Christmas Made Them Partners.

FOR LOVE OF HIS LITTLE CHILD, THIS FATHER GAVE ALL AND GAINED ALL.

By MAY ELLIS NICHOLLS.

On the floor at his side was a disable duto-truck, loaded down with abled auto-truck, loaded auto-truck, loaded down with abled auto-truck, loaded down with abled auto-truck, loaded auto-truck, load had only grown-up eyes, it might have looked to him like a cigar box mounted on four little wheels, three of them bound round with rubber bands and the fourth, as Bobby had mournfully feclared, minus its "rubber tire."

"Mother!" he called, scrambling to like tell. Receiving up reput he yen.

with the opening of the kitchen cor a flood of light, an appetizing dor and Comfort all entered together. "Mother didn't let me; 'I came," "Mother didn't let me; 'I came," odor and Comfort all entered together. Comfort had flushed cheeks and tendyes. She wore a white apron over ite muslin dress exactly the shade of her eyes; her sleeves, rolled above, her elbows, displayed her shapely

"Why you blessed-darling! All in "Why you blessed-darling! All in the dark, are you?" She lighted the gas- and with the light the room sprang into definite lines, like a developing personnel in the second of the secon dining room of the ordinary city a cheap, ornate, built-in sideboard, a yellow-oak dining table, four chairs and a divan that could be used for a bed, made up the furniture.

seld up the rubber band and pointed the kitchen

er's tone that the child felt though he "He isn't working, Mother-dear.

did not understand. He reluctantly cheyed. His mind was not on the ache that seemed to fill his throat, broken rubber band and stretched it you ever saw in your life and he over the fourth wheel: it broke shorter wouldn't let me touch it."

Mother held out her arms and secure in the privacy of the kitchen,

the law laid down to him every morning and never repealed. Each morning after breakfast that room swallowdef Father. Sometimes he came out for lunch, sometimes Bobby did not see him again till the next day. When he did come out, he seemed to be looking at something far away and hardly spoke to Mother or Bobby. Yet he was not agrey with them. Oh not Mother carried him to the light. he was not angry with them. Oh, no! When he did see them, he cuddled and kissed them as if he had been away

giare of light almost dazzled him, for it was as light as six flaring gas jets could make it. Blinking, he advanced on tip-toe. At a table in the middle of the room sat Father—tall, slim, his mop of black hair thrown back, his dark eyes fixed on something he held in his hand and was adjusting with a tiny tool. At last he put the thing

And a good year, Still better years shall be, For the heart of man goes for-

To meet the days, the boly days Of stalwart Brotherhood, When each for all and all as one Shall forge the whole world's

"It's dre'ful to get a puncture, 'spe-down on the table and for a moment longer Bobby and longer Bobby stood motionless in gazed ruefully at the broken rubber band in his hand.

On the floor at his side was a disabled auto-truck, loaded down with longer Bobby stood motionless in turned.

"Yes, he is feverish, but I hope it is only a cold," she replied absently. Then she burst out. "Robert, do you know that to-mobile, only a few inches high but per-day, is christmas? Christmas? This times? The properties of the color of

Mother?" he called, scrambling to his feet. Receiving no reply, he ran to the door through whose crack a ray of light shone. "Mother, please light the gas, I've got a blowout."

stretched, but before they reached the nave f failed."

Gate transmit a voice that Bobby would never have known for Father's, shoutlested. The world have for the properties of the properties of

"Don't you dare touch that, Child!

Bobby protested, ready to defend Mother even in his extremity.

The surprise and suspense in the ton to a realization of himself. With one hand he swept the marvellous lit-

negative. It was the ordinary city cheap, ornate, built-in side-thop, or an along now, that's a man!" Bobby stopped in the passage, his small frame shaking with the sobs of a very small boy. He felt stunned and See my puncture, mother?" Bobby humiliated and desolate. He crept into

little bandless wheel. "Father wouldn't mend my tire," he mother's screne eyes suddenly sobbed.

anddened. "Cars, cars, cars, always ears! Put up your play; Bobby, and do some examples."

