

## SOME OF SANTA'S DOINGS.

Santa Claus was in a very good humor on a certain Christmas eve that I remember well. Business had gone well with him during the year and he had ceased to grumble about the depression in trade. His business had flourished—by the way what is Santa Claus's real business? I have heard some say that he is a toy merchant, and that that is the reason he gives away so many toys. There are others who say he is a butcher—such work for Santa Claus—and more believe he is a baker and sweetmeat maker. But how he can be a sweetmeat maker and not butcher, is hard to say, for do not butchers also sell sweet meat. Well, there are some who believe he is a tinsmith, and some a postman and some a printer—that is how he gets such nice books, you know; and some a clerk in a store—what an awfully funny looking clerk he would be. Perhaps he is all of these—who knows.

Well, this Christmas eve, as I have said, he was in a remarkably good humor. He rubbed his hands, and whistled to himself, and then said to his wife—Why! did you not know that Santa has a wife? To be sure he must. Do you think any old bachelor would think so much of little girls and boys as to give them so many nice things.

But, as I was about saying, he said to his wife—what a good old woman she is, too! There she sits in the corner by the fire-place knitting a nice pair of stockings, just the thing for little boys, or girls either, to wear out in the snow. I wonder who will wear that pair! Well, once more, he said to his wife: "I think I must give the boys and girls—the good boys and girls, you know, my dear—I must give the boys and girls nicer presents than usual this year. But there musn't be more of them, for I am getting older every year [I wonder if old Santa Claus ever will die], and I feel the rheumatism a little more than ever before and cannot carry a heavier load, but will try and bring them better things instead. Business has been very good with me, you know, and I will try and remember all the poor children who never receive a gift at Christmas, and never looked forward with joy to the greatest anniversary of all the anniversaries of earth." Mrs. Santa Claus, good lady, agreed with him and then they made out their lists. There were toys for Tommy and shoes for Willie, and skates for Alfie and a rattle for baby boy, and dolls for Nellie and Fanny, and a picture book for Jennie, and candies for them all—he ought to be scolded for giving candies, dear old fellow that he is—and there were ever so many other things. But I must not forget that he had a nice turkey for widow X—and her three orphan children, and a warm coat for the eldest boy, who is just about going out to work, and a good strong pair of boots for each of the girls, and a warm shawl for the widow herself. But I could go on telling what he had to give for the whole year before I get to my story.

There was one house in particular where he was waited for with no patience. I have said one in particular, just as if every house where he was waited for very impatiently. Here lived two little girls, of five and seven years of age. Their papa had been away for several years and they were expecting him home on Christmas morning. Their mamma was so excited she hardly knew what to do. But, at last, she got the little ones to bed, in their own little room with the picture of pussy cat on the wall. But she could not sleep herself; she read her Bible and walked up and down the floor, and now and then looked into the little girls' room to see if they were asleep. It took the little ones a long time to go to sleep. They had so much to think about. There was Santa and the presents he was to bring and, above all, papa. "God bless papa and bring him safely home," were the last words on the lips of each of the little ones as the sleep filled their eyes, and they passed away into the land of Nod. When they were asleep Santa entered the room. I wonder how he knew so well what the little girls wanted most. He left a great beautiful doll for Ella, and, above all things, what she wanted, a real organ grinder for Mary; all she had to do was to turn the handle and the music came out—and such music too. But he left many other things, and, kissing the little ones, left the room. But what was this that fell on Mary's cheek as Santa kissed her and her big eyes opened wide—was it a tear? At any rate she dreamed she saw Santa and he was not an old man at all, but quite a young man like her papa. And on the following morning, when the two girls

woke up and were shouting out with joy at their presents, who should come in but papa and mamma, and Mary said at once, as she clasped her arms around his neck and nestled her head against his bosom, "I dreamt of Santa Claus last night, papa, and I thought he looked just like you."



## Temperance Department.

## HAPPY NEW YEAR.

BY MARY DWINELL CHELLIS.

"Happy New Year! Happy New Year!" The joyous shout rang through the house from basement to attic. Bridget in the kitchen and Patrick in the stable, were thus saluted. Father and mother responded to the glad greetings of four children, while the children themselves echoed and re-echoed the words so expressive of their happiness.

Christmas had been a gala day, with a grand family party of brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts, and cousins. Festivities were prolonged until late in the evening, and, but for one occurrence, there would have been nothing to mar the general pleasure. The host quaffed deeply of sparkling wine, until wit degenerated to folly, and merriment to maudlin laughter. His children wondered, but the remark of a cousin, not intended for their ears, revealed to them the cause of his strange conduct.

