

open further—and so beautiful!—she slipped in. No one saw her. She crept to the great stove, and looked and looked in wonder, till gradually the warmth made her drowsy, and all unconsciously she dropped upon the floor and fell asleep.

After a long time Jenny woke up. The fire had gone out in the stove, and she was cold again, and stiff from lying on the stone floor. The gas, which had dazzled her when she found her way into this lovely place, was turned off, but a pure light took its place from the moonbeams that fell through the colored windows on the black and white pavement beneath. The arches and pillars showed more white and beautiful for the great shadows thrown around, and as Jenny gazed bewildered on the solemn grandeur, she thought she saw a beautiful form at the far end of the chancel advancing towards her. Gradually it drew near and nearer, and around it were many other forms, all so beautiful that the child thought they must be angels, for the teacher had told her in that one Sunday of good people, different from those she lived among, called angels. But the centre form was far more beautiful than all. Jenny could never tell what it was like, only it was quite different from anything she had ever seen—so grand and holy looking, and yet with such a loving smile that she felt sure it must be the Jesus for Whom she had looked so long.

He came close and yet closer to the place where she crouched, almost afraid to breathe, and at last He stopped by her side.

'Come here, Jenny, my little Jenny,' He said, and raised her in His arms, and wrapped her in His garments, till her aching limbs once more were warm and rested, and she fell asleep.

A second time she awoke. She was on the ground by the stove as at first. No loving arms encircled her, no clinging garments wrapped her round. But again some one was bending over her, and by the sweet smile on the face she saw, she thought it must be Jesus come back again, though she did not re-



Christmas Frolicking.

Nicholas, good saint, jolly Saint Nicholas,
Not to remember you, dear, were ridiculous;

You who have busily labored to tickle us.

Santa Claus, tenderly nicknamed Santa Claus,

'Tis in your honor, we name, for no scanty cause,

Jollities papa and mamma and aunty cause!

member His having gone away; and, stretching out her two thin little arms, she cried, 'Oh, Jesus, why did you go away? You made me so warm, and now I'm cold, like I always am. It was so lovely to be warm.'

Again she was raised, and this time carried swiftly forward. A good woman who had the care of the church, coming in in the early morning before it was yet light to open and dust it, had found her half dead with cold and hunger, and carried her to an orphanage which stood close by the church. There they warmed and fed her, and put her in such a cosy bed that the little one thought she must really be in Heaven till they told her how it was.

But that night Jesus had claimed little Jenny for His own. She did not die, but lived, and good people taught her all about Him, till she grew to know Him and to love Him so much that she gave her whole life to Him, as He had given His for her; and since the Christmas Eve she heard Him say in her dream, 'Come to me, Jenny, my little Jenny,' she has never left Him.

Little Foxes.

There are many little foxes

Who can slip so softly in,

That we know not of their presence

Till they lead us into sin.

And when one finds an entrance,

He leaves the door 'off latch,'

For others of the foxy tribe

We find so hard to catch.

The ugly fox of selfishness

Though hard he makes us toil,
Will never garner harvests rich

But each year vintage spoil.

He blights our pleasures day by day,

By his deceiving tricks,

And all we prize as good and sweet,
With sourness he will mix.

The snarling fox of discontent

Hounds off each new-born joy,

And freely gives with measure full

The things that most annoy.

While anxious thought that fretting
fox

Will make us each day borrow,

The ills we dread, but never find

Awaiting us to-morrow.

The fox 'impatience' soon will
chase

'Forbearance' far away,

And bring his brother 'bitter word'

To vex us every day.

And 'indolence' the lazy fox,

Will hinder all good work,

As long as we will give him peace

Within our hearts to lurk.

The 'doubting' fox can never live

With 'faith' so kind and true,

But makes us lose our trust in God

And in our neighbor too.

The 'haughty' fox is sure to bring

Falls—many—soiling—sore;

Which we in after life will feel,

And bitterly deplore.

And crafty 'love of pleasure' fox

Each door throws open wide,

That lust, intemperance, and greed

May in our hearts abide.

Then watch these foxes one and all

At work, or rest, or play,

Get 'love' and 'trust' and temper-
ance

To keep them far away.

—Honos, in 'League Journal.'