LEGENDS AND STORIES of the Holy Child Jesus.

France.

MY LITTLE DOLL. Know then, dear brother, in these Christmas

Another, dear brother, in these curismas hours, Sorrow, like snow, will melt if He but smile;

And if He clothe thy wintry path with flowers,

Amidst thy mirth think on His thorns a while.

Agnes Le Roy de Marcourt was a spoiled child. I am very sorry to have to say so, but it is nevertheless quite true. The Count Le Roy de Marcourt was very rich, and Agnes had every thing she could wish for; moreover she had no little brothers and sisters to contradict her. The servants gave way to her in everything, and she grew to think herself quite a little queen, whose every wish must be obeyed, and that very promptly too. Monsieur l'Abbe Warambon, the cure of the parish in which the Courte of the parish in which the Count's Paris hotel was situated, came to give her instructions and teach her the catechism, and he spoke often to her very seriously about her selfishness. He told her how useless it was to fill silver vases with lovely hothouse flowers for the altar, if the flowers God had planted in her heart were choked by bad temper and self-love; how vain it was to light forty or fifty wax tapers in honor of the Infant Jesus, if she had no love for Him in her heart and no desire to imitate His beautiful example. He also reminded her that Jesus Himself said, when speaking of kindness to the poor, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me.

But Agnes, though impressed for the time, soon forgot; she would take out her little purse and offer all its contents to Monsieur l'Abbe, and beg him not to refuse her impulsive offering; half an hour afterward she would have forgotten, and be so wrapped up in her own amusements that she forgot there were any poor people in the world at all, though nowhere is there such appalling misery as in the great city outwardly so gay and bright.

One day, when she was out in the carriage with her father and mother, they drove down to the large shop called the Grands Magasins Louvre, where there were to be seen every kind of novelty-hats, bonnets, dresses, and above all, there was one part devoted to the children, in which were the most lovely dolls, life-size, dressed in magnificent costumes.

The Countess went into the shop to buy some linen for poor people and a few things for herself, and she left Agnes in the carriage, as the little girl was apt to prove very tiresome in a shop by asking questions all the time, fidgeting, and growing very impa

"Take me in too, mamma," she id. "I'll promise to be good if you said. will."

"No, no," answered her father impatiently. "Last time I took you into a shop you were so rude and naughty that I said you should stay outside for the future until you have learned how to behave yourself.

Agnes frowned and pouted, but she dared not answer her father when he was angry with her, and she knew that what he said was only too true.

As soon as her father and mother had disappeared inside she turned to the footman, who was standing at the

carriage door.
"Tell Antoine to drive round to where the playthings are," she said.

The coachman obeyed, knowing that
to cross her will was rather dangerous

in the strett, as at any moment she might begin to cry and cause a crowd to gather round the carriage.
"Take me down, Pierre," was her next command to the footman.

"I mustn't, Mademoiselle," answered Pierre uneasily. "Monsieur le Comte said Mademoiselle was to remain in the carriage. Monsieur et Madame will soon be ready now."
"If you don't take me down this

minute, I'll scream as loud as ever I can," retorted the naughty little girl, growing red in the face with passion. Pierre well knew what her loud

screams were like; he knew too that she was pretty sure to keep her word, so he lifted her down on to the pave ment, and ran round to find his mistress and tell her what had happened.

The countess came quickly to her little girl, and found her gazing in at

"Come, dear, papa is ready and does not like to be kept waiting. Papa is going to the station to meet his brother; so come, dear. "I want to go in and buy that dear

little dolly in china," answered Agnes. Look, mamma-that one with the blue dress and little white pinafore, and long, flaxen hair. Come in, and buy her." "We haven't time, dear," answered

her mother, who expected that when the doll was bought Agnes would insist on having chairs and tables, and seven

or eight dresses to fit the doll.

"Come!" said her father impatiently. "I will not have Agnes out in the carriage with me again; naughty girl, she would disgrace a chimney sweeper!"