"Uncle Walter is more than half drunk. Mother says he grows worse all the time, and if he don't stop drinking wine he will be a poor man in five years. He neglects his business now. I should like to know if he is ever cross."

The children could have enlightened them upon this point. They could have told of many evenings when their father would not permit them to speak to him, and when their mother "looked as though she was just ready to cry." Now they know the cause of all this, they proposed to "do something about it, right off quick."

"What to do?" and "How to do?" were the questions which puzzled them, and it seemed providential that an answer came whence it was least expected.

A pledge was circulated in the Sabbath-school of which they were members. Family pledges, too, were offered for sale by the superintendent, and the wish expressed that one of these pledges might be introduced into every family connected with the school. Susie Belknap was first to pay the price of a family pledge, and also first, after reaching home, to affix her name to this pledge. Her brothers gladly followed her example. Even the baby sister was made to sign by having a pen placed in her chubby hands, while Susie directed its movements. It was then decided that the right time to present the pledge to papa and mamma would be directly after breakfast New Year's morning, when they would all be so happy.

"What in the world do you mean?" exclaimed Mr. Belknap, when the handsome sheet had been placed before him, and a single glance had revealed its purpose.

"Why, papa, what do you think we mean? Our superintendent said last Sunday we couldn't any of us give our parents a better present than a total abstinence pledge signed by all their children; and we thought we'd give you the best present first. He said if any of our fathers drank wine or brandy, or anything that makes folks drunk, they'd be almost sure to sign with us. Then he talked about how bad it is to drink even wine, and told us that a man who used to be worth a million of dollars is in the poor-house now, because he loved wine better than everything else. You don't love it so, do you, papa?" And Susie, who was chosen to plead the common cause, wound her arms around her father's neck and pressed a kiss upon his lips.

"I know my papa loves my mamma and us children better than he loves wine," now said one of the boys, clasping his father's hand.

"I know so, too," chimed in another voice, while the other hand was imprisoned; and even the baby, who had been admitted to the breakfast-room because it was New Year's day, claimed her share of attention.

"Well, wife, what do you say?" asked Mr. Belknap, simply because he knew not what to say himself.

"Your name upon that pledge would be a richer gift to me than the crown jewels of an empire," she replied.

He took the pen and wrote his name in bold characters, speaking not a word.

"Now, mamma," said Susie, and mamma wrote her name with a trembling hand, while her heart sang low the sweet refrain: "Happy New Year."—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

## ENFORCING SUNDAY-CLOSING WITH AN UMBRELLA.

A reporter of the New York Herald tells the story of the effective work of a Sunday-closing done on a recent Sunday at Bergen Point, N. J., by a Catholic clergyman, Father Killoran, with the aid of his umbrella. In his account of an interview the reporter represents Father Killoran as saying of the saloon which he found open in violation of the law, and in which he spilled all the beer and whiskey on the premises:

"I won't have any Sunday skulking and getting drunk. They'd better make up their minds to that at once. I heard a lot of them in Pat Dillon's place last Sunday, and I went in. They didn't expect me and were having what they considered a fine time. I had a better one, though. You should have seen their coat-tails trying to sweep the flies off the ceiling the minute they clapped eyes on me. I only had an umbrella. I have a blackthorn at home—a beauty! It'll make four lumps on a head for every one that is on the stick. I never thought much of that umbrella before last Sunday, but I wouldn't part with it now for a horse. It served me valiantly. Well, when we got through we were thoroughly satisfied with each other—the umbrella and myself—and we went home to dinner. I made a complaint next morning and I had Pat Dillon fined. I'll serve the others the same way. I won't make fish of one and flesh of another. They'll have to stop this business, every one of them. In the future I am going the rounds regularly, like a policeman, and the fellows I catch had better look out for themselves. Most of these lazy loafers would rather sit down and sell whiskey than do an honest day's work. I'll try to keep them in mind of whose day the Sabbath is."

## TEMPERANCE EDUCATION.

The subject of temperance education is, we rejoice, engaging public attention both in England and the United States. At a recent meeting in London of the executive of the National Union of Elementary Teachers, it was moved: "That it is desirable that the executive devote attention to the question of temperance teaching in elementary schools, and take the initiative in bringing the subject before conference."

Although no definite action was taken, the motion being defeated by a casting vote, and much difference of opinion was elicited, the discussion itself is a significant token of the vast change in public opinion which has taken place. The Board of Education of the city of New York has adopted as a text-book the well known Temperance Lesson Book by Dr. Richardson, the same work which the English teachers propose to use.

