

Christmas Land.

BY WILLIAM LYLE.

Who has the key of Christmas Land,
Where the bonfire shines,
And the holly twines,
Carollers sing—a merry band—
And stars are bright o'er that fair
strand—
Who has the key of Christmas Land?

Light are the hearts in Christmas Land;
In each group you meet
There are faces sweet;
Bosoms young and guileless are there,
And brows not yet wrinkled with care—
Who has the key of Christmas Land?

Dear baby hearts in Christmas Land,
We want to be near,
And join in your cheer,
When the tree with its strange fruit
bends,
And you wait for what Santa sends—
Who has the key of Christmas Land?

Love has the key of Christmas Land!
Oh, come, Cherub Love,
With wings like the dove,
Spread over hearts thy light of peace,
Sow for a harvest full of increase—
Open the gates of Christmas Land!

Open the gates of Christmas Land!
There is much to do,
And the days are few;
Bid all men set Charity free;
By thy grace, let us see there be
None of God's poor in Christmas Land.

TWO SIDES OF CHRISTMAS.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

"Pshaw!"

Jack said it so explosively that Miss Milmon, in the room above, looked out the window. Miss Milmon did not often look out the window, either literally or figuratively. Her world was a very narrow one, bounded on all sides by herself. Her little daily round, her monthly savings, her faded but carefully cherished disappointments, her jealous watchfulness that nobody should tread upon her rights—these made up her inner world. And as she cared nothing for her neighbours, she had no need to bestow many glances upon the outer world. There were a good many neighbours in the plain, rather poor, but very respectable court, but she viewed them chiefly as nuisances to be avoided.

It annoyed her to think these two children should stand just under her window to talk over their Christmas—or rather their want of it—but she could not well complain, since the lower floor was their home, and they were fairly on their own ground. She cared nothing for Christmas. She had no one to keep it with any more, and did not want to hear anything about it, she said to herself, but she did want a little fresh air in at that window, and why must that boy talk so loud that she could not help hearing him? He talked right on without ever thinking of her.

"It's bad enough not to have any Christmas ourselves—oh! yes, I know what you're going to say. I know all about how times are so hard, and father out of work so much that we just can't. I'm not blaming anybody. But it's enough to just let it go by and forget it without making it harder. And trying to make the day seem 'Christmas,' as you call it, by giving things to somebody else, is all stuff. It's a regular goody-goody notion, just like a girl. There wouldn't be one bit of fun in that."

"There would be fun for the poor little Smith children," urged Laurie's gentle voice.

"And, besides, we haven't anything to give 'em," interrupted Jack.

"Oh! I meant only little things. Or, of your jumping-jacks, that you can whittle out so nicely, would make that little Smith boy think he had a fortune if he found it in his stocking."

"Or dangling from a tree. I don't suppose those young ones ever saw a Christmas tree," said Jack, growing a little interested in spite of himself.

His gruffness was mostly on the outside, as wise little Laurie well knew, and in a few minutes he was planning quite as eagerly as she, and much more elaborately, for Jack was skilful at such work.

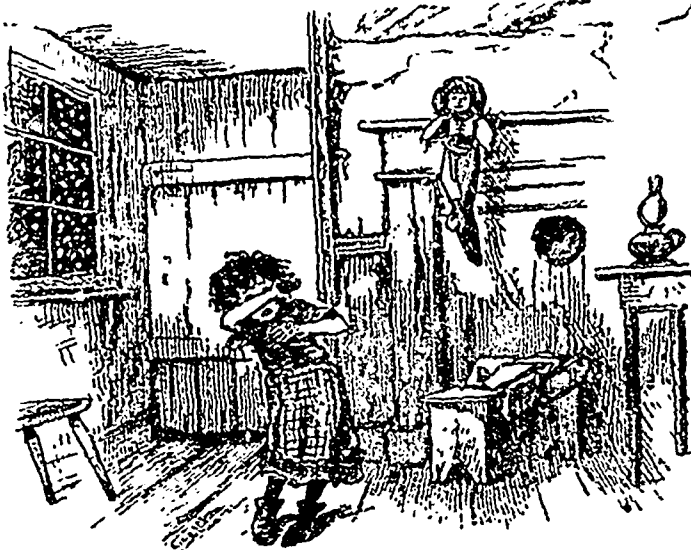
"Well, we'll do it if you want to. And I say, Laurie, let's fix up a little tree and do the thing up right while we're about it. I'll whittle out some dolls for you to dress up."

