Friday, January TO, 1908

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VICTORIA SEMI-WEEKLY COLONIST

A PAGE FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

CURRENT TOPICS

It is very cheering to learn that men of all classes and of different occupations have prospered during the year 1907, and hope to become still more pros-perous during the year 1908. In all that is needed to

and of different occupations have prospered during the year 1907, and hope to become still more pros-perious during the year 1908. In all that is needed to has given us a country which both for its size, its situation and its resources seems intended some day to be a great state. But we must remember that if our province is to be, as it should, the greatest pro-vince in Canada, it will only be because its people are when and the resources seems intended some day our province is to be, as it should, the greatest pro-vince in Canada, it will only be because its people are schools of British Columbia grow up selfish, fond of ease and idle, or if they set their hearts on making money alone rather than on striving to be good, they will be doing their part, not to make our fair pro-vince great but to hinder her progress and to sully her tame. Strong, righteous men and true, pure wo-men, are a nation's richest possession. Do not think, boys, for one moment, that money is the most important thing in this world. There are much of the wrong that is done througfout the world today. It is that because wickedness will be com-mitted you may as honest laboring man. The man who is dishonest in business, who gives hort weight and sells bad goods excuses himself be-cause he thinks. 'If I do not do this wrong some one case will get rich by doing it." The man who slights his work, whether in build-mene is doing what his neighbors do. The way men would make up their minds to solding what ne suble not you see, boys, how it hey did not say to themselves, 'This its haves or a ship, excuses his dishonest by you sing strong drink, and I may as well make money by it as liquor if they did not say to themselves. The solidish this is? If wrong must be done, you need not doils this is? If wrong must be done, you need not doils this is? If wrong must be done, you need not do it. There are, and will be, it is to be feared for a strong drink, and I may as well make money by it as let some one else do so?'' Don't you see, boys, how fooli

Most boys will have read with interest the ac-counts of the great football game between the men from the great California school, Leland Stanford university, and Vancouver team. It is a fine sight to see men use all their strength and skill in a peaceful contest and to hear the fellows who are beaten cheer those who win. The more good, clean sport there is among boys and young men, the better for the future of their country.

We must try this year, to learn more about the trade of our country. What have we to sell? Where can we find the best markets? What do we buy and from whom de we get it? Bv what routes does our commerce come and go? These are things which all boys and girls can learn easily, and if they know them well it should help them, when they come to manage the affairs of the country, to solve some of the problems that puzzle business men now. Canada buys a great many things from the United States and sells her neighbor a great deal in return, and this year the trade has been larger than ever. Agricultural implements, books and maps, automo-biles, coal and cotton are the leading imports from the United States? There äre, of course, thousands of other things, and perhaps if most children were asked they would have said that fruit was a very important import.

If there was no great war last year there was much talk of war. As the year closes we see that the French are going seriously to work to conquer those who rebel against the sultan of Morocco. Whether the Mahommaden races in North Africa will; when they see the French army, decide to submit for the present or not, it is believed that some day they will unite and make a great effort to drive the Euro-peans out of the country.

If we can judge by newspaper reports, the Japan-ese are determined to be masters in Manchuria. Whether the Chinese are strong enough to prevent it is a question the future will decide.

It must be with great pain and anger that the Russian people see one hundred and sixty-nine of their leaders and the friends of freedom condemned to the disgrace of imprisonment and the loss of all right to share in the government of the country. The rulers who try by such means to destroy the spirit of liberty will find sooner or later how utterly useless such efforts are.

They should make plans now, so that something might be done when the spring opens.

