

count the silk neckerchiefs and to sort them, and her eyes would not remain closed, but stared hard through the dark toward the dressing-case.

By and by the spot that Cora was staring at began to grow light. While she was wondering, the drawer came open, and out floated six silk neckerchiefs, two pink, a white, a blue, a blue and white, and a black.

"Isn't this delightful?" said the plain pink. "Six of us for one girl."

"Yes," said the figured pink, "it is the luckiest thing I ever knew of. Now if we had been given to six girls, of course, having but one apiece, each would want to keep her own."

"But now," said the blue neckerchief, "of course she will not keep us all; she will give away at least four of us, perhaps five, for she has several already."

"Of course she will give us away," said blue and white. "She isn't the sort of girl to lay away six handkerchiefs to do nobody any good. She likes to make people happy. She will be glad of the chance to make four or five people happy."

She did not think of giving one to each of her sisters, but I think she will decide to give us to some girls who did not have much Christmas," said the white. "How happy and surprised those girls would be!"

"Yes," said the black, "it will make them happy to think they have been so kindly remembered."

"I hope she will take us in the morning, and carry us herself to the girls, and make a little Christmas call, and leave us for a little Christmas remembrance when she goes," said the blue.

"I can't wait for morning to come," said the plain pink. "Those girls are feeling lonely tonight. Christmas is not a very happy time for those that do not have presents to give or have presents given to them."

"They might have had a little bit of Christmas if they had not given every cent they could spare to help Mrs. Saunders pay her rent."

"But they are a great deal happier for doing that. There is nothing so pleasant as making some one else happy."

"Who will be the first to wish Cora a merry Christmas in the morning?" asked figured pink.

"I will!" they shouted in a chorus.

"But now let us sing her to sleep, she is wakeful," said the white.

There came a soft rustling about Cora's pillow, the light faded, and the next thing that she knew, there were voices calling, "Merry Christmas! merry Christmas, Cora!"

She opened her eyes, and saw Alice and her little two-year old brother standing by the bed, and Bella laughing merrily at sight of Cora's bewildered face.

"I thought —," began Cora, and then stopped. It would sound so queer if she told them that she thought the children's voices were the six silk neckerchiefs wishing her a merry Christmas.

After breakfast Cora stole up to her room, and tied up four square white paper packages. Then she called Alice, and asked her whether she would like to take a little walk with her. "Four of them," observed Alice; "all the same size; cards?"

"No," said Cora, "not cards."

"They are soft," said Alice, touching the packages.

"Yes, they are soft," said Cora.

Alice looked wonderingly at Cora. She could think of nothing but silk neckerchiefs, but it was not possible that Cora was giving away four of her silk Christmas gifts.

On their return, Cora stepped lightly, and looked very happy.

"It's quite an idea," she said, "giving so many presents of a kind to a person, for then

that person can make so many people happy who have not had much Christmas."

"Then it was silk neckerchiefs," said Alice.

"Of course," answered Cora. "They had better be doing some one good. I did not need them."

At dinner, Alice and Bella each found a square white paper parcel under her plate.

"Six of them," said Alice, "and you gave away every one."

That night, when the family gathered in a little circle to have a talk before retiring, Cora, who appeared to be the merriest of the group, declared, "This is the most delightful Christmas that I can remember."

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

Some of our readers may like to know of a piece for recitation, so we are inserting "The Careful Messenger," principally for the benefit of our younger readers.

THE CAREFUL MESSENGER.

1. A pound of tea at one-and-three
And a pot of raspberry jam;
Two new-laid eggs, a dozen pegs,
And a pound of rashers of ham.
2. I'll say it over all the way,
And then I'm sure not to forget;
For if I chance to bring things wrong
My Mother gets in such a fret.
3. A pound of tea at one-and-three,
And a pot of raspberry jam;
Two new laid eggs, a dozen pegs,
And a pound of rashers of ham.
4. There in the hay the children play,
They're having such jolly fun;
I'll go there, too, that's what I'll do,
As soon as my errands are done
5. A pound of tea at one-and-three,
A pot of new laid jam;
Two raspberry eggs, with a dozen pegs,
And a pound of rashers of ham.
6. There's Teddy White, flying his kite,
He thinks himself grand, I declare;
I'd like to try, to make it fly, up sky-high,
Ever so much higher than the old church spire,
And then; but there—
7. A pound of three, and one of tea,
A pot of new-laid jam;
Two dozen eggs, some raspberry pegs,
And a pound of rashers of ham.
8. Now here's the shop, outside I'll stop,
And run my orders through again;
I haven't forgot, no, ne'er a jot,
It shows I'm pretty cute, that's plain.
9. A pound of three at one and tea,
A dozen of raspberry ham;
A pot of eggs, with a dozen pegs,
And a rasher of new-laid jam.

