

An Old Legend.

Freezing cold and the blinding snow
 in the long ago,
 his look o'er clanking mail,
 as fighting the angry gale
 to the camp fire's light,
 his longing this wintry night
 moment his path is barred,
 his sword as he stands on guard
 this with a white, wan face,
 his hands upheld for grace
 the soldier bold
 his hand faint and cold
 seems, and almost spent,
 over him worn and rent
 the soldier find,
 with gold is blue
 is sad at the sight of pain
 a pleading is not in vain
 of fur is broad and warm
 proof against the storm
 without a word,
 the gleaming sword,
 at his feet it lies,
 the wind howls 'neath the frowning
 and with tender art
 the clock round the beggar's heart
 for me, and with joyful song
 the tempter he strides along,
 the worst of the fleet and snow
 young spirit so long ago
 at midnight's prime,
 the glory of summer-time
 of a wondrous light,
 Jesus beamed on his dazzled sight,
 the beggar, the Lord Jesus said,
 the soldier's lowly bed
 the garment thou gavest me

The Christmas of 1872.

THE CHRISTMAS OF 1872.
 BY MRS. KAY, OIL SPRINGS, AN OLD PUPIL.

The Christmas tide is now at its
 height. I do not despair of over-
 again having my genuine pleasure of
 describing to your readers the proceed-
 ings relative to the third Christmas
 festival kept at your school. They
 were exceptionally enjoyable and en-
 veyment, not often surpassed by any
 subsequent similar occasion. It was
 generally understood among the child-
 ren that Santa Claus had established
 his headquarters in the chapel and so
 they looked forward to the gala day
 with interest and pleasure, only to con-
 sider to themselves how each could be
 remembered. However they were advis-
 ed that they might partake of some-
 thing nice first in the dining room whose
 dimensions still remained the same as
 that of the chapel. During last session
 the mute carpenters, under the foreman-
 ship of Mr. Crober, erected the shelter-
 ing sheds outside the room in angle
 directions from the cloak rooms of the
 main building to the side-doors of the
 room as the girls' side one now still
 has and in each side of the room
 were three windows. When dinner
 was ready, the pupils went in their
 usual orderly manner and when all were
 seated Dr. Palmer, the Principal,
 grouped by the officers and teachers,
 stood at the front of the main door
 blessing the pupils and said grace.
 When the first course of turkey and
 potatoes were finished, the Principal again
 came forward, and after another brief
 address spelled out "Plum pudding"
 and said "It is ready for you." Presently
 the waiters streamed in and out, placing
 before each occupant a rich black piece
 of excellent sauce to taste. The
 afternoon passed and they again return-
 ed to a sumptuous supper and then re-
 turned to their respective sitting-rooms,
 where they waited anxiously for the
 summons. Now that the chapel
 had no side doors at all and in each
 were four lighted windows, it was
 the custom for the girls to go
 leave first, through the main door.
 When the summons at last came, the
 girls marched in and took their seats
 and then Santa Claus exhibit-
 ed them three trees along the front
 of the platform, thickly dotted
 with a brace, the boxes of all sizes
 on the platform and the books
 the Government on the tables at
 the side of the platform. With his
 hands the distribution was next in
 order, and some of them had to step
 on or two front benches to hand
 things to the recipients who occu-
 pied the middle and back seats. Then
 the pupils dispersed to their rooms and



Why Santa Claus Laughed.

BY ALICE LOTTERINGTON

'Twas on a snowy Christmas eve,
 The stockings hung in line,
 I was lay asleep upon the rug,
 The clock tick, locked in rhyme,
 The pendulum swung too and fro,
 The hands went round the face,
 And marked the minutes and the hours
 As time flew on apace.

The clock had just struck out the hour
 And told the folks 'all a well,'
 When out upon the midnight clear,
 Came merry sound of bell,
 Look! down the chimney black and grim,
 Came Nick and pack appear,
 He one by one the stockings fills,
 Then cries "What have we here?"

For there upon the mantle shelf,
 The last one in the row,
 Was hung a stocking, oh so big,
 With note pinned to the toe,
 "What's this?" cried Santa with a laugh
 "Shall I this note unpin?"
 To Santa Claus, from the North Pole,
 "Yes, yes, I'll peep within."

