


Bella's Prayer.

“ILL Santa Claus come to-night, mother?” asked little Bella, drawing close up to her mother’s sewing chair. Mrs. Blake’s eyes were full of tears as she answered: “I hope so darling, but it is a very dark night, you see, and he might lose his way.”

Bella looked up at her mother, and then she looked out at the darkness. The snow was falling steadily, and though there was a fire on the hearth, yet the room was very cold.

Mrs. Blake saw the look of disappointment on her little girl’s face, so she stitched very fast now, and glancing up at the clock, she said: “If Santa Claus doesn’t get this far to-night, won’t my little girl wait until next year?”

“Oh, yes, mamma,” said Bella, but she sighed a great big sigh for a very little girl.

Bella couldn’t sleep: she was thinking so hard whether Santa Claus would find the way, or would he get lost and not come at all? Then she fell asleep. Suddenly she was awake again. The room was very dark, and just a very small fire seemed to be burning in the grate. How could anybody see on such a dark night? The little girl saw that her mother was sleeping soundly beside her. She got out of bed and lit the candle, then placed it in the window. “Now,” she said, “Santa Claus can see his way!” She knelt down on the cold floor, folded her little hands, and said: “Please, God, let Santa Claus come here to-night.” Then she crept into bed and fell asleep. In the morning she found her stocking full of goodies; she told her mother about her prayer, and how God had answered it. Her mother told Bella she should be very happy and thank God for His goodness. Then Bella and her mother knelt down and thanked God.

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