

**Caroloss Santa Claus.**

From north to south speeds Santa Claus his Christmas-crowled sleigh;  
He does a wonderful amount of labour in a day;  
And so, although a pity, yet perhaps it is not queer  
That in his haste he chanced to make some sad mistake last year.

It happened in a town that lies not distant from our sight—  
The name I will not mention here, but if I would I might—  
He passed expectant, loving friends by tens and may be scores,  
And left the presents meant for them at other people's doors.

The gloves he brought for Ella Green he gave to Emma Gray,  
Who had a dozen pairs from Paris just received that day;  
The doll that nicky Lulu Lane had hoped for half a year  
He gave, with seven finer ones, to small Estella Greer.

The drawing tools requested by ambitious Tommy West  
He sent to idle Philip Jay, who let them rust in rest;  
The mull intended Hester's needle-roughened hands to hold  
He gave the banker's daughter—and the sewing-girl caught cold.

None needed more than Mrs. Brown a china dinner set;  
And Santa brought it for her, but it went to Mrs. Brett;  
And Mrs. Brett, who boarded, crowded it upon a shelf,  
Where no one else could see, and where she seldom looked herself.

Penialar Vane, the bachelor, society's delight,  
Had three fine silk umbrellas, with handles gleaming bright;  
And only one was meant for him, one for the Willow Moore,  
And one for Jones, the coughing clerk at Irwin's trimming store.

Now you may think the riddle was not very hard to read,  
That those who had too much would soon discover who had need;  
But though indeed remarkable, 'tis true which here I say:  
Not one of them has dreamed of the mistake until to-day.

It is too late to mend it; dolls broken, gloves out-worn,  
A pretty muff moth-eaten, umbrellas lost and torn;  
But don't you think that all of us had better watch this year,  
Lest Santa Claus should err again, and make the blunder here?

—*Youth's Companion.*

**GLADYS' NEW YEAR.**

GLADYS had had such a delightful Christmas. Her cousins, Sadie and Bessie Cook and Roy and Ralph Dunkirk, had spent a whole week at her house. And what fun they had had! Such a Christmas tree! Such games! Such romping and coasting and sleigh-riding! But it was all over. The cousins were gone, and here it was actually New Year's Day, and "so stupid!" so Gladys said fretfully.

Her father was absent from town, and her mother had gone to "receive" with Mrs. Hastings.

"I think it's mean to be left here alone on New Year's Day," thought Gladys, complainingly. But she was not alone. Biddy, the good-natured cook, was in the kitchen, and Katie, the second girl, was dusting the parlour. Beside a there was Aunt Hattie, who was Gladys' papa's aunt, whom he dearly loved. Just now Aunt Hattie was busily sewing in the bay window. She had come to spend a month.

"Aunt Hattie," asked Gladys, as from loneliness she sought the gentle old lady, "isn't this a stupid day?"

Aunt Hattie looked up and smiled. "I don't find it so, my dear," she said gently.

"I do," emphatically, "I think it is just as stupid as it can be. I don't know what to do with myself."

"Don't you ever work for any one, my dear?"

"I! Work for any one?" Gladys exclaimed in surprise. "What do you mean, Aunt Hattie?"

"I mean, my dear girl, do you ever do any

kindly service to the sick and the poor and the suffering?"

"Mamma does; she gives my out-grown clothes away."

"But what do you do for the least of these?"

Gladys' face flushed. "I haven't done anything," she said, "do you think I ought to?"

"Certainly, I do. Supposing you begin now, my dear?"

"What can I do, Aunt Hattie?"

Aunt Hattie laid aside her work.

"Come, Gladys," said she cheerily, "let us take a walk, it will do us good this clear, bright morning, and perhaps you will think of something you can do before we return." So they put on their wraps and went out.

"Where are you going, Aunt Hattie?" asked Gladys, as her aunt soon turned aside from the beautiful street into a side one that led into a narrow alley, where some old houses stood packed closely together.

"I am going to see an old acquaintance," was the reply, "she is the daughter of an old neighbour of mine."

"She don't live in a very nice place, does she? I shouldn't think you'd like to go and see her in such a looking street."

"But I do," Aunt Hattie said quickly, "I like to go very much, because my visits seem to do her good. This will be my third visit."

There was a long, narrow old house, three stories high, that Aunt Hattie and Gladys were approaching. The front door stood wide open, and to Gladys' surprise Aunt Hattie walked right in and started up the stairs.

