

Christmas on the "Polly."

It was the good ship "Polly," and she sailed
the wintry sea,
For ships must sail, though fierce the gale,
and a precious freight had she;
Twas the captain's little daughter stood be-
side her father's chair,
And illumed the dingy cabin with the sun-
shine of her hair.

With a yo-heave-ho, and a yo-heave-ho!
For ships must sail
Tho' fierce the gale,
And loud the tempests blow.

The captain's fingers rested on the pretty,
curly head,
"To-morrow will be Christmas-day," the
little maiden said;
"Do you suppose that Santa Claus will find
us on the sea,
And make believe the stove-pipe is a chimney
—just for me?"

Loud laughed the jovial captain, and "By
my faith," he cried,
"If he should come we'll let him know he
has a friend inside!"

And many a rugged sailor cast a loving glance
that night
At the stove-pipe where a lonely little stock-
ing fluttered white.

With a yo-heave-ho, and a yo-heave-ho!
For ships must sail
Tho' fierce the gale,
And loud the tempests blow.

On the good ship "Polly" the Christmas sun
looked down,
And on a smiling little face beneath a golden
crown,
No happier child he saw that day, on sea or
on the land,
Than the captain's little daughter with her
treasures in her hand.

For never was a stocking so filled with curious
things!
There were bracelets made of pretty shells,
and rosy coral strings;
An elephant carved deftly from a bit of ivory
tusk;
A fan, an alligator's tooth, and a little bag of
musk.

Not a tar aboard the "Polly" but felt the
Christmas cheer,
For the captain's little daughter was to every
sailor dear.
They heard a Christmas carol in the shriek-
ing, wintry gust,
For a little child had touched them by her
simple, loving trust.

With a yo-heave-ho, and a yo-heave-ho!
For ships must sail
Tho' fierce the gale,
And loud the tempests blow.

—St. Nicholas.

The Story of a Hymn-Book.

CHAPTER XIV.

MEETING TO PART, PARTING TO MEET.

THE sequel must be told as it was
collected in course of time from various
sources.

When poor Lizzie Cutler awoke, and by
and by sought her hymn-book, it was miss-
ing. Little Bob searched everywhere, but
found it not. Lizzie was distressed, Bob
was enraged. Mrs. Cutler declared, with
the most awful asseverations, that she
knew nothing of it. But shrewd little
Bob had his suspicions, and said, "Never
mind, Liz, we shall find it again; you may
depend on it she's 'popped' it."

Mr. Duncan and his friend Mark Hob-
day, coming in to visit the dying girl, were
informed of the cause of her distress.
And when the hymn-book was described,
and Bob told how he had found it at
London Bridge Station, Mark exclaimed,
"Why, it must be mine yours, Duncan!"
And when Duncan looked a little puzzled,
Mark explained—

"The hymn-book that has been with me
in all my wanderings—the one you gave
me years ago."

Lizzie was consoled by the gift of
another book, with nice large print, be-
cause, as Bob said, he could spell large
letters so much better.

But others were now interested in the
recovery of the book.
In vain, however, were pawnbrokers

visited, and public-houses. For, alas! as
Henry Duncan too well knew, there were
publicans who would take the children's
shoes, or a family Bible, in exchange for
drink.

Lizzie now began to fail rapidly. And
one day, when her mother was absent,
and only little Bob was with her, she
breathed her last. Poor Bob, who was
doing his best to read to his sister, did
not know she was gone till he missed the
short quick sound of her breathing, and,
looking at her, saw that her eyes were fixed.

When her daughter was dead, a sense
of her wickedness came over Mrs. Cutler.
Remorse and prolonged indulgence in
drink had a powerful effect upon her.
She would not stay to do more than
look at Lizzie's dead body. Rushing from
the spot, she tramped from place to place,
trying to escape from the accusations of
conscience and the terrors of a dis-
ordered brain.

At length she was found, many miles
from London, ragged and bonnetless, a
fronzed wanderer by the wild sea-shore.
She ended her days in the paupers' lunatic
asylum.

Little Bob found a friend in Henry
Duncan, and was by his kind interposition
received into an orphanage for destitute
children.

Before, however, little Bob Cutler dis-
appears from this history, let it be said
that it was a hint from his sharp and shrewd
mind that led to the discovery of the lost
hymn-book, and the happy association of
its several owners.