Agnes threw herself down on the dirty pavement and burst into a loud

"Take the carriage and go to the station," said the Countess to her husband. "I will bring Agnes home in a cab as soon as we have bought the

of the does not stop that noise."

The Count drove off after Pierre had called a cab, and Agnes was taken into the shop by her mother to buy the little dell, which certainly was the children of the Saviour, who was born little doll, which certainly was the children of the Saviour, who was born brought back if she is found, just the

loveliest ever seen, with its long flaxen hair, forget-me-not blue eyes, tiny little nose, and rosebud mouth half-open, showing two rows of pearly teeth. She could sit down, kneel down, and stand up, and move her arms, and was beautifully dressed in blue and white. Agnes did nothing but kiss and

caress her doll all the way home. "Don't you love my little doll, mamma? What shall I call her? Mamma, don't you think she's a per-fect love of a doll?"

When they reached the Count's hotel

in the Avenues des Champs Elysees, Agnes ran up to the nursery to show her new treasure to the old nurse, who had been with her ever since her birth, and had in fact been nurse to the Countess. At tea-time she put it on the table, and kept taking it up to kiss it.

"Nounou, isn't she a pet? Don't you love her? I think she's the sweet est little dear I ever saw. I love her.' "I shouldn't think she would love you if she could," replied nurse dryly.
"You keep taking her up with your sticky fingers, and kissing her just after eating, dirty girl.

Nurse always scolded Agnes on principle: she saw how spoiled the child was getting, and thought it her duty to say all the most disagreeable things that she could think of-the more so as she knew Agnes was overawed by her. and did not easily forget her reproofs.

"Nasty thing!" muttered Agnes, pouting, and taking up the doll to kiss it again. Suddenly, with a loud cry, she said:

"Oh, Nounou, I've jammed her! What shall I do?"

"Stop crying this minute!" said nurse sharply. "You are enough to frighten any little doll. Go to Louise and have your face and hands washed, and when you come back I'll help you to make her some clothes, and we put her to bed in the little pink bed your sailor boy used to sleep in."
"She must have cloaks, and hats,

and a muff and furs," said Agnes, "for to-morrow she's going to walk with me and Louise in the Tuileries, and when we go to Chantilly in the spring she will learn to ride on my

pony, Polichinelle."

The whole evening was spent in making clothes for the little doll, and Agnes was rather inclined to whimper when nurse made her put away her things and get ready for bed.

As she knelt before her little altar of the holy Child Jesus to say her evening prayers, nurse made her pray that she might become less selfish and more thoughtful for others before the holy feast of Christmas, which was draw ing near; and Agnes, having some guilty qualms of conscience, prayed far more earnestly than she was wont

We must leave little Agnes in happy possession of her new plaything, and follow home, that same winter's evening, a little girl of nearly the same age—that is, nine years—but differing in all other respects from the wellcared for child of the Countess.

Poor little Madeleine Leclerc! How pale she was, how thin, and what ragged clothes she wore that bitter cold day, with no jacket to shield her from the biting wind! She had watched the Countess and Agnes get out of the cab that afternoon, had peered through the tall iron gate and seen them go up the broad flight of stone steps into the well lighted hall, with its thick carpets, green ferns, and white statues, and she had wondered to herself if that rich child had ever known what it was to be unhappy, or if she had ever shed a tear. She knew full well that the little girl so beautifully dressed had never wandered about Paris the whole afternoon, her feet covered with chilblains, her hands aching with cold. Madeleine's father was dying in the Hospital St. Louis of mother had slipped in the street and broken her leg, and they would have starved if Monsieur le Cure of St. Marguerite had not been so kind to them that he visited them every day to see if there were any thing to eat; for the Assistance Pub lique, the only means of relief from the Government in Paris, fails utterly to meet the craving needs of the poorest and most desolate.

