



PREPARING THE STOCKING.

dress, and even jumped on the bed, put his nose under her body, and tried to lift her from the bed.

Alarmed by his strange actions and excited manner, the household was soon all astir, and none too soon to escape with their lives from the burning house. There were no Christmas festivities in that house, for before dawn it was a blackened ruin; but, thanks to the heroic conduct of one wise little dog the lives of the entire family were saved, and Christmas was turned into a day of thanksgiving.

**TROUBLE IN THE DOLL'S HOUSE.**

BY LAST YEAR'S CHRISTMAS DOLLY.

Oh, dear! I'm in such trouble I don't know what to say!

I heard somebody talking of a Christmas doll to-day!

I'm quite upset about it, for if Santa Claus should bring

Another doll to our house, 't would be a dreadful thing!

I'm certain no one wants her, and I don't see any need,

For I am just a Christmas doll myself—I am indeed!

Perhaps you don't believe it, but I know it cannot be

A year since I was hanging on a lovely Christmas tree,

And I'm sure I'm still a treasure for any little girl—

Though my nose is somewhat battered and my hair is out of curl;

My broken arm's been mended, and the eye that's left, you know,

Is just as blue and smiling as it was a year ago!

If another doll should come here, all beautifully dressed,

And my mamma should love her a little bit the best, My heart would just be broken, for little May and I

Have been such happy playmates in the year that's just gone by!

And I'm very sure no stranger, however fine and new,

Could love my little mother as dearly as I do.

No wonder I'm unhappy! It's dreadful to be told,

"You look forlorn and shabby, and are getting very old,"

When you feel so brisk and lively you know it can't be true!

Oh, dear! I wish that some one would make me something new,

And fix me up a little, 'r nobody would say

A Christmas doll was needed for dearest little May!

So if you meet with Santa, do tell him, please, for me,

That I and little mother are as happy as can be;

That I'm just as good to play with as any doll you know,

And not a minute older than I was a year ago;

Tell him not to bring a dolly, whatever he may do,

For whoever says we want one, I say it isn't true!

Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you.



**EVA'S CHRISTMAS LESSON.**

Eva and Edith were twins, and their mother had promised to give them a Christmas party.

For days they discussed who should be invited. "We can have only twelve," said Eva. "We can't ask all the girls in our class. Of course we wouldn't ask the Long girls. They are too poor to go to a party, anyway."

"I should like to know why they are too poor," said Edith. "I should think it would be all the nicer to go to a party if you were too poor and didn't have any pretty things at home."

"You don't understand at all." You would have thought, from Eva's tone, that she was years older than her sister. "They have no nice clothes, and they would be ashamed. And there isn't room for them at the table, anyway."

"Then let some of the rich girls stay away," said Edith. "They can go to other parties and have parties of their own. I think there ought to be room for the poor children, especially at Christmas. Please, Eva, let me not sit down at the table, 'cause the Long girls are dreadfully little, and we can put them both in my place."

Eva kissed her sister. "You are so queer," she said. "You always talk just like a Sunday-school class. We'll have to have the Long girls, after you've said all those solemn things about it. It wouldn't seem like keeping a real Christmas if we didn't."—*Junior Builders.*

**BARBARA.**

It was Christmas eve, and all through the spacious country house, which was Barbara's home, joyous preparations were making to celebrate the birthday of the blessed Christ-child. The Christmas tree was all aglow with Christmas candles; the merry children danced and sang about it, and uttered cries of joy as the toys and

bonbons were gathered from its green boughs and put into their eager hands. Loving gifts were exchanged by each member of the family, and all faces were bright and all hearts happy at this, the blessed season of the year, when the Saviour came to bring peace on earth, good will to men.

Barbara smiled too, but only because she felt that she must, for she was not happy. Envy and discontent filled her heart, and every now and then she cast scornful glances instead of pleased and grateful looks at the gifts which had fallen to her share.

"Handkerchiefs and stockings and stuff gowns!" she said, bitterly, to herself. "Why must I be thankful and delighted over mere clothes, which everybody has, when Hilda has bracelets and rings and laces and dainty fans. A silver pin is good enough for me, and yet I am as young and as fair as she. But she is the daughter of rich people, while I am the child of a poor friend, taken in on charity, and expected to be content with mere food and clothes,

which of t could I hat grate Po bed f sobbe less d that and p prese took " " I rising opene the ro to the and t A paine his ea young him, flower " p " How go fr carn: And t he ha —O! She warm rejoice never " I ha womp Luke Wh from Luke For Chris his as time l of his him t them them they v