

she is to have a doll—a nice large one, and I am going to make its clothes, for I've got any quantity of pieces of silk and lace. I can hardly wait to see how the child will act when she gets it, but I've no doubt that she'll bow down and worship it like a veritable little heathen. And Granny Coles is to have a shawl of grey zephyr, I think, but large and warm anyway; and a pair of crocheted slippers; those I shall make myself. I want several pairs of slippers for others, too. I don't know what to give our washerwoman yet, but I'll find something she wants and won't be likely to buy for herself before then; and Jennie Snow is to have 'The Youth's Companion,' for a year, and—well, those are the main ones, so I won't explain any further. Perhaps, now, you think I'm a simpleton, but to tell you the honest truth, I've never taken so much pleasure in planning out my Christmas gifts before. Now let's hear the verdict.

'Really, I think you're a dear good girl—so good that I'm half afraid of you! But you always get lovely presents yourself, and how will you feel not to make any in return? Oh, there are the cards, of course, and you paint so nicely.'

'Yes, I worried about that at first, and then I settled it in this way; you know it's more blessed to give than to receive, so I thought I'd let my friends have their reward that way this one year. And now, seeing I've made you my confidant, if you had planned anything for me, you can transfer it to someone else in the same manner, if you please. There are so many who have so little or no extra pleasure at holiday time, Nellie.'

'I know it, Annie. I'll think your plan over, and perhaps follow it partly, although I've got every cent laid out in my mind, and haven't half enough to go around now. But how busy you'll be with all you've planned to do, and the extra Sunday-school work, too.'

'I know it, so I'm not going to take out any more books this month, but just devote myself to work. I really think December is the happiest month in the whole year!'—'Intelligencer.'

At Christmas-Tide.

(By Mary D. Brine.)

Hail to the Christmas-tide again;
Let all the joy-bells ring;
Come, lads and lasses, here's a song
That every heart should sing:
'Peace—Peace on earth! Good will
to men!'
Sing it with might and main;
And may your hearts endorse the words,
Over and o'er again;
For, loving 'Peace,' strife flies afar
From us, as days go by;
And with the wish, 'Good will to men,'
How can we help but try,
To do our best—'good will' to show
To those we daily meet?
'Tis loving as we would be loved,
Makes living glad and sweet,
The dear Christ's birthday! honored now
Where'er His name is known;
The 'Little Child' of humble birth,
Yet heaven and earth his own!
How wonderful that for our sakes,
That glorious birth took place;
And men beheld Divinity
In that dear baby's face!
How wonderful that for our sakes,
That Lord who gave us life,
His own at last, for us laid down
'Mid sorrow, pain and strife!
Oh! let us, then, for His dear sake,
His blest commands obey,
And in our hearts hold Peace and Love
To greet the Christmas day.
—'Morning Star.'

Ring Sweet Bells.

'Christmas is coming!' thinks little Tim;
But what can the Christmas do for him?
His home is a cellar, his daily bread,
The crumbs that remain when the rich are
fed;
No mother to kiss him when the day is
done;
No place to be glad in under the sun.

But, dear little children, you understand,
That the rich and the poor all over the land
Have one dear Father, who watches you,
And grieves or smiles at the things you do;
And some of His children are poor and sad,
And some are always joyous and glad.

Christmas will bring to some of you joys—
Food and plenty, frolic and toys;
Christmas to some will bring nothing at all;
In place of laughter the tears will fall.
Poor little Tim to your door may come;
Your blessings are many—spare him some.

The Christmas bells will sweetly ring
The songs that the angels love to sing—
The song that came with the Saviour's
birth:

'Peace, good-will, and love on earth.'
Dear little children, ring I pray,
Sweet bells in some sad heart that day,
—'Morning Star.'

Correspondence

A merry Christmas to you all! Already you are planning your gifts for the happy day, and wondering, perhaps, what Christmas will bring to you. Some of you have been at work for weeks planning some little surprises for father and mother, and have had great difficulty in keeping the gifts hidden away until the great day should arrive. How mother's eyes will sparkle over that little gift, as her boy proudly declares, 'I made it all myself!' How father will appreciate that little penwiper that his wee girlie has made for him! How glad each one of you will be with the little token of love from your dear parents, even if they are not able to give you as large presents as you had wished for.

