

The child overcome by fatigue, entered a high-backed pew and was soon asleep on the velvet cushions.

Miss Deborah Van Zandt sat in a great easy chair before a blazing fire, and gazed long and sadly into its glowing depths, which sent a ruddy gleam over her snowy hair, and stern, handsome face.

Christmas eve, and she the only surviving member of her family, encased in her pride of birth and wealth, alone in her palatial home, unloving and unloved on this the gladdest night of the year! It is no wonder that a feeling of unconquerable loneliness and longing began to melt her nature. Fifteen minutes later she entered the Van Zandt pew at St. Matthew's Church, and gave a little start of surprise to see a ragged child with tangled golden curls asleep on the crimson cushion. Presently a blaze of light illuminated the vast sanctuary, a glorious *Te Deum* resounded above the worshipping congregation, and Miss Deborah felt a slight touch on her arm, and turned to meet the gaze of a pair of great lustrous blue eyes, and an awed but joyous whisper, "Is *dis* heaven?"

"No, child," was the astonished reply.

"Zen where is it? My mamma's there, an' I want her."

Miss Deborah evaded this perplexing query by asking, "What is your name, little boy?"

"Darlin'."

"What else?"

"Mamma's darlin'. Will you take me to heaven?"

"I can't dear; but I'll take you home with me. Lie still awhile," she whispered, and pillowed the sunny head on her costly velvet and furs until the last grand anthem died away into the apostolic benediction.

Two hours after Miss Deborah sat once more in her luxurious home, with an inspiration in her heart and a white robed Christmas gift in her arms.

"Isn't you my uzzer mamma?" cooed a tiny voice, as a dimple cheek nestled against her own.

"Yes darling."

"Zen, I has two mammas and Dezus."

The last word came very faintly, and Miss Deborah, as the sweet eyes closed, tucked the treasure into a snowy couch, and turned away, feeling that she had looked into the face of the Christ-child.

It is good to be children sometimes, and never better than at Christmas, when its mighty founder was a child Himself.
—Dickens.

CHRISTMAS.

DAINTY little stockings
Hanging in a row,
Blue and gray and scarlet,
In the fire-lights glow.

Curly-pated sleepers
Safely tucked in bed;
Dreams of wondrous toy-shops
Dancing through each head.

Funny little stockings
Hanging in a row,
Stuffed with sweet surprises
Down from top to toe.

Skates and balls and trumpets,
Dishes, tops, and drums,
Books and dolls and candies,
Nuts and sugar-plums.

Little sleepers waking;
Bless me, what a noise!
Wish you merry Christmas,
Happy girls and boys!

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 1, 1883.

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OUR CHARLIE.

THIS is our Charlie's second Christmas. He was only a baby last Christmas, and don't remember how we hung up his stocking, and how Santa Claus filled it with good things. But this year he is looking forward with great glee to Christmas morning. He is never tired of hearing about it. He will ask all sorts of questions in his baby talk, and then he will sit still and look at us so earnestly, just as he does in the picture, while we tell him all about the reindeer, and toys, and trinkets, and everything. Bless his dear little heart, how he will enjoy it, and make Christmas all the merrier for everybody else.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING.

THANK God for Christmas! It has a face so cheery that our own faces brighten as we look into it. It is so merry with bell-music and carol-singing that we find ourselves joining in its songs. And it is a friend so true and warm that we welcome it with all our hearts.

Christmas is coming; let us make it a merry one. Let sorrow chasten and subdue, but not render us selfish and hard. Rather let us be more tender because of its presence—more anxious to lighten the burden of it for others. Let us do without something that a sick child may be fed, or a cold room warmed. Let us invite as the guest of the festival some solitary individual; let us send parcels to the poor, and greetings to the aged. Let us think what He whose birthday we celebrate would do if He were in our place, and then let us do it joyfully and for His sake. What did He do? Feed the hungry? Heal the sick? Yes; and when He could no longer do this He said, "Nevertheless, not My will, but Thine be done."

Dear friends, God give you a happy Christmas!—Marianne Farningham.