

The HOME CIRCLE

CHILDREN'S CORNER

A CHRISTMAS MISTAKE

(Edwin L. Sabin in Christmas St. Nicholas)

Old Santa Claus one morning was trying to peruse—

Through in a tearing hurry— his Weekly Iceberg News.

And the name of Santos-Dumont that moment caught his eye.

The well-known navigator of machines that soar on high.

"Why bless me!" muttered Santa. "A cousin, sure enough.

Our family, I notice, is always up to snuff!

The name's misspelled. These papers! They seldom get things right!

And he sent off for an air-ship that very selfsame night.

A month or so of waiting, and then it came apace.

angel an' wored, the light of hope shining in her face.

They lingered at the houses of the rich, where luxury abounded.

He was all by himself, too, and he felt lonely and forgotten.

Presently the door opened softly and a little girl peeped in dressed as a fairy.

"Nicky," she whispered, "are you asleep?"

A stifled sob was the answer "Oh!" cried the child.

"Are you crying 'cause you can't go?"

"I'm so miserable, oh, Sissie, I do wish 'oo weren't going."

"But the nurse will be with you Nicky, and if you can't sleep, mother said you might have the new picture-books to look at."

to him. The boy had a rosy, round face and kind eyes.

Liz's first impulse was to divide it, then seeing that it was not very big, and knowing how hungry Polly must be, she turned her head away and let the child eat it all.

The snow fell faster, the flakes were larger and formed fantastic shapes as they whirled and danced in the night air.

THE LITTLE SANTA CLAUS (Hilda Richmond in Sunday School Times.)

A strange gentleman and lady moved into the big white house on Chestnut street where the Brown boys and girls had lived so long.

It was very late in the fall when the Brownies went away, and on Christmas the very strangest thing you ever heard of happened on Chestnut street.

The little Santa Claus tramped briskly down street, and left a package for Miss Marie Leeds.

They fingered his pack, and got in his way till he said in a big, gruff voice, "if you boys and girls don't get right straight home, you won't get a single thing out of my sack!"

"Never mind," said the mamma "Such a little Santa Claus would break his back carrying presents for so many children.

Up and down he went till every child on the street had a parcel out of the big sack.

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THE BADE OF BETHLEHEM O cruel manger, how bleak, how bleak! For the limbs of the Babe, my God;

Dear little arms and sweet little hands, That stretch for Thy Mother, my God;

Woe touches on Mother's heart, Wingers of the Babe, my God, Dear baby lips to her virgin breast,

THE GUARDIANS OF THE HOLY LAND The "Cradle Land" of Christianity is Palestine.

IF THE CHRIST-CHILD CAME. (By Margaret E. Sangster, in Sunday School Times.)

THE BIRTH OF THE CHRIST-CHILD. (From The German) When Joseph returned to the grotto, and before entering his retreat,

THE CROWN OF GEMS It was in the Kingdom of Heaven where the angel children thronged round a golden stand on which rested a crown of glittering gems.

THE BIRTH OF THE CHILD, when Mary called St. Joseph, who was still paying with his face to the ground.

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