"Then I'm sure we will have a good deal of Christmas ourselves," said Laurie, delightedly. "You see, Jack, dear, it has two sides to it—the getting side and the giving side. And I do believe the giving side is the happiest, because—the soft cheek flushed and the gentle voice hesitated—"It's God's side."

Miss Milmon moved away from the window, but many times during the lonely day those words came back to her: "The giving side is the happiest; it's God's side." She did not know why she could not forget them, but they haunted her all that day, and she said them over to herself while she sat in the twilight, when it was too dark to work and too early to light her lamp.

"I suppose I might have had that side of it all these years if I'd only thought so," she owned. "Maybe it would have been a happier way. I don't know." And then came the echo of that soft voice: "It's God's side."

CHRISTMAS WITH THE POOR.—I.



"I DASSENT LOOK; I'M A-DREAMIN'; I KNOW I AM!"

"Well," she decided, as she arose to light her lamp, "if those youngsters can do it, I can. I've nobody to save for, so I needn't mind the expense, dear knows. I'll keep a little watch over those two downstairs, and if they build one side of a Christmas toward the Smitus, I'll build another side toward them. Maybe—with a grim little laugh—"we'll get up a whole one between us. Most likely they'll forget all about it, though."

It was wonderful how interesting that downstairs family grew when once she began to notice them. She had only meant to see that the children did not forget, but she saw many things beside—what a sweet, sensible woman the mother was; how industrious and intelligent the father, and what a pleasant little home-circle altogether. Seeing so much of them, she could scarcely help speaking when she met them, and so an acquaintance began. She often caught a glimpse of Jack or Laurie busy with some bit of work that made her sure they were carrying out their plan, and so on Christmas Eve she was not surprised at the

one without their knowing where it came from," she said, regretfully, as she slipped the bundles, carefully marked "From Santa Claus," just inside their door.

After all, they did know, for they could think of no other person who could and would have made such gifts. A girl so she was overwhelmed with thanks, and nothing would answer but that she must come downstairs and eat her Christmas dinner with them.

"Hasn't it been a lovely day?" said Laurie, late in the evening. "I'm sure now that the giving side is the happiest one."

"Why, we haven't had any chance to find out," corrected practical Jack; "for, you see, we've had the getting side, too—such a big getting. Miss Milmon is the only one who had just the one side."

"And I didn't," answered the visitor, promptly. "You have had me down here to dinner, and have given me the pleasantest Christmas I have had for years. Yes, it really has been the very pleasantest."

"I think it all means a little bit out of the Bible," said wise, sweet Laurie.

"Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom."

BOY INVENTORS.

A boy's elders are guilty of a foolish act when they snub him because he says or does something which they don't understand. A boy's personality is entitled to as much respect as a man's so long as he behaves himself.

Some of the most important inventions have been the work of boys. The in-

CHRISTMAS WITH THE POOR.—II.



"NOTHING!"

picture she saw through the window. An old pail, carefully painted, held the tiny tree, on which had been placed the home-made toys, and Laurie was lighting the candles, "just for a minute, to see how it looked."

Miss Milmon slipped upstairs again, put on her wraps, and took the pocket-book which she had made quite plump for the occasion and set forth on her unwonted excursion. She found, to her own astonishment, that she greatly enjoyed it, too. It was late when she returned with her arms full of bundles.

