



came forward. 'Bring her in, Simmons!'

Under the chandelier, surrounded by a group consisting of servants, the mother and two fine, manly boys, the child drew out the two stockings.

'Please,' she said bravely, 'durst I hang up my stockin's at your house? We're awful high up, fift' floor, and mother said 'twould be no use—he never climbs up to no such places, Santa doesn't, so I thought that a place like this, bein' in his reg'lar route, why he just couldn't miss it, and these wouldn't take very much room.'

The boys suddenly fled out of sight, and the servants turned away their heads, as the sweet woman took the little stockings and said cordially: 'Yes indeed, I'm so glad you thought about it; there's plenty of room, and I won't forget to put them right in his road. Be sure to call and see what he left for you.'

'Yes, ma'am,' replied Edna, in great relief. 'I'll be sure to remember the house, because it's got its name written right out in the stone walk by the gate, 'Ivy Lodge.' My father used to belong to a lodge before he died, and when he was

dead they made his funeral, so I'll be sure to remember.'

As Edna hurried home, for it was now pretty dark, and she was afraid that her mother might have come home and grown uneasy at her absence, she did not notice that the two boys and the man who had opened the door were keeping her in sight every step of the way, even up the five flights back, and marked the number which was on the outside door of their little flat.

Christmas was a holiday, and the family slept late, so when Edna crept out of bed at six o'clock and dressed as noiselessly as possible, no one stirred. She put the friendly gray shawl about her and opened the door cautiously, almost falling into two huge baskets that blocked it. On the top of each lay one of the stockings marked: 'From Santa Claus, with much love.' The stockings were packed tight and bulging with lumps. Opening the door to its widest extent, she tried to drag the hampers in, but gave it up just as Earl came out sleepily, saying in astonishment:

'Well! What on earth does it mean?'

But Edna was considering a hard problem. 'They showed him the

way, the Avondale-Avenues did; but what I want to know is how did he ever drag such heavy baskets clear up to the fift' floor.'

The Real Santa Claus.

(S. E. Kiser, in 'Chicago Record-Herald'.)

There is a Santa Claus, my dear,
Who reaches out year after year
To spread his blessings further yet,
To make the world a place of joy;

To bring in kindness and to let
Us conquer passions that destroy.
There is a Santa Claus, indeed,
Alive and real, who seeks to lead
Us from the valleys dark and drear
Up to the pleasant slopes above—
Ah, have you never guessed, my dear,

That Santa Claus, in truth, is
Love?

Get Straight When Little.

Mr. Wooding had bought a nice home with trees and shrubs of all kinds around it. One tree had grown quite large, right in front of the house, but crooked,

Mr. Wooding thought he would straighten that tree. He got strong men, who planted thick stakes on either side of the tree, and then with a strong rope, they tried to bend it straight. It was no use, it had grown crooked.

While the men were pulling at the rope, Eddie and his sister stood by, looking at them. 'See, children,' said Mr. Wooding, 'if that tree had been straightened when it was little, it would now be beautiful. It could have been done easily. It is now too big and we can't make it straight. It will stay crooked as long as it lives. So it is with men and women. When little they can grow straight and become good and useful. If they grow up crooked that is, with a bad character and disposition, they are likely always to remain so.'

Don't grow up crooked and ugly. Grow straight. That is grow beautiful and good.—'Pansy.'

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