

front a little fairy dressed in white. Beginning at one o'clock the fairy touched each hour with her wand and a bell struck the hour, and the face of a smiling youngster appeared through the face of the clock. At 12 it was expected Santa Claus' face would appear, but he was not to be seen, so a search was made for him. Some one raised the lid off a large box and up popped Father Christmas, smiling and bowing. He informed the children that but for the frosty weather (the thermometer had been 20 degrees below zero) he would have been here before. He complained of old age and many infirmities, and said that next year he expected to bring his old woman with him. He then proceeded to distribute the presents, giving something to each child, and concluded by telling them that he would be sure to come again next year.

The meeting closed with three cheers for Santa Claus and three cheers and a tiger for Dr. and Mrs. Simpson, who so kindly arranged the whole affair, and gave much time and trouble to make it a success.

Valor Has Its Reward.

(For the 'Messenger,' by a Little Girl)

Once there was a poor woodcutter who lived in a little hut on the edge of a forest. He was very poor and worked to support his sister. He just made enough money to put food in their mouths and keep them from starving. One day as he was working hard, he heard a cracking of twigs, and a man emerged from the forest to his side, and after watching him for some time, said: 'My friend, you have to work very hard, it seems.' 'Yes sir,' answered the woodcutter, 'I have to work very hard to keep my sister and myself from starving. It is slow and hard work, and I often get tired chopping, when it only makes enough money to put food in our mouths. And I often wonder why I should have to drudge away while other young men enjoy themselves.' 'Yes, my son, it is very hard, but always remember that "Valor has its reward," and with that the stranger vanished. The woodcutter thought no more about his strange visitor, until the next day,

the king of the country sent for him, and when he came, the king said: 'I have seen how diligently you have worked, and now I am going to reward you, for I will make you court woodcutter this very day.' From that day the woodcutter was a rich man. So the old saying came true, that 'Valor has its reward.'—D. Workman.

A Big Brother.

(By Barbara Griffiths.)

When Johnny hears the baby cry, He doesn't just go whistling by, The way that some girls' brothers do,

And say, 'What ails the kid now, Sue?'

No, Johnny's not that kind a bit; He comes and helps me out with it, The best he can; and he's so bright He always gets things going right.

He has a monkey jumping-jack, With purple tail and yellow back; 'Hi, now!' he says, 'just see him climb!'

And then the baby, every time, Forgets to cry, and jumps and crows,

As up and down the monkey goes And Johnny laughs and laughs— dear me!

A better brother couldn't be.'

Assistant Farmers.

Onions, turnips, beets, tomatoes, peas, celery—my! I guess I'll have as grown-up a garden as grandfather's is!' exclaimed Willie happily, as he named over the different seeds he was going to plant, as soon as he got the 'corner lot' ready for the beds.

Suddenly he stopped digging and began striking his hoe vigorously into the soft soil.

'What's the matter, Willie?' called grandfather from the onion-bed; 'what have you found?'

'One, two, ten, twenty—why hundreds of them, grandfather and they'll eat every seed I plant!' exclaimed Willie excitedly, as he began to cut the soil with his hoe more vigorously than ever.

'Hundreds of what?' and grandfather raised himself slowly from his knees.

'Worms, grandfather; and I'll not have a single thing come up.'

The little fellow's face looked a

very picture of despair, as visions of early vegetables—a surprise for father—that he had planned to take back to his city home, suddenly disappeared.

'Why, I never call them worms.'

'But they are worms—angle-worms, grandfather.'

'Yes, but I never call them so,' laughed grandfather at the serious little face. 'I call them farmers—my assistant farmers—and the more work I have for them, the better I like it.'

'Farmers! Worms, farmers—and work? Why, grandfather, all they do is squirm and wiggle.'

'Certainly, that's their work. Don't you see, they angle their way through the soil, and so make it light and loose. They are regular little plows; fertilizing the soil, too, as they plow, so to speak.'

'But—but, grandfather, don't they eat the seeds while they are resting?'

'No, indeed; my little assistants don't destroy; they only aid in my crop-raising.'

'I didn't know I was going to have some hired help this summer, when you gave me my garden,' laughed Willie.

'You're not going to,' chuckled grandfather, as he returned to his onion-bed; 'they work for nothing!'—'Sunbeam.'

The Two Foxes.

A Fable.

In the depths of a forest lived two foxes who never had a cross word with each other. One of them said one day in the politest fox language, 'Let's quarrel.'

'Very well,' said the other; 'as you please, dear friend. But how shall we set about it?'

'Oh, it can't be difficult,' said fox number one; 'two-legged people fall out, why should not we?'

So they tried all sorts of ways, but it could not be done, because each would give way. At last number one brought two stones. 'There,' said he, 'you say they're yours, and I'll say they're mine, and we will quarrel and fight and scratch. Now I'll begin. These stones are mine.'

'Very well,' answered the other gently, 'you are welcome to them.'

'But we shall never quarrel at this rate,' cried the other, jumping up and licking his face.

'You old simpleton! don't you know that it takes two to make a quarrel any day?'—'Sunday Reading.'