And as he read, his eyes grew bright,
 He smiled and bobbed his head,
 For in that note pinned to the toe,
 This brief request he read
 "Dear Santa, will you kindly fill
 This stocking for the poor?
 And give us less this Christmas tide,
 Signed, Willie and Fred Moore."

"Ho, ho," said Santa with a smile,
 "Kind little folks live here,
 This stocking will I fill to top
 With merry Christmas cheer.
 A happy Christmas will I leave
 To these dear boys, in sure,
 Who told their joy did not forget
 A stocking for the poor?"

A Christmas Story.

Violot was a little girl just seven years
 old, with bright golden hair, a fair com-
 plexion and large deep blue eyes. Her
 mother and father were dead and she
 lived with her Grandpa in a very large
 house in San Francisco. Violot was
 always laughing, dancing, happy and
 gay. She was sweet and good to every
 body and had all sorts of nice things
 on her. But she didn't have any
 other children. Not a child was
 in the big old house. Violot became
 very lonesome and tired of playing with
 her fine wax dolls and china dolls and
 ragdolls.

So climbing up in grandfather's lap
 she said, "Oh, Grandpa, I wish Santa
 Claus would bring me a real live kicking
 little baby to play with Christmas.
 Can't you write a letter and tell him so?"
 Grandpa wiped his spectacles and with
 a twinkle in his eye said, "Babies don't
 grow on Christmas trees, my dear, but I'll
 write anyway."

"Oh! I am so glad. That will be
 just splendid, Grandpa," exclaimed
 Violot. Soon she was carefully pinning
 the note on her stocking at the corner
 of the mantle piece near her little
 Christmas tree.

Violot dreamed more than once about
 that real baby she was going to get
 next morning. At day break, when she
 peeped out and saw the sky all beauti-
 fully colored pink, golden and red, she
 jumped up and flew down stairs to see
 what Santa Claus had brought her.
 There was a stocking full of good things,
 a beautiful wax doll that could shut its
 eyes and cry, the cutest little piano you
 ever saw, a fine gold ring with a diamond
 in it—all sorts of things but no little
 laughing baby.

She felt very much disappointed and
 was just starting to explain all about it
 to Grandpa, when her grandfather
 called them to the front door to look at
 the beautiful sunrise. Violot came run-
 ning out of the door and almost fell over
 an old dirty basket, wrapped in a ragged
 red shawl. It seemed to be full of rags
 but Oh! what a pitiful little cry came
 from those rags, when Violot started to
 push the basket off the porch.

Grandpa stooped down and took off
 the shawl and some of the rags and
 there was a poor, little, thin, weak, sickly
 baby. On a piece of newspaper by it
 were written these words, "You have
 money and time. Take care of this
 little baby. Its mamma has gone away
 and will never come back again." They
 did take care of it and Violot got the
 most precious Christmas present she
 ever had. For now she loves Margerie
 better than any one else in the world,
 and Margerie often reminds her of dear
 Grandpa and Grandma, who have long
 gone to the land of peace where Christ-
 mas never ends.

Like flakes of snow that fall upon
 ceived upon the earth, the seemingly
 unimportant events of life succeed
 one another. As the snow gathers to
 gather so are our habits formed. No
 single flakes that is added to the pile
 produces a sensible change; no single
 action creates, however it may exhibit,
 a man's character.