There was a cadence in the mother than the politic factors are always for the property of the prope

question of how many two's make thurts my feelings so. He isn't work-four. After his mother had returned ing! He's just playing. He's playing to her dinner-getting he tied the with the cunningest little touring car

"If I had only a big rabber!" he Bobby ran into them. It was all such a puzzle. Father playing with toy tried to fasten it with a string in the parlor, Mother getting their din but the rubber was rotten and he threw it down with tears in his big gray eyes. "The mean old thing!" he to go to business every day, Nora used gray eyes. "The mean old thing!" he to get dinner, and Mother used to sew eried.
Suddenly he sprang to his feet, a worst of it was Father did not seem beek of determination on his face.
"I've a great mind—" he said and thought Mother did not not to get the The a great mind—"he said and put his hand on the knob of the hall door. For a full minute he stood defiberating, then he turned the knob, walked slowly the length of the dark hall and paused outside another door. For weeks Bobby had been forbidden to enter that room. "Father is at work and must not be bothered," was the law laid down to him every morn.

"Only when I swallow."

Mother carried him to the light.

the truck.

He opened the door noiselessly and entered the room. For a moment the entered the room. For a moment the glare of light almost dazzled him, for "Mother! You think Santa Claus will bring me a little car like that, don't you?" he questioned wistfully, "That was all I asked—no candy, nor and to you, too, Annie."

She smiled and kissed him in silvations and the smiled and kissed him in silvations are the had gone back to his

mop of black hair the thing de held in his hand and was adjusting with a tiny tool. At last he put the thing are some simple home remedies, tucked her son into bed and turned out the Mght. Then she hastily put the frugal dinner on the table and called her husband.

He sat down with the far-away look that Bobby had so resented. He was pale and the purple shadows under his eyes made them look larger and darker than they really were. He seemed hardly to know where he was till a hoarse cough sent the mother. seemed hardly to know where he was till a hoarse cough sent the mother hurrying to Bobby's room. "Anything the matter with Bobby?"

bows on the table, her chin cupped in

the Old Masters visioned when they painted the Virgin Mother. Her large shapely hands were vibrant with ser-vice, her deep bosom was a haven of rest her clear steady eyes were bea con lights. She was not an imagin-ative woman. As a little girl she had not been a lover of fairy tales and now she was not able to enter into her husband's dreams. Had she been able to do so she might have had more sympathy with him, but might not have been as patient as she had been. She coveted his heart's desire for her "big boy" as she playfully called her him disappointed.

Again a hoarse cough sent her hur-rying to Bobby's room, and as she looked fearfully at the delicate flushed face, her motherhood revolted.

Bobby should have a Christmas! He should not be robbed of his rightful inheritance of childhood for some inturkey, no greens, no tree. Nothing to make a real Christmas. Oh, Robert, give up the invention. Many men Santa Claus had been offered up to the have tried just as hard as you and god, Mammon! She hastily slipped on her coat and hat and ran down the

She returned an hour later, loaded the world move."
"And their wives and children who with bundles and followed by a boy who carried a market basket and a small tree. Piling all the things on the small tree. Piling all the things on the dining room table, she knocked softly at her husband's door, and, after wait more to himself than to her, "if I had a look of ecstacy on his race. At last This was the first time she had This was the first time she had poken so and he flushed and gave her, look of pained surprise.

"Have you no faith in me, Dear?" She left her chair and slipped one irm about his neck.
"I have faith in you, Dearest, and I have had it and welcome, ne and welcome, ne and the had a look of ecstacy on his face. At last with a sigh of supreme content, he reached out his hand and tenderly, almost reverently, took the little car and lifted it to his lips. Then he turn and more the audacity of the request shown. Robert Norton sat at the home on how I do hone for your sake.



Bobby can't wait till next year for his upon it and its guard was gone. The Christmas. It is exactly like asking man looked still more puzzled for an you to wait until eternity for your in- instant, then started to his feet. vention. You want it here and now. What do you think Bobby said to me to-night?"

tested. "It is the inventors who make

have to suffer!" she flashed.

"Something that floored you, I'll

to-night?

day was the smile that lighted the father's sombre eyes.

