

XMAS STORY.

It was the night before Christmas, very cold and dreary. A little girl was sitting alone in a poor old shanty, and an old man was sitting on the other side of a poor table on three legs. All the furniture was scanty. It was only two chairs and the table I mentioned, on which was an old plate of stale bread and some milk, of which they were making their supper. It was very quiet, and all at once the little girl broke the silence by saying: "Granpapa, to-morrow is Xmas." I wonder whether Santa Claus will come here. At any rate, I will hang up my stocking and see: and then her Grandfather sent her to bed, so she went, (her name was Kitty), and stole softly into her Grandfather's room and her own. In this room was an old bedstead, and a little cot and an old fireplace. then she went to a little drawer in an old box, and pulled out a stocking. She got a pen and a piece of paper and a pencil, and wrote her name, Kitty. That night she went to bed a happy little girl. Her old Grandfather, when she had gone to bed, sat up and read by a broken lamp. He was reading when he heard a knock at the door, he tottered to open it, and there stood and there stood an old man with a long beard and snow white hair. He was Santa Claus, he had a sack over his shoulder. The Grand-

father led him into the child's room, and the man filled Kitty's stocking. When she awoke that morning, she was a very happy little girl, for she had got a beautiful doll, and lots of other things, and her Grandfather got many presents, besides some money from Santa Claus.

A POEM WITH A POINT.

Only a pin: yet it calmly lay,
On the tufted floor, in the light of day.
And it shone serenely fair and bright
Reflecting back the noonday light

Only a boy: yet he saw that pin,
And his face assumed a fiendish grin:
He stooped for a while, with a look
intent,
Till he and the pin alike were bent.

Only a chair: but upon its seat,
A well-bent pin found safe retreat:
Nor had the keenest eye discerned
That heavenward its point was turned.

Only a man: but he chanced to drop
Upon that chair, when fizz! bang,
pop!
He leaped like a cork from out a
bottle,
And opened wide his valve de
throttle.

Only a yell: though an honest one
It lacked the element of fun:
And boy and man and pin and
chair,
In wild confusion mingled there.
