

a Christmas eve party and thought I would paddle across, leaving my oars at home, but—-but—going back, I was moving round in the boat and fell, and lost my paddle. Then I drifted here and got out. Then I lost my boat. All I could do was to sit and holler."

The boat had now touched the shore. As they were landing, Frank saw the sharp gleam of an object in a crack of the flooring laid over the bottom of the boat. He picked up the object flashing in the lantern-light.

"Ho!" said Percy, "that—that's that quarter I missed. It has got a cross on it. I must have dropped it myself. I say, Tommy, I—I—guess I made a mistake. I'm sorry."

"Sorr did not begin to express his feelings. He almost wished he was on Cod Rock where no one could see him.

They all went to the "caboose" and warmed themselves after the chilly adventure, Christmas eve. Tommy, at least, had made one Christmas present, and Frank made another, for they wished somebody well and proved it.

Christmas-tide.

BY REV. EDWIN B. RUSSELL.

DREAM of the centuries, hope of the waiting heart,
Vision that never fades, ne'er shall from love depart,

Born with each Christmas-tide,
For whom the world hath sighed,
Who for man lived and died—
Jesus, our King!

Whether in Bethlehem's stall or on Thy throne,
Souls hail Thy royalty, Thy crown alone;
Whate'er the earthly thrall,
Thine is the sovereign call,
To Thee all nations fall,
Thy praises sing!

See, by the manger bend angels all glorious,
Angels of faith and hope, angels victorious!
They who in mercy wait
Ever on man's estate,
Sad with grief, with joy elate,
Holy and pure!

See, in the heavens above the bright star gleaming!
Star that never fades nor sets to human seeming:
Light for man ever there,
Shines in the heavenly air,
Aspiration, struggle, prayer,
Conquest secure!

O how the world doth thrill with joy to-day!
Lowly and helpless once, Christ in the manger lay:
Through a life glorified,
Pierced hands and wounded side,
Wrong, error, death defied,
Brother and Friend!

Touched by that quenchless love, hearts bow to Thee,
Thou, whose compassion flows boundless and free:
Brighter than starry sign,
Sweeter than songs divine,
Did the love—only Thine—
Earthward descend!

Kingly crown, princely gift, Art's richest treasure,
Areat Thy blessed feet laid without measure:
Grandeur and splendour rare,
Costly fane, shrine of prayer,
Holy rite, reverent care,
Master, are Thine!

But not the monarch's pride, not rich oblation,
Not priceless work alone tells Thy salvation,
But where some laden breast
Finds in Thy forgiveness rest;
In Thy peace alone is blest,
Master divine!

Christ Child, Thy hands to save seem weak,
Thy mother's keeping
Holds Thee fast in watchful love whilst Thou art sleeping.
Those hands the world shall lead,
Clasping the scornful reed,
Most so when they shall bleed,
For sin atoning!

Christ Child, Thy fair white brow must feel the thorn's indenture:
Dark flows the torrent where Thy holy feet must venture:

Darker yet the final hour
On Thy sacred path shall lower,
Stronger yet Satanic power,
Hearing Thy moaning!

Christ Child, Thy victory shall wreath every trial,
Cross and crown of thorns, betrayal and denial,

Yea, death itself must yield,
Thy hands the sceptre wield,
All power to Thee is sealed,
Lord of all glory!

Dream of the centuries, hope of the waiting heart,
Vision that never fades, ne'er shall from love depart,

Angels sing here again,
Earth repeats the glad refrain,
The same Christmas strain—
The old, old story!

Christmas Fare.

For a thorough idea of a Christmas dinner, we must again fall back upon the old barons and knights of the eleventh and twelfth centuries. For a fortnight during the Christmas holidays the doors were thrown open to all, and eating and carousing filled the whole of the interval. Numberless were the delicacies of the times which the well-stocked larders contained at this season, and numberless was the legion of honoured guests, as well as "hangers-on" that thronged the spacious halls. Charity was one of the great virtues and redeeming traits of these otherwise stern and iron-hearted old sons of Mars, whose sword was their only strength and means of support. Without indulging in any further prefatory remarks, we will unceremoniously introduce to our readers some of the favourite dishes which graced the board of the most distinguished in the olden time. The first in order of importance was the

BOAR'S HEAD—

a dish which, up to a recent date, figured prominently in many Christmas feasts.

Brought in by an ancient servitor, upon a salver of silver or gold, at the head of a procession of nobles, knights and ladies blithely singing, it was deposited at the head of the table before the host, or some guest of high rank. It was then served up in great pomp, with various condiments. Next to the Boar's Head comes the

SAVOURY PEACOCK.

The bird having been killed, the skin, with the feathers still on, was carefully peeled off, and after roasting and when almost cool, this was skilfully sewed on again, and the beak being gilded, it was declared ready for the table. Sometimes the bird was placed in a dish after roasting, and being covered like a pie, with the exception of the breast and tail, was served up by ladies.

Often the pie thus made was reserved for the close of the *tournament*, when the knightly victor was expected to shew his dexterity, by striking all the joints of the bird, without any mistake in carving.

