



### CHRISTMAS EVE.

What a proud old turkey this is! He goes strutting about as though he owned the whole world, and as if he was not afraid of any one. Poor old fellow! if he could only know that "pride goes before a fall." He seems to be saying to this happy family who are watching him with amusement, "Well, you are not going to have me for dinner to-morrow." If he could only know that the old farmer intends killing him later on I fancy he would be more humble.

### CHRISTMAS-TIME.

I feel so happy I cannot keep still!  
Just one more day, and 'twill be Christmas Day;  
And all the house is full of secrets now,  
And everybody whispers what they say.

When I go in the door, unless I knock,  
Or rattle with my hand upon the latch,  
Mamma hides something underneath her chair,  
And aunty jumps up, something else to snatch.

John's got a ball for Bess and yesterday  
He let me bounce it on the playroom floor,  
And how we laughed when Bess came running up  
To ask about the racket at the door!

I've made a heart-shaped pin-ball for papa.  
And aunty's book-mark now at last is done;  
She has not seen it, and she cannot guess  
What I have for her—oh, it is such fun!

To-night, when nurse went down to get our tea,

I watched the man lighting the lamps below,  
And saw them twinkling up the long, long street,

Like a procession of stars down in the snow.

When jingle, jingle, straight up to our door  
Came through the dusk a horse and waggon, too,

A man jumped out with bundles in his arms,  
And to the stair top all we children flew;

Then Jennie took them in; but ere we saw,  
Mamma ran up the stairs and drove us back:

But Bob said he was sure he saw a sled,  
When, naughty boy, he peeped out through the crack!

To-morrow night I shall not go to sleep,  
But watch the chimney, Santa Claus to see;

I think he is papa, but now he lives  
In the spare room, and aunty keeps the key.

### SOME KOREAN CUSTOMS.

Korean peasants have some queer customs regarding the days they celebrate. New Year's Day is the great day of the year with them, and their special way of observing it is by appearing in clean garments. If it is possible they buy new raiment for the occasion—a whole outfit—without spot or tarnish of any sort. But if not new, it must be perfectly clean and fresh, and whole.

This is all very well, and appropriate for the new year, but unfortunately their zeal for cleanliness ends there. They do not realize that clean clothes are desirable at other seasons of the year. Some of them wear the garments put on at the beginning of the year the whole twelve months without change.

Another peculiar custom in vogue among Korean merchants is their desire to hold on to their goods instead of trying to dispose of them, as is the case with us. If you should enter a store in Korea and inquire the price of some article, the dealer would name his price. But if upon hearing this you should decide to take six or a dozen of the same grade of articles, up would go the price at once—to double or perhaps quadruple the one originally mentioned. Our storekeepers at home are in the habit of throwing off a little on the price to induce customers to enlarge their orders; but among Koreans there seems to be a disposition not to let their stock run down, because of the trouble of renewing it.

### THE BEST WISH.

When Doris was about five years old, she and her three little cousins were in the nursery one day, and the other children began discussing what they would be when they were grown up.

"I'll be a princess!" cried May. "and I'll wear a gold crown, and a lovely dress all covered with gold stars."

"I'll be a candy-man," said Bob, "because then I can eat all the candy I want."

"I'd like to be a President's wife," said Ada. Her home was in the United States, and that was the grandest thing she could think of.

"What do you want to be, Doris?" inquired their grandmother, who was present at the time. The little girl hesitated a moment, and then replied, "I'll just be a mother and nothing else."

Grandma thought that this ambition was the best of all, for to be a good mother is to have more influence than even a king on his throne may possess.

### THE CHRISTMAS SNOWBALL.

Paul and George made it. First they made a little snowball in their hands, then they rolled it in the snow that lay on the ground. The snow was not very deep, so they took their little shovels, and made a path of quite deep snow to roll the ball in. When it was done they stuck some holly in it and called it the birds' Christmas pudding. How nice it would have been if they have put some seeds in it for "plums." The birds like the bright red holly berries, but they are not good to eat.

Never let a day pass without doing something for Jesus.