—Selected.

BURIED CITIES.

Buried cities! What are they? Perhaps some of you will think we are going to talk to you about Pompeii, that city that was built just under Vesuvius, the burning mountain, and one day when the people were all going about their daily work, and living their daily lives, the mountain burst out, and poured down burning lava on the city till it was buried down underneath the hot ashes, and the people all perished. Oh, no, it is nothing so sad; something altogether different. This is what it is: We are going to give you some sentences, and in these sentences, somewhere in amongst the words, there will be the name of a town or city; you will have to pick out the name out of more than one word, but all the letters will follow each other. Here is an easy one for example: "Who is your favorite poet? Ha! Milton is my favorite." Now, don't you see the city of *Hamilton* is buried here?

Try to find out the four following names,

they are all Canadian places; we will give you the answer in February's number of *UPS AND DOWNS*, and then you will see if you are right:—

CANADIAN BURIED TOWNS OR CITIES.

1. Come and take breakfast with me tomorrow and let us have a chat Ham and eggs will be provided for you.

2. Who is attending that invalid? The doctor on Torr Street.

3. You would not imagine one whit by the way that man talks English that he was a Frenchman

4. The King's tone of voice as he spoke was very threatening.

A SUMMER HOLIDAY IN MUSKOKA.

The following is an extract from a letter written by Bertha Jordan, in which she tells of a pleasant holiday in Muskoka, spent with the family with whom she is living:—

"I was away in Muskoka for a month, and had a splendid time, Mrs. M., Baby and myself. We were boarding in a house right on the edge of Sparrow Lake, just two miles south of Kilworthy station; the lake is six by four miles, and is all dotted with islands, trees all round the shores, and also rocks. We used to go over to the islands and have dinner or tea, and sometimes of an evening, bonfires taking corn and potatoes to roast and eat, and I would make maple cream; then we would tell stories and sing, and play games; sometimes there would be about twenty or thirty of us altogether. It is so nice to be there, the people are all friendly, and they are all like so many brothers and sisters, and Christ seems to dwell right among them. We had a very interesting scene one morning. Mr. F. killed a snake, and then a porcupine right after; then we went and told all the girls. It was beautiful rowing on the lake; sometimes I went rowing, sometimes for a row. Once we went for a long row to get some cherries away in the bush, a good piece along the shores; we took a pail with us, and when we got there we found only one cherry! So I made them put it in a pail, and we took it back to Miss P., and told her to make a pie with it! So, after being disappointed in the cherries, the girls made up for it by going in bathing.

Such a lot of things I saw and heard up there. A whip-poor-will used to sing every night just outside my bedroom window, and I heard an owl and katydid, loons, a wild cat, and I saw the dearest little ruby-throated humming birds, and kingfishers, wild ducks, snipe, and a great many other things. I was friends with all the cattle, cows, horses, colts, calves, chickens, turkeys, geese, sheep, dogs, cats, and even pigs. I used to go among them all, and none were afraid of me. The dog was my pet, her name was Don; she always followed me everywhere; when I went to bed she would sleep outside my door. I knew all the people round there, and when I left some of them wanted me to come and visit them. I shall certainly write to some of the girls. I enjoyed myself well; I have got real strong."

Does not the above letter make one long for the bright summer days, and sweet summer evenings? We may not all be able to get to Muskoka, but it is, indeed, a fair spot; "the Highlands of Canada" I think it has been called. And does not the Indian name mean "The Land of Blue Sky"? It deserves such a name, at any rate. The beautiful blue sky and bright sunshine, and the radiant clearness of the air; and then the wonderful reflection of trees or boats or figures in the clear, calm water, and the weird stillness all round! How fascinating it all is! Would it not be curious to see the same scenes just now wrapped in a mantle of snow and closed in with ice? But, never mind, the ermine mantle will be thrown off by-and-by, and the beautiful form underneath will be fair and lovely as ever!

A girl writes about the paper *UPS AND DOWNS*:—"I am going to send you the money for some other girl who may not be able to subscribe for it; someone that you know. We have a boy from the Home, and he gets one every month, so Mama and I think that one is enough for a house."

We think this example worthy of imitation.