Now, I want to bring you a little message this happy Christmastide, it is one that is old yet always new, 'Remember,' said the Apostle Paul, 'the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive!' What can we give? Most likely each one of you knows of some one poorer than yourself to whom you could make some little present. Then there are the poor little children in hospitals to whom gay little cards and scrap-books are always acceptable. But there are many boys and girls among our readers who have no money for presents and almost nothing to make them of—what shall they give? Ah, will you say to your mother on Christmas day, 'Mother, I make you a present of a boy who will always do your errands cheerfully? Or, 'Mother, for Christmas I give you a little girl who will try not to grumble or frown for a whole year.' What do you think mother and father would say to that?

What do you think your teacher would say if you told her you were going to try to be attentive and obedient for a whole year? How would the dull boy over in the corner like it if you began loving him and helping him with his lessons as a Christmas gift?

What present shall we make to-day to our Lord Jesus Christ whose birthday it is?

THE PRIZE.

Do not forget that there is a prize offered for the best letter in January. We give to-day in the Honorable Mention list the names

of those who have written us letters for which we have not had room, but we may print some of them later on.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Bertha, Ayr; Julia, Edna, Alta; Lizzie, Keady; Roy, Oakland, Ont.; Jean, Manitoba; Alma, Hantsport; George, East Wentworth; James M., Little River, N.B.; Will Henry, East Wentworth, N.S.; Jean A. B., Woodbridge; Steele, Amherst; Annie, Nons Mills; Maggie Jane, Centredale, N.S.; Pearl, Hawthorne, Ont.; Annie, Union, Ont.; Arthur, Brighton, P. E. I.; Annie Pearl, Bouchette; Celia, Flesherton; Mabel, Windsor, Ont.; Annie G., Howick, Ont.; Bertha, Carberry, Man.; George, Ohio, N.S.; Violet, Heathcote; Mary Elsie, Balgonie; Adele, Waubauskene, Ont.; Cornelia May, St. Ann's, Ont.; Gracie, N., Waubauskene; Florence J., Waubauskene; Olive M., Ingersoll; Debbie W., New Germany; Addie, East Rawdon.

Will L. S., of Port Nelson, please send her full name and address to the Editor of the Correspondence, that we may forward a letter for L. S. which has been received by us.

Chesterville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' every Saturday night, and am so pleased with it. I live on a farm and like it very well. We had to walk a mile and a quarter to school, but we built a new school house across the road from our farm.

WILBURN, aged ten.

Hillsburg.

Dear Editor,—My home is in Midland. I am visiting friends in Hillsburg and enjoying myself very much. Midland is a beautiful place in summer. It is situated on the Georgian Bay. My Sabbath-school teacher took his class for a sail in his steam yacht one day. We started at eight o'clock in the morning. We had our dinner on the rocks. We called at Waubauskene, Port Severn, and had our tea at Methodist Island, and got home at half-past nine. Everybody enjoyed themselves immensely. I belong to the Mission Band. We sent a box of clothes to the North-West Indians this year.

M. A. G., Aged 15.

Tweedside.

Dear Editor,—We have been taking the 'Messenger' about twenty-seven years, before I was born, and are taking it yet. I send it to my cousins. I live in the country, and our house is about a quarter of a mile from the Oromocto Lake. In summer we bathe and in winter skate. My father is a farmer, he has ninety-three hives of bees, fifty sheep and two horses. I am the youngest one in the family and the only girl.

Canaan, N.S.

Dear Editor,—My papa keeps the post-office. My mother is dead, but I have a step-mother, and she is very good to me. My papa is a farmer.

GRACE B.

South Granville.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm. I have two brothers and two sisters. I think I can get six subscribers to the 'Messenger,' please send me an order sheet.

DANIEL M'K. aged thirteen.

Sydenham.

Dear Editor,—We get the 'Messenger' from the Sabbath-school, and I like it very much. We have no Sabbath-school in the winter. Our Sabbath-school begins in the first of May, and ends in the last of October. My teacher has been very kind to me. She gave me a beautiful big card, for regular attendance at Sabbath-school.

GRACE H., aged nine.

Burwell Road, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am the only little girl in the Township of Cardoc, on the banks of the Thames, who writes to the 'Messenger.' My little friends at school like to get my paper to read, and I think there will be some of them subscribe for it shortly. We have a dog called Sandy. My little sister, seven years old, has been leading him around with a string for a year, and at last mother made a harness by cutting a crown out of an old felt hat and sewed straps on the sides of it for tugs, and then hitched him on the sleigh,