

One day just after the bell rang for the boys to be in their seats, after recess, J picked up his Latin exercise, which was marked ten, and was looking over it. Theodore glancing at his own, which was marked eight, and then across at J's, gave a peculiar little sarcastic smile of his, and suddenly called out above the hum of voices all talking at once, "Every fellow that thinks J. Smith's the handsomest boy in the school raise his hand!" Of course there was a general laugh. Ray Hazard stopped in the middle of a hearty laugh at one of his own jokes, turned crimson, and then spoke out clearly and quickly, "Every one that thinks J. Smith's one of the best fellows in the school raise his hand!" and up went both his as high as possible, and a score more flew up and waved enthusiastically. I don't know how the boys felt, but I wanted to say, "Three cheers for a boy whose sunny heart makes him want to say a kind instead of an unkind thing."

There are knocks enough given in the world—don't you add to them, boys. Say to yourself to-morrow: "To-day, every time I want to say an unkind thing I'll change it to a kind one." Try it and see how you'll feel at night.

If all the happiness and all the misery in the world were divided into two great heaps, you surely would not want to be adding to the misery pile. If you don't have a chance to *do* a kind thing, *say* one, and add your mite to the happiness heap.

SAINT CHRISTOPHER.

DID you ever hear the story of S. Christopher? It is very interesting. There was once a great, strong man named Offerus (it means "bearer") He swore that he would serve the greatest king on earth, if only he could find out who that king was. So he went to a holy man who lived by himself and was very wise. "Tell me," said Offerus, "who is the greatest king on earth, for I have sworn to serve him." "Yes," said the hermit, "I will tell you who He is. He is not one of wonderful strength—He does not kill people, nor lead soldiers to battle, but still He is the greatest king. I mean Jesus Christ our Lord!"

When Offerus heard this he asked the hermit what he was to do to serve this king. "Do you see that rushing river close by?" said the holy man. "Well, it is not at all deep, but one must be strong to get through the running water; and often children and women are drowned trying to cross! Now, you must build a little house on its banks, and be always ready to use your great strength in carrying over whoever wants to cross the ford and is not able to do so alone." The great chief didn't like this idea at

first, but finally he agreed to it, and faithfully fulfilled his promise. For some years he lived in his little hut and spent his days carrying people over the rapid stream, and nothing very much happened. Then one day, or rather one night, there was a great storm. The winds whistled through the trees and moaned round the hut of Offerus, and he thought of the loneliness of it all and the hardness of his work. While the great, strong man was thinking thus, he heard a little child's voice calling him: "Please take me over; please take me over!" Offerus stepped out, and in the gray light he dimly saw a little baby figure, whose face was looking eagerly up to his, and whose voice was begging him: "Please take me over." Offerus at first refused because of the storm and the hardness of the work, but he remembered the promise he had made to be always ready, and taking the little one on his big shoulders he stepped into the river. The water was very rough, and the little child got very heavy, and Offerus could scarcely get on. As the water got deeper, still heavier seemed his load, till the great giant felt he could not go on any longer, but must be drowned with his charge. But a strange light shone above him, and looking up he saw that he carried, not a little child, but Jesus Christ His Lord. "Lord, save me!" cried Offerus, and the Lord did save him and he was brought safe to land, and they two stood on the bank and Offerus worshipped His Master.

"Rise, Offerus," said the Lord, "and listen. Thou hast served Me faithfully for many years under the name of Offerus, the bearer; now, as a reward for thy labor, thou shalt be called 'Christofferus,' 'the Christ bearer,' because thou didst carry thy Lord." So ever afterwards was Offerus called Christopher, which, you see, is just a short way of writing "Christ-offerus."

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.

KEEP your Christmas nerve, and muscle, and heart, and hope, and cheer, first for your own home, your own fireside, your dearest, your closest, your sweetest—and then for the homeless, the fireless, the unloved, the "undeared," and be true, true, true to the last Christmas card that goes to your post-office, or the last "Merry Christmas" that crosses your lips! We are a generous people, and we must keep our festival with sincerity, honor, intelligence, and good sense if we would keep it alive and "in His name."—*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.*

THE world may misunderstand God's rebukes, or put an unkind construction upon them; His children cannot, for they know "God is love."—*H. Bonar.*