All the children and young people of Victoria, as well as many of their elders, will be very sorry to hear of Dr. Eaton's illness. Very few know how hard the city superintendent worked and planned for the good of the children of the city during the years he has been in Victoria. He has made many and great improvements in the schools and as the years go on the children will realize how much they owe to his care and forethought. He was a welcome visitor to the pupils of every schoolroom and his sympathy and advice will be greatly missed during his absence. Loving and tender wishes for his recovery will fill many a little heart when the schools recept tomor-row.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE

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That was a memorable winter to Little Brother O' Dreams. It was a long, long winter, and bitter cold up there on Fray Mountain. It truly seemed some-times as if the cold was like wolves, snarling and whining just outside the door, reaching in through every crack and cranny in the crazy little old house with their white fangs and their long, sharp claws that bit and tore. Out-of-doors was so beautiful, but dangerous, like some glorious wild beast; and In-Doors was safe and warm enough, he thought--for his mother saw to that — but it was dingy and dull, and dangerous, like some glorious wild beast; and In-Doors was safe and warm enough, he thought-for his mother saw to that — but it was dingy and dull, and dark and lonesome-oh, so lonesome! There wasn't anybody to talk to. One couldn't talk to the chairs and the tables-they weren't alive like the trees and the brook. Sometimes you could talk to the fire, and sometimes to the pictures-there were two or three pictures-and beside these there was mother?¹⁰ but then mother didn't understand. It was hard when little boys had only mother, and she didn't under-stand. She hardly ever answered at all when one told her about things, and her eyes looked tired and sad, and far away. To be sure there was Don, too, sometimes, when he came in from doing the chores, and his eyes looked as if he did understand-a little -but he usually said: "What, dreamin' again, boy?" and that was nonsense, you know, when one hadn't ever been asleep ! ever been asleep !

One night Little Brother told Don about being so lonesome, after a whole week of storm and bitter weather, such weather that he couldn't go with Don to the wood-lot on the bob-sled, nor to the mill with 'corn, and there were only the calves and chickens in the hear and there were only the calves and chickens in

corn, and there were only the calves and chickens in the barn, and they weren't so very interesting—they always seemed to be thinking about something to eat! "Why don't ye l'arn to read, sonny?" asked the big, blue-eyed fellow, quite sympathetically. "Wouldn't that be kind o' company for ye, now?" "What is that—to learn to read?" Little Brother demanded, his pale, homely little face lighting up marvellously as he spoke. "Why, don't ye know?" said puzzled Don, care-fully spreading the weekly paper out on the table which had just been cleared of the supper dishes. "Look a-here, these little marks all mean somethin'; you l'arn to figger out what they mean, and then the

"Look a-here, these little marks all mean somethin'; you l'arn to figger out what they mean, and then the paper'll talk to ye!" "And will you tell me what they mean?" pleaded Little Brother, catching fire at once. "Wa'al, mebbe I can tell ye some on 'em—or mebbe your ma—" he paused in red embarrassment and glanced toward the woman who stood with her back to them, washing dishes; a woman whose face, hair, and dress all seemed of one color; and as she spoke, in a low, monotonous voice. Little Brother thought with a dull ache that her voice sounded just the same color, too.

with a dull ache that her voice. Little Brother thought with a dull ache that her voice sounded just the same color, too. "He's only five; I guess he don't need to learn to read just yet n' I've no time, to teach him. He'll have to go to school some day, when he's old enough. But how—how am I to manage it?" She spoke the last words passionately, under her breath, and threw a look of distress at the boy, whose checks by now were fairly blazing, and his eyes, like hot coals. "Twice he opened his mouth to speak, but the words wouldn't come; and as his mother said nothing more and did not even seem to see him at all for the rest of the evening, he snuggled up close to Don in the circle of yellow lamplight, and began to pick out some of the largest capital letters in the newspaper, and by dint of whispered juestion and answer he had mastered half of them before bedtime. The next morning he got hold of the paper again;

