

The Christmas Greeting of the  
Annual Kingdom.

**M** and monkeys, men and mice,  
Wish you Merry Christmas!

**E** and earles nice,  
Wish you Merry Christmas!

**R** and roosters too,  
Wish you Merry Christmas!

**Y** and yokes so black,  
Wish you Merry Christmas!

**C** and cats and crowns so black,  
Wish you Merry Christmas!

**H** and humming birds,  
Wish you Merry Christmas!

**R** and all so warm and furry,  
Wish you Merry Christmas!

**T** and Indian bold,  
Wish you Merry Christmas!

**S** and which on the water float,  
Wish you Merry Christmas!

**T** and with a striped coat,  
Wish you Merry Christmas!

**M** and which toes their wicked feet,  
Wish you Merry Christmas!

**A** and which all our cheeses eat,  
Wish you Merry Christmas!

**S** and which of foot so fleet,  
Wish you Merry Christmas!

**S** and which the nuts do eat,  
Wish you Merry Christmas!

All the world, within, without,  
Join the merry, merry shout,  
Wish you Merry Christmas!



paper than I can help in describing them. But before closing up this letter I would like to ask your readers if they have chanced to hear of a certain old pupil of ours, Rush Aldrich by name, having recovered his sense of hearing and who is now being instructed in the rudiments of speech in Boston. Mrs. Ashcroft is receiving many letters of inquiry regarding this case, but as she knows nothing about it beyond the newspaper (Boston) accounts, she can not prove or disprove their statements of Mr. Rush Aldrich having been so successfully treated under Drs. McCoy and Powell. During the summer months now "Daisy" furnaces were placed in the building and we are now deriving much comfort from them. The pupils' sitting-rooms and some of the bed-rooms were tastefully tinted in bright colors, also other improvements made to beautify our home. Our Xmas holidays will soon be here and all are anticipating a happy time. —J. S. M.

Reflections of Second Christ-  
mas at Ontario Institution.

BY WILLIAM KAY, OIL SPRINGS,  
(An Old Pupil)

MY EDITOR.—With sincere pleasure I take the task of writing up this subject, trusting that it will be more than interesting. In fact it was practically the first Christmas, for several reasons which will soon be known to your readers. It was celebrated in a real and grand style on the very day, whose date is on Monday, also in a family manner. You will be surprised to learn that Mr. Green himself was present for the first time during the first Christmas, one year previous, he was absent in New York on an urgent visit to his aunt, who was dangerously ill, and did not return till the last day of the year, and on his arrival he received a telegram announcing her death.

The Christmas programme opened with the special service in the forenoon in the boys' sitting-room, when Dr. Palmer, the Principal, and teachers addressed the pupils. At noon they proceeded to the dining-room for their first grand dinner. There were four long tables, the boys occupying two, the girls one, and the smaller ones of both sexes one, each sitting opposite the other. They numbered about 150. The table d'are was the games, several sorts of vegetables—the first crops from the farm and garden—and mince pie. The Principal and teachers kindly helped to wait on the pupils to see that they were well served. One of the boys at the head of one of the tables vacated his seat for Mr. Greene, who seemed to enjoy his first Christmas dinner well. In the meantime the teachers took their dinner in their quarters, in the same room only separated by the green partition at the north-east corner. The pupils continued seated longer than usual, for social purposes. In the evening after supper they proceeded to the girls' sitting-room for the Christmas tree. The room was very prettily decorated with overgreens and bunting of all colors, and two large pine trees stood apart toward the west end, well stocked with fruits, bags of nuts and every kind of present sent by the parents and friends, and what was not to hand were left in the room. The whole, the room, being lighted by a presented quite a brilliant scene. The distribution was very lively indeed. The pupils were eager to see for the first time what they would receive from their dear homes, and the trees were stripped. Quite a few guests were there, simply to look on. Each pupil also received a book from the Principal. On Friday of the same week in the evening, the pupils and a

large number of guests went to the chapel to witness the pantomime gotten up by Mr. Greene, the stage having been erected under his own supervision. The curtains were of white cotton, and lighted by one row of candles along the front. The play was amusing and humorous throughout. The actors were as follows: Mr. Greene, the clown (not specially dressed); Miss Annie Perry, the head milliner; Misses Minnie Runley, Maggie Brown and Birney, the three milliners; A. W. Mason, the captain; Henry Mason, John Schwell and Fred Wheeler, the three soldiers; James Becker, the patient with a toothache; James McCoy, the dandy gentleman; Sarah Earl, the cook; Constance J. Staley, the ironing girl; and Duncan McKillop, the attendant. The guests were so pleased with the play that they requested the Principal and Mr. Greene to entertain them again with it, which accordingly took place three weeks later in presence of a larger number of guests as well as the pupils.

NOTES.

The holidays lasted nearly two weeks, during which the pupils enjoyed themselves every way. Mr. Coleman, the only male teacher resident and a benedict, often finding his time dull, would gladly go to the boys' sitting-room to play checkers and dominoes with some large boys. His chief play mate was the late James Stewart, who was killed on the railway track in Huron County several years ago.

After the distribution was over, one apple was left hanging on the south tree, looking large and delicious. Two of the visitors, a gentleman and one of the Misses Gilbert, your neighbors, were attracted by that tempting fruit and helped themselves to it. I was standing near by and could not help being reminded of our first parents.

