

AN ACROSTIC

(For a Sunday School gathering in which nine members appear, each bearing one of the letters which form the word).

**C** stands for Christ—that wondrous name

Which is all other names above;  
It tells of that great One who came  
To fill our lives with light and love;  
By evil we are not enticed,  
Because we love the name of Christ.

**H** stands for Heaven—that happy place

Where those who love the Saviour live;  
They serve Him there and see His face,  
And unto Him all praise they give;  
And for that Heaven the Lord prepares  
The little ones for whom He cares.

**R** stands for Right—that sacred line

Which must control our words and ways,  
If we would make our lives to shine,  
And so be happy all our days;  
Our future will be glad and bright,  
If we do always what is Right.

**I** stands for infants which we know

Are treasures sent for us to prize;  
Like flowers they in the sunshine grow,  
And gladness sparkles in their eyes;  
The infants here a welcome find;  
To them we always will be kind.

**S** stands for Sunday School, where we

Assemble on the day of rest,  
That there our feet may guided be  
Into those paths which are the best.  
The Sunday School is striving still  
With precious truths our minds to fill.

**T** stands for Teachers who impart

To us the knowledge which we need;  
With kindly care, in every heart  
They seek to sow the living seed;  
We hope our teachers soon may see  
How pure and true our lives can be.

**M** stands for Money which is spent

To purchase what the School requires  
That so the message may be sent  
Which cheers and teaches and inspires;  
The school needs Money for supplies  
Of printed pages which we prize.

**A** stands for Angels which appeared

When Christ was born in Bethlehem;  
The watching shepherds there were cheered  
By what the Angels said to them:  
And, like the Angels, we may tell  
Of Him who came with men to dwell.

**S** stands for Songs which children sing

When all their hearts are filled with mirth:  
They think of Him who is their King;  
With joy they celebrate His birth:  
They show in all their joyful Songs  
The praise which unto Christ belongs.

T. Watson.

little kittens did not look much alike. One was black all over, black as a sloe, with silky fur, and so Mammy Cat called her Blackie; another had spots of white and one white foot, so his name was Spot; the third was all black, except for a white spot on the tip of his tail, and another right below his chin, but he had the merriest eyes in the world, and so he has always been called Bright-Eyes.

"Which do you think is the prettiest, Jack?" said one of the monsters.

"I believe I like the spotty one," said the other. "Which do you?"

"Why, I think I like the one with the white necktie and the bright eyes," was the reply.

"All right, Tom," said Jack. "Let it be that one. We'll tell Sylvia it's all dressed up in its Sunday best."

So Bright-Eyes was bundled into a big ugly thing that the giants called a "satchel," and closed in tightly, and Spot and Blackie were put down on the hay, when they soon enough scampered back into the Dark Hole. They watched the giants go away, and then, when there was no sound, Blackie said, "Dear, dear, what are they going to do with Bright-Eyes?" "Do you think they will eat him—as—as—we—ate the mouse," sobbed Spot, and so the two lonely little kittens began to cry, but very quietly, for fear the giants might hear and come back.

All at once a step was heard, but it was a very gentle step, just that of Mammy Cat coming back. The two kittens ran to her with a great tale of woe, but to their surprise she was not terribly alarmed.

"Tut! tut!" she said, "the awful, big things were only Jack and Tom, Sylvia's little brothers. You may be sure enough that they will not hurt Bright-Eyes."

"Ye-es, I, remember," said Spot, "one of them put his paw up and down on my back. It would have felt nice—like when you lick me, Mammy Cat—only that I was so frightened."

"And the other one said, 'Poor kitty!' to me," said Spot.

"We will be lonely, of course," sighed Mammy Cat, "but it's the way of the world. Anyway we shall likely see Bright-Eyes sometimes."

In the meantime, what about Bright-Eyes? After what seemed to him a dreadfully long journey in the black bag, the top of it was opened with a snap. Bright-Eyes crouched down, but he could not keep from peeping, and so saw such a queer place right over him, not a bit of hay anywhere, and only a bright, dangling thing hanging above. Then another monster, but such a pretty one, with golden hair, put its head over the satchel, and two very soft claws pulled him out.

"Oh, Tom, Jack! The kitty! The dear, pretty kitty!" said the pretty giant, and somehow Bright-Eyes knew that it was Sylvia. "Oh-h! It's just the nicest Christmas present! Thank you, Tom and Jack, ever so much!"

"I guess it's Tabbycat's present," said Jack. "We would have brought you two of them, but we didn't want to make her lonely. Here she comes!"

The Meaning of a Name

"SALADA"

means everything that is choicest in fine tea. "SALADA" means the world's best tea -- "hill-grown Ceylon" -- with all the exquisite freshness and flavor retained by the sealed lead packages.

BLACK, GREEN or MIXED

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With that, who should come but Mammy Cat herself, purring away, and rubbing up against the giant's legs.

"Yes, old Tab, it's your Christmas present, isn't it?" said Tom, rubbing her back.

Bright-Eyes was then placed on a soft rug, and a round thing full of queer white stuff put in front of him. He just stared at it, but presently Mammy Cat came over and tasted the white stuff, and mewed at Bright-Eyes to try it, too. He did so, and found it so good that he drank it nearly all.

There was still a little left in the saucer (as he heard it called), and Bright-Eyes told Mammy Cat to finish it. For the first time in his life she did not pay any attention to him, but seemed to be thinking very hard. Presently someone opened a door, and off through it went Mammy Cat as hard as she could go.

"What's up now?" said Bright-Eyes to himself. "Guess I'll have to stay here until she comes back. It isn't half-bad, anyway. That nice warm thing that sputters and crackles is even better than the hay in the Dark Hole," and so he curled his feet under him and settled down on the rug, while Sylvia stroked his back.

After a little, Mammy Cat was heard mewing at the door. Sylvia opened it, and there was the old cat with Spot. "Mew!" she said to Sylvia, and then she seized Spot right by the back of the neck, and carried him in all the way to the rug, right with her mouth.

Bright-Eyes didn't think there was anything funny about that, he was used to it, but Sylvia shrieked with laughter.

"If that doesn't beat the Dutch," said Jack. "Wonder if she'll bring the other one. Let's try."

The door was opened, and off went Mammy Cat again, returning in a few moments with Blackie.

"Now we've one apiece," said Tom. "You've brought us a Christmas present apiece, haven't you?"

So all the little kittens were together again, on the soft rug, and all had a nice drink of milk. Mammy Cat, however, had something better, for Sylvia gave her a big piece of turkey in return for her present.

The three little kittens never went back to live in the Dark Hole, although they sometimes went back there to play. They had a nice warm

**S**CRUBBING is well begun and half done when you start it with —

Old Dutch Cleanser

basket in the shed to sleep in, and often Mammy Cat would curl up with them there.

Every meal-time, Jack and Tom and Sylvia would bring them something nice to eat. "Sly old Tab," the boys would say, "You got out of this job nicely with your Christmas present, didn't you?"

To this Mammy Cat never would answer a word, but the sly twinkle in her eye showed that she understood all right. PUCK.

THE SKIN TROUBLES OF CHILDHOOD

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By affording prompt relief from the terrible itching, Dr. Chase's Ointment puts an end to suffering, and removes the cause of scratching. As the fires of eczema die away the ointment sets up the process of healing, and brings about thorough and lasting cure. As a treatment for the skin troubles of children nothing has ever proven so satisfactory as Dr. Chase's Ointment.