

"Oh, yes, I'm most seven," said Sara, gravely. "I'm bigger than I look."

The pretty holly and ivy must have been surprised to find themselves on these bare walls, where no leaf or berry had ever hung before, but not more surprised than those dull old lives were to find the brightness this young life brought them.

"Who did you give Christmas presents to, Aunt Judy?" Sara asked, innocently.

She waited awhile, but the embarrassed Miss Juliet made no answer, and the child continued: "'Cause you see, auntie, I didn't have a chance to give any, and I thought maybe Christmas wasn't quite over, and I could find somebody here to give one to."

Miss Juliet thought all children expected presents, but she had never heard of a child who made a practice of giving them.

"I haven't got much," said Sara, thoughtfully, but I've got a lovely card that sister Margaret gave me. Don't you think that would do?"

Old Mr. Edward thought it was time somebody was coming to his sister's rescue.

"A card?" he said. "Why, that is just the thing to give old Nancy Hickenbottom. She is tied up in bed with rheumatism, and if you make her a green wreath like ours, maybe she'll feel young again, as I do, when I look at it."

"All right, Uncle Ed," cried the little maid, dancing about, "and you'll have to come with me and hang it."

So the next day Nancy got a pretty card tucked up on her bedpost, a green wreath on her smoked walls, and a round shining thing out of Mr. Edward's pocket, and in her heart she got a feeling of thankfulness worth a great deal.

"Uncle Ed," said Sara, as she tripped along by his side, across the snow, "haven't you got any chimies?"

The city child missed the glad bells.

"Not in the church," he answered, "but I've got a little Christmas chime of my own."

"Oh, have you?" she exclaimed, wondering.

"Yes," he said, smiling; "it came to me Christmas night; it wears a coat, and a big black hat, and gum boots, sometimes, and it makes as sweet music in my ears as the poet heard from his happy bells across the snow. I wouldn't take a thousand-dollar chime of brazen-tongued bells for mine."

All the dimples were showing in Sara's bright face.

"Oh, you dear, old goosie, Uncle Ed," she said, "I ain't a bit like a Christmas chime!"

Nellie's brother had the toothache, and the next morning his face was badly swollen. When Nellie saw him she began to laugh. "O mamma," she cried, "just see how Frankie's mouth sags!"

## A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY MARY FIELD WILLIAMS.

They tell a lovely story, in lands beyond the sea,

How, when the King of Glory lay on his mother's knee,

Before the prophet princes came, bringing gifts in hand,

The dumb beasts felt the miracle men could not understand!

The gentle, patient donkey, and the ox that trod the corn,

Kneel down beside the manger, and knew that Christ was born.

And so they say in Sweden, at twelve each Christmas night,

The dumb beasts kneel to worship, and see the Christmas light.

This fancy makes men kinder to creatures needing care;

They give them Christmas greeting and dainty Christmas fare;

The cat and dog sup gaily, and a sheaf of golden corn

Is raised above the roof-tree for the birds on Christmas morn.

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 17, 1904.

## NANNIE'S GIFT.

Nannie Dane is a sweet little girl, just six years old. She is not a pretty child, for her face is very thin and freckled; but her heart is so good and loving that those who know her best love her dearly. Her father is a big, silent man, and her mother is always tired and busy; so Nannie does not have so many kisses and fond words as she would like. Her two little brothers are rather rough, and only the baby seems to

be as loving as Nannie herself. She is one of the best little girls in the school, learns very fast; not because she is quick, but because she tries so hard, and wants to do just what her teacher says.

One day, just before Christmas, all the children were talking about angels and trees and Santa Claus, Miss Hart said to her class: "The principal is coming in to-day to hear you read and sing, and to-morrow to see how well you can do. I want you all to try hard, and to do the best I will give a Christmas present last day of school."

Nannie's eyes opened wide. She never had a Christmas present in her life for her father was poor, and it took a long time to buy bread and clothes and rent. He had given her five cents the day she was six, and that was the only present she had ever had. She had never spoken though she had often been teased to do so by her brothers; and she passed a store every day as she went to school.

When Miss Hart spoke about the Christmas present a delightful idea came into Nannie's mind, and she resolved to be one of the five best; and so she was, although her heart beat so hard she could hardly read when the principal called her name.

The last day Miss Hart brought a basket to school with her, and just before the children went home she took out a red apple, and gave to the three girls and boys each a fine, large, red apple. All ate them on the way home, except Nannie. She did not even show it to her mother, but hid it away in the closet, quietly that nobody knew anything about it. Her little brothers twitted her for being one of the five best, but she did not say a word.

On Christmas morning, while Mrs. Dane was out of the room, Nannie put her five cents on her mother's plate, and she looked with eyes full of love at "Merry Christmas!" when she came in. She thought angels looked with eyes of love at little Nannie then.—Ex.

"My son," said an Arab chief, "I have a basket of water from the spring."

The boy tried and tried to fill the basket, and before he could get back to his father's tent the water leaked out. At last he returned, and said: "Father, I have tried to fill the basket, but the water will not stay in."

"My son," said the old chief, "you say is true. The water did not stay in, but see how clean the basket is so will it be with your heart. You are not able to remember all the good things you hear; but keep trying to do them, and they will make your heart clean and pure."

"The way to keep your good resolutions is to put them into use."

## CHRISTMAS.

"Christmas is coming!" the children counted the weeks that are to come. Dear little children, who live in the snow, And do not guess what it is to be. From morn to night, with stock and horn, Up and down through the ice.

"Christmas is coming!" the children thought. But what can the Christmas do? His home is a cellar, his daily bread The crumbs that remain when we have fed;

No mother to kiss when the day is done, No place to be glad in under the sun.

That wonderful fellow, old Father Time, Who never is idle a moment, He is kept so busy with piling up Into the stockings of rich girls and boys, No wonder he sometimes forgets to know,

Into the homes of the poor to go.

But, dear little children, you know that the rich and the poor all have one dear Father who watches and grieves or smiles at the thought of his children, And some of his children are poor, And some are always merry.

Christmas will bring to some food and plenty, frolic and fun, Christmas to some will bring sorrow and pain; In place of laughter the tears will fall.

Poor little Tim to your door will come, Your blessings are many; spare him a word.

The Christmas bells will swell, The songs that the angels love to sing, The song that came with the birth of the Christ.

"Peace, good-will, and love to all," Dear little children, ring, ring, ring, Sweet bells in some lonely hearth.

## LESSON NOTES.

### FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT. ELIJAH TO ISAIAH.

LESSON XIII.—DECEMBER 17. THE PRINCE OF PEACE (ISAIAH).

LESSON.

Isa. 9. 1-7.

Memorize.

GOLDEN TEXT.

His name shall be called

Counsellor, The mighty God,

ing Father, the Prince of

9. 6.

THE LESSON STORY.

More than seven hundred

our Lord came into the world

as Isaiah saw him coming. N

through all his wonderful

would break a saying about h

like light from behind a clo

were many clouds, because of

the people, yet the light behin