

For the birth of the day.
 Away away !
 For merry, merry Christmas is here.

(They Sing.)

List ! the bells are swinging
 High up in the air,
 Merry Christmas ringing,
 Ringing everywhere.
 Now to mortals bringing,
 Christmas mirth and cheer,
 Let us vanish singing,
 Christmas morn is here.

(They Vanish.)

HOPE, OYSTERS, EDUCATION.

(From the "Sheaf.")

DEAR EDITRESS—Being asked to write for the "Sheaf," and finding it hard to keep my mind within the narrow limits of any one theme, I thought I would present a few ideas on two or three kindred topics. Therefore I have taken a trio of subjects which are closely related, and which admirably illustrate one another, viz., Hope, Oysters, Education. I may say, as a preliminary remark, that I like them all.

To begin with Hope, the poet sings :

" But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair !
 What was thy delighted measure ?
 Still it whispered, promised pleasure."

These remarks apply equally well to oysters ; is there anything *fairer* than an oyster ? Slumbering in its pearl-lined shell it closely resembles a mild and lovely grey eye, and a very expressive one, too. And just please mention anything you happen to think of that promises more pleasure. To like oysters is a proof of an educated taste. This brings me to my third head—Education. Education is to the mind what an oyster-knife is to an oyster. It opens it and brings its beauties to light ; and sometimes, aye, and many a time, a pearl is found within an uncouth shell. What pearl so fair as hope ?

This brings me back for a moment to my first subject. Hope is either the anchor, the star, or the rainbow of the soul, just as you