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NOTICE.

Sul. cribors finding the figures 12 after their name will bear in mind that their term will expire at the end of the present month. Early remittances are desirable, as there is then no loss of any numbers by the stopping of the paper.

WATCHING FOR SANTA CLAUS.

Did you ever see Santa Claus ' You have seen pictures of him with his great long, frosty beard, with his overcoat as warm and comfortable as you please

with his laughing eye, his arms full of toys and goodies, and his fiery reindeers, and you have wondered how in the world be ever managed to slide down such a small storepals as yours telling you the good things which fill your stockings every Christmas morame.

Somebody surely must have seen him, for manima and pape, and grandmamma particularly, talk so much and so wisely about him. What stories they tell of his peculiar tricks in their younger days ! and with what interest are the recitations of these stories listened to. But who ever did see Santa Claus, after all? When you wait up for him he never comes. even if you should watch all night. But then who took his photograph so as to make such more pictures of him Sanche must have seen him surely. but when and how, and where

These buys and girls in the picture are evidently determined to learn something about him from personal What an expression of .bervation justery and interest is in their count. nances' If the cat should new, wouldn't they be frightened ' Indeed they would, and perhaps do as they should have done long ago if they want their stockings filled go right

Last year Santa Claus had hard times filling the stockings that he found langing on the tens of thousands of mustel pieces all over the country , but this year it is likely that he will be better off Im't it too had that good old Sa ita Claus is ever poor ? Such genetous people should always be rich. But the time will come when all our logs and girls will know everything about old Santa, when they will be telling little once of how he likes little lays and girls who are good with as grave a face as grandma does now. The Mrsecoure has a wish for them then, and that is that Santa Claus will, always be well off, and that the children and grand-children of this country in, twenty, forty or a hundred years from now, will have reason to be botter pleased with Santa Claus than those who are children in the year 1877.

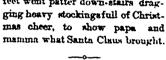
LITTLE BOYS NEARLY How could be get down? So they whisper-SAW SANTA.

One Christmas eve, not very long ago either, two little boys kassed papa and mainma good-night, and climbed un-stairs to bod. fully determined to droam about Old Santaskimming along over frozen rivers and ponds with his reindeers, until he came to the city where they lived, and then going from house to house peeping through the windows and listoning at the chimneys to make sure that all the little forks were fast asleep, then climbing up the side of the house by the spout, going on hands and knees along the roof to the chimney. little faint light shone in at the nursery door.

ed away to one another until they got tired, and after getting out of bed again to see that the stockings were in the best place, and to stretch them a little bigger if possible, they rolled over and tried to go to sleep. But it was no use, Santa Claus kept driving and creeping and dancing before their eyes, until one of them fancied he saw the july old fellow at the foot of the bed, and started up to find it a dream. So time went on, and they listened for some little stir in the chimney, but it was only the wind. But suddenly a

"It wasn't the wind after all," said one , and they began to shiver, thinking they would be found out. Yes, sure enough, somebody was at the door and creeping toward the foot of the bed where the stockings were hanging. The little fellows began to tremble, first they thought, "We'll just take a peep at him." "But if he sees us he'll run away." So in a trice they bobbed their heads under the bed-clothes, and held their breath for fear of starting Santa. Then they forgot all about Christmas for a moment, until Old Father Christmas appeared in his sleigh again driving away with bundles of toys laughing and singing in time

to the merry jingle of his sleigh bells. They had gone to sleep. But the first part of it was not a dream , they did see the light, and if they had looked instead of going to sleep they might have seen him but they saw what he left, and carly, early in the merzing little bare feet went patter down-stairs drag-



WHY DO WE REJOICE AT CHRISTMAS

How many boys and gizls on Christmas think of the cause of their rejoicing: Low many think that they are celebrating the greate greatest birthday in the world. It is not their father's, their mother's, their brother's, their own, the Governor Genoral's, the Prince of Wales or the Queen's. No, none of these, but a greater still—Christ's hirthday.

-Extravagance is the key to most of our financial troubles. Every second man thought himself a millionnaire, or in a fair way to be one; and as he was so sure of the result, he did not take the precau-tion to want till the matter became a fixed fact. He drew upon his fortune in advance, and it is not strange that he should wake up to find himself bankrupt. If you propose to live like a millionnaire, be pose to live like a millionnaire, be sure first that you have the money in the bank. Imaginary fortunes make a poor showing on 'change or in the real world. Pay as you go, and go no further than you can pay is a safe rule and will save a world of trouble ahead.—Zion's Herald.

"A Goon Frillow at Borrow."— The phram, "He is a good follow at the bottom," may remind one of the story of a gentleman who was riding in a remote Devoushire lane, and soing a swan relooking place before him, called out to a rustic who was near, "I say master, is there a good firm bottom here?" "Oh, yeas, rir, that there is," He redeon, and seem plunged up to the horse sgirths. "Hillon, you rasen! didn't you toll me there was a good firm bottom?" "Sea there be, ir, when you comes to it; but you bean't half ways to the bottem yet." —"Archlishen Whotely's Saye



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