"Come, my dear," she said, "we must climb three flights."

After a weary climb they stopped at the door of a room in the low third story.

A little girl opened the door. A smile broke over her sweet face as she saw Aunt Hattie.

"Oh, I'm so glad," she exclaimed, "and so'll mamma be."

She invited them politely to come in, and gave them chairs. Then she went into a small inner room and Gladys heard her talk in a low voice to some one. Presently she came back and took Aunt Hattie into the inner room, returning a moment later and sitting down beside Gladys.

"Is your mamma sick?" questioned the latter.

"Oh, yes, mamma's been sick for a good while; but she's getting better, and I'm so glad."

"So am I," said Gladys, her sympathy flowing out toward the little girl, with tears in her blue eyes.

"I was afraid once that mamma would die," she said in a low voice, "and I prayed and prayed to God to leave her here with me, her own little girl who loves her so. And now she is better and I'll take such good care of her that pretty soon she'll be well."

"I hope so, too," said Gladys warmly, and there were tears in her voice as well as in her eyes. "But how can you take care of her?"

"Oh, I can take care of her. Mamma says I'm a born nurse."

"Well, you are a dear, good little girl, anyway," said Gladys, brushing away the tears that fell down her cheeks. Then suddenly changing the subject, she asked:

"What did you get for Christmas?" The little face clouded for a moment.

"I didn't get anything," she replied. "I prayed for a doll; I want one so much, but I guess God thought I wouldn't have time to play with dolls with dear mamma sick, and it's all right. Susie Turner got one. Susie lives on the first floor, and she's going to let me hold hers sometimes. Isn't Susie good?"

"Very good," answered Gladys, but her voice sounded strange.

After the call was over and Aunt Hattie and Gladys were out in the street, the latter said:

"Let's go right home, Aunt Hattie, I have so much to do."

"So much to do?" Aunt Hattie said with a smile.

"Oh, yes," and Gladys smiled too. "I didn't know there was so much to do."

"Thank God that you have found out, dear Gladys!"

You can infer that the hours flew by for the rest of the day. How busy and happy Gladys was! How many places she searched. What a goodly pile of things she was heaping up for the "least of these!"

At six o'clock her mother returned and raised her hands in amazement at finding Gladys sewing away busily beside Aunt Hattie.

"Oh, I'm mending this dress— Aunt Hattie showed me how. And, oh, mamma dear, you don't care, do you? if I give away the lovely new doll I got at Christmas? There's

the dearest little girl over there where Aunt Hattie and I went, and she did not have any Christmas."

Before the happy New Year's Day closed a great basket full of things went out of Gladys' home to the "least of these."

That night when Gladys knelt to say her evening prayer, her heart was in her voice.

"Oh, I thank thee, dear Lord," she said "for this happy New Year's Day, and help me to remember every day of my life that I've got two hands to work for thee."—*Lutheran Era gelist.*

**DELL'S CHRISTMAS GIFTS.**

ONE afternoon, about six weeks before Christmas, Dell Robins, aged eight, after long and patient work at her mamma's desk, finished a piece of writing which she viewed with great satisfaction. Here it is:

- a fu Things I Want for Crismus.
- a Trysickel
- Doll's
- Dolls kerrige
- Lo'ts of Kandy
- Gold Bracelet
- Music Box
- Plush rocking Chair
- Meny Books
- a nuslede
- noT any THimBel
- WasH Tub's
- Guan fan
- a nu lady Jane
- Tin Horne like Boys Have
- allorTer KatTykism

Yours Truly,  
ADelino SHelmire RoBBins.

She took this down to the dining-room and got Pauline to fasten it with pins to the wall. She wondered a little why the girl laughed so much while doing it, but then Pauline was always giggling.

"There, now," said Dell, with a sigh of satisfaction, "they'll all see that when they come to dinner."

They all did see it, and there was a general roar of laughter. The boys teased Dell unmercifully.

"Is the plush rocking-chair for you or your doll?" inquired Harry. "Might make a diff'rence in the price, you know."

"What is 'a nuslede,' anyway?" demanded Rob, and was immensely surprised, or pretended to be, when he discovered it meant a new sled.

"Better ask for a spelling-book," he said.

"Lady Jane, I presume, belongs to the doll family," said Morris; "but why a 'nu' one? What's the matter with the old Lady Jane?"

"Why, don't you remember," demanded Dell, indignant at such forgetfulness, "that last summer, at the farm, Lady Jane fell in the creek and the moully cow stepped on her?"