Madeleine had been wandering about since the morning, standing on the steps of the Madeleine as the people went in and out of church, and had received from the charitable passers by nearly a franc. Afterward she had hung about the shops in the Rue du Faubourg St. Honore, and at last wandered into the Avenue des Champs-Elysees, where others had had compas sion on her, and she had nearly 2 francs when she saw the door shut an

Agnes and her mother, and as it was growing dark she resolved to go home She was very tired now. The wind was so strong and icy cold, and as it was an east wind met her in the face as she wended her way along the Rues de Rivoli and St. Antoine, till she came to the narrow dark Rue de Charonne, in which she lived. In one of the most tumble down houses, at the sixth story. was a miserable garret, which she called her home.

Her mother was a little better to day. Monsieur le Cure had brought her some famous wine, which had been given to him for his own use. The Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul had also We shall have all Paris round us neton, the tiny brother and sister for

in a stable, and had "not where to lay His head.'

Then, when Madeleine had made the room tidy, and put them all as comfortable as she could for the night, she knelt down and said aloud the prayers in preparation for Christmas, which Monsieur le Cure had taught them. Not a word of discontent from the lips of any of them, not a murmur, but rather true and hearty thanks for the benefits of that day, and a very earnest prayer of their dear Father, Mon-sieur le Cure, and the good Sisters. When they prayed for "poor little father" in the hospital, only then their tears fell fast, and the mother hid her face that the children might not see the tears she shed, knowing that never again would that "poor little father come home to his wife and children.

III.

For three weeks Agnes was entirely devoted to her little doll, taking her about with her wherever she went, and putting her to bed nearly every night in a pretty little bed with pink and

white curtains.

A few days before Christmas the Countess sent her out with the nurserymaid one afternoon instead of taking her out in the carriage, as she was going to buy her Christmas and New-Year's presents.

About 4 o'clock, nurse, who was sewing in the day nursery, heard a loud roar, and running down hastily to the entrance hall, she found Agnes

almost in convulsions.

'Nounou, m.m.y, my little, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh," roared Agnes.

"She has lost her little doll," explained Louise; "never mind, Mademoiselle, some one will find it and bring it home; I asked every one about, even the keepers.

"Stop crying, darling," said nurse, taking the child in her arms and kiss-ing her. "We will try and pray and ask about, and we shall succeed in finding it again."

Agnes cried and cried, and nothing could comfort her for an hour, while Louise told nurse the whole story.

"I took Miss Agnes to the Jardins des Tuileries to play, and after we had been there some time, she proposed playing hide-and-seek. Her little doll was to hide. She hid it, and I looked for it, and then the last time she could not find it herself, and we looked about everywhere. And at last it began to grow dusk, and she suddenly remem-bered the tree and statue where she had hidden it; but when we there, the doll was gone, though we found its little muff still there.'

a bit of sealskin.

At tea-time the Countess came into the nursery to see her little girl, and seeing her darling's pale face and swollen eyes, asked what was the

"Miss Agnes has lost her little doll," nurse answered as the child began to sob afresh. "But we shall be sure to find it, shall we not?"

"Oh, yes, darling," said her mother, taking her poor darling into her arms and trying to soothe her. "Mother will offer a reward of two hundred francs. She will do everything to find her pet's doll, or perhaps we can get another like it."

"I won't have another like her; she was my own pet; I loved her and she loved me; and oh, she's out in the cold, and she thinks me so unkind to leave her; oh, I must find her, I must; let

me go out again ; let me go, mamma."
The child was almost distracted ; she sobbed and writhed in agony; and it was not for some time that she could be soothed enough to go to bed, and, late in the evening, worn out, fell asleep. Some days passed, and no little doll. Every morning nurse or Louise took Agnes into the Jardins des Tuileries to look for the doll. Numerous placards were posted up offering the re who would bring the little doll to the Hotel des Champs-Elysees.

