



Christmas.

THERE is a certain charm about Christmas that does not attach to any other holiday. It may be that because it is an interesting holiday for the little folk, that the children take such happiness in it. The little ones, after all, are the dearest treasures we have on earth, and in making them happy there is a reflected happiness upon ourselves that carries with it joy and good will. Let them believe in their burly, rosy, fur-clad idol, Santa Claus. Let him come down the chimneys of good boys' and girls' houses with his precious freight, and let them write letters to their Scandinavian deity with his fleet reindeers. We know a mother who treasures a little scrap of paper—a missive written in all good faith to this same deity—far more than the autograph letter of the most distinguished man, for it represents the perfect, simple trust of a child. "Dear santaclaws," it says; "i wish that you would bring me too books a new fuir cap too keep my hed warm A pound of candie A fuc peanuts good santa-claws." In our efforts to keep Christmas well, as Tiny Tim said, may "God bless us every one!"

Christmas Time.

I FEEL so happy I cannot keep still!  
Just one day more and 'twill be Christmas Day,  
And all the house is full of secrets now,  
And everybody whispers what they say.

When I go in the door, unless I knock,  
Or rattle with my hand upon the latch,  
Mamma hid-s something underneath her chair,  
And aunty jumps up something else to snatch.

John's got a ball for Bess, and yesterday  
He let me bounce it on the playroom floor,  
And how we laughed, when Bess came running up  
To ask about the racket at the door.

I've made a heart-shaped pin ball for papa,  
And aunty's book mark now, at last, is done;  
She has not seen it, and she cannot guess  
What I have for her—O, it is such fun!

To-night, when nurse went down to get our tea,  
I watched the man lighting the lamps below,  
And saw them twinkling up the long, long street,  
Like a procession of stars down in the snow;

When jingle, jingle straight up to our door  
Came thro' the dusk a horse, and wagon, too,  
A man jumped out with bundles in his arms,  
And to the stairtop all the children flew;

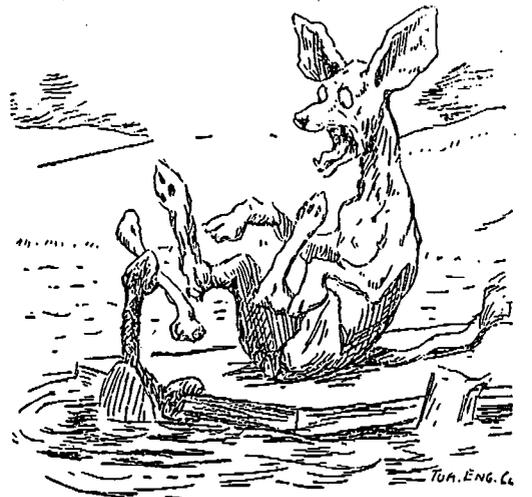
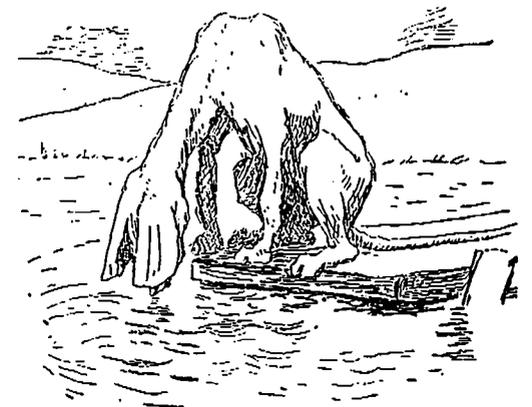
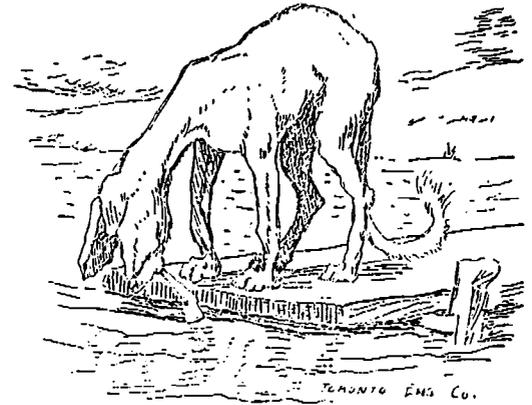
Then Jenny took them in, but ere we saw,  
Mamma ran up the stairs and drove us back,  
But Rob said he was sure he saw a sled  
When, naughty boy, he peeped out thro' the crack!

