See, mamma, that little boy selling his papers,' said May, 'how cold he looks.'

'And he's crying,' said Kittie.

'And it's Christmas Eve,' said mamma.

'Oh, mamma! Let me go down and buy his papers so he can go home,' said May.

'I'll buy some with my Christmas dollars,' said Johnnie, who had spoken before.

Mamma was quite willing, and she sent her maid to call the boy to the door.

The children took their money and went down stairs. The shivering boy, with the tears almost frozen on his cheeks, was glad to get into the nice warm hall. The children bought all his papers, and cook gave him a plate of hot soup, and mamma found out where he lived; and what a nice Christmas basket she sent there!

'What's all this?' said papa, coming in just as they were gathering up the papers.

'Why, it's Christmas Eve,' said Johnnie.

'And we've bought his papers,' said May, 'with our Christmas money, so he could go home.'

There was a special tenderness in papa's kiss that night. He felt that his little ones were beginning to understand the meaning of the Christmas festival.—'Bright Jewels.'

Diligence the Road to Success.

By Mildred L. Betteys.

'Oh, dear me,' said Bessie, running into her mother's room and throwing down her book and slate. 'Everything is just horrid, mamma; I can not get my problems right; and examination comes next week, and I have not studied for it at all, and you know we are offered a prize for the best spoken piece at the exercises, and I haven't got my piece picked out yet.'

'A sorry state of affairs,' thought her mother, but she said, 'How does it come, Bessie, that you have left all this work till the last week?'

Bessie did not answer, but sat down with a troubled expression on her face.

Her mother noticing this, said: 'Why not let the piece go, and give all your study to your lessons?'

'Why, mamma,' said Bessie, 'would you have me disappoint Miss Grant when she expects me to try for the prize?'

Her real reason was that she loved the admiration and envy of her schoolmates, for Bessie was a vain little girl. Bessie's mother understood this, and only said: 'Very well, I think I can stand the failure if my little daughter can.'

'But, mamma, I want to pass and win the prize, too.'

So she sat down and tried to begin to work in earnest, and this was the picture her mother saw a little later: A little girl with a sorrowful face, with slate and book before her.

'Bessie,' said her mother, 'do you think you have done right to neglect your study for play? Have you not as good a chance as other little girls, and better than some? You are not happy because you do not make the best of your chances.'

'But, mamma, I do not think I am as lucky as some of the other girls. Lily Bell lives in a great stone house, and is a great deal better off than I am.'

'My little girl, when you are older and see more of the world's misery, you will be content with your own home and chances,' was her mother's reply.

Bessie took courage, and after trying again and again, she conquered the lesson which had seemed so hard.

That afternoon she came running into the house, exclaiming, 'Mamma, Mr. Bell was drunk this afternoon, and scared Clara and me, and when we went by his house Lily was crying. Oh, it was awful.'

'And so you have seen some of the misery of the world,' said her mother.

'Yes, mamma, and I won't ever complain any more,' said Bessie.

And she truly did try to conquer both her lessons and love of play. But she did not win the prize. A poor girl who began in time and worked hard for it, won it. And so Bessie saw that the faithful are always rewarded, and she has taken for her motto: 'Diligence is the road to success.'—'Union Signal.'

Modest and True.

Willie was a child who really loved Jesus and tried to do what was right to please him. One day a lady met him in the street as he was coming from school. He had a copy book in his hand.

The lady said: 'Will you let me look at your book, Willie?'

'Yes, ma'am.'

'How very neat it is—not a blot,' the lady said, as she turned over the leaves.

'O!' Willie meekly remarked, 'my governess scratched out all the blots.'

He did not wish the lady to think better of him than he deserved. It would have been easier for him to have remained silent, and then the lady would have thought his book never had any blots. But then it would have been false; that would have been a great blot on his heart.—'Sunday Hour.'

When some people say they are willing to do anything for Christ, they mean anything that can be done without sacrifice or effort.