

The Best Christmas.

(By Lady Somerset.) A child sat bending over her work. Her curly hair fell over her eyes. The sunlight was playing on the flower-beds, and white butterflies fluttered among the blossoms over the green lawn where she sat, and yellow-thighed bees boomed among the trees.

the game did not interest her much. The children were singing in the street something about "If you want a nice young man, stuff him with bread and jam." But the little girl played no heed to the song.

The Christmas Spirit.

Eight-year-old Dorothy curled herself up in the broad window seat where the afternoon sun sent his lingering rays through the curtained window right over her shoulder and lit up the smiling face of an Indian maid on the printed page before her. Slowly Dorothy turned the leaves of the large volume. One page showed the picture of an Eskimo village another the dusky countenance of a small Arab playing on the sand before a tent pitched in the open wilderness.

pressed upon her little daughter by suggesting that some of her toys be given, or even another book that was not so dear to the child's heart. No, if she were to learn the lesson of sacrifice, the true spirit of the Christmas time, she must give the thing that would cost her something.

...The Christmas... Evangel.

There was little in the outward life of Bethlehem on that ever memorable night in the long ago to indicate that the event in which all the converging lives of the past met, and which formed a new era in the world's history, was about to take place. Men and women pursued their wonted round heedless of that which would invest their little city with an immortal halo and make it the centre of the world's adoration.

A GOOD CHRISTMAS STORY.

There comes to our table just in time for our Christmas issue the following, which we are glad to put before our readers: Miss M., daughter of one of our prominent merchants, had been invited to a Christmas party where she would meet a young gentleman in regard to whom she had special interest, and desired to look her best. She persuaded her father to make her a Christmas present of forty dollars, with which she proposed to obtain some very beautiful trimming for the dress she intended to wear.



girls who will get no gifts at Christmas time. Their fathers and mothers are too poor to buy any, and often there are children who do not even have enough to eat or enough clothing to keep them warm.

"ROY AND JACK"

Christmas Recitation. (By Jerry J. Cohan.) Been fighting, boy! you Jack and Roy! We've punched each other's face. So, I'm the judge to hear your grudge, And settle this here case!

One sometimes wishes that he could read this marvellous story of the birth of Christ for the first time. Our very familiarity with it has to some extent strangely seared and calloused heart that could read that wonderful story without a thrill.

GRANPA'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

On Christmas Eve, my gran'pa he he set up my Christmas tree. An' nen he laugh an' shake his head An' say 't'ime 'at I'm in bed; But I say 'I'll not say good-night— I'm go' sit up; pa said I might As long as I want to, beuhause I'm go' to wait for Santa Claus.

MISTLETOE.

Mythology connected with remote regions has used the mistletoe in its religious ceremonies. In the sagas of Scandinavian folklore you will find that it was with a twist of mistletoe as an arrow fashioned from one, that the blind god Hoder shot at Balder, the god of light, whose mother Freya had neglected to render mistletoe harmless to her son.

Jolly Game to Play After Christmas Dinner.

Something new in the way of an observation party, and something that you will find jolly as part of the Christmas evening entertainment. Place these objects tastefully on the dining-room table, each guest on entering the room being furnished with a catalogue of the subjects, supposed to be different paintings, made out so that blank spaces will be left to the right for answers. From 15 to 25 minutes are allowed to guess and write down the answers as fast as they are discovered. The persons whose lists are the nearest correct receive the prizes. A booby prize for the one who was the least successful adds to the fun.

Departed Days—Last year's calendar.

Scene in Bermuda—Onions. We Part to Meet Argin—Scissors. The Reigning Favorite—Umbrella. Home of Burns—Flatiron. The Greatest Bet Ever Made—Alpha- bet.