

A CHRISTMAS STUDY IN STOCKINGS.

THERE was a little daughter once
Whose feet were—oh, so small!
That when the Christmas eve came 'round
They wouldn't do at all.
At least she said they wouldn't do,
And so she tried another's,
And folding her wee stocking up,
She slyly took her mother's.

"I'll pin this big one here," she said—
Then sat before the fire,
Watching the supple, dancing flames,
And shadows dancing by her,
Till silently she drifted off
To that queer land, you know,
Of "Nowhere in particular,"
Where sleepy children go.

She never knew the tumult rare
That came upon the roof!
She never heard the patter
Of a single reindeer hoof!
She never knew how Someone came
And looked his shrewd surprise
At the wee foot and the stocking—
So different in size!

She only knew, when morning dawned,
That she was safe in bed.
"It's Christmas! Ho!" and merrily
She raised her pretty head;
Then, wild with glee, she saw what dear
Old "Santa Claus" had done,
And ran to tell the joyful news
To each and every one.

"Mamma! Papa! Please come and look!
A lovely doll and all!"
And, "See how full the stocking is!
Mine would have been too small.
I borrowed this for Santa Claus.
It isn't fair, you know,
To make him wait forever
For a little girl to grow."

—St. Nicholas.

FIDO'S AND KITTY'S CHRISTMAS.

"MAMMA," said Benjie, "won't you please
give me some money to get a Kismas p'esent
for Fido? I want to buy a silver collar."
Mamma thought a minute, and then said:
"Silver collars cost a great deal; and be-
sides, are apt to be stolen; but Fido may
have a new one, of bright scarlet morocco,
with your name on it, and a little bell. Will
that do?"

"Yes'm; that will be nice." And Benjie
held up his rosy lips for a kiss, as sure of
having the new collar for his pet as if it were
already bought, for he knew mamme's prom-
ises were always kept.

Sure enough, on Christmas morning, the
first thing Benjie drew out of his plump
stocking was a scarlet collar, with a tiny
bell.

There was a blue ribbon, too, for Kitty
Clover, and very happy was Benjie, when
he sat on the rug, watching his pets, with
their new ornaments, eating their Christmas
breakfast, as mamma called it.

Kitty Clover and Fido were good friends,
and would eat from the same plate, and sleep
on the same mat.

"I am glad my little boy thought of his
pets, and tried to make them happy at
Chistmas," said mamma; "but, darling, you
might do for them what they would like still
better."

Besides their usual saucer of bread and
milk, they had chicken-bones and bits of
tongue this morning, and greatly enjoyed
their meal.

"What, mamma?" asked Benjie, quite
surprised.

"You love them, I know, and usually
you are kind to them," said mamma; "but
sometimes you forget to feed them, and
sometimes you tease them.

"They don't like to draw your cart, or
dance on their hind feet, but you try to
make them do these things. And some-
times you pull them about or wake them
up. If you will, for all the New Year, treat
them as kindly as you would want to be
treated if you were a kitten or a little dog,
it will be worth more to them than any
present or nice Christmas breakfast."

Benjie thought it over.

"I'll try, mamma," he said, and he kept
his word.

By the time the next Christmas came
round, Kitty Clover and Fido loved him very
dearly, and never ran away to hide under
the sofa, or behind the door.—*Youth's Com-
panion.*

**SOME RULES FOR A HAPPY
CHRISTMAS.**

1. DON'T think too much about being
happy yourself, but try to make others
happy.
2. Think about God's great Christmas
present to the world, and thank him for it.
3. Think about the love that comes with
each one of your presents, whether they are
great or small.
4. Don't be afraid to let others know how
much you love them.
5. Make sunshine in your hearts all day
long.

I think then you will have what I hope
for every one of our little ones—

A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS.

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

OF all the merry days of old
The best is Christmas, all the rest
But ushers to this royal guest.
The children, blithe and gay that night,
Hang up their stockings by the bed,
For Santa Claus will surely light
Upon the roof o'erhead,
And stealing in the chamber, share
His gifts among the sleepers there.
Be merrier, merrier, young and old,
Let nothing cloud this happy day,
Chime bells, as they were never tolled,
And golden moments stay!

A BOY'S EXPERIMENT.

SOMEONE says: "I know a boy who
created a sensation by breaking in upon the
gravity of his guests in this wise. Enter-
ing the room, he commenced: 'The class
in Natural History are invited to witness a
living curiosity. Even the learned Agassiz
has never explained the reason why, if you
take a guinea pig up by the tail, his eyes
will drop out. Please walk out into the
kitchen, and look at Cavy.' They all rush
out, and behold the little fellow with black
and orange spots, in the kitchen, as announc-
ed. 'Let us see his eyes drop out now,' says
Tommy. 'Lift him up by his tail and see,'
says the young showman. But Tommy
makes but indifferent progress, for lo! a
guinea pig is found to have no tail!"

MAKING BELIEVE.

"MABEL, what was that I heard you say
to Paul about a big bear in the closet?"

"Oh, mamma!" answered Mabel, hang-
ing her head, "I was only making believe.
I didn't really mean there was any bear
there."

"Can my little daughter tell me the
difference between 'making believe,' as she
calls it, and telling a falsehood?"

Mabel's head hung still lower, and her
cheeks flushed. "Why—why—mamma,
lying is real mean and wicked, but 'making
believe' is only in fun, you know. You
don't mean harm by it."

"But you meant Paul to believe it?"

"Yes, ma'am—just for a minute."

"And you knew it would frighten him;
and fright to a baby—even for a minute—
may mean a great deal of harm. Besides,
how will your little brother know when to
trust and believe you?"

"I'll never 'make believe' again, mamma.
I see that it is as mean as lying."—*Our
Children.*

If we want to be happy we must always
try to do what is right.