

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

Jimmie Boy's Letter to Santa Claus.

Dear Santa Claus, if you could bring
A patent doll to dance and sing,
A five-pound box of caramels,
A set of reins with silver bells;

An elephant that roars and walks,
A Brownie doll that laughs and talks,
A humming top that I can spin,
A desk to keep my treasures in;

A boat or two that I can sail,
A dog to bark and wag his tail,
A pair of little bantam chicks,
A chest of tools, a box of tricks;

A scarlet suit of soldier togs,
A spear and net for catching frogs,
A bicycle and silver watch,
A pound or two of butterscotch;

A small toy farm with lots of trees,
A gun to load with beans and peas,
An organ and a music-box,
A double set of building-blocks—

If you will bring me these, I say,
Before the coming Christmas day,
I sort of think, perhaps, that I'd
Be pretty nearly satisfied.

—Harper's Young People.

Searching for Santa Claus.

Faster and faster fluttered the snowflakes to carpet that city street, and to fashion a fairy highway on the roof-tops for Santa Claus and his fleet reindeer.

Through the blinding whiteness, trudging bravely along, could be seen two small figures. A pair of blue eyes looked out timidly from under an apology for a cap. A pair of black eyes looked out fearlessly through locks of yellow hair covered by a scarlet hood. Now I am going to tell you, at the very beginning, what this boy and girl were about,—they were searching for Santa Claus.

In a quiet little street, in a tiny bare room, that very morning, Willie and Millie had listened to a mournful tale: Santa Claus did not know their address, and so, of course, he would not visit them.

"Is that him?" cried the boy, tugging at the little girl's arm. "Say, Millie, is that him?"

"No," said Millie, and she laughed.

The snowflakes caught in the little boy's pinched face, and clung to the little girl's hair.

Some snowflakes—and these were not kind snowflakes—crept inside four little worn shoes to take a look at twenty little toes.

"There he is, Willie!"

They took hold of hands and ran as fast as they could.

"Hello! What's up?" It was Santa Claus' voice, clear and merry. He stopped stock-still, with the snowflakes on his silver beard, and on the great basket he carried upon his arm.

Millie hastily drew a corner of her shawl over a rent in her dress; but Santa Claus' twinkling eyes had seen it already, but he didn't seem to mind it.

"Willie and me come to give your our address, Mr. Santa Claus," she said politely. "It's No. 3 Dickerson street. We're the same ones you gave the horse and cart and the baby doll to last year, when we lived on Greek street."

"They're all broke up," added Willie in a whisper.

"My goodness above!" cried Santa Claus: "I've been looking for you two everywhere. No. 3 Dickerson street,—trust me for remembering!" With that he hurried down the long avenue. The snowflakes, growing larger, were pelted at him like snowballs. And the dear old fellow was laughing so that he couldn't walk straight.

The Christmas Pudding.

With apples, and suet, and almonds and plums,
Candied-peel, brandy, and currants and crumbs;
Oh! what a jolly good pudding we'll make!
Blacker than treacle and sweeter than cake.

We stir it up with a wooden spoon—
It takes the whole of the afternoon;
We take it in turns till cook thinks fit
To drop in the ring and the three-penny bit.

If you get the ring it's perfectly clear
That you will be married within the year;
But if you've the button it's equally plain
That forever unmarried you must remain.

But, if you've the three-penny bit, why then
You'll live and die the richest of men;
So the three-penny bit is the best of the lot,
For who cares whether they're married or not?

But, if I were rich, I would buy some skates,
And a crick-t-bat and some Tunis dates;
And a book for father—for mother some pearls,
And a life-size dolly for each of the girls.

Oh! if I were rich we would keep a bear,
And a pony to ride and armor to wear;
And every game you can get to play,
And a pudding—like this one—EVERY DAY!

Home.

I am not an alarmist. If every bank were to break I wouldn't lose a cent, and I could walk home. I have got two shoulders of meat in the smoke-house, and clothes to last six months.

We've got to get back to headquarters—home—to find out the trouble. Home ought to be the brightest, happiest and cheeriest place under the sun, on the face of the earth.