When every search and inquiry had
been made, Bob one day struck out the
bright idea of the second-hand book-stall.
Diligent search was made in various
directions. At last Mr. Duncan found his
way to the London-road book-stall, and
having given a description of the missing
volume, and of the person who most likely
offered it for sale, the wooden-legged
vendor of literature remembered the
circumstances, impressed upon his mind
by the fact of his having sold the book
almost as soon as he got it, while, as he
said, "hymn-books, and sermons, and
that sort of thing, are generally very slow
sale."

"Nay," he said, "What's more, I think
I can tell you who bought it." And from
the depths of a bulky and dirty pocket-
book he produced a card—Gilbert Guest-
ling. The Hawthorns, Oakshade.

That night's post took a letter from Henry
Duncan to Oakshade, and Gilbert Guest-
ling knew how the hymn-book had been
rescued from the deep, and something of
its interesting story since.

The singular circumstances led to the
formation of a friendship between Duncan
and Gilbert. Mark Hobday, too, was
invited to The Hawthorns, and it was
around the glowing fire in the very kitchen
where of old Mr. Richmond had preached,
and old Allen Nichols, the shepherd, had
painfully fluted, that the story of the
hymn-book was recounted. The old
farmer and his wife were gone. Their son
Clement now held the farm, and his sister
Alice found a home with him, as she had
done with her parents.

I had the satisfaction of again taking
part in a service in the kitchen, though a
neat chapel now adorned the village of
Oakshade. And Henry Duncan was the
preacher, and Mark Hobday added words
of prayer, and Gilbert Guestling led the
singing from my own pages.

All that is past now. Mark has again
crossed the Atlantic, and is settled in his
Western home. His old parents' have
been called away, and entered with humble
confidence into rest. Little Bob Cutler
spent his last summer holiday at the farm.
He is a big, stout lad now, no trace of the
London gamin remaining upon him, and
next year he is to go to Mr. Hobday in
Philadelphia.

And Henry Duncan and his good wife—
for he is no longer alone have found
another field for their devoted and self-
sacrificing labours.

Alice Wilnot I can never speak of her
by her marriage name has gone to join
her husband in the better country. Thirty
years of separation have been succeeded
by a blissful union, which can know neither
interruption nor end. And as I think of
those that are gone, and of those that are
following after, I feel that no song of mine
can be more suitable as I close this

narrative than that glorious outburst of
poetry and piety

"Come let us join our friends above
That have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joys eternal rise:
Let all the saints terrestrial sing
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven, are one.

"One family we dwell in him,
One Church, above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death:
One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of his host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now."

"Of whom the whole family in heaven
and earth is named."—EPIH. 3. 15.

THE END.

A CHRISTMAS MESSENGER.

BY KATE L. BROWN.

It was nearing Christmas, and the Gray
children were busy as other little people
are apt to be at this glad time.

Every moment out of school was made
useful. Alan locked himself up in his den
and woke the echoes pounding and plaining.
Mado and Cecil vanished into their own
room and shut the door. If mamma
chanced to come in, they would jump and
scream, and cover things with their aprons.

But little Marjorie could have no share
in these merry mysteries.

Two weeks before, when coming home
from Kindergarten, she had slipped on a
bit of ice and fallen. The little hand that
had been stretched out to save herself
received all the force of the shock.

The doctor called it a sprain and said, as
he bound it up, "Let all these fingers rest
a long time, and not do any work."

"Nothing for Christmas, Uncle Doctor!"
sobbed Marjorie with crimson cheeks.

"Nothing for Christmas, pet," said
Uncle Doctor firmly yet kindly. "All the
merry little men have had a hard blow,
and if we do not let them rest they may not
be able to work again for many months."

Poor, dear Marjorie! In the Kinder-
garten where so many things begun for the
home people and her Sunday schoolteacher.
Was she to be the only one who was not to
be a giver this year? After the first few
painful days Marjorie went to Kindergarten
as usual.

She could do very little while there with
Mr. Right hand in a sling. But she was
happier to go, and listened more atten-
tively than ever.

"I'm so glad it wasn't my tongue," she
told her mamma in confidence. "for then
I couldn't sing or tell about things."

As Christmas drew near the weight upon
the little heart grew heavier and heavier.
At last one afternoon mamma found her
curled up on the sitting room sofa, crying
very real tears.

