

ber the hymn we sang to-day, 'What can little hands do to please the King in heaven?'"

"I know, Miss Harper," said little Nora, "but we children can't get all the things for a big tree."

"You see, Nora," I replied, "there are only a few teachers and we are all very busy people. Our mission is just-started, so let us begin now to plan for a tree next year, and you can each do something for the tree by your own efforts."

"What can we do?" both children eagerly asked.

"I expect, Bob, your father will let you use a small place on his farm where you can raise something," I answered.

"I'm big enough to make a garden, but I can't hang vegetables on a Christmas tree, and folks about here raise their own," said Bob, despondingly.

"Is popcorn hard to raise, Bob?" I asked.

"No! That's just what I'll do," said Bob, with quickened step.

"Can I raise popcorn, too?" timidly asked little Nora.

"No, dear," I answered, "but, you know, we will need candy bags."

I had almost forgotten this conversation with the children until last Sunday, when each of the children told me their story.

Bob said, "I planted three long rows of corn and kept it clean of weeds as this floor, and I've got a flour sack of fine popcorn, all dried for the tree. Mother said I had more than the Sunday-school and we could use, so I took some to the store and asked Mr. Hart to buy it. Well, he didn't act like he wanted to, so I asked him if he'd trade nuts for it. He said he'd give me half a dollar's worth of good nuts. You see, Miss Harper, I got the corn and some nuts for the tree, and mother says we can have some others in some evening to help pop and string the corn."

Little Nora was impatiently waiting for her brother to finish. Then she began: "Oh, Miss Harper, I've got a surprise for you. I just wanted to tell you every Sunday, but Bob said we must keep it all the year for a surprise. You see, Bob got his corn all planted and hoed once——"

"More 'n that, Sis, I 'ad hoed it twice," interrupted Bob.

"Well, hoed twice," continued Nora, "before I could think of anything I could do, but one day last summer mother sent me out to pick currants. I don't like to pick berries—and we have a lot of bushes—but when I was picking I wondered if I could sell some, so I ran in to ask mother. Mother said most folks had them and gave to their neighbors, but I might find a few ladies in town to buy them. I told mother I didn't want to go around asking people, but maybe if I told them it was for the Sunday-school it would not be so bad, and

they would buy them. Well, Miss Harper, mother said if I really wanted to help Jesus, I must not make him an excuse because I didn't like asking, and when I tried to do good I must not tell about it, so——"

"Well, you see, Sis felt too proud to ask folks to buy currants unless she tacked the Sunday-school to it," again interrupted Bob.

"Now, Bob, I wasn't too proud, for I sold six gallons, and only got ten cents a gallon, and I picked more than I could sell. Oh, Miss, I got some lovely tarlatan, pink, blue, red, and white, and mother cut the bags and I have got them nearly all made, and I have sixty, but I haven't any candy to put into them."

I praised the children and assured Nora that her bags would be filled.

Christmas evening I think the garlands of popcorn and Nora's colored bags will convince the children of a poor farmer that their efforts were appreciated by the children and their teacher, while the happy beat of their own hearts will assure them they were working for Jesus through the long year.

I know their childish voices will ring with gladness when they gather around the tree and with the others sing:

"Hark! the herald angels sing
Glory to the newborn King,
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled."

CHRISTMAS.

Fast asleep the baby lies.
Watched by faithful Hero's eyes.
Folded hands so small and white,
Closed the eyes so blue and bright.
Lord, we pray thee, safely keep
Little baby, fast asleep.

Fast asleep the baby lies;
Stars are coming in the skies;
Little birdies, too, at rest,
Sleep in many a leafy nest.
Over all God's love will keep
Tender watch, He does not sleep.

Long ago, a little child,
Holy, pure, and undefiled,
Lay, like this one, fast asleep,
And the angels watch did keep.
For God's only Son was there,
In that manger-cradle bare.

Fast asleep our Saviour lay,
When His mother stood, one day,
By the simple manger-side,
Looking down with love and pride;
Then, with gentle, careful hands,
Took Him for the law's commands.

And they called His name, you know—
Sweetest name Heaven could bestow—
"Jesus," for He came to be
Saviour true for you and me.
God, to Thee our prayers we make
For this loving Jesus' sake.

—The Shepherd's Arms.