The next morning he got hold of the paper again; and as his mother did not forbid him, and even told him a letter or a word now and then, while Don helped sturdily of evenings, it was not many weeks before he graduated into the "Pilgrim's Progress," one of the half dozen books on the high shelf beside the clock,

and that was company indeed! It was soon after this that he began to call him-self "Little Brother." "I like that name," he said, "because it makes me feel as if there were more of us. It isn't a lonesome name; it's a nice all-together sort of name!" And last and at last the spring began to come

special trailing arbutus from high up on Fray Moun-tain; later on, an armful of the tallest lady's slippers, clear pink and white; and then the purple 'hodora, tremulous as a spray of royal butterflies. Little Brother didn't know their names, and he wouldn't have picked them himself for anything, it seemed as if it must hurt them; but he couldn't doubt Don's codness; and they were oh, so beautiful ! It was one of the boy's simple pleasures to bring out his own cup to be filled at every milking-time, and he was always tenderly lifted to the swaying top of every sweet-smelling load of hay and down again, even when a shower threatened and Don was in a hurry. Mother had to come out into the field herself

even when a shower threatened and Don was in a hurry. Mother had to come out into the field herself for the hay-making; and she would say: "Never mind about the boy this time, Don;" but, all the same, Little Brother never missed his ride to the barn be-hind the red oxen when he was on hand and ready for it

hind the red oxen when he was on hand and ready for it. The haying was scarcely over when a strange thing happened; something that had never happened before within the boy's remembrance. You see the small, stony farm, scarcely more than a rough clear-ing, away up on the shagy side of the mountain, and the ancient, little unpainted house, blackened by the rains, and leaning slantwise like some old wind-buf-feted tree, were quite off the highroad on a grass-grown cart-track, along which Don and the red oxen took their undisputed way to market or to mill. But on a hot day in midsummer there came through the unfrequented wood road, where the trees met over-head, straight to the half-ruined cottage smothered in a riot of cinnamon roses and coarse tawny lilies and straggling currant bushes with their strings of scarlet beads, a great mountain wagon, drawn by four horses and filled with visitors from another world ! They drew up at the old well-sweep and called for water, and poor Little Brother O' Dreams shrank back amog the tall lilies, vainly hoping himself unseen, for his great, asking eyes had fastened themselves in-stantly upon the fairylike vision of a little girl on one of the big seats—a little girl with tumbled nut-brown curls and delicately modeled features, and the softest most soulful of brown eyes! All in white she was, dazzling as any fairy; and Little Brother caught his breath for sheer astonishment and delight; but the next instant the brown eyes had met the black ones, and there was that in them that fairly crushed the sensitive little heart.

It was Don who found him, half an hour later, sobbing almost soundlessly, face downward among the lilies.

the lilies. "Why did she look at me so, Don? Why did she?" was all that he could say. "There, there, sonny; don't take on so," comforted Don, patting the black head; helpless as a man must be, yet tender as a woman. "She was so beautiful, and no bigger than me, Don; and she was so light on her feet, and straight— not like me! And she looked as if she were afraid— and—and—sorvy for me. Don!" he solbed and-and-sorry for me, Don!" he sobbed. It was the end of one chapter in the life of Little Brother O' Dreams.

(To be continued.)

ABOUT ANIMALS.

A Generous Foe

There is a well authenticated anecdote, says an exchange, of two dogs at Donaghadee. One of them was a Newfoundland and the other a mastiff. They were powerful animals and well matched, and though were powerful animals and the other a mastrift. They were powerful animals and well matched, and though generally good tempered they would often fight when they met. One day they had a flerce and prolonged battle on the pier; so flerce that they both fell into the sea, and as the pier was long they could only get to shore by swimming a considerable distance. This new peril put an end to their quarrel. The New-foundland, being in his element and an excellent swimmer, soon gained the landing place, and scram-bled up upon the pier, looking around for his late an-tagonist, but the mastiff being a bad swimmer, was struggling in the waves and evidently in danger of drowning. In dashed the Newfoundland, taking the other gently by the collar, kept his head above the water, and finally brought him safely to the shore. After this the two never fought again, but when the Newfoundland was killed a year or two after, by a railway carriage passing over him, his former rival and antagonist languished and pined, and was for a time nearly income the side of the shore.

A Railroad Cat

Thousands of people, says the Ohio Chronicle, have heard of the railroad dog which travelled so ex-tensively over the country and really seems to know as much about trains and time-tables as a railroad conductor does, but there is a cat in Colorado which, although not as famous as the dog in question, is certainly as remarkable in its fondness of railroad riding. riding.

and I think there are things in them with eyes that would look at me if I looked at them, and if they looked at me, I should die. Oh, father! why is there such a terrible thing as darkness Why cannot it be always day?"

