

Children's Department.

A VISIT TO SANTA CLAUS'S SHOP.

It was nearly nine o'clock when Tommy and Rosy went to bed on Christmas Eve. Their stocking had been hung up, and they wished very much for the next morning to come. Sallie Ann was Rosy's dolly, and she wore stockings. One of them had to be hung up with the others. In ten minutes Tommy and Rosy and the dolly were all fast asleep. In the middle of the night Tommy woke, and found Rosy sitting up in bed. She was looking at something. Tommy wanted to know what it was. He turned over, and what should he see but Santa Claus himself!

The dear old man was buttoned up to his chin in a coat of white fur. He was busy filling the stockings.

"There!" said Santa Claus, "I've forgotten Rosy's doll, and I shall have to go all the way back and get something for it."

"I wish you'd take me with you," said Tommy, boldly.

"An' me too, if you please, Mister Santa Claus," added Rosy.

"Halloo!" shouted Santa Claus. "you awake, youngsters?"

"Yes, sir," answered Tommy, "and we want you to take us to ride in your sleigh."

"Well, well, well!" laughed the old man. "Santa Claus can't refuse the children anything; make haste, I've no time to lose."

Out of bed jumped the two children. "Don't wait to dress," said Santa Claus. "I'll put one of you into each of my big pockets, and you'll be warm enough. Come on!"

Out on the roof they went. There stood the sleigh, drawn by eight tiny reindeer. Santa Claus got into the sleigh, and drew the fur robes over him and Tommy and Rosy, peeping out of his pockets, felt very nice and warm.

"Come, Dasher! on, Dancer! hie, Comet!" said Santa Claus to his team. "Away we go!"

And away they did go, right in the air and through the falling snow-flakes. Over the tops of houses and trees, over the towns and cities, faster, faster, faster they went, till they came to Santa Claus's country.

Here everything was of snow,—trees, streets, houses, all made of snow. It was as light as day, for high in the pink sky hung a great bright silver moon.

"Is that your house, Mister Santa Claus?" asked little Rosy as they passed a beautiful castle all built of ice.

"O, no, my dear!" said Santa Claus. "My house is made every bit of rock candy. Here we are now. Hie, Prancer and Cupid! stand still!"

Santa Claus jumped out of the sleigh with Tommy and Rosy still in his pockets. Sure enough, there stood Santa Claus's house, all made of white, yellow, and red rock candy, and lighted up from top to bottom with Christmas tapers.

"I'll take you right into my workshop," said Santa Claus, bouncing into a big room where hundreds of little men were at work. They were tying up toys, books, and candies into thousands of parcels. These were to go at twelve o'clock by Santa Claus's express to all parts of the world.

At the sight of so many lovely things Tommy and Rosy both jumped out of Santa Claus's pockets.

"Oh!" screamed the workers, "where did the earth-children come from?"

"I brought them in my pockets," said Santa Claus. "I forgot this little girl's doll. Hurry and find a gift for it, my men, for I must away again."

The tallest of the little men went to find the gift. Others gathered about Rosy, who was too frightened to speak. "Isn't she lovely?" said one, touching her long curls.

"Yes, indeed," added another; "she is prettier than the prettiest wax-doll we ever made."

"She must be cold; let us give her one of our little seal-skin coats," said a third, helping Rosy into a warm fur coat.

"Let's put candy in the pockets," said a fourth, stuffing the pockets with sugar-plums.

"Let's give her a cap to match the coat," said a fifth, putting a cunning cap over her yellow curls.

"Let's all kiss her," said a sixth.

But at this Santa Claus popped Rosy back into his pocket. "No, no," said he, "you might change her into an elf like yourselves."

Tommy, who was never frightened at anything, had mounted a bicycle, and was flying up and down the hall. The little men, forgetting their work, ran up and down after him, playing on trumpets, horns, fifes, and drums.

"Bless my heart!" cried Santa Claus, "I never heard such a din in my life. Come, you youngster, the doll's gift is found, and I'm going to take you right back to bed."

"No, you don't," shouted Tommy, "not unless you let me ride this bicycle."

"You can't," said Rosy. "I can," added Tommy, "I know I can!"

"I'll go with you," said one of the little men; "I can ride in the air like Santa Claus."

The little man got on Tommy's back, and away they went! Rosy and Santa Claus were in the sleigh, Tommy and the little man on the bicycle. On, on, on! faster, faster, faster! Tommy shouted in glee. Suddenly the wicked little man bit Tommy's ear. He screamed, and knocked the elf off his back. The little man jumped on one of the reindeer.

Tommy was no longer able to ride on the snow-flakes, and began to fall—down, down, down! O, how frightened he was! Down, down, down! The bicycle turned over two or three times, and down he went, head first, into—bed.

Yes, when Tommy opened his eyes he found himself in bed.

He only dreamed this story. Rosy was asleep beside him. The stockings were twice as big as when hung up. Right in the middle of the room stood a splendid new bicycle.

The early sunshine was coming through the nursery window. It was Christmas morning.—Our Little Ones.

THE DAWN OF NEW YEAR'S DAY.

"Wake up, brother Willie! wake up! do you hear?"

It is time we were wishing a Happy New Year

To mamma and papa; to their room let us go,

And give them some kisses for New Year, you know."

Then four little feet patter swift on the floor,

And four little fists hammer loud at the door,

And two little voices call loudly and clear,

"Wake up, mamma! papa! a Happy New Year!"

And two little figures in nightgowns so white,

And two little faces so merry and bright,

Snuggle in mamma's bed like wee birds in their nest,

And close to her warm, loving heart they are pressed.

Then the kisses begin, oh! so freely and fast,

That the two little kissers grow bankrupt at last;

And which are the happier no one can tell,—

May or Willie, or the parents who love them so well!

The sunbeams are calling, "Come, up and away!

'Tis time you were dressed for the glad New Year's day!

Ere down from the bedside the children are slipping,

And four little white feet go merrily skipping



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THE RAINBOW AND THE SUN.

In search of the stockings and shoes which await Their four little owners who linger so late. And the beautiful New Year, so gayly begun, Is flooded with sunshine and frolic and fun!—Our Little Ones.

A very beautiful rainbow was lighting up the clouds; every one who saw admired it, and so much praise made it vain. "I am much handsomer than the sun," it exclaimed; for, bright as he is, he has only one color, and I have so many." The sun heard this, and without entering into a dispute with the conceited rainbow, he quietly smiled. Then, hiding his beams in the clouds, he concealed himself for an instant, and the rainbow also disappeared. Persons who are vain and ungrateful forget whose hands it is that has made them prosperous. It is not just that He in His turn should dry up the sources of their prosperity.

When we are out of sympathy with the young, then I think our work in this world is over. That is a sign that the heart has begun to wither—and that is a dreadful kind of old age.

The wish falls often warm upon my heart, that I may learn nothing here that I cannot continue in the other world, that I may do nothing here but deeds that will bear fruit in heaven.

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ANNUAL VOLUMES FOR 1880.

- Sunday at Home, #2.
- Leisure Hour, #2.
- Good Words, #2 25.
- Sunday Magazine, #2 25.
- Boy's Own Annual, #2.
- Girl's Own Annual, #1 75.
- Cassell's Family Magazine, #2 25.
- The Quiver, #2 25.
- Young England, #2 25.
- Every Boy's Annual, #1 75.
- Every Girl's Annual, #1 75.
- Little Wide Awake, #1.
- Little Folks, #1.
- Chatterbox, #1.
- British Workman, 50 cents.
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- Band of Hope Review, 35 cents.
- Cottage and Artizan, 50 cents.
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