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 vellow-thighed bees boomed among the trees.

She never lifted her eyes from the Sine never inted her eyes from the little garment that she was sewing. An unclothed doll lay on the chair beside her, awaiting the clothing which she was so busily making. Presently her mother came across the grass, and laid her hand upon the child's head.

"Whet are you doing Nelly?" the "What are you doing, Nelly?" she

"I am dressing the doll. I am so anxious to get it done. It seems more like being a real mother, doesn't it, to have made its clothes?" and she looked up with grave eyes into the woman's

"I wonder if you have thought," said her mother, sitting down beside her, "what thousands and thousands and thousands of children there are who have no dolls to play with. They dress up the leg of an old chair, or someup the leg of an old chair, or some-times they wrap a carrot in a newspaper to make believe that they are dollies. There was a little child who used the play on a doorsten in a place I knew well, who had nothing but an old stay busk, but she loved it, I think, almost more than you love any of your dolls. But one day a rough man passing by trod upon it and broke it to pieces, and

then she had nothing."

The child put her work down, and looked into her mother's face. "Nothing!" she said. "Oh, how dreadful!". Then she got up, and stood with her hands behind her back, gazing oue be-yond the flowerbeds and beyond the garden, as though she were looking away to some distant thing she had

ver noticed before.
"Children without dollies and without toys? That does seem a terrible thing! Suppose"—and then her whole face lit up-"that instead of keeping this dolly I gave it at Christmas time to some lit child who had none? I wonder whether that would not be better. May I send this dolly, may I take it to some little child, mother?" And she held it up for a moment, looking lovingly into its face, stroken its flaxen hair, and then cuddled it up in her arms. "May I take it myself, and give it myself to the

child on the doorstep?"

"I don't know how you can give it yourself," said her mother, "London is a long way off; but you can dress it and make it beautiful, and we will find somebody who will take it to a child who has no toys."

The summer sun had gone, the flowers were nearly all asleep, and the but-terflies were hiding away, trying to keep warm through the cold winter, so that they might flutter out again in the first spring sunshine. But many of them had died in the rain which poured down all through the autumn days. There was no child in the garden now, and the only sound that was heard was the rustle of the dead leaves as they floated down on to the grass. The floated down on to the grass. The child had gone to London. She had been very, very ill, and the doctor came and looked grave, and said that her mother must take her away to see some clever man in the city; and so instead of looking out over the wide garden and the grass and the flower-beds, Nelly was sitting in a little stuffy room in a London hotel. The doctors roam in a London hotel. The doctors came every day and put their ears to her chest, and weighed her in great scales to see whether she was getting fatter, and her mother looked very and company and grave, and would often turn away and look out of the window when the docher as the wanted to hide her face.

But when December came Nelly began to grow stronger, and she was allowed sometimes to go out for a walk in Kensington gardens. She was taken sed cab, so she anything of the streets of London, and the walk seemed very dull to her, because she could not run about and dig in her flower garden as she did at home. By-and-bye it was Christmas time. It seemed a very dreary Christmas. She was all alone,, and her brothers and sisters were in the country and all her little friends. Mother said that she should have a very Christmas tree all to herself, but that did not seem much fun. They al-ways had such a jolly time, and when ways had such a jolly time, and when her brothers brought their friends back from school for the holidays they said it was the happiest Christmas home in the world. And so it was, for mother never minded noise, and they could play hide and seek all over the house. The only thing she was ever strict about was that directly she said it was time to go to bed they were never to man and experienced the delight which time to go to bed they were never to ask to stay up a little longer. They the performance of an utterly unselfish had had their fun, she said, and she alact brings with it. ways wanted to be obeyed, and of course mother knew best. But this sobbed the woman. "The machine is Christmas was very different. It was terrible to be all alone, and though mother read aloud and did all she could mother read aloud and did all she could lord—four dollars a month for rent." amuse her, still Nelly did sigh a good romp and a giggle with the er children. One morning as she lay end of which time the woman thought in bed she suddenly remembered the doll she had dressed in the summer In bed she suddenly remembered the doll she had dressed in the summer time, and she asked her mother to get it out of the drawer; then as it lay on the bed with the clothes she had made, she recollected that she meant to give it to some child who had no toys, and whom her mother came to take her vious to obtain. and when her mother came to take her out she reminded her of her promise, and she said: "To-morrow, mother, is Christmas day. Won't you let me take it to some little child who has no toys?" And her mother said she would.