The father took the child in his arms and carried

The father took the child in his arms and carried it downstairs and out into the summer night. "Look up, dearle," he said, in his strong, kind voice. "Look up, and see God's little lights." The little one looked up and saw the stars spang-ling the blue veil of the sky; bright as candles they burned, and yellow as gold. "Oh, father!" cried the child, "what are those lovely things?"

"Those are stars," said the father. "Those are God's little lights,"

God's little lights." "But why have I never seen them before?" "Because you are a very little child, and have never been out in the night before." "Can I see the stars only at night, fathef?" "Only at night, my child!" "Do they only come then, father?" "No; they are always there, but we cannot see them when the sun is shining." "But, father, the darkness is not terrible here; it is beautiful."

"Yes, dearie, the darkness is always beautiful, if we will only look up at the stars, instead of into the corners."—Laura E. Richards, in "The Golden Win-

Four Scottish boys were summoned to a police court for breaking a large plate glass window whilst playing football in the street. The magistrate, in dealing with the case, said: "This is the third time you four boys have been before the court for breaking windows, so I have no other alternative but to send you all to prison for seven days."

other alternative but to send your seven days." "Oh, ye canna dae that," interrupted the eldest, "fur th' fowr o' us are picked to play in our school match on Saturday."

"What's the matter, my lad?" an old gentleman asked of a youngster who was crying lustily in the

But the boy couldn't reply through his sobs.

But the boy couldn't reply through his sobs. "Please, sir," chimed in a companion, "we was playing marbles, and he's bin an' lost his glass alley." "There, don't cry," exclaimed the old gentleman kindly. "Here's a penny; run and buy some more." But the tears continued to flow. "There," went on the benefactor. "I wouldn't cry any more if I were you." "Yes-e-s you wo-would," gasped the weeping one, "if you'd"—sobs—"lost yer father's glass eye!"

A curious and pretty custom is observed every year in the city of Hamburg to celebrate a famous victory which was won by the little children more than four hundred years ago. In one of the numer-ous sieges, Hamburg was reduced to the last extrem-ity, when it was suggested that all the children should be sent out unprotected into the camp of the besiegers as the mute appeal for mercy for the help-less and innocent. This was done. The rough sol-dier of the investing army saw with amazement and then with pity, a long procession of little ones, clad in white, come out of the city and march boldly into their camp.

in white, come out of the city and march boldly into their camp. The sight melted their hearts. They threw down their arms, and, plucking branches of fruit from the neighboring orchards, they gave them to the children to take back to the city as a token of peace. This was a great victory, which has ever since been com-memorated at Hamburg by a procession of boys and girls dressed in white and carrying branches of the cherry tree in their hands.—Christian Guardian.

A young curate was asked by his hostess how he slept. He said he had passed a very good night. On the last morning his hostess said: "Mr. —, you perhaps noticed how very particu-lar we were in our inquiring every morning how you slept, but the truth is that the room you occupied is said to be haunted, and we were aixious to know if you had seen the ghost." "The ghost," repeated the curate, thoughtfully. "Oh, yes, I do remember the first night. I was here some fellow came in and stood by my bedside." "Oh," said the company, with great interest, "and what did you do?" "I said, "Please will you give me a subscription for my Sunday school?" He instantly disappeared, and I never saw him again."—Ram's Horn.

As He Said

The talk had turned to the subject of present-day giants.

"The biggest man I ever saw," said the host's son, "was a really big fellow. Why, he stood eight

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Lord Bram. in apparently lifting. thief," urged uffering from iere to cure."

