



CHRISTMAS IN HEAVEN.

By Howard Saxby.

On Christmas Eve my little boy,
A blond-haired child of seven,
Said: "Papa, tell me if the angels
Keep Christmas up in Heaven?"
The question struck me strangely,
And silently I thought,
As he talked on and said that "If
They didn't—why, they ought!"
I answered: "Yes—of course—my child,"
"Well, papa, tell me how."
"Why, certainly—I will—some day"—
I saw that I was in for it,
So what was I to do.
With folded hands and open mouth
He stood and looked at me;
I couldn't start, and so he came
And sat upon my knee,
And said: "Papa, I've often thought
And strange it seems to me—
When Jesus was a child in Heaven
Who else but God did see
And hear him talk of childish things?"
(Ah, me! what thoughts have boys!)
"And, papa, did he really have,
Like we do, books and toys?"
What could I say: To answer him
My tongue was at a loss;
And so, to fix the matter up
I wisely said, "Of course!"
(A great mistake) He chattered on.
—You'll pity me I'm sure—
When on my arm he laid his head
Remarking, "Tell some more!"

Had "Bluebeard" been the subject,
Or "Mother Goose" and such,
I might have talked—but Christmas-tide
With angels seemed too much.
Some children think that fathers
Should know the ways of heaven;
Perhaps they do, but not so well
As little boys of seven.
So I began: "At Christmas time
In Heaven the angels bring
Good tidings, joy to all mankind,
And praise to Christ they sing.
The newly gates and golden streets
With heavenly glory shone
As Little Nell and Tiny Tim
Gazed on the Great White Throne.
Poor Joe—no longer illly clad—
"Moved on amidst the throng,
And little Paul and sister Flo
Joined in angelic song.
And Jesus called the children,
And blessed them, every one,
And suffered them to come to Him
As once on earth he'd done."

And next they had some Tableaux,
The Bells of Heaven pealed:
An angel, speaking to a group
Of shepherds in a field.
Some travelers, with eyes uplift,
Were following a star,
And while with fear their minds were
seized,
These sounds were heard afar:—
"To you in David's town this day
Is borne of David's line,
"A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign;
"The Heavenly Babe you here shall find
"To human view displayed,
"All meantly wrapped in swaddling
clothes
"And in a manger laid."

The curtain falls. And next is seen
A child in Temple grand.
A sunn figure raises now
A child girl by the hand.
Again a widowed mother weeps,
And, now, amid the strife
Around the City gate, her son
By Christ is raised to life,
He heals the sick, restores their sight,
A cross is brought to view,
And Jesus says, "Forgive them all,
They know not what they do!"

"The Tableaux close—and round the
Throne
(Imagine if you can!)
The angels list while Dickens reads
Aloud "The Haunted Man."
Then Thackeray and Walter Scott
Read and recite in turns:
While Moore and Bulwer listen to
An ode from Bobby Burns.
And Tennyson (so newly come,
But quite a welcome guest),
Is happy in the light of God,
Where weary ones find rest.
The Carv sisters sing of Him
Whose blood redemption bought;
Just think, to hear them sing in Heaven
"One sweetly, solemn thought!"
So Christmas goes in angels' land,
And all the hosts above
Are looking down on you, my child,
And whispering, "God is Love."

The boy's asleep! May his young dreams
Be all of Christ and Heaven.
Oh, Father! would I were tonight
A little boy of seven!

ONLY A SERVANT GIRL.

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton.

"There's the last dish of the last
course!" exclaimed Jennie, setting a cut
glass tumbler on the kitchen table.
Strains of the orchestra from the re-
ception hall breathed throbs of Christ-
mas festivities that brightened the life
of the prosperous family in this par-
ticular house on a fashionable avenue of
a growing city.

Jennie stood for a moment listening to
the melody of a waltz, then after wip-
ing her eyes with the corner of her
apron, she began to clear the dishes
ready for washing. Just as she seraned
the food from the last plate, a familiar
knock startled her.

"Oh, I don't want to see Charles to-
night—I can't. He must not come any
more. Something aches all through me
when I am with him. I must not en-
courage him. I will not go to the door!"
she said, taking down the dish-pan. The
orchestra stepped for its usual rest, the
voices died down, everything was quiet
for a moment save the rattle of dishes
in the pan.

A knock much louder on the door
reverberated through her as if she her-
self had been pounded by a hammer.
She wiped her hands reluctantly and
opened the door, when a big, coarse, in-
dignant man stepped in.

"Pity you couldn't keep me out there
all night!" he raged, walking over to
the table where she stood.

Jennie went to the sink and washed
a cup without looking up.

"See here!" he exclaimed, clutching her
shoulder rudely.

"You can't drop me that easy. I've got
you in my grip and you can't go against
me. I'll follow you every minute you
leave this house and your life won't be
very safe if you oppose me," he growled
and sat down on a chair.

Jennie choked something down and
washed more dishes.

The strains of Christmas music again
filled the house with harmonious sounds.
Jennie thought of her cozy parental
home on a distant prairie. It was mod-
est and plain, but the Christmas day
there was filled with love. She was at
least protected and safe from harm.
Here she had neither love nor protection.
Her mistress said little to her aside
from the haughty commands she admin-
istered every day. So Jennie was all
alone in a strange city, where one is
much more alone than even on a
prairie, for there one is safe in a great
environment, while in a city beasts of
prey, uglier than the wild animals of a

new country, tear into pieces the heart
and soul of many an innocent girl.

Jennie finished washing the dishes
though she wanted the work to last all
night.