Every man shows what he thinks of his wife and children by the kind of home he puts them in. A man whose home is all out of whack, the blinds

down and the doors off the hinges, the steps rotten—that shows his character. The husband shows his character by the exterior of his home; the wife by the interior. I don't see how some men can keep pious on what they get three times a day. Spurgeon includes all human miseries under "dirt, devil, debt." I have been in houses where they had twenty-five dollars' worth of silverware and fifteen cents' worth of grub. I would like to be able to digest silver, but I can't. I like girls who can play on the stove as well as on the piano. Many a man has been sent to a drunkard's grave by what he has been given to eat by his wife. You give a man a biscuit that will knock down a yearling, and he's got to have a drink or something else before night. If you've got a good wife, a good home and a good cow, your are elected, as the Presbyterians say.—Sam Jones.

What's the Use?

The daily press is striving hard—
But what's the use?
That folks their follies may discard,
But what's the use?
For people still blow out the gas,
And trains at crossings try to pass,
While ladies still chew gum, alas!
So what's the use?

The farmers still are signing notes—
So what's the use?
And buying wild Bohemian oats,
So what's the use?
For though we warn them day by day,
Yet suckers still will dearly pay,
For every "snap" that comes their way,
So what's the use?

THE QUIET HOUR.

Thy Will, Not Mine.

(Continued from page 503.)

"Not as I will"—the sound grows sweet
Each time my lips the words repeat.
"Not as I will"—the darkness feels
More safe than light when this thought steals
Like whispered voice to calm and bless
All unrest and all loneliness.
"Not as I will," because the One
Who loved us first and best has gone
Before us on the road, and still
For us must all his love fulfill,
"Not as we will."

We are not to think, then, that every burden we ask God to remove, He will surely remove; nor that every favor we crave, He will surely bestow. He has never promised this. "This is the confidence that we have in Him, that if we ask anything according to His will, He heareth us." Into the very heart of the prayer which our Lord gave He put the petition, "Thy will be done." Listening at the garden gate to the Master's own most earnest supplication, we hear, amid all the agonies of His wrestling, the words, "Nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt." The supreme wish in our praying should not, then, be merely to get the relief we desire. This would be to put our own will before God's, and to leave no place for His wisdom to decide what is best. We are to say: "This desire is very dear to me: I would like to have it granted; yet I cannot decide for myself, for I am not wise enough, and I put it into Thy hand. If it be Thy will, grant my request: if not, graciously withhold it from me, and help me willingly to acquiesce, for Thy way must be the best."

Prayer is right, no matter how intense and importunate: yet amid all your agony of desire, it should be the supreme, the ruling wish, subduing and softening all of nature's wild anguish, and bringing every thought and feeling into subjection, that God's will may be done.

"If Himself He come to thee, and stand
Beside thee, gazing down on thee with eyes
That smile and suffer; that will smite thy heart
With their own pity to a passionate peace;
And reach to thee himself the Holy Cup—
Pallid and royal, saying, "Drink with Me!"—
Wilt thou refuse? Nay, not for Paradise!
The pale brow will compel thee, the pure Hands
Will minister unto thee; thou shalt take
Of this Communion through the solemn depths
Of the dark waters of thine agony.
With heart that praises Him, thy years to Him
The closer for that hour. Hold fast His Hand
Though the nails pierce thine too! Take only care
Lest one drop of the sacramental wine
Be spilled, of that which ever shall unite
Thee, soul and body, to thy living Lord!"

The groundwork of this acquiescence is our confidence in the love and wisdom of God. He is our Father, with all a father's tender affection, and yet with infinite wisdom, so that He can neither err nor be unkind. He has a plan for us. He carries us in His heart and in His thought. The things we, in our ignorance, desire, might in the end work us great ill; the things from which we shrink may carry rich blessings for us; so we should not dare to choose for ourselves what our life experiences shall be. The best possible thing for us is always what God wills for us. To have our own way rather than His, is to mar the beauty of His thought concerning us. The highest attainment in prayer is this laying of all our requests at God's feet for His disposal. The highest reach of faith is loving, intelligent consecration of all our life to the will of God. When some great hope of our life is about to be taken from us, we should not dare settle the question whether we shall lose it or keep it. We do not know that it would be best. At least, we know that God has a perfect plan for our life, marked out by infinite wisdom; and surely we should not say that what we, with our limited wisdom, might prefer, would be better than what He wants us to be.

J. R. MILLER, D. D.

Puzzles.

1—CHARADE.