At Goldfields, in Nevada, the people themselves must decide whether the soldiers are needed to keep the peace or not. When there seemed danger that there would be fighting between the miners and the mine-owners the president sent the soldiers to Gold-fields at the request of the governor. Now he says the people of the state must decide whether or not they are needed longer. So the legislature is called together. Perhaps its members will be able to show both miners and mine-owners that there is a way of settling their difficulties. It seems as if the time had come when masters and men should agree upon some plan better than that of keeping machinery idle while women and children suffer or depend upon strangers for their support. It may be that Nevada will teach the world another lesson in the peaceful settlement of labor disputes. It is to be hoped her lawmakers are wise and good men. are wise and good men.

are wise and good men. It should make us all very proud to hear that a volunteer corps of Victoria men are to man our life-boat if there is need for her services this winter. Many of you remember the terrible day when the boats of the Clailam sank just a few yards from shore when a life-line would have saved every soul on board. If, during the storms of this winter, another sho when a life-line would have saved every soul on shore when a life-line would have saved every soul on the stand idly by while women and children perish. It is to be hoped that this year the brave volunteers will have nothing harder to do than to practice and be "Ready, aye, Ready." Their names are: W. G. Findlay, A. J. Brace, O. Margison, F. Harley, F. Fin-lay, H. Roscamp, F. Crompton, C. Barrett, R. Hull, G. Kiddle, T. Dalzell, W. Warren, W. Griffin, W. B. Fisher, W. Stokes, J. Petticrew, and T. Gawley, and they all belong to the Young Men's Christian Associ-ation, a body which believes that those men are freaded to strive hardest to keep God's laws and to plow the example of Him who said "Blessed are the Pure in Heart."

When the weather gets fine again we may expect to see great numbers of men at work, clearing the land and grading the road along the line of the C. P. R. towards Alberni. This road will open up a rich and beautiful part of the country. There will be work for many men while it is being constructed and new settlers will come into the country as soon as the railroad is constructed.

Children have kind hearts, and you will all hope that the Hindus who are without work in this cold, rainy weather, will get food and shelter. We are in danger of forgetting that these dark strangers feel cold and hunger and loneliness just as keenly as your fathers and brothers would if they were in iffeir places. It is a long while since men were taught that people of every nation belonged to one great family, and it seems as if the grown-up people no longer be-lieved it.

Everybody in Victoria says we must have better streets, more water and larger freight yards and sheds, and what everybody says will no doubt be done. If people join together Victoria will be a better place to live in next year than this. Several citizens say that all the streets need looking after. Every householder in town should see that his premises are kept in the very best order possible. Children can do much to keep the streets neat if they only exercise a little care. By the way, what are the school children going to do about beautifying their school grounds and covering the bare walls of the school houses?

out for Glasgow. In a few weeks David Livingstone set sail for Africa. On the long voyage the young missionary spent his leisure time in learning to use the instru-ments and make the calculations by which travelers can tell exactly on what part of the earth's surface they are. So well did he learn the lessons which the obliging captain was only too glad-to teach the eager student that he was able to make acurate maps of the great discoveries he afterwards made. In three the great discoveries he afterwards made. In three months' time the good ship George reached Algoa Bay and here, for the present, we will take our leave of Livingstone, returning next week to tell of his travels in what was then the unknown land of Cenratl Africa.

------LITTLE BROTHER O' DREAMS

(By Elaine Goodale Eastman)

One of his earliest recollections was of standing at a window, watching the big snowflakes sail out of a great, gray void, and settle like a flock of white birds upon the waiting earth.

Had he ever seen anything like that before? It seemed to him that he never had. This was the first snowfall of the year, and last winter was a long, long time ago.

