



A Christmas Journey.

It was a sad day in the Layton house, though it was Christmas Eve, for had not Papa and Mamma gone off that very morning to Grandpa Layton's to see the dear Grandma who was very, very ill?

Nurse Brown did all she could to cheer up the doleful four, Tom

Just at dark the conductor shouted 'Denbigh' and before long the Layton door bell gave a joyful peal. Four solemn little faces burst into happy smiles, and four merry tongues gaily chattered away, while busy fingers untied those lovely bundles.

When Papa and Mamma came

to get light enough to take it down—and then!—a subdued whistle issued from the little bundle of pink and white nightgown and boy.

Slowly the room grew a little less dark—a little light, then light enough. Donny, on his bare little tiptoes, took down his stocking. O—O—O—O! It was pretty full, but not so bulgy, quite, as he expected. It looked a little queer.

There was a whole row of stockings—papa's and mamma's, and Ben's, and even Grandma's white knitted one. Papa had borrowed one of Donny's because his was too short to get his share into, he said.

Donny put his hand in and pulled out—why, kind of funny things. They were very nice, but they were kind of different. He tried to whistle again, and not be disappointed. What made him expect he was going to have, certain sure, an air gun and a four blader jack-knife and colored crayons and a tiny silver cornet? He missed the cornet the most. He'd already asked Spence Copeland to teach him how to play on it.

He went on pulling the queer things out of the stocking—the paper weight, the silk handkerchief, the gold cuff-buttons, the dainty little white and gold book with 'L-o-n-g, long, f-e-l-l-o-w, fellow, on the cover, and last of all the gloves. They were kid, lined with soft fleece, and had fur round the wrist, lots of it. Donny tried them on—Oh! Oh! Donny knew all about it then. The gloves told him.

He hurried over to Papa's stocking and inspected it closely. It was all knobby and beautiful, and peeping out of the top was something silver and shiny, like a little cornet. The knob in the toe felt like a jack knife, and the long, stiff thing in the leg might—just might, you know—be part of the air-gun!

But that was Papa's stocking, if



and Alice, Harold and little Bess, but the tears would come.

They were rich, these children, for they had two grandpas and two grandmas, and Grandpa and Grandma Norris had planned a surprise for their four little pets. Already they were whirling along in the train with the seat opposite them piled high with packages, and boxes and bundles on the floor at their feet.

home in a day or two with the glad news that Grandma Layton was better, they found a very happy group round the fire, and were as much surprised and as pleased as the children had been at the unexpected guests—For the 'Messenger'

Such a Mistake.

Donny reached up every minute or two to feel for it and squeeze the toe gently. He was waiting for it