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a chorus of, "We get presents!" from all the boys. I am afraid a good many Christians think of Christmas as only a time to "get presents." The Christmas spirit of goodwill to men is very strong in this parish. Last Tuesday, at the regular meeting of "workers," one talked about "my Christmas-tree on the 26th," another said something about "my Christmas-tree on the 27th," another said, "you are all invited to my Christmas-tree on the 29th," and another echoed this general invitation to all present to "my Christmas-tree on the 29th." I was quite bewildered, and said, "How many trees do you have?" One of the workers answered, with a beaming smile, "Oh, we generally have the same tree, but we trim it up about a dozen times."

Besides the tree for the 400 children of the Sunday-school, there is one for the 175 women who belong to the Mothers' Meeting, one for Welcome House, another for the Girls' Friendly, another for the kindergaten, and I don't know how many more. Then there is to be a Christmas Party for all the children of the Neighborhood who belong to the various Clubs and classes.

I had to stop there and go to an empty building near here in which there are several empty rooms that have been put at the disposal of the church for club meetings. There were a lot of boys collected for basket-ball, and they were making such a noise that one could hardly think. After staying an hour with them, I drifted into the Parish House, where a jolly crowd of children were dancing

round a Christmas-tree, while they waited for the big slabs of ice cream, and the plates of cake which looked very tempting. The clergyman was amusing some of the tiny tots with a Japanese doll, which he said he had got in his Christmas stocking. I did not stay long there, but came back to finish my little chat with you.

However, I must not talk any longer, or you will feel bored. This is not intended for a sermon—aren't you glad? It is only a letter from one who is starting life anew in a crowded city, and who wants all her old friends to know of the new work in which she is deeply interested. New friends cannot make me forget the old, and you, I know, will like to know something of the work that is being done for Christ, where the need is very great.

But, if you are called to live in the country, never think that your life is narrow or uninteresting. Our Master spent nearly all His earthly life in the country, and yet that Life has been a blessing to all the ends of the earth. The greatest lives are:

"Not always, nor alone the lives that search
How they may snatch a glory out of heaven
Or add a height to Babel; oftener they
That in the still fulfillment of each day's
Pacific order hold great deeds in leash,
That in the sober sheath of tranquil
tasks
Hide the attempered blade of high em-
prise."

HOPE.



A Strange Doll.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

By Lord Brabourne.

Little Mary Preston was very much delighted when her Aunt Jane presented her with a new doll upon the morning of her eighth birthday. It was a wax doll, with a straight nose, blue eyes, and cheeks beautifully tinged with a delicate red color which looked for all the world as if their owner was blushing. It was not only her face, though, which made the doll so pretty to look at. She wore a white dress with a blue sash, and little blue rosettes to match upon her shoulders, and she had the dearest little shoes of the same color, which really seemed too pretty to walk upon.

It was no wonder, therefore, that Mary was delighted with her present, and after thanking and kissing her kind aunt, told her that it was the most lovely doll she had ever seen in all her life, and at once christened it Alexandra. She undressed her dear doll very carefully, and put her to bed in a spare cot which happened to be in her room and had formerly been occupied by one of her little brothers. This seemed a very proper place for Alexandra, and, therefore, her mistress placed her in it, made everything as comfortable as she possibly could, and then went to her own bed.

She never knew exactly how long she slept, but she was awakened by a queer, little noise, and then saw her new doll sitting upright in her cot, yawning and stretching herself as if she, too, had just awakened from sleep. Mary stared at her in speechless amazement, which was increased when the doll turned round and looked at her, and then in the most barefaced manner actually winked at her, first with one eye and then with the other; and then, after another yawn, proceeded to speak.

"Now, Polly," she said, in a tone and manner abominably flippant, especially when addressed by a doll to its mistress—"Now, Polly, don't be lazy; it's time to get up!"

Now Mary knew perfectly well by the light that it was not time to get up. She was never called until a quarter past seven, and by the dimness of the rays of sunlight which were beginning to creep in through the shutter, she knew that it could not be much past five at the latest. What surprised her most was to be called "Polly," which nobody ever

called her but her brothers, Frank and Ernest, and was a totally unexpected familiarity on the part of a doll.

At all events, instead of refusing to obey the command she had received, she made no reply at all, but, putting first one foot and then the other out of bed, stood upon the floor, and began to get ready to wash and dress herself as usual.

"Give me my bath," said an imperious voice from the cot, and as Mary turned round she saw her doll in the act of following her example, and getting up from bed. After a moment's hesitation, the little girl proceeded to sponge the doll carefully with her own best sponge, and then dried her with a cambric pocket handkerchief.

"Now," said Alexandra, "get me my things and dress me properly."

Mary obeyed without a word, and when she had done all that was required of her, could hardly go on with her own dressing for the interest she took on observing how cleverly her new companion finished her toilette. She was, of course, dressed much the first, and then, bidding Mary take her hand, in a tone which showed that she was used to command, and to be obeyed, next told her to open the door, and proceeded to walk downstairs with the air of a mistress. When they had got down into the little breakfast-room, the doll dropped Mary's hand, and, marching up to the glass doors, told her to open them, and so they both passed out. The doll deliberately turned head-over-heels in the middle of the path.

You may fancy Mary's feelings at this moment! Although accustomed to the society of her brothers, and therefore well acquainted with the habits and games of boys, she had never been able to see them turn head-over-heels without wondering how they could do so, and thinking that it must be a very unbecoming thing to do. It was at any rate a most unladylike proceeding, and one which no girl with any sense of what was right and proper would ever attempt, and to see a respectable doll betake herself to such a trick, was something too terrible to contemplate. It seemed as if the world must be coming to an end, or else that Alexandra had entirely taken leave of her senses. She, knowing or caring little as to what anybody might think of her, was not content with performing the feat once for all. Twice, thrice, four times, she turned head-over-heels, and stood there before Mary with her dress in a much

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