So the next day they set out in a

So the next day they set out in a four-wheeled cab, and drove a long way till they came to a great broad street; then her mother sent away the cab, and they walked a little bit and turned down a very narrow one. There were a great many children playing in the street, and they made a great deal of noise. On one of the the street, and they made a great deal of noise. On one of the Table 18 the call. Here grips were a little size of the great and they made a great deal of noise. On one of the Table 18 the grips were a little size of the great and they made a great deal of noise. On one of the Table 18 they made a great deal of noise. On one of the Table 18 they made a great deal of noise. On one of the Table 18 they made a great deal of noise. On one of the Table 18 they made a great deal of noise. On one of the Table 18 they made a great deal of noise. On one of the Table 18 to great deal of noise. steps sat a little girl. Her grimy face was resting on her hand, and she looked out on the children playing as though Is "Chris'mus by en by

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

"She has got no doll, I am sure," said Nelly, in a loud whisper to her mo-

ther.

"Ask her," said the woman.

"Have you got a doll, little girl?"

stid Nelly, standing in front of her, and speaking shyly.
"No, I 'aven's and that's a fac'," said
the child, looking up. "I was giv' one
when I went to the treat at Southend,

when I went to the treat at Southend, but I giv' it to my young Polly when she went to the 'orspital, I did."

By this time a crowd of eager chaldren had gathered round the doerstep, and Nelly was getting very shy.

"Would you like a doll?" se said, and then hastily pulled out her parcel, thrust it into the child's lap, and turned to go away.

to go away. "Oh, moi," said the child, as she openon, moi, said the child, as she open-ed the parcel. "Gawd 'n 'eaven 'as sent Father Christmas, an' no mistake." But Nelly was some way down the street, and the pink color was bright in

ther cheeks.

That night as she sat by her mother and listened to the Christmas bells, with the toys that had been sent to her ranged round her, and the little twinkling candles of the tiny Christmas tree hurning one one by one, she mas tree burning one one by one, she laid her head upon her mother's lap and said: 'I don't know but what, after all, it has been the nicest Christmas. Do you remember, mother," she continued, "that she said God sent the doll to her? I think I like to do

(********* 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

Miss M., daughter of one of our prominent merchants, had been invited to Christmas party where she would meet young gentleman in regard to whom she had especial 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 trim-ming for the dress she intended to wear. On her wa to purchase the trimming she had occasion to pass through a street filled with the tenements of the poor, and found her way blocked by a crowd in the middle of which was a sew-

Scarcely ever before had she been in close contact with actual misery. Poor, to her, simply meant not rich. But as she was about to seek a passage through

she was about to seek a passage through the crowd, words fell upon her ears that arrested her attention.
"Twenty-five dollars I've paid you on that machine, and now you'll not give me time. I only ask time. I'm an honest woman. I'll pay you. Man, do you know it's all there is between us and starvation? Let me have the thing back. It's but ten dollars I owe you."
"Exercise over that two months" re-"You've owed that two months," re-

plied the man. "Come, let go, missus. I don't want to hurt you. I've got to obey orders—money or the machine."
But the woman did not relinquish her hold. Still clutching the machine she turned her agonying are turned her agonizing eyes upon the

standers.
"Twenty-five dollars," she repeated, "and the machine but thirty-five, and he and the machine but thirty-five, and he is taking it. I never failed until Jim broke his leg, and his work stopped, and his wages with it, and I'd doctor bills and all."

"No, that she didn't," cried a voice from the crowd. "Im knowing to her

honesty."

"And he'd better be off with his cart, cried a man who had stalked out of the entry of the house near which the crowd had gathered, rolling up his sleeves. "Look here od people," exclaimed the man who held the machine, "I don't want to do this. I obey orders or lose

my place and my bread and butter, She had better go to the boss and talk to him-not to me.' "I've been," said the woman. " He's

"I've been," said the woman. "He's made of stone. I told him he's starve us. There, what is the use. They've more than the worth of the thing now, God knows, but they've the power. Take it." And she let go her hold and covered her eyes with her hands.

