

THE MESSENGER.

fir-trees that stand in front of her home.

'I should so like to give those squirrels a Christmas!' said Bessie, as she watched the nimble little fellows frisking about.

'Supposing you do?' answered mamma.

'Why, how?' asked Bessie.

'Get Will to give you some ears of corn. Then put on your cloak and hat, and hang them on that little tree over there.'

Bessie clapped her hands with delight.

'Won't that be splendid?' she exclaimed, joyously. 'It'll be a really and truly Christmas-tree for squirrels, won't it, mamma?'

So Bessie did as mamma suggested, and hung the bright yellow ears all over the little tree. Then she went into the house and watched again.

First came Papa and Mamma Grayie, and all their children. Then came grandpa and grandma, and all the cousins till the tree was covered with squirrels everywhere.

They stuffed their tiny mouths full of corn, and then ran swiftly away, only to return in a few minutes for more.

Bessie watched them till the sun went down, and the next morning not one single yellow kernel was to be seen. The white corn-cobs swung to and fro in the frosty air, and only one pretty gray squirrel sat pertly on the bough, staring at Bessie with his bright, beady eyes.

'I guess he wants to thank me,' said Bessie, and she opened the window and called politely, 'You're entirely welcome!'

But I'm very much afraid Mr. Squirrel never heard her, for he scampered away in a twinkling.

Barby.

(Persis Gardiner in 'Youth's Companion'.)

'Oh dear!' sighed Barby, fidgeting about while she waited after school, 'it's 'most Christmas!'

Barby lived in a big stone house called the Orphan Asylum, with a hundred other little girls. They wore blue dresses and white aprons, and if you had seen them coming out of the school-room you would have said they were all just exactly alike. But they were not. They were all different from each other, and funny little Barby was different from all the rest.

Barby was waiting for Miss

Brown, the teacher. She and Miss Brown were the best of friends.

'Well, what is the matter now?' asked Miss Brown, smiling down at the little cloudy face.

'It's 'most Christmas,' began Barby.

'And that is nice, isn't it?' said Miss Brown.

'No, ma'am!' said Barby, shaking her head like a pendulum. 'Not here. I want to keep Christmas like other folks.'

'So you shall,' said Miss Brown, kindly. 'The church ladies are going to give the children a dinner and a Christmas tree.'

'But that isn't keeping it like other folks,' persisted Barby. 'They give presents. I'm tired of getting and getting presents all the time, and not giving any. Oh, dear! And I wanted to give something to Annie that's lame, but I—aint—got—no—money!'

'You mean you haven't any—' Miss Brown began, but she stopped. She saw two round tears on Barby's red cheeks, and two more in her eyes; and how could a little girl be expected to speak properly with such a big lump in her throat?

So Miss Brown only stroked Barby's stiff, short hair, and told her that to-morrow after school she would show her how to make a present all herself without spending a cent.

'And bring with you any other little girls who wish to learn how to make presents,' said Miss Brown.

The next day a whole flock of blue dresses and white aprons gathered around the teacher. Each little girl had brought her own treasures to be made over into a present. One had a tattered doll, which was turned into a nice new one, and another cut a torn picture-book and pasted the pictures on stiff brown paper, making a pretty scrap-book. Barby had nothing but a great tangle of ribbons and bits of cloth, but Miss Brown said they would make a lovely rag-baby.

She showed Barby how to cut out the baby herself, and how to stuff it with cotton. It was almost as good as the dolls in the toy-shop, and a great deal softer and nicer to hug.

Barby provided dolly with a full set of baby-clothes and 'grown-up' dresses beside, for what good is a doll if it cannot be any age that you please?

Last of all, Barby took pen and ink and drew a face on dolly's white

cloth head. Such black eyes and such curly black bangs were never seen before, and her mouth was so smiling that she made everyone else smile too.

'Mebby she isn't pretty,' said Barby, 'but, any way, she's cheerful. I'm going to name her after me and you—I'm going to call her Cheerful Miss Brown Barby.'

Some of the girls gave their presents to the babies in the nursery, and some to the little patients in the sick-room. Barby carried her dolly straight to lame Annie's little bed, and laid it in her wee, thin arms.

And to tell the truth, Annie liked it a great deal better than the beautiful great doll which the church ladies had just sent her. Cheerful Miss Brown Barby became a great favorite in the sick-room. When nurse was too busy to carry her from one little invalid to another, this patient dolly could be thrown from cot to cot all around the room without any risk of breaking her nose. All the sick children hugged her and jumped her to their hearts' content, and they laughed and forgot their troubles just at the sight of her queer, smiling face.

And Barby was very happy.

'Told you so, Miss Brown!' she cried, nodding her head triumphantly. 'It's nicer to give presents than to get 'em. Oh, a lot nicer!'

Wanted.

Wanted! young feet to follow

Where Jesus leads the way,
Into the fields where harvest

Is ripening day by day;
Now, while the breath of morn-
ing

Scents all the dewy air;
Now, in the fresh sweet dawning,
Oh, follow Jesus there!

Wanted! young hands to labor;

The fields are broad and wide,
The harvest waits the reaper
Around on every side;

None are too poor or lowly,
None are too weak or small,
For in His service holy
The Master needs them all.

Wanted! young ears to listen;

Wanted! young eyes to see;
Wanted! young hearts to answer
With throb of sympathy.

When on the wild waves' sighing
The strange, sad tale is borne
Of lands in darkness lying,
Forsaken and forlorn.

—'Wail.