MINCE-PIES

had their origin to some degree in the *yule cake* and were formerly made in the shape of a manger. The collection of ingredients, that so puzzle the imagination of some in these days, was supposed to represent the gifts brought

to the Infant in Bethlehem. A custom long prevailed of having set out on the table as many mince-pies as the master of the house had been married years, and often was the digestive powers of those gathered to do honour put to a severe test. In England, at present,

1 OAST BEEF AND PLUM PUDDING

are the articles that are always written in large capitals at Christmas time; and not even Goose or Turkey, so popular with Americans and Canadians, could tempt their appetites when such cheer as this is on the bill of fare. In conclusion, let us remember, whilst we partake of the bounties which Providence so abundantly bestows, at this season particularly, that hundreds do not receive the bare necessities of life, and may it cause us to seize every opportunity of sharing those bounties by which we are favoured with our fellow-men.

Baby's First Christmas in Heaven.

ONE stocking less to fill to-night,
One less than a year ago—
And where are the eyes that shone so bright,
Beaming ever with new delight?
Sleeping under the snow.

One stocking less of soft, white wool,
And where are the restless feet,
And the bounding heart? Ah! cold and dull;
Gone is our "baby beautiful,"
Like a vision passing sweet.

Like a vision bright, in a robe of white,
Gone a little while before.
I hear the patter of tiny feet
Dancing along the golden street—
At home on the changeless shore.

What shall I give my angel child
For a Christmas gift? Ah, me!
My cherub daughter with fairy wings,
What needeth she of earth's trivial things,
Who plays by the crystal sea?

I give the joy, my sainted one,
Passed from earth's bitter woe—
Joy when my broken heart I lift;
And I give thee, sweet, my Christmas gift
To thee Lord who loved thee so.
—Mrs. F. F. Dana.

Christmas Toys.

YEARS ago when the inhabitants of many inland German towns and villages were maintained by the handiwork of the whole family, as it was exhibited in wooden carriages and toys, the application of machinery to their manufacture was considered most disastrous, and sure to result in the ruin of whole communities. The principle as developed by the introduction of the sewing machine, viz., that of increased demand in proportion to the cheapness and excellence of the supply, was found to hold good in toys, as well as sewing; and the number now sent to us from France, as well as Germany and Switzerland, is almost fabulous.

In the States, the toys made are mainly of a mechanical and expensive character. Some wooden and metal furniture is made, it is true, tin kitchens and dolls' houses, but they go principally into the building of boats, the construction of games, the making of locomotives, the creation of elegant brown-stone dolls' houses, and the invention of new, light, and stylish dolls' carriages. Whatever its mistress has the doll must have—its *barouche*, its *laudau*, or its *phaeton*—and the style in which they are finished, at least the most expensive of them, would do credit to Brewster.

The cheaper toys all come from abroad, principally from Germany, and though they are now turned out in such immense quantities, and with a smooth-

ness unknown before, tinery was introduced, we cannot help sometimes regretting the grotesque animals, the quaint and irregular hand-carved figures, which formerly delighted the little ones, and which had an individuality quite absent from the stock turned out by the dozens like cheap modern furniture.

France has always been the source from which we have derived the chief toys for girls, namely, the doll. But the doll of to-day is a work of art, almost equal to its counterpart in nature, and greatly superior in its pretensions. The French doll, *par excellence*, is not a thing to play with. It is a fine creation to exhibit, and though all little girls desire one, yet we doubt if they take as much comfort out of its possession, as they do out of the rag-baby, which they can drag by the heels or one arm, and about which they are never scolded.

There is a time and an age when toys seem particularly appropriate. It is at Christmas and during the years of childhood. Nothing that is useful or sensible can ever give half the pleasure to a child's mind, that these miniature forms of natural objects impart; for they can be made to understand them, and through them the things which they represent. Thus, they not only give pleasure, but they serve a purpose, and even if their life is short, are infinitely less costly to us than many of those pleasures which only give us pain in after years.

Old Christmas Traditions.

THERE is an old tradition that Christ was born about midnight. From this bells are rung at midnight in England and on the Continent. In Roman Catholic countries it has long been customary to inaugurate Christmas with the celebration of a midnight mass, which is followed by one at dawn and another in the morning. It was an old English superstition that on Christmas eve the oxen were always to be found on their knees at midnight; that the cocks crow; that the cabbage seeded, etc. The devotion of the oxen was derived from an old story that an ox and ass, which were in the stable at the birth of Christ, fell on their knees in a suppliant position, and that a cock crew. The custom of singing carols at Christmas, which has passed into oblivion, is said to have sprung from the songs of the shepherds and others at the birth of Christ. The custom of firing guns and burning of fire-crackers, which prevails in many parts of our Southern States, but is happily going out of date, probably was suggested by our national manner of celebrating Independence. No day in the year should be farther removed from all suggestions of martial glory or carnal strife. The common custom of decorating houses and churches with evergreens at Christmas is derived from a common belief that sylvan spirits would flock to those evergreens and remain there until the coming in of a milder season.

A RELIC of the past, in the shape of the following "proof," which explains itself, was recently exhumed from the waste basket in this office: "V chausse pas reCentallA beun maDe' and ju the fEwtuRe me wip sit c r own tipe for em thnK our tydoS are 2 quarlome and are Sojng to giam thegb."—*Illini.*