

The true spirit of the Christmas season is sure to be missed if there is not some attempt at gift making; and nothing will please parents better than to get some little inexpensive gift during the afternoon from the children, showing their own work. If there has been some manual training in the school, the scholars can easily make up some appropriate gift, such as a work-box, paper cutter, etc.; or if the school has profited by the exercises in cardboard work given in the REVIEW this year, they will be able to make such little gifts as book marks, wall pockets, candy baskets, photo frames, table mats, etc. No money gift will give the same pleasure to the parents as something showing their children's own work; and nothing will be of more pleasure to the children because they delight to *do* and to *give*. If it is nothing more than a simple drawing, a little story of their own composition, a few pages of exercises neatly written out, showing their progress in school work,—let them do this, make the pages up in the form of a neat booklet, properly inscribed, and present it. Parents will delight in such a gift and treasure it up for years; and their appreciation would be one of the greatest incentives to the pupils themselves.

The school exercises on "Parents'-day" may consist of an opening song or chorus, a scripture reading from Luke II, 8-20, with recitations, readings, songs. This and previous Christmas numbers of the REVIEW will furnish abundant material. Have the walls decorated with pictures as well as mottoes, and make every effort to give the schoolroom a cheerful, homelike appearance.

THE EARTH HAS GROWN OLD.

The earth has grown old with its burden of care,
But at Christmas it always is young;
The heart of the jewel grows lustrous and fair,
And its soul full of music breaks forth in the air,
When the song of the angel is sung.

It is coming, old earth, it is coming to-night!
On the snow flakes that cover thy sod;
The feet of the Christ-Child falls gentle and white,
And the voice of the Christ-Child tells out with delight
That mankind are the children of God.

The feet of the humblest may walk in its field
Where the feet of the holiest have trod;
This, this is the marvel of mortals revealed
When the silvery trumpets of Christmas have pealed
That mankind are the children of God.

—Phillips Brooks.

Reading:

A CHRISTMAS LEGEND IN BELGIUM.

The children of Belgium have a charming Christmas legend about Santa Claus' Pony. They always place their wooden sabots on the window-ledge, stuffed full of oats, hay and fodder for the "dear Christmas pony." In the early morning they run on tiptoe to look; and behold! the hay is all gone, and the shoes are brimming over with toys and sweetmeats! Then the children clap their hands with glee, and wish they could only have waked in time to see the pony munching his oats. That would have been such fun.—*St. Nicholas*.

Two essays by a boy and girl on the subject, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

PEACE ON EARTH.

"What means this glory round our feet,"
The Magi mused, "more bright than morn?"
And voices chanted clear and sweet,
"To-day the Prince of Peace is born!"
"What means this star," the shepherds said,
"That brightens through the rocky glen?"
And angels answering overhead,
Sang, "Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

'Tis eighteen hundred years and more,
Since those sweet oracles were dumb;
We wait for Him like them of yore;
Alas! He seems so slow to come!
But it was said, in words of gold,
No time or sorrow e'er shall dim,
That little children might be bold
In perfect trust to come to Him.

All around about our feet shall shine
A light like that the wise men saw,
If we our loving wills incline
To that sweet Life which is the Law.
So shall we learn to understand
The simple faith of shepherds then,
And kindly clasping hand in hand,
Sing, "Peace on earth, good will to men!"

James Russell Lowell.

Reading:

A CHRISTMAS VISITOR.

Papa, Archie and May went to the woods to get a Christmas tree, and found just what they wanted—a little pine, bushy and straight.

"There is something I must cut off," said Archie. He pointed to a little gray bunch on one of the twigs, and pulled out his knife.

"No! no!" cried May, holding his hand; "let it stay. It is a poor caterpillar's house."

May was right. One Indian summer day a caterpillar, dressed in brown velvet, was taking a walk in the woods. At last he came to the little pine tree, and thought to himself, "What a nice place to spend the winter!"

So he made himself a little house. He made it very tight and close, of fine, soft thread, and fastened up the door. He did not leave himself even a window to look