"Come in my lap, lambkin, and tell all
about it," said this dear mother.

So the brown curls were pillowed on
mamma's shoulder, and the story was soon
given.

"Christmas means giving," sobbed Mar-
jorie, "everyone says so. Heavenly
Father gave us the baby Jesus, the wise
men gave presents, people give things to
each other. I'm left out cause I can't give.
It won't be a truly Christmas."

Mamma wiped away the tears.

"Why, darling, you can give something,
even if the hands are not strong enough to
weave and sew. You can give the sweetest
thing of all."

"Oh mamma dear, what?"

"You can give your patience, for one
thing. That is a beautiful thing to give on
Christmas day. The dear heavenly Father
would be glad to see those patient,
good little hands, than all the beautiful
work they might do if they were well and
strong. The angels gave their songs of joy
and the shepherds their gladness. These
were just as much gifts to the little child
in the manger as the gold and jewels the
wise men brought."

"Why can't I learn a carol and sing it
at breakfast, and then go to Uncle
Doctor's and sing it there, and Miss
Faith's, too?"

"That is a lovely idea, Marjorie. You
can be a messenger of joy as the angels
were."

So when Christmas morning came the
family were made glad by the sweet music
of the little Christmas messenger.

Uncle Doctor's people were still at the
table, when a little figure appeared in the
doorway.

Her arms were full of packages from the
family, and there she stood with shining
eyes and flushed cheeks as the sweet notes
and sweeter words rang out.

"You are the best present we've had
yet," said Uncle Doctor.

On the way home was a gloomy looking
cottage where Andrew Craig and his wife,
Janet, lived. "I wonder if they've had
any Christmas," thought Marjorie as she
paused before the door. The old couple
were just eating their scanty morning meal
when a sweet voice stole in upon them.
Was it an angel in its white cloak and hat
singing so cheerily?

"Good news to you;
To great and small,
Good news to you I bring?
God sends to-day his noblest Son,
To be your Lord and King.
Fling open wide your hearts, O men,
Receive God's Christmas gift again."

Was it an angel? "Go to the church
to-day, Janet," said Andrew Craig, "and
thank God for us both. We've almost for-
gotten him." And while the wife was away,
the invalid took down an old book that
had dust on its cover, and with wet eyes
read again the story of the first Christmas
Day.

A CHRISTMAS MISSION.

Such a stormy Christmas morning as it
was! The snow lay in great drifts along
the village streets, and was still falling—
the white flakes whirling and flying until
they almost blinded one. God help the
poor on such a day!

Margaret was very happy that Christmas
morning, in spite of the storm without, for
everything within her home was so cosy
and beautiful and loving; so many gifts
had been showed upon her that she
scarcely knew whom to thank first.

"I have too much," she said; "every-
body is too good to me," and the blue eyes
glistered with tears.

She was just going to breakfast when
she overheard the servants talking of a poor
woman, who had been found the night
before, in a miserable shanty, without food
or fire. Immediately Margaret must know
where to find her. They told her as well
as they could. Before they knew what she
was about, she had a basketful of nourish-
ing food and dainties packed, and in a few
moments was prepared to go out in the
storm.

"Miss Margaret, it is not fit for you to
be going out in this storm," said Ellen, the
cook, "you will get your death."

"I guess not, Ellen," said Margaret,
laughing rather soberly. "If some people
can stand this weather without food and
fire, I certainly can in my comfortable
clothing."

But you have not had your own break-
fast."

"Do you think that I could enjoy it
while I knew that some one was starving?
Why, Ellen, every mouthful would choke
me."

She soon found the poor creature she
was seeking, to whom she seemed an angel
as she entered the door and came to the
pallet upon which she lay. And so she
was an angel one of God's "messengers"
sent to cheer and comfort one of his weary
children.

Margaret soon found a neighbour to
build a warm fire, and make things as com-
fortable as possible under the circum-
stances, while she herself saw that the
poor woman ate a good breakfast.

She then left her, promising to come
again soon. She wondered why it was that
the way home seemed so short and the air
so much warmer. Was it not because she
had received in her heart the blessing of
him who said, "Inasmuch as ye did it
unto one of the least of these my brethren,
ye did it unto me?"

Will you not make some one happy this
Christmas that you too may receive the
blessing of the Christ child?