

City editors had responded most generously to an appeal for magazines, weeklies and dailies. These were sold at both ends of the long divisions. Stationery contributed by popular stationers was also sold at the news stand. Amateur newsboys sold evening papers with vim and success.

Every letter sold contained some pleasing information delightfully told, and the writer's autograph added to the value.

There had been a limited time for preparation, but the post office brought over one hundred dollars, and every package contained an article fully equal to the sum given in exchange.

The left-overs were of such a character that they were as useful in the "Home" as money, for contributions had been solicited with this end in view, and packages contained such things as a boy's suit of clothes, boots and shoes, towels, pillow cases, hosiery, handkerchiefs, candles, brushes and combs, a very wide range being covered.

A few, however, not included in the "usefuls," were lace and jewelry, fans, necklaces, opera glass bags and other luxuries, and these were sold at auction, after the booths were closed, by an auctioneer in countryman's costume. A crier with bell announced the sale a few minutes before it took place.



Mothers' Corner
For Christmas Day

A Prayer in the Midst of Mercies: By George Hodges

Heavenly Father, hear our Christmas prayer, which we make to Thee in the midst of mercies. Thou didst manifest Thyself to the shepherds in the voice of singing and to the wise men in the gleam of a star, but to us Thou art revealed in the joy and peace of our daily life.

We thank Thee for all thy benefits with which Thou dost unfaillingly enrich us; for Thy constant care, protecting us from harm, leading us in safety out of temptation, changing even our disappointments into unexpected blessings.

We thank Thee for happiness and health; for the delights of faithful friendships, for the sacred affections of our home. But defend us from the dangers of a contented life; save us from selfishness; protect us from the temptations of prosperity.

Look this day in loving-kindness on those who keep the feast with happy hearts. Bless all aged persons and all little children. Visit such as are away from home, in loneliness; and those who meet the day in bitterness of poverty or in darkness of pain or grief. Regard, O Father, all the empty places, consecrated by love and sorrow.

Fill us with Christmas gratitude.



To Mother at Christmas
By William J. Fischer

Mother! My sweet! I hear the sound of bells,
And in mine heart a new-born joy swift wakes
And lifts its little hands, and lo! God takes
The thoughts so glad while earth's loud organ swells.

My heart this night is full of waiting prayers,
My lips for thee with love are musical,
And life is bright, reflecting lights that all
Have come from thy pure eyes, weighed down with cares.

I hear thy voice call through my heart's wide door,
I see thy face, by swift years aureoled;
I feel thy hands steal into mine. They hold
But love—the love that makes men rich and poor.

The moonbeams light upon thy silvered hair;
How quick the artist-years can change a face!

But thine is sweeter now, for tac embrace
Of those grey locks gives thee a saintlier air.

And whilst thou'rt here, my sweet, here
I pray that God may not let cold snows fall
Upon thy heart, but that warm springs enthrall
Thy spirit with gold sunshines, glorified,
And, through thy life, may that sweet peace abide,
The peace all feel when Yule-tide spreads its wings,
The peace that soars above mean, earthly things,

And builds us heavens, near and sanctified.
And in the cheerful manger of thy heart
Let me e'er dwell—a child. O mother sweet!
The shepherd-words will soothe the burning heat
That oft consumes me in the city's mart.
O let me be where Christmasses ne'er part!
O let me live where joy treads ever free!
O let me rest where peace waits watchfully,
In the warm manger of thy Mother-heart!

Found—The Spirit of Christmas
By Mrs. Honore Willis

Every year brings to all of us the old Christmas thrill; that hidden glow of the spirit, that uplift, that yearning, that gaiety.

For Christmas is not a custom. Like Easter, it is an instinct. But while Easter is our joy in immortality, Christmas is the joy of life; of living, of loving, of laughing.

How good just living is! How warm the hearth flame! How deep the glow in the eyes of a friend! How soft the kiss