Closer and closer he pressed against the cold win-dow-panel, straining his eyes to pierce the dizzy emp-tiness of the upper air, following the mysterious birds in their swift, soundless flight, that seemed to bear them straight into his eager heart. Nearer and nearer they came, growing ever bigger and more beautiful. autiful

beautiful. At first thought it had been so still, that first with impatient fingers, or the wind that shook the windows angrily, and cried down the chimney. But windows angrily and cried down the chimney that the the chorus of bird-song on spring mornings, but is mother was busy putting supper on the table. Mis mother was busy putting supper on the table winds about the klichen with a tread that sound of heavy after that white hurrying dance out of doors and that song of the snow, that was so much finer and that song of the snow, that was so much finer back log in the big fireplace, or the lisp of the tiny brook under its thick armor of ice. Everybody could the white Birds, for his mother, when he called to a about them, only sait. The meaw from that window, child; you'll catch the came in the next minute with the milk-pail first stamping his feet and shaking himself like a big dog unden he went close up to Don and asked him At first thought it had been so still, that

And last and at last the spring began to come, high up on Fray Mountain, Little Brother felt a good deal as he supposed the brook felt when it burst its icy armor and ran boisterously over the meadow, half laughing and half crying, and all but breaking its little heart for pure joy. He ran all over the meadows, too; but when he come in with wat feat and a speek bit the the the

He ran all over the meadows, too; but when he came in with wet feet and a croak in his throat his mother put him right to bed with a hot soap-stone, and made him take bad-tasting medicine. Happily, a pair of bluebirds flashed past the window on purpose to comfort him, he thought, and Don brought him a big bunch of skunk-cabbage, but his mother threw it out of doors because, she said, "it smelled so." To Little Brother it seemed, after all, a good, clean, growing smell ! In a few days he was out again, and beginning ax-

growing smell ! In a few days he was out again, and beginning ex-pectantly to haunt the remembered places, the warm, sunny nooks where, out of cosy nests of dry leaves, they had been used to lift up to his their tender faces —the first flowers of the year ! As he knelt one day in a pale ecstasy with arms outspread, making a fence around one little clump of pinkish lavender bloom that he loved far too much to pick, or even to caress it, a song bubbled right up inside him, and he began to croon it over softly, scarcely knowing whea began to croon it over softly, scarcely knowing whe-ther the flowers were singing it to him or he to the flowers. It was something like this:

Little children, little children Of the spring, Say, what greeting, happy greeting, Do you bring?

Little sisters, little sisters, Do you hear? Is it love and is it hoping ? Tell me, dear !

Little Brother O' Dreams had never asked about a brother; but the idea of a sister had dawned upon him somehow, one scarcely knows how; and although it was not easy for him to speak out his heart's de-sire, he told his mother once how he would love to have a little sister. But she only said, with unusual sternness: "You will never have a sister; don't speak of it again!"

of it again!" The tears filled Litle Brother's eyes, but he wink-ed them away. Although he was only six years old that summer, he never cried aloud except for real hard pain, and then it was not noisy crying, but a sort of musical wail that really sounded more like a sad singing. This time the tears coming faster, and he kept on winking and rubbing his eyes and seeing things double, but he made no fuss that anybody no-ticed, and he did not speak of wanting a little sister again.

ticed, and he did not speak of wanting a little sister again. He thought of a sister, however, more and more earnestly, and wished for her in fairy rings and by wishing trees, until he really expected her to appear in some queer fashion—a real little sister, about as old as he was, as he argued with himself, there is so much magic in the world, and there isn't any "never," —that's only what grown-up people say, but it can't be, for everything happens some time! There was always Don, who was so tall and straight and strong, and so good to look at, and had such a big soft heart, and who found time, with all his work, to be kinder than ever to Little Brother that summer. He used often to bring him flowers, "blows," he called them, from swamps and wild places where little boys couldn't go. Once it was a great bunch of very

riding. It was the pet of the wife of the engineer of a freight locomotive, and now it accompanies the en-gineer on every trip that he makes. When the train has to make a long wait at a station, the cat goes off in search of mice, always returning when the whistle sounds, and at some of the junctions where numerous trains meet it is quite a pet. When the engine is running, the cat sits in the cab or on the coal and as its fur is jet black its

cab or on the coal, and as its fur is jet black its beauty is not greatly impaired by its grimy surlings.

Pussy must have travelled many thousands of miles, for it has been doing duty for several years, and has never been known to miss a trip.