Dr. Holland, in an able discussion on the subject, asserts that the matter is one of vital importance, and that parents and teachers who fail to instruct their children in regard to the real nature, uses and dangers of alcoholic stimulants are guilty of culpable negligence and cruelty.

It is a cruel thing, he says, to send a boy out into the world untaught that alcohol in any form is fire and will certainly burn him if he puts it into his stomach. It is a cruel thing to educate a boy in such a way that he has no adequate idea of the dangers that beset his path. It is a mean thing to send a boy out to take his place in society, without understanding the relations of temperance to his own safety and prosperity, and to the safety and prosperity of society.—*Chris. at Work.*

## CHRISTIAN HEROISM.

It is nearly two generations since a boat's crew left their ship to reach the Hervey Islands. One of the passengers upon that boat desired to land, but the boat's crew feared to do so, as the cannibals were gathered together on the shore; but holding up the Bible in his hand, he said, "Live or die, put

me ashore." They would not go near the land; he plunged into the surf and held high the book. He reached the land. The cannibals did not kill him, but he won their favor and lived among them, and for aught I know he died among them. Thirty years afterward another ship reached the Hervey Islands, bringing literally a cargo of Bibles. They were all wanted and were taken with the greatest eagerness and paid for by these people. This was the result of the labors of that heroic young man who said, "Live or die, put me ashore." I was preaching to my people some time ago on behalf of the Bible Society. I mentioned this circumstance in illustration of the fact that it is not so long, after all, between the sowing and the reaping. When I came down from the pulpit and was standing in the middle aisle, there came up to me a tall, manly-looking gentleman, a man that looked as if he might be a descendant of one of the old Vikings, and said, "You will excuse me for coming up to speak to you and introducing myself. I am Captain" so-and-so—I need not give you his name—"I am in command of her Majesty's frigate" so-and-so, "and I take the liberty of coming to speak to you in reference to what you said about these islands. I was there with my ship; I saw these people and I saw the circulation of the Bible among them, and I never saw such Christianity in all my life as among the people of those islands." Said he, "They remind me of those people of whom you read in the Acts of the Apostles."—*John Hall.*

## HIS FIRST AND LAST.

The following is a sad example of disobedience to the warning, "Go not in the way of evil men." A letter from Indiana to the Illinois Signal says:

The entire neighborhood about Kewaunee was thrown into an intense fever of excitement one Sabbath morning recently at the finding of the body of a boy named Gilbert dead in bed. He had heretofore borne the name of a nice, sober young man, but on the evening before went home from Rochester with a crowd of drunken rowdies, and by their inducement is said to have drunk over a quart of whiskey, from the effects of which it is supposed he died. His mother and eight sisters relied on him largely for support, though he was only seventeen.

His destroyers might (if not too hardened) call to mind their own threatened judgment, "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink—(thou) that puttest thy bottle to him and makest him drunken."

## SOCIAL GRADE OF SMOKING CARS.

If any man is still in doubt as to the associations of tobacco-using, let him look into the smoking car on any railway line and note its appearance and its occupants in contrast with the other cars on the same train. A few days ago as a passenger train was about starting on one of the lines out of Philadelphia, a plainly dressed colored man came along to get aboard. The conductor pointing him to the forward car said, "You had better get in there." Glancing into it, the colored man said, "No sir! That's the smoking car. I don't get in there;" and in proud reliance on the "fifteenth amendment" he went on to a "first-class" car. Both the conductor and the colored passenger seemed to have the same idea of the social grade of a smoking car.—*S. S. Times.*

THE MODERATE DRINKER.—The Morning tells this instructive story of a moderate drinker: A so-called moderate drinker was once very angry with a friend who claimed that safety is alone in totally abstaining from the use of ardent-spirits, and who allowed his fanatical notions to insinuate that the moderate drinker himself might then be beyond control. "To make plain the question who is wrong," said the temperance man, "will you just quit one month—not to touch a drop during this time?" Said the other, "To satisfy your mind, sir I will, with pleasure; though I know myself, I will do as you ask, to cure overwrought ideas." He kept the promise, but at the end of the month he came to his friend with tears in his eyes and thanked him for saving him from a drunkard's grave. Said he, "I never knew before that I was, in any sense, a slave to drink, but the last month has been the fiercest battle of my life. I see now I was almost beyond hope, and had the test come many months later, it would have been too late for me. But I have kept the pledge, and by God's help I will keep it for life."