dormitories, happy and contented.
 Now they turned their attentions to
 the boys sitting room for the festival.
 For the time being the desks and stools
 were removed and the large stage erect-
 ed at the south side. The back ground
 was a canvas showing a country scene,
 one side showed a door and a window,
 and the other a bare wall with a small
 stove and its pipe, a small wicket fence
 with a gate in the middle along the back
 part, and in short it indicated a summer
 kitchen. The canvases were the work
 of Mr Ackermann, the artist, and the
 wood work fitted for him by A. W. and
 Henry Mason. The work was done in
 the girls' top dormitory and I was there
 once on an errand. Mr Middlemas,
 the new engineer, fixed the gas fixtures,
 much to Mr Greene's satisfaction, as I
 observed him saying with a smile "Mr
 Middlemas made that. The sloping
 seats were put along the north side for
 the pupils. Seats of all sorts were put
 in order on the floor for the spectators.
 The actors were as follows: Prof.
 Greene, the real clown dressed in plain
 orange color, it being his first appear-
 ance on the stage comically. Prof.
 Wallbridge, the girl, Constantine J.
 Staley, a senior boy of 10; the old
 woman, A. W. Mason, the old man,
 James McCoy, the rich man, and Fred
 Wheeler, his servant boy, Archibald
 Campbell, Robert Ruddle and Master
 Ernest Palmer, the farmers, Charles
 Morse, the attendant. The summary of
 the play as I can recollect, was this:
 The girl sits and waits, the old woman
 irons, the clown visits the girl and asks
 her to run away with him. After
 getting her hat and shawl, they walk
 away as far as the gate, when the old
 woman stops them, orders the clown
 away and sends the girl to her room.
 The old man makes some advances to
 the old woman and is rudely told to go
 away, he appeals to the girl and receives
 the same treatment, and then the girl
 took the old woman away. The rich
 man calls to see the girl and shows her
 the purse the boy wears around his
 waist at the front, he kneels and asks
 her to be his wife. She looks over the
 purse, throws it down and runs away.
 Dinner ready, the clown calls in the
 farmers and the old woman insists that
 the soup dish with its dipper be placed
 near her and sees the farmers served
 properly, soon she slumbers and the
 clown tries to mistake some, the old
 woman wakes up and shakes her fist at
 him. The girl slyly promises the clown
 something, she brings in the egg and
 leaves it on the straw. The clown
 shows how starved he is and finds it, he
 sits down and eats its contents. Then
 he gets a candle and looks for the girl
 by stealth. The girl meets him and
 they elope. The wedding. All the
 actors bow to the audience, Charles
 Morse drew in the curtain. Never here-
 after in the history of the Christmas
 festivities was produced the next pro-

gramme, called the shadow pictures.
 The gas was put out leaving the room
 in darkness except a dim candle light
 on the curtain. The moving pictures
 were the old woman with a broom chasing
 the clown, the amputation of an arm
 and the clown jumps upward and dis-
 appears at the top of the curtain—in
 reality he jumps over the candle. The
 last programme was the presentation of
 the new flag "I'm on Jack." The fire
 boys with their uniforms on grouped
 themselves at one side of the stage and
 in front of them stood a little boy,
 Master Hedley Grant, wrapped in the
 flag, the work of his father, the sail
 maker. I think Mr. Greene, with his
 ordinary suit on addressed in the sign
 language, which the Prince pat translated
 to the hearing audience. On New Year's
 night the pupils held their social in the
 boys sitting room and the peculiar
 feature was the mania for dancing.
 The Principal and W. R. Mellan brought
 in a large laundry basket containing
 some kinds of nuts for the party, a gift
 from the latter's father of Kingston,
 who had a branch of the grocery busi-
 ness in the city under the title of Mc-
 Rao & Co. Toward the close of the
 social the Principal, Messrs. Coleman
 and Greene stood in line near the south
 east corner of the stage gazing smilingly
 at the groups still in the whirl when by
 slow degrees the pupils advanced toward
 the officers, shaking their heads and
 bidding them good night on their way
 to the sleeping apartments. Mr. Arnold
 Larson was the only mute visitor and
 was a benefactor.

**MERRY XMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR.
 An Easy Trick When You Know
 How.**

Writing on "How I Do My Tricks,"
 in the November Ladies' Home Journal,
 magician Harry Kellar explains how to
 accomplish the difficult feat of blowing
 a piece of cork into a bottle—a trick
 that will defy every one who does not
 know the only way by which it may be
 done. "Ask some one," Mr Kellar
 directs, "if he thinks he can blow a
 bit of cork which you have placed in the
 mouth of a bottle, so that it will go into
 the bottle. Lay the bottle on the table
 upon its side, and place the bit of cork
 about an inch or less inside the open
 end. He will blow until he gets red in
 the face and the cork will invariably
 come out of the bottle instead of going
 into it. Simple reason for it, too: the
 direction of the air, forced by the one
 blowing, brings it against the bottom of
 the bottle. The air compresses within
 the bottle's walls and must find outlet,
 therefore is turned and forced out at the
 only vent the bottle has, necessarily
 blowing the cork out with it. But take
 a common lemonade straw, place the
 end of it near the cork in the bottle neck,
 blow very gently and the cork rolls in."