But in the place of her rough, red fingers, others, dainty and small and well gloved, came down upon the cover of

gloved, came down upon the cover of the machine, and Miss M. said, "Will you let this woman keep her machine if I pay you ten dollars?"

"Them's the boss's orders, Miss," replied the man, "and I'd be glad to do it, too."

the performance of an utterly unselfish act brings with it.

"I don't mind anything, now, Miss,"

Miss M. handed the woman twelve dol-

that her husband would be able to kork.

As she took her way home she had xious to obtain.

The Christmas Schemers. (Atlanta Constitution.) De chillun gittin' all so good Dey mammy stop en say; "I sorter 'fraid de angels

Twinklin' in de sky. En de song dey hearts is singing

The Christmas Spirit.

Eight-year-old Dorothy curled herself up in the broad window seat where the afternoon sun sent his lingering raya 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. A lady entered the room, and Dorothy looked up with a sigh of happiness. "Oh, mamma," she exclaimed, "it is all so beautiful. I never get tired of looking at my wonderful book. How did you ever happen to know just what I would like better than anything else in the world."

Dorothy gently closed the precious beautiful conductions of the precious properties of the

Dorothy gently closed the precious volume and jumped up to fling her arms around the loved mother in an ecstatic

around the loved mother in an ecstatic embrace.

"It is because I love you, my darling," responded Mrs. Stanley, tenderly caressing the soft brown curls.
"Do you know, little daughter, that Christmas will soon be here again?"

"Yes, indeed, mamma. It is just two weeks from to day. I have been thinking that you could not possibly give me anything this Christmas that can compare with my lovely book."

"Suppose, Dorothy, we sit down here together on this cosy seat and talk about it. You know dear, that on Christmas Day all Christian people and nations the world over celebrate the birth of the Saviour of mankind. You know that people show their love and interest in other people by sending gifts, as the wise men showed their adoration before the Infant Christ by laying offerings at the feet You my daughter. know what wise men showed their adoration better the Infant Christ by laying offerings at His feet. You, my daughter, know what pleasure it is to give presents to your little cousins and your girl friends and to papa and mysolf."

"Yes, mamma," cried Dorothy, "I have my list made out now. There

have my list made out now. There are twelve people I want to remember this Christmas and I have five dollars and forty cents in my bank. Won't it be fun to a chemist!"

fun to go shopping!"
"Yes, dear, but have you ever thought
that there may be some little boys and

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 spirit" sank deep into little Dorothy's heart. She did not waver in her determination to give the loved book. One day she came to her mother with a plan she had worked out, and she met with true motherly sympathy and co-operation.

Dorothy had spread the "Christmas spirit" until a number of her friends and playmates entered into it right heartily. They all knew of one or two poor children that they wished to present the dearest possessions to. Frank Mayberry, after struggling with his conscience for two days, told Dorothy that he was ready to give up his "Speedwell sled to poor Bob Hockney. Mabel Somers said she would give her beautiful "Lady Beth" to little Hannah White.

So the good leaven spread, Mrs. Stanley consented to help the little people.

So the good leaven spread. Mrs. Stanley consented to help the little people, and on Christmas Eve the children gathand on Christmas Eve the children gata-ered with their little guests from pov-erty-stricken homes in the beautiful home of Dorothy. What a delightful evening it was, with games and well-spread supper table!

Last of all gifts were distributed. No-more, in the great city was the "Christ-

Last of all, gifts were distributed. Nowhere in the great city was the "Christmas spirit" more truly manifest than in that mixed company of little folks. The donors gave cheerily, though with a feeling that a big part of their heart was being carried off, while the guests accepted the presents in the spirit in which they were offered, seeming to realize at least in part the sacrifice that was made for their happiness.

"Mamma," said Dorothy, as she received her good-night kiss, 'there's an awful hole in my heart, but I don't seem to mind it a bit, I feel so kind of light and happy."

light and happy."

IT DEPENDED. Lady—Well, what do you want? Tramp—Wot have yer got?



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

"Oh, mamma," sighed Dorothy, sympathetically

pathetically.

