



CHRISTMAS MORNING.

"MARY CHRISTMAS."

BY MRS. GEO. ARCHIBALD.

BESSIE GRAY was four years old,—
Mamma's black-eyed, only daughter;
Cunning ways and odd conceits
Bessie's four short years had brought her.

Loving faith in Santa Claus,
Childish tale and song had taught her,
And on Christmas morn she rose,
Sure the saint some joy had wrought her.

Smiling at her stockingful,
Papa found her when he sought her,
"Merry Christmas, Bessie Gray!"
And he kissed her as he caught her.

"Mamma," said the happy child,
When the day to night had brought her,
"Mary Christmas surely is
Santa Claus's lovely daughter!"

THE CHRISTIAN BOY.

IF a boy is a lover of the Lord Jesus Christ, though he cannot lead a prayer-meeting, or be a church officer or a preacher, he can be a godly boy, in a boy's way and in a boy's place. He ought not to be too solemn or too quiet for a boy. He need not cease to be a boy because he is a Christian. He ought to run, jump, play, climb, and talk like a real boy. But in it all he ought to show the spirit of Christ. He ought to be free from vulgarity and profanity. He ought to avoid tobacco in every form and have a horror of intoxicating drinks. He ought to be peaceful, gentle, merciful, generous. He ought to take the part of small

boys against large boys. He ought to discourage fighting. He ought to refuse to be a party to mischief, to persecution, to deceit. And above all things, he ought now and then to show his colours. He need not be always interrupting a game to say that he is a Christian, but ought not to be ashamed to say that he refuses to do something because it is wrong and wicked, or because he fears God, or is a Christian. He ought to take no part in the ridicule of sacred things, but meet the ridicule of others with a bold statement that for the things of God he feels the deepest reverence. Such a boy's religion will be marked by growth and continued usefulness

LITTLE RED MEN AND WOMEN.

BESS and Sue love to play "Out West." Bess gets on a horse and plays she is her soldier papa, and Sue puts on the cribble-ket and plays that she is a squaw bringing her pappoose to the white soldier doctor.

Perhaps they and some other little people would like to know how the real little Indians "Out West" live.

Most of an Indian baby's first year is spent strapped up in a tight little cradle, such as you have seen in pictures. When those little feet get out of the cradle they will soon learn to run about. Then the little red man will mount on a cornstalk and take just such rides as you take on a cane or a broom. He would say that his horse is much better, because it makes such a dust.

As soon as the little red woman is out of

her cradle she begins to carry a puppy or a puppy on her back, just as mamma used to carry herself. She makes cunning little wigwams and plays "keep house" while the little brother plays at hunting and fishing.

But the little red men and women do not play all the time. They learn to help their mothers, and a good Indian mother takes great pains to teach her children to be polite. She teaches them that they must never ask a person his name, that they must never pass between an older person and the fire, and they must never speak to older people while they are talking. When a little red man forgets these very good rules and is rude, what do you suppose his mother says to him? I am sure you can never guess. She says, "Why, you act like a white child!"

Can it be that these little red men can teach us lessons in politeness?

BEAUTY THAT ENDURES.

"MAMMA," said Nelly Brown to her mother one day, "do you think I am really beautiful?" Mrs. Wilson said to her the next morning: "Nelly, you are very handsome and you will by-and-by be a very beautiful woman." Do you think so too, mamma?

Mrs. Brown gazed at her daughter in silence a few moments, as if at a loss for an answer to Nelly's question. She knew that Nelly was indeed beautiful. Yet she regretted that Mrs. Wilson had praised her beauty so unsparingly, because she feared that such praise tended to feed vanity in her daughter's heart. At last she replied: "My child, God has given you a beautiful face and you no doubt found its praise by Mrs. Wilson was like a sweet morsel under your tongue; but let me repeat to you the words of a thoughtful old writer, who said: 'The amber attracts straw so does beauty, admiration, which only lasts while the war lasts; but virtue, wisdom, goodness, worth, like the loadstone, never lose their power.' These are true graces. You know that beauty may be defaced by disease; beauty of the soul outlasts the life of the body and commands lasting admiration. Therefore, Nelly, be grateful to God; he has given you a lovely face, but don't forget to ask him to adorn your soul with a beauty like his own."

Nelly made no response, but looked heavenward and said in her heart: "Blessed Lord, give me a beautiful soul!"
Our Youth.