

Antonio's Christmas

JOSEPHINE PARKER, STONEY CREEK, ONT.

It was Christmas Day and Dorothy and Willie were alone. Papa and mamma had gone out to Port Arthur to see some of their friends, who were sick. They had promised to be back before Christmas, but a big snowstorm had blocked the track, and nurse was afraid that they would not be back before the day after Christmas. What a dull Christmas for two little children all alone in a big city house with only the servants! They were so lonely that nurse let them play in the drawing-room instead of the nursery.

They arranged all the chairs in a row and pretended the line was a snowed-up train. Willie was conductor and Dorothy was passengers. Just as they were in the midst of it they heard music in the street, and, running to the window, they saw a little boy outside beating a tambourine.

"Why," said Dorothy, "his feet are bare."

"Dess he hanged up bofe his stockings and bofe his shoes too for Santa Claus," said Willie.

"Let's open the window and ask him," said Dorothy.

But the window was too high for them to reach, so they took papa's cane and pushed it up. The little boy smiled, but they could not hear what he said, so they ran to the big front door, opened it, and told him to come in.

be sure that Antonio never went hungry after that. Long afterward he would say: "That was a fairy Christmas."

That night after Dorothy had said her prayers she said:

"Mamma, I know something; whenever you feel sad and lonely just find someone sadder and lonelier than yourself and cheer them up and you will be all right."

I think that is the best way to spend Christmas; to help someone else. Don't you?

How We Should Spend Christmas

LORNA KENNEDY, ACTON, ONT.

The glad song, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will towards men," rings through the world with ever-increasing volume and enthusiasm.

Christmas is, and should be, a season of joy; of home comings of those who have wandered from the old roof tree in search of fame or fortune; of reunions of parents and children, kindred and friends.

If we would make our Christmas the gladdest, happiest day of all the year, it is by thoughtful planning for others that we shall accomplish it. If we are away, our thoughts naturally turn first to the dear ones at home from whom we are separated. Whether or not we remember them with the customary

book, has a tendency to make us all sleep sounder and have brighter dreams.

We are soon going to celebrate the birthday of that wonderful Babe, while thousands upon thousands of His little blood-brothers will be suffering from the cruel and because of cold and hunger and insufficient clothing, especially so in Belgium. What then can we all do that is more in the true spirit of Christmas than to reach out our hands to these little ones; to let a warmth into their cold bodies, a little light into their dark souls, and to bring the sunshine of happiness to their eyes?

This ministering to others will result in greater thoughtfulness throughout the year.

"Now to the Lord sing praises,

All you within this house,
And with true love and brotherhood,

Each other now embrace;

This holy tide of Christmas!

All others doth deface.

O tidings of comfort and joy!

For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,

Was born on Christmas day."

The Sisters' Party

BOWENA E. NUTTING, UXBRIDGE, ONT.

It was about two weeks before Christmas. Mildred Wilson and her sister Olive were sitting before the fireplace, very busy, making their Christmas presents. They appeared to be as happy as any two girls could wish to be, chattering to each other and contriving their gifts. The question finally arose as to how they were going to spend Christmas Day. This, of course, was a rather difficult problem to solve.

Mildred said, "Let us go to grandma's, since she gave us such a pressing invitation; and you know we always have a delightful time there on such an occasion."

"Oh, no," said Olive, "we don't want to go to grandma's, because there will be no one except cousins, aunts and uncles there and I don't call it fun when they are the only company."

"Then what do you wish to do?" asked Mildred.

"Well, I think it would be nice to stay home and have a party and ask all our girl friends to come," suggested Olive.

This did not exactly suit Mildred. She worked away at her present, not saying a word for several minutes. There was a puzzled expression on her face, which one could scarcely understand, but in a few minutes it was made clear.

Mildred broke the silence by saying, "Grandma will be so disappointed if we do not go, and she said we could take three or four friends with us if we wished."

Olive seemed quite satisfied now and answered, "Oh, that will be fine. We can take our best chums." You can invite Ethel and Winnifred, and I will ask Viola and Erma to go."

Now as both agreed to this, the question seemed settled for the time. The girls worked steadily on, but again Mildred appeared to be bothering about something. She thought to herself that this plan was really selfish. Their chums could have a splendid time at home on Christmas, and why not ask some person to go who had not such a privilege?

Mildred said, "Suppose we invite poor little Chris Thompson with us, also the two little Clark girls, who are orphans? I am sure we would all enjoy ourselves and we would be helping to make others happy."

Olive finally consented to this, but she did not seem fully contented. They hastened to tell their mother and father what they had decided to do. The parents were greatly pleased with the plan and



THE JUNIOR LEAGUE OF UXBRIDGE, ONTARIO.

He was a little frightened at first, but the carpet felt warm to his poor, bare feet. He said that he had come from Italy and that it was warmer there than it is here, and that he was very poor, so poor that he had no shoes. He said that he had to go from house to house singing to get pennies to get some dinner, and he was so hungry.

"Poor little boy. Our mamma and papa are away and we are having a pretty sad Christmas, but we'll try to make it nice for you," said the children. So they played games and Antonio sang to them. Just then the folding doors rolled back and there was the dining-room with the table all set, and Thomas, the black waiter, smiling as though it was a big dinner party instead of just two tiny children.

"Well, I never!" said nurse, when she saw Antonio. But she felt so sorry for the two children that she let him come to the table. Such a dinner as he ate. He had never seen one like it before.

"It is a fairy tale," he said.

Just as dessert was being served in rushed papa and mamma. They were so glad to see their darlings happy that they gave each some extra kisses. You may

Christmas box, we will at least want to write them a long letter either just before or on the holiday.

Christmas for over nineteen hundred years has been gradually becoming the greatest festival of this world; the day for rejoicing, the day for loosening pure strings, the day for being supremely happy by making others happy—which is by far the easiest way of being happy ourselves.

We say wrongly sometimes that Christ says that we shall bring Him gifts on His birthday. Nowhere in His Book does He ask this. He asks us to bestow what we may have, good gifts or inconsiderable tokens, upon others. For Christ is in every child and what we give to a child in true Christian spirit we give to Christ. "Inasmuch as ye give it unto one of the least of these, ye give it unto me." No holiday centred in selfishness could survive with undimmed light for twenty centuries. We should try to make others happy whose nests are less downy than our own.

The pleasure of seeing a poor child's face light up with joy and gratitude on receiving unexpectedly even an orange, a box of candy, a tin whistle or a picture