"I'd like to have given them a tree, too, but I couldn't manage a good-sized

vention of the valve motion to the steam engine was made by a mere boy. Newcome's engine was in a very incomplete condition from the fact that there was no way to open or close the valves, except by means of levers operated by the hand.

Newcome set up a large engine at one of the mines, and a boy, Huxphrey Pelter, was hired to work these valve levers; although this was not hard work, yet it required his constant attention.

As he was working the levers he saw that parts of the engine moved in the right direction, and at the same time that he had to open or close the valves.

He procured a strong cord and made one end fast to the proper part of the engine and the other end to the valve lever; and then he had the satisfaction of seeing the engine move with perfect regularity of motion.

A short time after, the foreman came around and saw the boy playing marbles at the door. Looking at the engine he saw the ingenuity of the boy, and also the advantage of so great an invention.

The idea suggested by the boy's inventive genius was put into a practical form, and made the steam engine an automatic working machine.

The power loom is the invention of a farmer's boy who had never seen or heard of such a thing. He had whittled one out with his jack-knife, and after he had got it all done he, with great enthusiasm, showed it to his father, who at once kicked it to pieces, saying that he would have no boy about him who would spend his time on such foolish things.

The boy was sent to a blacksmith shop to learn a trade, and his master took a lively interest in him. He made a loom of what was left of the one his father had broken up, and showed it to his master.

The blacksmith saw that he had no common lad as an apprentice, and the invention was a valuable one. He had a loom constructed under the supervision of the boy. It worked to their perfect satisfaction, and the blacksmith furnished the means to manufacture the looms, and the boy received half the profits. In about a year the blacksmith wrote to the boy's father that he should visit him, and would bring with him a wealthy gentleman, who was the inventor of a celebrated power loom.

You may be able to judge of the astonishment at the old home when his son was presented to him as the inventor, who told him that the loom was the same as the model that he had kicked to pieces but a year before.

WHAT A LITTLE GIRL SAID TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

An amusing story is told by a maid of honour in the service of Queen Victoria, says The Youth's Companion. A little niece of hers visited her one day at the court. The Queen caught sight of the child, and asked the lady in waiting to have the little visitor come to lunch at the palace. The child was taken on an appointed day to the royal table. While quite unconscious of the honour conferred upon her, she was quiet and well-behaved. During the luncheon chicken was served. The child ate her portion with keen relish, and was careful in the use of knife and fork. Suddenly she stared at the Queen; then, pointing her small finger at her Majesty, she exclaimed, with a tone of reproof: "O piggie, piggie!"

The Queen had taken one of the chicken bones in her fingers; but the carefully trained child, who had been warned in the nursery that this was a breach of propriety in young people, could not keep from repeating an expression that she had often heard her governess use.

Every one at the table was startled; but the Queen, who led in the laughter, enjoyed quite keenly the joke at her own expense.

HARDY NOVA SCOTIAN FISHERMEN.

The great "Yankee" fishermen are mostly Nova Scotians, but the captains of our fishing-vessels are, as a rule, Americans—hardy, self-reliant, quick to think and to act, and ready for any emergency. While the dories are out the captain, with the aid of the cook, handles the ship and keeps his weather eye on the horizon. If he sees danger in sky or sea, he sets a signal—usually a basket hoisted in the fore-staysail hal-yards—to recall the dories. Only too often, though, the gale comes up with such suddenness that the dories to leeward cannot get back. A dory with the bodies of two fishermen in it, or, more frequently, empty or tossed bottom up by the waves, tells the story. Yet in spite of the danger of starvation, a jug of water usually constitutes all the provision aboard a dory, and a compass is a rare bird.—"On the Grand Banks and Elsewhere," by Gustav Kobbe, in August St. Nicholas.

All chalk is composed of fossils. If you take the tiniest bit and place it under a powerful microscope, you will see an infinite number of extremely diminutive shells, and no spectacle on a large scale is more beautiful than the varied forms of these tiny homes of animal life, which are disclosed by powerful glasses.