"Yes, dear, should we not think also of them as well as of those we love? Think, little daughter, the Lord Christ left His beautiful home in heaven, and came to earth and lived a life of hardship and poverty, doing good, because God wanted to show us how much he loved us. He has done much for us. The Lord Christ loved and suffered on earth, and at last gave His life that we might and at last gave His life that we might be better. Ought we not to do some-thing to celebrate Christ's birthday, something to show how much we love Him in return for His great sacrifice for us?"

"Yes, mamma, " replied Dorothy, in a subdued little voice. a subdued little voice.

"Then what do you think we should do, dear? Remember that the gift God sent to the world on the first Christmas Day was His only Son, and it was because He loved us so. It was a tremend.

ous sacrifice, and we are so unworthy, and we do so little to show our love. We are so selfish." We are so selfish."

Mrs. Stantey concluded with a deep, regretful sigh, having about forgotten the curly head beside her.

"But, mamma, how can we do anything for God—he is so great and so

far away?"

"Have you forgotten the lesson we read this morning, dear, 'If ye do it unto the least of these, ye do it unto me."

"Oh, mamma, mamma, I see now, but far away?" how can I do it? Oh, mamma, how can I ever do it?" and Dorothy burst into

I ever do it?" and Dorothy burst into convulsive weeping.

Mrs. Stanley held her little daughter in a close embrace, not attempting to comfort by words until the paroxysm of grief had somewhat passed. She knew that her darling, the only little one God had sent to their home, must learn her lesson of sacrifice for love's sake.

After a time Dorothy's sobs became gentler, and she explained to her mother, "I understand now, mamma; I will have to give my book"—the words almost choked her—"my book to Nellie Sims. She is thirteen, and she never owned a book in all her life."

Dorothy possessed a number of books

book in all ner life."

Dorothy possessed a number of books and heaps of toys, for she was an only and much-loved child. Mrs. Stanley was wise woman. She did not attempt to the truth her talk had im-

English Christmas a Merry Hold-Up. fest, Tilbury, it's a begginfest. The band plays, but it plays with one hand while the other one is out for coin. The boys

and men sing their Christmas hymns, and then take a collection; and the moon may be shining, but you can't see it through the fog. Some of the railway stations are decorated, and you're scarcely had time to remark that you think it's a very beautiful custom when an itching palm appears between you and the holly. The postman says, "Merry Christmas," and waits for you to be generous, and the lamplighter, and the paper boy, and the man who delivers groceries, and the boy from the cake-shop. Porters follow you wherever you go, and servants whom you never saw before bob up in numbers. And out in the street, whenever you hear anyone say "Merry Christmas," you mechanically put your hand in your pocket. It isn't Christmas, Tilbury; it's an organized hold-up.—From "Mr. Ruggles, of New York, Writes Home," in the Bohemian

Jolly Game to Play After Christmas

Christmas evening entertainment. Place An' how he'd watch for Santa Claus these objects tastefully on the diningthese objects tastefully on the diningroom table, each guest on entering the room being turnished 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. 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. east successful adds to the fun.
Below is given the list of 40 subjects and also the answers. From the lat ter you will know what objects to col-lect and how to place them on the

Departed Days-Last year's calendar. Scene in Bermuda—Onions.
We Part to Meet Aagin—Scissors. The Reigning Favorite-Umbrella. Home of Burns-Flatiron. Greatest Bet Ever Made-Alpha-

A Line From Home Clothes The House the Colonel Lived corncob without the corn.
Cause of the American
acker on a letter T. A Heavenly Body—Dipper. The Little Peacemaker -- Chopping

Knife.

Spring's Offering—Glass of Water.
Bound to Rise—Yeast cake.
Family Jars—Two glass jars.
Things That End in Smoke—Cigars.
A Place for Reflection—Hand mirror.
Dear in Winter—Eggs.
Scene in a Baseball Game—Pitcher.
A Drive Through the Wood—Block of wood with nail driven through.
A Mute Choir—Quire of Paper.
A Trophy of the Chase—Brush.
A Rejected Beau—Old ribbon bow.
A Skylight—A star.
Our Colored Waiter—Black tray.
Sweet Sixteen — Sixteen lumbs of

Sweet Sixteen - Sixteen lui

Common Sense—Pennies.
The Black Friar—Black fryingpan.
Cole's Memories of the Grate — Cit

The Four Seasons-Mustard, gar, salt and pepper.