To-morrow night I shall not go to sleep,  
But watch the window, Santa Claus to see,  
I think he is papa, but now he lives  
In the spare-room, and aunty has the key.

And all the bundles Jenny puts in there—  
To-morrow how the bell will ring all day!  
O dear! how I wish Christmas would come,  
And Santa Claus, and never go away.

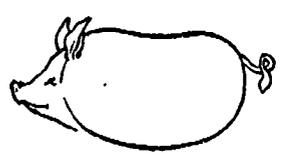
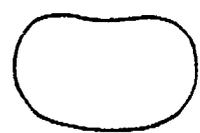
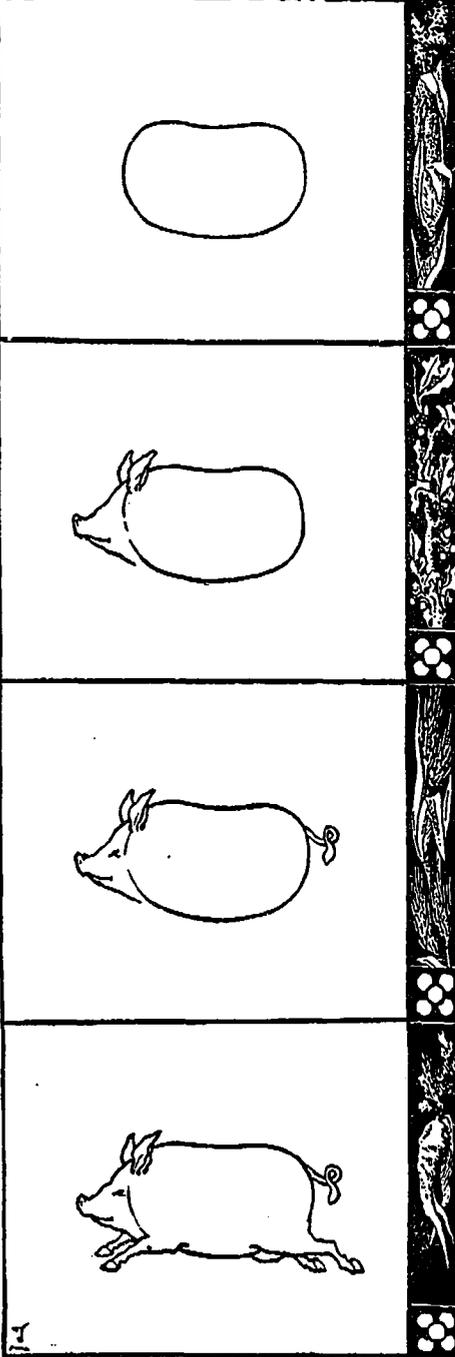


Æsop Improved; or, Vanity Rewarded.



(To be continued.)

Lady: "I thought I told you I wanted curried potatoes for dinner." Bridget: "The hostler was busy, mum, and I'm no groon."  
"Good morning, little orphan," said the corn to the oats. "Why do you call me orphan?" replied the oats. "Because you have no fodder," chuckled the corn. The oats was shocked.  
Sudden Removal.—Stranger (in Kansas): "Can you direct me to the county seat?" Mr. Dugout (sadly): "No-o I can't, stranger. There was a cyclone here last week, and I ain't heard yit whar the county seat went to."



The Body of Piggy  
is shaped like a bean—  
Except when he's poor  
and uncommonly lean.

Then give him an ear  
and a long handsome snout  
For the last is so useful  
in rooting about.

Then a bright little eye  
he must have without fail  
At the other end of him  
a small curly tail.

Then give him four feet  
and you have a whole pig  
Who can run for his food  
be he little or big.