The tears came to Dell's eyes as she thus recalled the sad fate of her favourite, and out of respect to her feelings the others tried to subdue their laughter.

"Why did you put 'not any thimble'?" asked her mamma.

"Because I'm always afraid somebody will give me one."

"What is your objection to a thimble?" her papa inquired.

"Why, as long as I have no thimble I can't learn to sew, and I don't wish to learn."

"Then your list is not perfectly correct," said Morris; "you've got something down that you do not desire. But tell me, are you really and truly longing for a Shorter Catechism?"

"No," replied the candid child, "that's another thing I don't want, but papa wishes me to study it, and I thought it would please him to have me ask for it, and make him feel more like giving me other things."

Papa shook his head gravely, but his eyes twinkled.

They got a great deal of amusement out of Dell's list. At each meal time the fun and laughter would break forth again. Dell was a good-humoured little thing and laughed with the others.

"I don't care how much you laugh, so that I get the things," she declared.

But it came to pass in a few days, the list began to be altered. Dell heard so much about hard times, and the sufferings of poor people who could not get work, and consequently could not buy food and coal, nor pay house rent.

It seemed to her that everybody who called had something to say about these "unemployed."

Mr. Clinton, a friend of her father, was chairman of a ward relief committee, and he had many stories to tell of destitution, and how necessary it was to collect money to help these poor people. Some of the stories of crying children, and sick women, and desolate men, were very pitiful.

They made Dell feel very badly. She pondered over the matter deeply, and one day she asked,—

"Mamma, if you and papa didn't give me so many and such expensive things for Christmas, would you have more money to give to these people who are out of work?"

"Why, yes," replied Mrs. Robbins, smilingly. "I suppose if we all saved our luxuries, we should have more to give to people who need necessities."

"That settles it," said Dell. She marched to the dining-room, stood up on a chair, and drew a pencil mark—a very crooked one—through the gold bracelet and the gauze fan.

"That's to save money for the unemployed," she remarked.

"But I don't believe you would have gotten these things anyhow," teased Harry.

"They're not suitable for a child like you." Upon reflection Dell agreed with him, so, with a sigh or two, she scratched out the music-box and rocking-chair.

Then one day Miss Stevens came, full of a concert which she was helping to arrange to make money for the poor, and she had many thrilling stories to relate. When she departed, Dell went down and marked out "dolls kerrige," and wrote "a fu" instead of "meny" before books.

Then she heard some things at school that caused her, after a great struggle, to mark off the "trysickel."

"There'll soon be nothing left but the Shorter 'Kattykism,'" chuckled Harry.

Another pathetic story moved Dell to write "sum" instead of "lots of" before "Kandy," and for a "fu" books, to substitute, "Alliss in WunDorland."

She thought that was the last alteration she should have to make in her list, but when a man came into Sunday-school one day and told about a woman who had been arrested for stealing a loaf of bread for her starving children, Dell came rushing home, half crying, and was about to strike out "a nuslede," but Rob shouted, "Let that stand, that's all right!" and Morris said, "I'll just mention in time that I'm good for a 'nu Lady Jane.'"

Smiling through her tears, Dell turned around, exclaiming,—

"Oh! shall I have them, and the poor people have bread too?"

"Yes, yes," said her father, lifting her from the chair; "you shall have some of the gifts you have asked for, though not 'trysickels' and gold bracelets, I think; I trust you will have a very happy Christmas, all the happier because you have been thinking of the needs of others, and are willing to give up for their benefit what you so much desire yourself. I think you have set an example of self-denial to the rest of us."

"I move we have a plainer Christmas than usual all around," cried Harry.

"plainer dinner and everything."

This was a good deal for Harry to propose, for he dearly loved good things to eat.—*Presbyterian.*

**THE NEWSBOYS' PRAYER.**

ONE evening a large number of "seekers" were kneeling at the altar. I came to a little newsboy. He was deeply convicted, and cried as though his heart would break. I said, "Well, my boy, have you asked God to save you?"

"No, sir!"

"Do you not wish to be saved?"

"O yes, sir!"

"Then why don't you pray?"

"I never prayed; I don't know how."

"I hesitated a moment, and then said, 'Toll God just what you want him to do for you.'"

The little fellow was silent for a few moments, and then he burst out with intense earnestness, "O Lord, help a fellow, won't you?"

The answer came quick and clear. In a few moments the tear-stained face was wreathed in smiles.