

"It would be lovely, darling, but the ride would be too long for her to-day, and we should have to think it over a great deal first."

But, best of all, Santa Claus did find the mountain village, and there in the big, poorly appointed living room of Mrs. Logan's home, a real Christmas tree was a glitter with ornaments and gifts and sweets, to make little Margaret unmistakably happy, and she was not the only one, for in the patio where they had seen so much distress Santa Claus had paid a visit, and the children were tasting their first genuine Christmas joy, while old and young heard the story of the Babe Jesus from the lips of a consecrated missionary, and were touched with the assurance of sympathy and kindly interest as each was presented with a useful gift. The hospital ward, of course, had not been overlooked, but best of all little Margaret had received her live doll baby, for the dark-eyed, bright faced, little homeless one who had clung to them so, had come from the hospital ward to be their Christmas cheer child.

THE BIRTH OF THE KING.

Saw you never in the twilight.
When the sun had left the skies
Up in heaven the clear stars shining
Through the gloom like silver eyes?
So of old the wise men, watching,
Saw a little stranger star;
And they knew the King was given
And they followed it from far.

Heard you never of the story,
How they crossed the desert wild,
Journeyed on by plain and mountain
Till they found the Holy Child?
How they opened all their treasure,
Kneeling to that infant King?
Gave the gold and fragrant incense,
Gave the myrrh in offerings.

Know you not that lowly Baby
Was the bright and morning star—
He who came to light the Gentiles
And the darkened isles afar?
And we, too, may seek His cradle.
There our heart's best treasures bring;
Love and faith and true devotion
For our Saviour, God and King.

—Selected



Miss Eva Bessie Lockhart, B.A.



Miss Bertha Lillian Myres.

Who have gone to India this Fall, from the Maritime Board.