One bright morning,
While walking along the street,
A little lad with a wounded FIRST
I chanced to meet.
Said I: "What's the matter, TOTAL boy?"
That you are crying here alone.
He told me what the grievance was,
And SECOND thing had to be done,
So I wiped his "tears" and bound his wound,
And whispered to him, "Come";
He walked with me some distance 'till
I brought him to his home. MURIEL E. DAY.

2—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My No. 1 is a bay in the United States.
2 is a number.
3 is a weapon.
4 is a spirituous liquor.
5 is pertaining to the moon.
6 is to cut off.
7 is a Greek philosopher.
Initials and finals give the name of one whom we all know. MAGGIE SCOTT.

3—RIDDLE.

What word is it, that meaning plenty, when divided in the center, and transposed, gives two words that mean something the boys say the girls like. MAGGIE SCOTT.

4—EASY BEHEADINGS.

1. Behead an indication of sleepiness and leave an artificial shade.
2. Behead another indication of sleepiness and leave an animal.
3.—Behead need and leave an insect.
4. Behead an article used in packing crockery and leave a reckoning.
5. Behead an awkward bow and leave a kind of cloth.
6. Behead a locality and leave network.
7. Behead to loiter and leave a doll.
8. Behead sudden blows and leave parts of a horse.
9. Behead to turn and leave a peg.
10. Behead a stain and leave a piece of land.
11. Behead a bough and leave a farm in California.
12. Behead loose and leave want. EDITH BROWN.

5—ANAGRAM.

Long ages ago—now think with care—
There lived an orator grand;
All ye who guess "complete" be fair,
And SEND ME THOSE to hand. W. G. MOFFATT.

6—ENIGMA.

In bright but not in light;
In good but not in right;
In wand but not in witch;
In branch but not in switch;
In vice but not in fault;
In chase but not in caught;
In sign but not in proof;
In mouth but not in roof;
In duel but not in fight;
In right but not in light;
In sweets but not in candy.
Total a place in Quebec. MURIEL E. DAY.

7—CHARADE.

My first is an insect, my second a verb, my third a consonant, my fourth a possessive adjective, my whole is a river in Quebec. BLANCHE MACMURRAY.

8—TRANSPOSITION.

Het oeesstiw siturf eth dogs webots
Od tebs nl neih now dagner wrgo;
Idi wile eht eel, orf f out eerht,
Uoht lwit ton dinf etmh yeernhaw. A. P. HAMPTON.

9—TRANSPOSITION.

The ONE goes by in fearful haste
Because it has no time to waste,
So prompt must be the delivery
Of precious freight it carries be.
But ere it passes out of view
It suddenly comes to a TWO.
Chafe at the TWO though ONE-boy may
A rushing torrent bars the way.
TWO in that THREE two days the ONE
Veiled by the tree FOURS from the sun,
Meanwhile the ONE-boy must contrive
To eat his victuals without FIVE. W. G. MOFFATT.

Answers to Nov. 1st Puzzles.

1—(1) Plover—lover; (2) cargo—argo; (3) bunion—onion; (4) coat—out; (5) ozone—zone; (6) pelf—elf.

2—EARNST.

3—W O R L D 4—Friendship;
O T H E R 6—Ascent—scent—cent.
R H Q N E 7—(1) Earwig; (2) Caravan.
L E N D S
D R E S S

5— Defer not till to-morrow to be wise.
To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise.

8—No great deeds are done by falterers who ask for certainty.

SOLVERS TO NOV. 1ST PUZZLES.

Maggie Scott, Edith Brown, Mabel Ross, Blanche MacMurray.

COUSINLY CHAT.

M. E. D.—Have returned it; did it arrive safely? Poor "Kit" is a great source of curiosity. Yes; little, I believe. Your squares are always good, but anything new is always acceptable too. What's the matter with L. M. S.?

"Margreta."—You have guessed correctly. Perhaps you are friends; look it up. Your sort of club would suit me too. It was a "Gem" contest I referred to. I thought it would be repeated.

"Annie Laurie."—You ask, "What has become of Clara Robinson?" I repeat the question, What has become of her? Mab.—The competitions for solving and contributing are distinct. The same person may win in both.

An old negro heavyweight applied to the local dispenser of patronage for a government position. "What are your qualifications?" he was asked.

"My qualifications?"
"Yes."
"Well, suh," he said, drawing himself up proudly, "I see all wool an' a yard wide!"