A Morning Caller—A Bell.

Assorted Liquors—Whip, switch and

alipper.
The Skipper's Home—Cheese.
An Absorbing Subject — Blotter or sponge could be used.
A Dancing Entertainment—A ball.
Bound to Shine—Bottle of shoe black-

Old-fashioned Flowers -Lady's slip-Nothing But Leaves—Block of white writing paper.—Philadelphia Public

Christmas Recitation.

...... (By Jerry J. Cohan.)

Been fightin', boy? you Jack and Roy? You've punched each other's face. So, I'm the judge to hear your grudge, And settle this here case? What, jealous, shame; you're both to blame.

'Bout sweethearts? that's the cause. Here, Roy, come back! Shake hands with Jack; Now, you two kids clasp paws.

Quick! that's the way; it's Xmas Day. Quick! that's the way, it's Amas Day.
Behavel be friends, you foes.
Your mothers were twin sisters, they
Were lovely, May and Rose.
Your dad, Jack, boy, 's my brother Roy,
And you're named "Jack" for me,
You're almost brothers, guess that's why
You like to disagree.

Now, listen, boy! "Jack's father, Roy, He was to marry Rose.
One Christmas day I sat with May;
Took courage to propose.
May said, 'she loved my brother, Roy,' Also, 'that Rose loved me.'
To make it short, boys, we fought,
Punched, 'till we couldn't see!

Roy, reckoned that I'd nip'd his Rose. I thought he'd stole my May—caught my May. Then May and Rose had words, then

blows,
Then pullin' hair—got gay.
Roy was a sight! I showed up bright.
Then, what do you suppose?
That Christmas day, Roy turned to May, And I snug'd up to Rose.

That change of sweethearts made us glad,
The fuss had cleared the air,
We plastered up our faces, lad,
Our girls fixed their mussed hair.
"Twas Rose-y May, that Christmas day;
And happy Roy, and me,
We joked and chaffed, and kissed, and laughed, That's how it happened. See?

It's great delight to see you fight, And then make up and cry. The dinner bell! methinks I smell Roast turkey and mince pie.

porch— Whose faces beam with joy. Climb up—you, Jack—get "pig-gy back," Ho! there's your daddy, "Roy."

GRAN'PA'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

T. On Chris-mas Eve, my gran'pa he
He'p me set up my Chris'mas trees
An' nen he laugh an' shake his head
An' say i't time '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, buhcause
I'm go' to wait for Santa Claus.

Nen gran'pa he ist laugh again An' say he en vy me! an' nen He get a grea' big rockin' chair An' sit down in it over there; An' take me on his lap an' say It seem ist like 'twas yesterda When he would wait by candlelight For Santa Claus to come at night

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

And the gets talkin' bout the time When he's a boy, ist same's if I'm A grea' big man like him, or he he's a boy like me;

A grea' big man like him, or he greather than a little boy like me;

A grea' big man like him, or he greather than a little boy like me;

A grea' big man like him, or he greather than a little boy like me;

Nen I tell him how some folks say There ain't no Santa, anyway!
An' he stomps 'at lame leg o' his
An' says: "You tells them folks there
is!" An' nen he tell me how he brought The bestest gift he ever got—'At Santa on one Chris'mas Day. Give him my gran'ma, anyway.

An' nen I laugh, but he don't speak-A grea' big tear was on his cheek! Buhcause my gran'ma's gone away To some place where the angels stay;
An' so I hug my gran'pa tight—
An' next we know we've slept all night!
An' I got lots o' things, because My gran'pa knows Santa Claus.