"He said he should not believ

axay. Dear, and put you to be You part at latt the drew and she played too hard to the processing and mastered from the checking from the checking from the checking from the processing and mastered from the checking from the checking from the checking from the checking from the processing and mastered from the processing and mastered from the processing and mastered from the designment of the



don't see what more any reasonable sweet boyish voices were caroling: kiddie could ask." Sing, oh, sing this blessed morn

confess all. I had made up my mind to buy that car for him, if it took all the money I had, but I bought the other things first, and when I went for the car, what do you think was the price of it? One hundred dollars! I had less than fifty."

Father rolled Bobby up in his blanket and carried him, blanket and all, into the adjoining room. The boy gave one hurried glance in the diction of his stocking, wriggled from the entangling folds and rushed to seize his treasure. In the silence that follows.

The Lad's Gift to His Lord.

Two shepherds and a shepherd lad Came running from afar To greet the little new-born One Whose herald was a star. But empty were their toil-worn hands,

And on the stable floor The Wise Men knelt with precious gifts The Saviour to adore. "Oh, take my cloak," one shepherd cried, Twill keep the Babe from cold. "And take my staff," the other said,

Twill guide Him o'er the wold."

The shepherd lad looked sadly down: No gift at_all had he, But only on his breast a lamb He cherished tenderly. So young it was, so dear it was-The dearest of the flock-For days he had been guarding it,

He took the little, clinging thing And laid it by the Child, And all the place with glory shone-For lo! Lord Jesus smiled.

Bobby spoke and it was gone. That was the reason I was so hard on the poor little beggar. For a moment I could have knocked him down, I was so furious. But I'll make it up to him and to you, too, Annie."

She smiled and kissed him in sillence. After he had gone back to his work she still sat listlessly, her el
She knew she must ask at once or she hould never do it at all. She spoke hurriedly.

I was a dearer little had than at heat, "it was Bobby's running the lobby."

Ann Norton had intended to keep vigil by her son's bed during the entire night, but as the hours wore on his troubled mutterings ceased, his sleep became quiet and peaceful and said, the happy tears glistening in her was a wakened by his soft cool cheek was awakened by his should never up it at all the sun glittered on the fleecy snow heaped on the window ledge, the crisp air was full of the sound of actually dazzled by the glitter. "I belis, and in a neighboring church belis, and in a neighboring church that he knew how to keep actually dazzled by the glitter. "I

Sing, oh, sing this blessed morn Jesus Christ to-day is born. Father rolled Bobby up in his blan-The man gave a whistle. "It did ed, Father and Mother looked at each ...

Close wrapped within his smock.

ram about his neck.

"I have faith in you. Dearest, and I hope, oh, how ho hope for your sake, you will succeed. If I had not had faith, do you think I should have consented to give up our home? Would I have used up our sung little meating and his whole attitude to you will su used up, Robert, every penny of it. There isn't enough left to pay the rent."

"Never mind, Little Wife, we'll pull through some way and another Christmas things, Robert was every many to your man's heart on think how ill he money."

"It isn't for myself I mind. You know that, Robert. I have your every wish."

"It isn't for myself I mind. You know that, Robert. I have you and, though the hand was carefully kept, it bore the uminate looks and, though the hand was carefully kept, it bore the uminate looks and, though the hand was carefully kept, it bore the unminate looks and, though the hand was carefully kept, it bore the unminate looks and, though the hand was carefully kept, it bore the unminate looks and, though the hand was carefully kept, it bore the unminate looks and, though the hand was carefully kept, it bore the unminate looks and, though the hand was carefully kept, it bore the unminate looks and, though the hand was carefully kept, it bore the unminate looks and was carefully kept, the bore the unminate looks and was carefully kept, the bore the unminate looks and was carefully kept, the bore the unminate looks and was carefully kept, the bore the unminate looks and the little car. The hand was carefully kept, the bore the unminate looks and the looks and a differential got it means a discourting the said. "Just see my car? It's got, tires and gears and a differential got, tires and gears and a was carefully was bore in a table to hild was been death in the completed with the was looked. The hand hadded in the was an discourting to a transmit and the little car. The han

asking him, seriously asking him, to give his working model—the model on which he was trying to perfect his wonderful invention—to his child as a Christmas plaything. The blood surging moodfly at the merry crowds in the ed purple to the roots of his hair. This then was the measure of her faith in his power. He looked as a man n.ight look who has just been told he has a mortal disease.

