

was to the hungry robin you can guess. Then he perched on the railings of the stair, tucked his head under his wing—a very sleepy and happy bird. In the morning his bright eyes espied, first thing, the scarlet holly berries. There was, indeed, a royal feast in robin's eyes, enough to last for many weeks of wintry weather.

The hours flew on, and the happy children came and sang their Christmas carols.

Just as the first verse was finished, a clear, rich, joyous song burst from birdie's little throat, high above, among the green branches; a true Christmas carol!—*Ex. change.*

#### GIVING.

"HAVE you dined it, Susie?" asked Harriet Southgate of her playmate, Susie Merryweather. "Why, what do you mean?" was the reply. "I mean did you dine it?" "Dime what?" "Why, the dollar you got this morning." "I really don't know what you mean yet." "Don't you 'dime' things? At our house we girls dime every dollar we get." "Well, I must live and learn; I never yet heard of dincing things; do you have to?" "No, dear; we like to, we love to." "But what is it?" "Well, to cut the matter short, it is putting aside a dime out of every dollar for religious uses; some call it tithing, that means tenthing, and so at our house we girls have all got to calling it dimeing." "And what, pray, are 'religious uses'?" "Well, anything in the church way, missions, mite boxes, and so on." "Dear me, you 'Piscopalians are the strangest sort of people; I believe you believe in system for everything; why is it?" "Well, I suppose, because anything that is worth doing at all is worth doing well, and that the best way to do a thing well is to do it by some rule or system." "And they can give a reason to 'every one that asketh' for the way they have for things, too; I never did see such people for giving, too." "Yes, we don't 'have' to, as I said, we love to; now, if only every one dined every dollar, what would follow?" "Why, the churches would all be too rich, and put on airs and all that." "Never fear, but all the 'missions' would be cared for, and not have to beg." "Ten cents out of every dollar seems a good deal, Hattie." "Their whole lives seem a good deal, too, for the missionaries to give, does it not?" "Certainly, only I never heard of all this dimeing before." "Never too late to mend, never too late

to begin, never too late to 'dime.'" "I will think it over; who else ever dined?" "Why, ever, the Jew." "Then we Christians ought to dime, surely, for we have much more than they had to be thankful for." And the two girls, after more talk, agreed to "dime," and dime they did; every dollar paid its tribute, and neither ever regretted it.—*Selected.*

#### THEIR CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

"How Christmas-y everything acts!" said Polly.

"Well, don't you want it to?" asked Jim. "Because I'll just stop getting you any more presents if that's the way you feel about it!"

He stood holding the door about three inches open, just enough so that Polly could see a heap of brown paper on the floor, and smell a nice cheerful smell of checkerberry lozenges somewhere inside that room.

Jim was so tall that Polly really couldn't look over his shoulder to see any more.

"Oh, you know I think it's great fun!" said Polly, "only I want to come in and get a spool of silk." Jim looked mischievous.

"I'll get it for you! I suppose you want the yellow silk, don't you, so's you can work on that pincushion for my room; yellow's my color, you know."

"Jim! No, I don't. I want two spools of white silk out of the drawer to work on"—she lowered her voice to a gentle Christmas pitch—"to work on mother's pretty apron, you know. Won't she be surprised? I wish Christmas-y surprises could keep up all the year round."

Jim went to the work-table and brought her out the two spools of white silk.

"So I say," he began, "and I don't know why they can't. I've been thinking about that." He went on talking quickly, as he stood holding the door four inches open. "I just happened to think of that ink bottle I gave father last Christmas. I s'pose he's asked me forty times if I'd put some more ink into it when he was busy writing. I might have made a regular Christmas-y surprise for him keeping that filled for him before he had time to ask me."

"Well," said Polly, "there's that sofa cushion I made for mother last year, and I know it ought to be all taken apart and washed, and it would look lovely, and mother'd take twice as much comfort in it—almost like a new present."

"Well, there's no end to it when you once begin to think," said Jim. "I tell

you I thought up about sixty dozen things that I might have done this year to make my Christmas presents hold out more Christmas-y. And, then, if everybody would take half the interest in laughing and being generally jolly and neighborly all the year round! I say, why can't we try it? Now the thing I've got for you—"

"Oh, keep right on, Jim!" cried Polly. "No! You run away!" said Jim, merrily. And he shut the door.—*Our Sunday Afternoon.*

A MINISTER had preached a simple sermon upon the text, "And they brought him to Jesus." As he was going home, his little daughter, walking beside him, said, "I like that sermon so much." "Well," inquired the father, "whom are you going to bring to Jesus?" A thoughtful expression came over her face as she replied, "I think, papa, that I will just bring myself to him." Her father said he thought that would do admirably for a beginning.—*Selected.*

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