



THE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS TREE.

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The Birds' Christmas Tree.

Do you know what people do in Norway? Why, at harvest time they put aside one sheaf, just as it is, in a corner of the barn, and there it stays till Christmas comes, and on Christmas Eve they bring it out, and they get their ladders and hang their sheaf of corn right over the barn door. Sometimes the sheaf is put on the top of a tall pole, and great is the rejoicing amongst the children when they see the expectant birds begin their meal. And they take all this trouble on purpose for the birds, for they think they ought to have a merry Christmas as well as we.

Christmas Treasures.

I count my treasures o'er with care—
The little toy that baby knew—
A little sock of faded hue—
A little lock of golden hair.

Long years ago this Christmas time,
My little one—my all to me—
Sat robed in white upon my knee
And heard the merry Christmas chime.

"Toll me, my little golden head,
If Santa Claus should come to-night,
What shall he bring my baby bright—
What treasures for my boy!" I said.

And then he named the little toy,
While in his honest, mournful eyes
There came a look of sweet surprise
That spoke his quiet, trustful joy.

And as he lisped his evening pray'r,
He asked the boon with childish grace;
Then, toddling to the chimney-place,
He hung his little stocking there.

That night as length'ning shadows crept,
I saw the white-winged angels come
With heavenly music in our home
And kiss my darling as he slept.

They must have heard his baby pray'r,
For in the morn, with smiling face,
He toddled to the chimney-place
And found the little treasure there.

There came again on Christmas-tide—
That angel host, so fair and white—
And, singing all the Christmas night,
They lured my darling from my side.

A little sock—a little toy—
A little lock of golden hair—
The Christmas music on the air—
A watching for my baby boy.

But if again that angel train
And golden head come back for me,
To bear me to eternity,
My watching will not be in vain.

Popular Science.

At this time of the year many persons are arranging for their supply of winter reading. After the moral and religious instruction of the family is secured, we know of nothing more interesting and instructive than a record of the progress of modern science, and its marvellous achievements. And we know no medium which presents such a record in so full and readable a manner as that well known weekly, *The Scientific American*. It is an admirably illustrated paper of sixteen pages, \$3.20 a year, established over forty years. It will promote industry, progress, thrift and intelligence, wherever it is read. It is of special value to every machinist, mechanic, or engineer; but is also of use to the farming and mercantile community, on account of its illustrated notes on farming, fencing, farm buildings, implements, etc.

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