Mr. Ackerman, your first teacher of drawing, sketched the view of the Christmas tree, as I remember having seen it once. The water-portrait of the captain and its easel, that were used on the stage, were the work of the actor himself and his brother Harry.

When in New York, Mr. Greene, getting up on Christmas morning, felt something in one of his boots and on investigation had discovered it to be a gold watch chain, valued at twenty-eight dollars, a gift from his dying aunt.

I may add that during the Christmas of 1878, that same pantomime was produced over again, with the exception of the patient and the ironing girl. The stage was put up in the dining-room at the west end, and was lighted by gas. The actors were Mr. Greene, the clown, stylishly dressed in white, black and red, and his head and face white except the mouth which was red, so as to make his appearance quite comical; Miss Perry, the head milliner,

Misses Mary E. Lorenzen, (Mrs. D. W. McDermid, of the Manitoba Institution), Mary-Bull and Bessie Ball, the three milliners; Angus A. McIntosh, the captain; David Bayne, John J. Peako and Tom O'Brien, the three soldiers; Sidney Busch, the dandy gentleman; Miss Hamilton, the cook; Miss Nellie Cunningham, the child; and Isaac Wilson, the attendant.

The water-color portrait of the Captain and its easel were the work of Sidney Busch, who executed the portrait in my old class-room, which Miss Ida James class now occupies.

An amusing incident occurred during the play after the clown put the dandy gentleman in the lock up, he turned his face toward Mr. McKibbin, the chief of police, one of the audience, grinning and praising himself for doing so. The chief as well as all the spectators had a good laugh. So, with this letter, with my sincere wish for a pleasant Christmas and a very Happy New Year.

THE MACKAY INSTITUTION.

From our own Correspondent  
Winter is at hand, the dear old year is nearly over, and looking a couple of months backward I would like to recall a few of the pleasant times we have had, also to give you a few notes of our doings just at present.

The attendance of pupils now numbers fifty-seven, small it may seem to you, but just large enough for us to be able to keep up the homelikeness of the school and to give every individual our special attention and influence.

The teaching staff has experienced but one change, viz. the resignation of Miss Margery Curlette, who was succeeded by Miss Mary Johnson, a Normal School graduate and a teacher of experience.

The visit of the Rev. A. W. Mann to our school was appreciated. His most impressive style and earnest manner of address, as well as his clear, calm, forcible words quite appealed to our hearts, and whenever he may again come, he will receive the heartiest of welcomes from us all.

Our rink is being laid out and we are only waiting for the first cold snap, so that we may be gliding over its surface. It is going to be immensely large and the boys are being booked for several hockey matches with the rival teams during the winter season.

Oh! see the apple gleanings we have had! On account of the unusually large crop this year, we literally walked over the apples while in the orchards and the pupils feasted on them every day for the whole month of October.

We celebrated Halloween and Thanksgiving Day in our usual style, and as they are always so enjoyable and only to ourselves, it would be folly for me to take any more space in your valuable

The Best Christmas.

It was Christmas Day, and Toddy and Tita were alone. Papa and mamma had gone out West to see their big boy who was ill. They had promised to be home for Christmas, but a big snow storm had blocked the railroad track, and nurse was afraid the train would be delayed, until the day after Christmas. What a dull Christmas for two girls, all alone in the great city house, with only the servants. They felt so lonely that nurse let them play in the big drawing-room instead of in the nursery, so they arranged all the chairs in a row, and pretended it was a snowed-up train. Tita was the conductor, and Toddy was the passengers. Just as they were in the midst of it, they heard music in the street, and running to the window, they saw a little boy outside, singing and beating a tambourine.

"Why," said Tita, "his feet are all bare!"

"Dess he hauged up boso stockin's an' his shoes, too," said Toddy.

"Let's open the window and ask him!"

But the great window was too high to reach, so they took papa's cane and pushed it up. The little boy smiled but they could not hear what he said, so they told him to come in, and ran to open the big front door. He was a little frightened at first, but the carpet felt warm to his poor bare feet.

He told them that his name was Guido, and that he had come from Italy, which is a much warmer country than ours, and that he was very poor, so poor that he had no shoes, and had to go singing from house to house for a few pennies to get some dinner. And he was so hungry.

"Poor little boy!" said Tita. "Our mamma is away, and we're having a pretty sad Christmas, but we will try to make it nice for you!"

So they played games, and Guido sang to them. Then the folding doors rolled back, and there was the dining-room and the table all set, and Thomas, the black waiter, smiling, just as if it had been a big dinner party instead of two little girls. Nurse said: "Well I never!" when she saw Guido, but she felt so sorry for the lonely little girls that she let him come to the table. And such a dinner as he ate! He had never had one like it before. "It is a fairy tale," he said.

Just as dessert came on, the door opened and in rushed mamma and papa; the train had gotten in, after all. They were so glad to see their darlings happy instead of moping that they gave them each some extra kisses. You may be sure little Guido never went hungry and barefoot after that. Long afterward he would say: "That was a fairy Christmas!"

That night, after Tita had said her prayers, she said: "Mamma, I know something. Whenever you feel sad and lonely, if you will just find somebody sadder and lonelier than yourself and cheer them up, it will make you all right." And I think that was the very best kind of a Christmas lesson of love. Don't you?—Our Little Once.

It is proposed to have a regiment of tailors in the British army—probably to repair the breaches made by the enemy's artillery. One hundred years ago a young woman did not lose caste by wetting her hands in dishwater, or rubbing the skin off her knuckles on a washboard.