

as ye have done, it unto one of the least of these my brethren," he says, "ye have done it unto me." And so, long before Christmas, we should begin to interest our children in some needy family where there are boys and girls just the age of our own, boys and girls who haven't all the good things our own children have.

[If we don't actually take our own little ones to see these less fortunate children, we should talk about them a great deal. We should know their names, and just how old and how big they are, so that we can buy stockings and mittens just the right size, or books and toys which they will really enjoy. And these gifts must mean genuine effort and sacrifice on the part of our children. Most small children are apt to be selfish, but they have their generous moods of which we must take advantage, and Christmas is a time when it is easy to arouse such moods. Our children are then so eager and so excited, they are so delighted at the prospect of getting gifts themselves that they are ready to help make others just as happy as themselves.

Let the gifts mean sacrifice of time from play in order to earn money to buy them or in order to make them with their own little hands. Let them also mean sacrifice of candy and other luxuries,—remember, willing sacrifice, however, not forced, if it is to be of real value in the training of our children in generosity. Most children will feel a genuine joy in earning and saving money for such a purpose and in busying their fingers in making their gifts for father or mother and even those outside the home.

All this will mean effort and time on the part of the busy mother ; but it will be effort and time well spent. Perhaps, as the little ones work, we can tell them, too, the best of the Christmas stories, which will help to engender the love of giving ; such stories as "Why the Chimes Rang," "The Bird's Christmas Carol," "Little Gretchen and the Wooden Shoe," and the Bible story of the Wise Men with their gifts. The children will want these stories over and over again, and will consciously or unconsciously act them out in their own little lives as they are busied "getting ready for Christmas."

Toronto

When Christmas Comes

I mustn't only think of play
When comes again a Christmas Day ;
But I must try, in every way,
The little Jesus to obey.

I mustn't think he's far away,
But close to me, this Christmas Day ;
That he can hear each word I say,
That he is watching as I play.

For, if I feel that he is near,
The angel's song I'll seem to hear ;
The star I'll see, 'twill shine so clear,
And Christmas Day will be more dear.

—Helen Elizabeth Coolidge



He Smiled

One day a little girl was walking along the street, humming to herself as she went. She saw a gentleman she knew, an old neighbor of hers, coming toward her, but his eyes were fastened on the ground.

"Good morning, Mr. Green," said the little girl as she passed him. "What a beautiful day this is !"

Mr. Green looked up to see who spoke and only said, "Huh ! is it ?"

"Why, yes," replied the little girl. "The sky is so blue, and the sun shines so bright, and the birds are singing so sweetly !" But before she had finished speaking the old man has moved on without even smiling.

Just then the little girl spied a playmate across the street. Running over to her, she said, "Come, help me make Mr. Green smile. If we run down the next block, we can meet him again before he gets to the corner."

The two girls ran down the street, the first giving instructions to the second little girl as to what they should say to Mr. Green. As they turned the corner they saw Mr. Green coming toward them. When they got up to him, they said together in a cheery tone, "Good morning, Mr. Green. What a beautiful day this is !"

He took his eyes off the ground and only looked at them.

Not giving him time to say anything, the little girls went on talking :