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THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

Germany is the land of the Christmas tree. Nowhere else does it grow so vigorously, or bring forth such copious fruit. But it has been transplanted into nearly all lands, and throughout Canada, at this snowy winter season, in many happy homes this wonderful tree will bring forth its wonderful fruit. In our picture we note several specially German features

-the house father, as ti ev call him, pullig away at his big percelain pipe like an overgrown baby at a sucking - bottle ; the bust of Bismarck, the Iron Chancellor, on the wall; the youngster with the spiked helmet and drum, exhibiting even in babyhood the warlike German spirit; the oddshaped waggons and toys, and above all. the tree, with tapers, and trinkets. and love gifts for every one, and the Angel of the Annunciation at the top. Is it not a pretty family group ? Thank God for Christmas, which brings us joyful tidings of peace on earth, good-will to and men, and especially its love-gifts to children everywhere.

FOXIE'S CHRIST-MAS EVE.

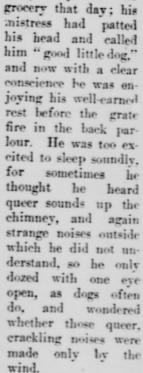
could do many things that not every dog can do. He lived in a village where there was no mail delivery, and was always sent to the post-office for the letters, which he carried home in his mouth, never dropping

He could take an order to the grocer's and carry home the basket of groceries quite as well as the grocer's boy, and Foxie, it is time to say your prayers and of his own home.

much more quickly, for he never stopped go to bed." Then he would jump up on a on the way to play marbles or to sit down | chair, put his forepaws on the back of it, on a doorstep to rest, as he had seen the rest his head on his paws, close his eyes, grocer's boy do.

He had been well trained, and was then jump down and bark for some one to never allowed to run out on the street open the door, that he might go to bed. alone, to play with bad dogs, who were surly or ill-mannered or dishonest, but The turkey was dressed and the plum like all dogs, and most children too, Foxie | pudding made; the Christmas tree was loved the street, and when Harry, his glittering with ornaments and loaded with

and remain quite still for a whole minute. It was Christmas Eve in Foxie's home. gifts. Foxie had made many trips to the



Suddenly his open eye beheld a dazzling glare reflected upon the wall. He opened his other eye and raised his head. flood of light was

would run to the hat-rack, bring Harry's He jumped up in wild alarm, and plachat, wag his tail, and smile in dog ing his paws on the window-sill he fashien, saying as plainly as a dog could looked out. His little body trembled speak, "Please let me go, too," and he all over with fear at what he saw, for the back part of the neighbouring house was At noon he would scamper through the in a furious blaze, the air was filled with house ringing the dinner bell, and when smoke and sparks, and already einders evening came Harry would say, "Now, were falling into the yard and on the roof



A GERMAN CHRISTMAS TREE.

Foxie was a very bright little collie who young master, was ready for a walk he streaming in the back parlour window. always went.