"Now get ready for the dance," demand-
ed the man as he gave the house-dog a
wicked kick which sent it yelping to a
distant corner.

"James," the young girl requested in
a pleading voice, "Please leave me here
tonight. I am tired and heart sick. I
cannot bear the rough company of those
low dances. I cannot go! I must not!
I will not!"

"You will not, eh?" he yelled. "Well,
I'll see about that. You get ready, I
tell you! In ten minutes you leave
this house with me!"

Jennie trembled. Why could she not
call for help? She would. But, no!
Her mistress had that very morning
threatened to dismiss her, saying "ser-
vant girls were such a treacherous class,
one could not trust them." And poor
honest little Jennie was classed with
the rest.

It would do no good to ask her for
help. She would not believe her. She
hated domestics.

Jennie had worked night and day pre-
paring for Christmas day and was scold-
ed for not doing more. The cakes
were too rich, the pies were tough, the
turkey was dressed wrong—in fact
though the little country girl had
worked beyond her strength and trem-
bled with tired muscles, there was no
word of encouragement for what she
had done. So what was the use any
way?

There could be no Christmas joy for
her—not one fragment of Christmas
love.

She was alone and it mattered little
what would become of her.

Christmas love and kindness were all
she wanted.

The big villainous man watched her
like a lion waiting for his prey.

Jennie—trembling and tired—put on
her wraps and they went out of the
kitchen door into the crisp air of a
cold night—cold for Jennie outside and
inside, for her very heart was frozen.

"Oh—well," she murmured to herself,
"I'm only one of a thousand servant
girls out in the cold world tonight.
Nobody cares for the soul of a servant
girl."

"Merry Christmas, Miss Bernice!"
The young man ushered in was genuine
in his manner and appearance. His
face shone with an expression that be-
spoke intellectual power and soulful
sincerity.

Miss Bernice blushed as she acknowl-
edged his greeting for this was "the"
young man of her many acquaintances.
He seemed so manly and true. And I
think the young man felt a peculiar
thrill when in her company. At any
rate it was a very happy pair that en-
tered the long drawing-room at the left
of the reception hall.

Bernice's mother greeted the young
man in her usual stately and dignified
way. I think perhaps she was just a
little more cordial in her hand-lake to-
wards this particular young man.

The chandelier, dazzling brilliantly
with a hundred lights, filled the room
with brightness; wreaths of holly de-
corated the windows as if eager to in-
form the outside world of the Christ-
mas joy within the walls of this magni-
ficent home. Branches of mistletoe
tempted ambitious couples to stand in
the appointed place; American Beauty
roses and red and white carnations in
huge cut glass vases sent out their
usual Christmas fragrance. The rich

mahogany chairs and couches tastefully
arranged about the room, the hangings
of velvet and lace, the masterpieces of
art and mind, the richly colored rugs of
the Orient—all these external furnish-
ings indicated a home, the inmates of
which were people of wealth, culture,
and position. There were music and
harmony and Christmas joy every-
where.

The young man and Bernice attrac-
ted all eyes admiringly.

Whispers about the room all added
interest in their behalf.

"She is very fortunate."

"How splendid he is!"

"He is just the one for Bernice."

"He is such a prosperous and brainy
man."

"This country will yet be proud of
him."

The mother is planning for their
marriage.

"He is blessed with unusual natural
ability."

These were some of the whispered
expressions among the guests. And the
blushes of the fair girl indicated a
heart-knowledge of every characteristic
of the young man in question.

"Bernice!" the mother said as she
gently touched her daughter's dainty
gown, "Will you go into the kitchen
and tell Jennie to cut some Christmas
cake."

Bernice obeyed.

"Mrs. Bellamy, allow me to congratu-
late you upon the nature of your en-
tertainment," complimented the young
man, as Bernice left the room. "Your
decorations are perfect, very suggestive
in every way of the Christmas season,
he observed, his eyes following the trail
of a tinselled cord.

Mrs. Bellamy replied in a tone of
pride: "Thank you, Mr. MacDougall, it
is very good of you to speak of it, but
I always believe in making the Christ-
mas season a happy one in our home.
It only comes once a year and I be-
lieve in celebrating it for everyone."

Mr. MacDougall agreed ably.

Bernice appeared at the door in
flushed excitement. "Why, mother!"
she exclaimed, "Jennie has gone—gone
for good and here is a note she left on
the table."

Mrs. Bellamy took the note from
Bernice's trembling hands and in a
complaining voice sneeringly remarked:
"That is just like these irresponsible
servant girls. They always leave one
at the busiest time."

Then with her chin high in air and
her glasses perched on the bridge of her
nose, she read undisturbed apparently.
With little concern, she threw the note
on the table and rose to greet another
guest.

Mr. MacDougall with intense interest
stared at the opened note.

Familiar penmanship and the signa-
ture "Jennie" arrested his attention.
One start and he hurried to the side of
Mrs. Bellamy. "Who—who is this ser-
vant?" he stammered in excitement.

"Oh, she is just Jennie—that is all I
know about her," returned the hostess.

"Do you mean to tell me that all
you know of a girl under your roof is
that her name is 'Jennie'?" queried the
young man anxiously?

"Yes, that is all," coldly replied the
mother of Bernice. "You see," she con-
tinued, "One never knows her domestic
help; they are really nothing in a way;
they have no feeling."

"No feeling, no feeling," he muttered,
fumbling a rose unconsciously. "Do you
mean to tell me that you have no re-
sponsibility for the homeless girl in your
kitchen?" he demanded, looking very
earnestly into the face of Mrs. Bellamy.