



FRANK'S FALL.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

O TELL me, children, who have seen
The Christmas tree in bloom,
Which is the very brightest thing
That sparkles in the room?

The candles? No. The tinsel? No.
The skates and shining toys?
Not so, indeed; nor yet the eyes
Of happy girls and boys.

It's Christmas day, itself, my dears;
It's Christmas day alone—
The brightest gift, the gladdest gift,
The world has ever known.

—St. Nicholas.

MABEL'S CHRISTMAS.

"No merry Christmas for us, Tripsey," sighed Mabel, sitting down by the way to rest a little after her long walk. It was the day before Christmas, and Mabel had just carried home a bundle of work to the lady who lived in the fine house beyond the iron fence. How hard her dear mamma had worked to finish all those dainty little garments! "Never mind, Mabel," she said, "we will have a Christmas dinner this year that will seem like old times!"

But alas! the lady had only paid half of the money due, saying that "Christmas brought so many demands, and would she call again next week?"

Poor Mabel started for home with a heavy heart, for she knew that after the rent was paid there would be barely enough to supply pressing needs. Her heart beat so fast, and she became all at once conscious of such weariness, that she dropped down upon the stone wall outside the big

gates, and poured out her trouble to dear old Trip.

"I'm sure the good old lady doesn't know how pure we are, Tripsey, or she wouldn't send us off with so little would she? But we must be very brave and cheerful for mamma's sake. We mustn't even feel a bit sorry and disappointed, for she's sure to see it if we do, and that will make her heart ache, you know. It must be all right, Tripsey dear, for God doesn't let trouble and disappointment come for nothing, does he, old doggie?"

As Mabel talked she found her heart growing lighter, and then something happened, so strange that Mabel thinks to this day that it was none other but God that inspired her to sit down there and pour out her heart to Trip!

Mabel's mamma was all alone in the world except for her little girl, as she supposed, and when she found herself without money, home, or friends, she felt desolate indeed. But she knew God, and she could work for her bread. Still it was often very hard to deny her little girl the comforts of life.

But the truth was that Mrs Fenn had a brother living whom she had long supposed dead. He had come back to his native land after a strange, wandering life, a rich man, and was searching for his one sister.

That day he was walking in the grounds, for he was a guest at the great house, and saw Mabel go down the walk. Something reminded him of his 1st sister, and he followed softly, and listened to the sweet voice as she talked to Trip.

"It is her own voice," he said to himself. "Who knows but it may be her child?" And he went out quickly, and soon learned that he had found the object of his long search.

You may be sure there was a Christmas dinner in the little house, and that it was not long before Mabel and her mamma were living in a lovely home, with Uncle Fred, the dearest uncle in the world, at its head.

Does it sound like a story out of a book? Ah! truth is stranger than fiction sometimes!

THE LOST CHILD—Two ladies saw a little girl on the streets all alone. As they came to her she was crying. She was sent on an errand by her mamma and lost her way. The kind ladies soon returned her home. She was glad for the kindness of these ladies. Jesus seeks the lost and tears them safely home. He takes them from the streets of sin to their Father's house.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING

MRS. H. M. HILL.

"I'm glad," exclaimed a little maid,
"I'm glad as ever I can be,
In just ten days my mamma said
We'd have our Christmas day and tree.

"I've stores of cash, I'll lock and see
How much it counts—there's quite a pile
Why, dimes and all there's dollars three,
I've saved this great long while.

"Oh, won't I have the greatest fun,
For not a single soul shall know
What things I buy for anyone—
But won't they guess and bother, though.

"I'll make a list and write it out,
Just as the big folks always do,
And 'member all the folks about,
With all my aunts and uncles, too.

"Mamma comes first—what's best for her?
I know, a cuckoo clock of all the things,
Not one that strikes with banging whirr,
But, like a birdie, lovely sings.

"Papa? A fishing rod that's fine,
That comes to bits, then stands up tall,
'Twill cost a sight—the money's mine,
And I'll afford it, that is all.

"Then brother Tom, great awful tease,
Deserves not any decent thing;
But I'll be good, and try to please
The scapegrace with a ruby ring.

"A Paris doll for baby May,
With truly hair and shut-up eyes—
A lot of money I must pay—
What fun to see her great surprise.

"I wish I more real money had,
For there is auntie's gift to buy,
And there's the Smiths, so poor and sad,
To give them something I must try.

"If only money would rain down
At merry Christmas time at least,
I'd buy all ragged girls a gown,
And give all hungry boys a feast."

HELPING THE MINISTER.

"ONE thing helped me very much while I was preaching to-day," said a clergyman. "What was that?" inquired a friend. "It was the attention of a little girl, who kept her eyes fixed on me, and seemed to try to understand every word I said. She was a great help to me." Think of that, little ones; and when you go to church, fix your eyes on the minister, and try to understand what he says, for he is speaking to you as well as to the grown-up people. He is telling about the Lord Jesus, who loves the little ones.