The Robin at Church

It was the night before Christmas in England, says an exchange, and snow was falling. A little robin, cold and hungry, hopped about wearily, seeking shelter and food. Our robins fly away south before snow comes, but this was across the sea, where the

snow comes, but this was across the sea, where the robin stays all the year. After awhile an old man came along in the path that led up to the village church. Robin hopped be-hind him, and when he opened the door birdie was close by and went in without being noticed. The Sunday school children had been there with their teachers, trimming the church with holiy and mistletoe, and singing Christmas carols. The fire was to be kept all night, so that the church might be warm for the Christmas service. The old man put or

was to be kept all night, so that the church might be warm for the Christmas service. The old man put on fresh coal and went home. Birdie hopped about in the firelight, picking up some crumbs he found on the floor. Some cakes had been given to the children. How welcome their little supper was to the hungry robin you can guess. Then he perched on the railings of the stair, tucked his head under his wing—a very sleepy and happy bird. In the morning his bright eyes espied, first thing, the scalet berries. There was, indeed, a royal feast in the robin's eyes—enough to last for many weeks of wintry weather. wintry weather. The hours flew on, and the happy children came

The hours new on, and the happy children came and sang their Christmas carols. Just as the first verse was finished, a clear, rich, joyous song burst from birdie's little throat, high above, among the green branches—a true Christmas

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Not Surprising

As a train was approaching a seaside resort, it parted in the middle, and naturally the communica-tion cord snapped also, the end of it striking an old lady on the bonnet.

lady on the bonnet. "What is the matter?" she exclaimed. "Oh! the train has broken in two," replied a youth who sat in the next seat. "I should say so," responded the old lady, looking at the broken cord. "Did they suppose a thin bit of string like that would hold the train together."

The Stars

The Stars A dear little child lay in its crib and sobbed be-cause it was afraid of the dark. And its father, in the room below, heard the sobs, and came up and said: "What alls you, my dearle, and why do you cry?" And the little child said: "Oh, father! I am afraid of the dark. Nurse says I am too big to have a taper; but all of the corners are full of dreadful darkness,

"Oh, cut it short!" cried the others in chorus. "Come down a little from that height." "I am telling you nothing but the truth. He stood eight feet six—..."

"I am telling you nothing but the truth. He stood eight feet six____" "Now, look here!" exclaimed the young man's parent, "you can't get us to believe that, and there's no sense in talking such nonsense." "If you will be kind enough to wait till I finish, you will all acknowledge that I am telling nothing but what is perfectly true. The man stood eight feet six inches___"

"Eight feet six inches away from me," concluded the misbelieved youth, with a calm smile, as he walk-ed off amid the groans of his listeners.

WITH THE POETS

Kate's Calendar "We'll make a New Year Calendar, Each one of us," I said: "See, here are yellow circles bright, And purple, gray, and red. A yellow one each pleasant day We'll fix above the date,—..." "Oh, that will be just beautiful!" Cried litle Kate. Kate's Calendar

"For dull and disagreeable days "For dull and disagreeable days Here is a purple ring; And gray for dreary rain, and red For winds that rudely sing. And when the month is done, we'll count-She really could not wait; "And see how many pleasant days!" Laughed little Kate.

All gray and lowering was the sky, The rain persistent poured, And on the roofs like thunder beat, And in the gutters roared. Not once the sunshine glimmered through, Nor did the storm abate; "Oh, what a lovely rainy day!" "Oh, what a lovely rainy day!" Said little Kate.

The wind came howling from the north, With neither stop nor stay; It blew the sleet into our eyes, And caught our breath away. We struggled down the blustering street, And through the swinging gate: "Oh, what a splendid windy day!" Cried little Kate,

And when the month was done, her book She brought me with delight; On every single page there shone A yellow circle bright! "Those were for pleasant days!" I cried, And kissed her curly pate. "Why, they were pleasant, every one!" Said little Kate.

Now, Sweetheart, will I take henceforth Your Calendar for mine! For whether skies be dark or bright, Your sun will always shine. The wind may blow, the rain may fall,— She laughs at any fate. And all the days are pleasant days For little Kate!