

O Dear!

O dear! and oh, dear!
And oh! isn't it queer,
That holidays come only once in a year?
When, if I had my way,
I should lengthen their stay,
And have them go on for a year and a day.

Then Santa Claus comes
With his tops and his drums,
When Jack Frost is pinching our fingers and thumbs,

O dear! and oh, dear!
And I think it is queer,
That Christmas should come at the end of the year.

A Dog's Christmas Tree.

BY ESTELLE M. HART.

Yes, a Christmas tree just for a dog, and he liked it, too. Liked it, did I say? He thought it was the loveliest thing he had ever seen, and barking couldn't half begin to express his feelings. His eyes, his ears, his feet, his tail, all were animated to the last degree, in his vain attempt to express his rapture.

Shep's mistress didn't have any little boys and girls at her house, and I suspect that Shep got a good deal of the petting that would have belonged to them if they had been there. But it was Tina, the maid, that thought of a Christmas tree for his favoured dogship. She got a tiny green tree, and set it up in a box, and hung it with popcorns and Shep's favorite candies. Then she placed it in the corner of the parlor, and Shep's mistress invited him in, and explained all about Christmas-trees to him, and told him that this was his very own. Don't you think he knew every word she said? Then why did he begin to bark with all his might, and jump around the tree, and around his mistress, and race about the room as if he had lost his wits, and then go over to the tree, and, sitting down beside it, put his little paws together and "beg" for some of the goodies "this very minute"—that's what his eyes said? The tree lasted several days, for Shep's mistress dealt out the candies to him a few at a time; and how they did enjoy the fun!

That was two years ago. Last year Tina got another little tree, and dressed it up in her room where no one could see it. When she had finished it, she opened the door and came out into the hall with it in her hands, intending to take it down into the parlor when no one was looking. But a pair of sharp eyes in the lower hall spied her the minute she started, and what an excitement there was! Don't you suppose that a dog can remember such a splendid thing as a Christmas-tree a whole year? If you don't, you would have been convinced if you could have seen the rapture that was expressed in every motion of his ecstatic little body, as he scampered up the stairs and round and round Tina, barking with all his might, and almost upsetting her and her precious

burden. He superintended the placing of the tree in the parlor, then he rushed off, post-haste, to tell his mistress. She was in her room, but a frantic barking outside the door told her that something important must be attended to at once. As soon as she appeared Shep jumped upon her in wild delight, then rushed as fast as he could back to the parlor, barking to her all the way to "come quick." She followed him in, and there stood Tina and the Christmas-tree.

"Why, Tina," said her mistress, "I had forgotten all about it!"

But Shep said, "not I;" and he suddenly sat down before it and began to beg.

Wasn't that a funny thing to please a dog?

This is a true story and you may be sure that there will be another tiny tree for a merry little dog when Christmas comes again this year.

Christmas Cheer.

We congratulate our readers—the young especially—upon the return of this happy season; and we trust that they will enjoy many pleasant greetings and gatherings at a time marked for well-nigh two thousand years as the most memorable of all times. In their social parties, however, we trust that they will not fail to contrast their happy circumstances with multitudes of our poor fellow-creatures who are, alas! very differently situated. They may, in point of locality, be far away from us. It behooves us, nevertheless, to remember that they are members of that one common family to which we likewise belong. They are partakers of the same flesh and blood, we having all descended from the same parentage.

Now, with respect to their position, the year now drawing to a close having been painfully memorable for its war and famine and other disastrous calamities, has not only, as it were, tolled the death-knell of scores, if not hundreds, of thousands of poor men and women, but there are left thousands and tens of thousands to mourn their hapless fate, in the character of widows and fatherless. Well, therefore, as we gather round the family hearth, and greet kindred and friends upon the recurrence of so happy a season, will it behoove us to think of, sympathize with, and pray for, those who

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lack the comforts and privileges we enjoy. May we, at the same time, fail not to ascribe it to God's great goodness and mercy that we are not in the like position. It is for no merit or worthiness of ours, but solely of His forbearance and mercy, that we as a nation or community have not been subjected to the perils and privations to which other kingdoms and localities have fallen a prey.

—The world remembers and commemorates the birthdays of heroes and statesmen, and of those who have made themselves renown; and shall it forget the day on which the Son of God was manifested in the flesh, that He might redeem us from sin and eternal death? The whole Christian world is glad to-day, and the Church universal is chanting the angels' song, "Glory to God on high, and on the earth be peace!"

—Let glad hearts and loving hands twine the greens, and decorate the walls of God's temple for the approaching King of Festivals. Let no exertion be accounted too great, nor any humble effort too slight, but do your best to show to the world your devotion to the infant Prince, who is now the King of Glory.

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