"We are sure to get her back," said her mother, " for to any one in the world besides yourself she is not worth

At which naughty little Agnes, in stead of being grateful to her mother for offering such a large reward, sulked for a whole day because her mother had said the little doll was not worth a franc.

A week went by, and still no little doll Agnes was growing quite pale and thin from fretting; she hardly spoke or ate, and every now and then burst out crying when she thought of the little doll. At last one day the Countess came into the nursery, where Agnes was playing with a large Noah's ark, and said :

"Nurse, the Monsieur is going down to Chantilly for a week until Christmas Eve, and I think I shall take Miss Agness to Nice for a week. She will have her little cousins to play with, and altogether I think the change would do her good."

Agnes no sooner heard about going away than she threw down all the ani mals, breaking a great number; the large elephant lost his trunk, and several monkeys their tails, to say noth ing of the little sheep and pigs and the poor little birds.

"I won't go away without my little doll. I won't, I won't ; I'll scream all the way in the carriage and in the train if you make me. Perhaps she's in the gardens all this while waiting for me. Oh, my own little doll, my little doll, my own dear little doll!"

She wailed so bitterly that her mother was quite alarmed, seeing that the grief was as fresh as on the first day of

"Darling, don't cry so," she said enderly. "The little doll will be

same as if we were here, and we shall know at once. I will tell the butler to telegraph."

"Nounou, darling, do you think I shall get her back?" she asked when her mother was gone down stairs.

and yet you are never satisfied. TO BE CONTINUED.

A WONDROUS CHANGE.

From the Smith's Falls Record.

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Could not go up stairs without resting. I have recovered my old time tance without being tired, and I am no longer troubled with that terrible pain in my side. My appetite has returned and I can now eat almost as much as

the gratitude she feels towards this grand medicine, which has restored her loved daughter's health, and will always speak of it in terms of praise.

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FIVE-MINUT

JANUARY 11.

Second Sunday

· His name was called day The feast of the H dear brethren, is o to us many thoughts mind the sweetness

speaks of His tend and of His mercy to tells us, too, of His power of God, and jesty. It is a day that fill with sadness. It cause the Holy Na treasure enriching

mighty shield defer the attacks of our sp And we are sad, cause we are remine Blessed Name of G reviled and used in to day the Church pr power against blasph To-day she calls upo turn with loving he to praise and bless in ner the Holy Name o she would have Chris praises to to-day alor impress upon us by t constant duty of give the Holy Names of Go The wicked habit of

the Church lifts he out against, is an ev ous kind. And it is unfortunately is too Christians of every Young children a men and women ar

Rich men and poor m

they have faith and i

faith, all are addicte Think how shocking name of Him who so gave the last drop of I who literally poured us; think of His na the gutter! Think which was called with awe, introduced speech of the bar-room in witness of the ribal of gossiping women v otony of their unsavor ejaculations filled w towards God and our S

Go to the shops,

to the business hous your ears offended grieved by the injury of Name. And go to the olic men and womensome of you-and list father and the mothe other and their childre call upon God to damn them dead, to hurl them You unnatural paren ers of wickedness to y dren, how shall you es of God? You who sh your children in t fear of God have agent of God's enemy

structing your offspring eternal perdition. A more of you, instead of little boys and girls al bedtime comes, teaching their hearts and voices God; how many of you negligent about this r duty of taking care that When the vei aside, and you stand b ment seat of Christ, you many sins you have been your neglect of bad example.

place, are each and all t often the stronghold, o vice of bad language. and women and childre themselves and scandali sin against God by this more numerous than w knowledge. Our duty is plain er have the misfortune to be have contracted this vice ing, let us resolve now

The home, the stree

ment, and impose upon of suitable penance for or study to discover and app remedies If we are not ourselve of the habit, let us help example. Let us show o on every occasion when is used. Let parents br children strictly, teachi spect for sacred names as reverent prayer. And by internal acts of prais to God whenever we he dishonored among men, something to abate the ev

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