—Wilbur D. Nesbit, in The Pilgrim for

...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 former 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. And in the larger world the coming event created scarcely a ripple in the stagnant pool. Men of high defree and low knew not and cared not that the promise of the cen-turies was to be fulfilled, and that the Christ was to be born in the city of

The event which to heedless men with faced turned earthward seemed unimportant was one of the things "which the angels desire to look into." The going of the Son of God to tabernacle among meg for their redemption stirred the heavenly hosts. That He should lay side His glory and dwell as a man among men was as and dwell as a man among men was at event pregnant with far reaching issues. It was the dawning of a new and brighter day for the world. The first born of the sons of light was to bridge the gulf between earth and heaven, and the name by which the children of meaning the coming centuries were to know in all the coming centuries were to know Him was that sweet name Immanue "which being interpreter is God wit

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 extendimmed its beauty. And yet it would be strangely seared and calloused heart that could read that wonderful story without a thrill. We see the Shekinah glory gleaming forth from the sky in the quiet midnight hour and filling the humble midnight hour and filling the humble shepherds with an agony of fear. We hear the Evangel spoken by angelic lips "Fear not; for behold I bring unto you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unti you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour which is Christ the Lord." And then we heat the burstin gforth of the angelic chots into that gladdest, sweetest song that ever woke the echoes of this gray old world: "Glory to God in the highestwand on earth peace, good will toward men."

The music of that angel song is death less. It tells us of God's seeking an saving love. It tells us of peace between God and man and between man and fellows. It gives us a glimpe into the great heart of infinite love. It rebukes our cross and vulgar selfishness. Nothing can so speedily burn the ingraine selfishness out of our souls as a vision of the Son of God born in a stable into a life of graphical self-graphical self life of perpetual self-renunciation which terminated on the cross. Amid the dis-and clamor of the world's carnage and war and self-seeking the message ha often been but feebly heard. But it ha never entirely vanished, and as each new Christmas day comes we hear anew the melody with its soul-stirring appeal calling us to a higher, nobler more Christmas melody with its soul-stirring appeal calling us to a higher, nobler, more Christ-like life. And that message which bid hate and selfishness begone is gaining in power as the years go on, for we are coming to see that it is only as it music sings itself into our lives that the world can be transformed from a great battlefield into the home of me of all warks and classes united in the of all ranks and classes united in bonds of happy brotherhood.

In the midst of the Caristmas joy let our ears be attuned to catch the deeper meaning of the angel song. Immanuel—God with us! Christ in ou hearts, in our homes, in our daily tasks—our whole life in all its manifol phases shot through with His presence Let us not make the fatal blunder of the men of old who crewded the Christinto the stable. Let us give Him Hi rightful place in our lives. And let u rightful place in our lives. And set uses ese to it that we do not go back from the joy and gladness and feasting of the Christmastide to the old lives of dreary and sordid selfishness for He whose advent the angels heralded with glad acclaim came "not to be ministered unto the purposer, and to give His life." acclaim came "not to be ministered unti-but to minister, and to give His life ransom for the many."—Presbyterian.

MISTLETOE.

Mythology connected with remote regions has used the mistletoe in ite religious ceremonies. In the sagas of Scandinavian folklore you will find that it was with a twist of mistletoe of an arrow fashioned from one, that the blind god Hoder shat at Balder, the god of light, whose mother Freya had neglected to render mistletoe harmless to her son. It was the only thing among plants, animals or minerals which had neglected to give this promise to the goddess Frepa, and for that reason was chosen by Hoder. For this cause you will find that among northers nations, even to this day, the mistleton is regarded as poisonous. In England no such bad qualities are ascribed to it, and in portions of the kingdom it is used for treatment of heart trouble. It was used in Pliny's time for the preparation of birdlime, and it has been long known that wandering birds were fesponsible for the carrying of its seeds on their for the carrying of its seeds on their bills, and when once it has a foothold on a tree it never leaves it till the tree dies. Every country has its name for it, since it is widely distributed. The Arabians call it Dabuch, the Italians Vischio, the Spaniards Liga mordago, the mans Eichenmistel, and the l Marentacken.

Marentacken.

When once you have seen it growing in splendid balls of green high in the alt sung to by mocking birds and fanned by clouds of hanging moss, you no longer wonder that it seems a plant half fairylike and wholly mysterious. You would never yourself think of plucking it, and only wonder that there are any who would do so unholy a thing! When once it is brought down from its cyrie you are glad enough to have a bit, not to dream on, but to wonder on, and to map out in fancy the charmed spot where it grew and to debate to yourself where it grew and to debate to yourself whether it was planted by a silver-tongued thrush, or carried by a scented breese from its parents, who for long