

Mike's Christmas Gift

John A. Cormie, Oak Lake, Minn., in The Presbyterian

His name was Mike. That is, as we all called him Mike, though I believe that, as a matter of fact, he was baptized Michel, but we, the few English-speaking homesteaders who had settled on the edge of the large Galician colony, called him Mike.

"Me brudder name Jack—Ivan, me foder call him." By that time Jack was at our side. When I looked into his face I saw it was more than the weight of the gun that made him stagger. I thought that when I came back in the fall Mike would be alone.

had even begun to think of Christmas. I met the boy on one of the worst days, and even I could see he was not properly clothed. At the Christmas tree which the missionary got up for the children of his settlement, I took it upon myself to give Mike a special invitation and Mike saw that Santa Claus was in a position to give him a suit of warm clothes.

"You're a pretty decent sort of a kid, aren't you?" I said. I wanted to tell the boy what I thought of him, but did not know just how to do it. "Jack shoot Mike," he replied. "He got very tired. He like to shoot. I help him shoot rabbit."

OLD SCROOGE

(From Dickens' Christmas Carol)

Still the Ghost pointed downward to the grave by which it stood. "Men's courses will forshadow certain ends, to which, if persevered in, they must lead," said Scrooge. "But, if the courses be departed from, the ends will change. Say it is thus with what you show me!"

"The Spirit was immovable as ever. Scrooge crept towards it, trembling as he went; and, following the finger, read upon the stone of the neglected grave his own name, Ebenezer Scrooge. "Am I that man who lay upon the bed?" he cried, upon his knees.

back into the Tank again; "and therefore, I am about to raise your salary!" Bob trembled and got a little nearer to the ruler. He had a momentary idea of knocking Scrooge down with it, holding him, and calling to the people in the court for help and a straight-waistcoat.

There was once a family who had a guest staying with them, and when they found out that he was to have a birthday during his visit they were all delighted with the idea of celebrating it. Days before—almost weeks before—they began to prepare for the celebration. They cooked and stored a large quantity of good things to eat, and laid the table with good things to be cooked as prepared on the happy day.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

LESSON XII.—DEC. 22, 1907.

Commentary.—I. The coming of the wise men (vs. 12). I. When Jesus was born—While the exact date of Christ's birth is uncertain there is no reason why it may not have been on December 25th, B. C. 5. But why do we say that Jesus was born "before Christ"? Simply because our calendar is incorrect. For was no calendar in general use, but each nation dated from some event in its history. Finally, in the sixth century, a learned monk, Dionysius Exiguus, was appointed to ascertain the time of Christ's birth, and it was ordered that history should be dated from that time.

herd and King. My people Israel—Israel was God's people in a peculiar sense. They were His own peculiar treasure. III. The intrigue of Herod (vs. 7, 8). Privately called—Herod desired to keep the time of Christ's birth as secret as possible lest the Jews who hated Him should take occasion to rebel. Enquired of them diligently—Learned of them exactly.—R. He inquired of them the exact time and received positive information as to the time the star appeared. Assuming that the star appeared when the child was born he would thus have some idea of the age of the child.

Two thrilling moments fill the home with rapture and set the children on tiptoe in a flutter of enthusiasm and excitement. One is the moment when the stockings are hung in a row beside the hearth. They must not be too close together. Let Santa Claus be in and begins his task. There are lots of things that fit into a stocking from heel to toe, and make it bulge all over from ankle to knee. But there are bigger things, such as skates, sleds, toy velocipedes, desks, lovely dolls that have crossed the ocean and know even more about Paris or Vienna, if they could only talk and tell their secrets; books that a boy has been longing for; rubber boots, in fact there is no end of perfectly delightful treasures that come into the house on Christmas eve and are found by their new owners on Christmas morning.

"The Scramble for Christmas Presents." "The girl who works for her living does have a hard time gathering up her Christmas gifts, unless she has a fine head for organization and knows where to shop," says Anna, Stoves Richardson in the Women's Home Companion for December. "The first thing to remember is that the Christmas bargain counter is the dumping ground of the shrewd merchant. He tosses here all the left-overs from last year's unsalable stock. For this counter, he buys up old wholesale stocks, auction lots and factory ends. Nobody knows the fallings of the bargain counter shopper better than does this shrewd merchant. And he makes fifty instead of five per cent. on every sale. Everything is mussy and colors are garnish. Moths have eaten in to this and dust has settled on that. But the woman who tries to shop against time does not notice these defects."

"The later you shop the more important it is that you go to a good store. Girls who work down town should leave home half an hour earlier, go to a first-class shop, tell the clerk just how much they can spend, and unless my measure of the clerk is the first-class store is wrong, they will be waited on promptly and satisfactorily. But if you know you have only \$1.50 to spend on a noveau art pin for your chum's belt, do not waste the clerk's time and yours, looking at ten or fifteen dollar pins. Be as business-like in your shopping as you are in the performance of your office duties, and you will reap the reward of good and the blessings of the unhappy wretch who is the waivastcoat that he staggered