

The child answered nothing, but looked very piteously up into the charcoal-burner's face.

"Well, I cannot leave thee here. Thou wilt be dead before morning."

So saying, Hermann raised the child in his arms, wrapping the little thing in his cloak and warming the wee hands in his bosom. When he arrived at his hut he put down the child and tapped at the door, which was immediately thrown open, and the children rushed out to meet him.

"Here, wife, is a guest to our Christmas Eve supper," said he, leading in the little one, who held timidly to his fingers with its tiny hand.

"And welcome he is," said his wife; "now let him come and warm himself by the fire."

The children all pressed around to welcome and gaze at the little new-comer. They showed him their pretty fir-tree, decorated with bright-colored lamps in honor of Christmas Eve.

Then they sat down to supper, each child contributing of its portion for the little guest, looking with admiration at his clear eyes and golden hair, which shone so as to shed a brighter light in the room. As they gazed it grew into a sort of halo round his head, and his eyes beamed with a heavenly lustre. He grew larger and brighter before their eyes; and as they gazed in wonder and amazement at the sight, the beautiful vision disappeared, with hands outstretched over them in benediction.

Hermann and his wife fell on their knees, exclaiming in awe-struck voices, "The Holy Christ-Child!" and then they embraced their wondering children in joy and thankfulness that they had entertained the Heavenly Guest.

The next morning, as Hermann passed by the place where he had found the fair child, he saw a cluster of lovely white flowers with dark green leaves, looking as though the snow itself had blossomed. Hermann plucked some and carried them reverently home to his wife and children, who treasured them carefully in remembrance of that wonderful Christmas Eve, calling them chrysanthemums.

Every year, as the time came round, they put aside a portion of their feast and gave it to some poor little child, according to the words of Christ, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."



A Heroine of To-Day.

THE Great Bird Rock lies in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. It is one of two bare rocks of red sandstone. As the name indicates, the Great Bird Rock is the home of countless sea birds—gannets, puffins, gulls, and auks—and on the summit stands a lighthouse, its light being visible twenty-one miles away.

During the winter of 1866-7 the keeper in charge of the light was Angus Campbell, who kept vigil with his wife and two male assistants. The island itself is harborless, and its great

frowning cliffs rise so precipitously from the sea that men and provisions have to be raised to the station, one hundred and forty feet high, by means of a steam hoist, and then only when it is calm enough for a small boat to approach the cliffs from the supply steamer anchored in the open.

On the fifth of May, 1897, the Canadian Government steamer "Aberdeen" reached the Bird Rock on its spring supply trip. For three long months at a time the inhabitants of the lonely lighthouse have no intercourse with the outside world, and therefore await the arrival of the steamer with the greatest eagerness. When the "Aberdeen" neared the inhospitable island, the captain scanned the edge of the cliff with his telescope and was surprised to see a gray-haired woman alone where he had left a comparatively young wife and three men a few months before. In due time the officer reached the wind-swept summit and asked for the keeper.

"Angus is dead!" came the brief reply, in heart-broken tones. "So is Jim Duncan, and so is George Bryson, and I'm all alone."

That was all, and yet what depths of tragedy the few words held; what heights of heroism on the part of Maggie Campbell. This was her sad story:

Twelve months before her husband and his two helpers started out on a seal-hunting expedition. It was a bitterly cold day, but the floating ice from the great Northland had surrounded the Bird Rock for a distance of five or six miles, and on the shining floes could be seen hundreds of the little animals whose fur the men sought. There was apparently no danger, unless the wind should suddenly change; yet that is what happened.

A few hours after the men had set forth on their journey, the dreaded south wind set in unexpectedly. Mrs. Campbell at once hoisted a danger signal, whereupon the hunters hurried toward their refuge. But it was too late. The ice cracked in every direction and the unfortunate fellows found themselves drifting helplessly on a cake of ice toward the open sea and to a certain and cruel death. In an agony of suffering the wife watched the little group of doomed men as they were relentlessly swept farther and farther away. Husband and wife waved messages to each other—the last in this world; each kneeled in prayer for deliverance, but no deliverance came, and when the sun had set on the dreary scene Mrs. Campbell returned to her home a widow.

But what of the light—a vitally necessary beacon to the sailor? "How did you manage to get along alone?" inquired the captain.

"I hardly know, myself," was her reply. "Sleep almost deserted me. I hardly slept two hours together for the two months, and I ate but one meal a day. For hours during the daytime I swept the face of the waters with my glass in the vain hope of seeing the lost party—but I took care of the light all the time."—*Forward.*