"You want me to give Bobby my model!"

She did not reply at once. She saw she had wounded him beyond belief. The mother-love and the wife-love struggled within her. "Never raind, layed the model on which lightly as the merry crowds in the streets far below. He was trying to recencile himself to the inevitable, to accept cheerfully if the could, and at least bravely as he must, what the New Year held for him. Suddenly his trained ear caught a now sound from the little car—a peculiar buzz followed by a brief interval of silence, and then a second slightly different sound. He whirled and crossed to where Bobby struggled within her. "Never raind, layed to be a subject of the passes of pigrims who streamed out of the Jasta Gate on the way to Beth-lehem. And a motiey, picturesque crowd it was!

"I have spent not a few romantic and picturesque christmas at Jerusalem.

"I have spent not a few romantic and picturesque christmas at Jerusalem.

"I have spent not a few romantic and picturesque christmas boys;" and well-known clergyman to the writer, but none that remains so vividly in my memory as the one I passed a few years ago at Bethlemem.

"It was a cold but very beautiful morning on which I joined the houndary of the Jasta Gate on the way to Bethlemem."

"It was a cold but very beautiful morning on which I joined the thouse of the Jasta Gate on the way to Bethlemem."

"It was a cold but very beautiful morning on which I joined the thouse of the passed a few years ago at Bethlemem."

"It was a cold but very beautiful morning on which I joined the thouse of the passed a few years ago at great passed a few years ago at great passed a few

The mother-love and the wife-love struggled within her. "Never rind, Dearest," she said at last. "Believe me, I did not dream you cared like that." Then she reached out her hand to him. "Come, let's have a look at him."

As they leaned above his bed. Boby opened his eyes and gazed about him with a startled look.

"How are you, my man?" Father rasked gently.

The wide dark eyes stared at him with no sign of recognition. "Don't you know Father, dear?" his mother questioned with mingled love and you know Father, dear?" his mother as it reached the beginning of the ascent there came the momentary pause and then the change of sound as it began to climb. The man watched the with unwinking eyes, perspiration starting up, "Santa! Please, Santa! bring me a little car, "drowsily answered Bobby. Then starting up, "Santa! Please, Santa! bring me a little car, "drowsily answered Bobby. Then starting up, "Santa! Please, Santa! bring me a little car, "drowsily answered Bobby. Then starting up, "Santa! Please, Santa! bring me a little car. Father won't let me play with his."

"Yes, he will," broke in his father and hastened from the room to get it me odel from the track and stared at it as if his gaze could melt it part from part. At last he drew a long, sobbing breath.

"You pawned your engagement ring!" His tone could hardly have ex-

used to be dedicated to Satan. alive possessed the knowledge. May that be truly said of us, and all of us!"-Dickens.



PREPARING FOR THE DAY

Only a short time yet remains to prepare our homes and ourselves to receive the Great Gift that comes to

receive the Great Gift that comes to us on Christmas Day.

And to make ready, let us first read again the story of His life; how He came to earth, how He lived here and how He left. The story is one of the simplest ever written; of one who was a poor man, who never had any money to give to any one, who never bought gifts of any kind. What he gave was Himself, and of that He gave freely and gladly. It is His birth that we are to celebrate on Thursday. We are to give thanks that He came to us, and for that great and lasting Gift we give to others. Everything that we give on Christmas Day is in memory of Him.

Christmas Day is in memory of Him.

Do we think of this enough? Do we tell our children as much about this most precious of all Gifts as we

do about Santa Claus?

The whole story of Christ's coming to earth, as told in the four gospels, s summed up by the late Dr. George Hodges in his beautiful book, "When the King Came," in these words: "This tells how once the King of Glory came from heaven to visit us here on earth and live among us; how He was born in Bethlehem and brought to Nazareth; how He went

of the Chamber, as it is called, and it contains but a small altar, said to occupy the very ground on which the Wise Men from the East prostrated themselves before the infant Jesus."

The first festival of Christmas held "It was always said of him, vious to that the 25th of December

> It is Christmas in the mansionfrocks;

It is Christmas in the cottage-Mothers filling little socks; It is Christmas on the highway,

mas
Is the Christmas in the heart.

In the thronging busy mart;