

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.



LITTLE WILLIE'S DREAM.

It was late on Christmas eve when the train which bore little Willie homeward from the far-famed Ottawa College, arrived at B —, a small town situated several hundred miles from our Canadian Capital. Since early Autumn, he had been counting the months, the weeks, the days which must pass ere he should again hear that kind mother's voice which had bade him farewell, saying gently at the same time, "Be good, my child, and let who will, be clever."

But now, at last,—can he believe his senses?—he is really at home. He has received the kisses of his mother, the praises of his father, the embraces of his sisters, and seated on his favorite low chair, he rocks to and fro with an air of importance, as he answers the many questions of his parents, deigning no reply, however, to what he is pleased to call "the silly school-girl stories" of his sisters, until the

youngest, as if making a last effort to attract his attention, exclaims. "O, Willie, would you like to hear my new song?" To please her, Willie answered, "yes," and immediately the child commenced this beautiful Christmas Carol:

"Hark! the bells are ringing gay,
'Tis the eve of Christmas day."

No sooner had she finished these first two lines than the bell of old St. Paul's rang out for midnight mass, and she stopped to exclaim, "Why, the bells are really ringing"; then she was about to continue the song, when to her utter disgust she found that Willie, tired from his long ride, had fallen asleep.

The mother smiles on her boy, and gently taking him in her arms, and placing him in his own little cot, where he is seen in the picture above, she leaves him to sleep the sleep of the innocent, and to