

For the Little Folk.**Why Do Bells for Christmas Ring?**

Why do bells for Christmas ring?
 Why do little children sing?
 Once a lovely shining star,
 Seen by shepherds from afar,
 Gently moved until its light
 Made a manger cradle bright.
 There a darling baby lay,
 Pillowed soft upon the hay;
 And its mother sang and smiled,
 "This is Christ, the holy Child."
 Therefore, bells for Christmas ring,
 Therefore, little children sing.

—Eugene Field.

"And never more the blessing
 Shall from the year depart,
 If only we, dear children,
 Keep Christmas in the heart.
 Its love, its thoughts for others,
 Are beautiful as flowers,
 And may we sow their beauty
 In other hearts than ours."

What Was It?

Guess what he had in his pocket.
 Marbles and tops, and worn-out toys,
 Such as always belong to boys,
 An old jew's-harp and a rubber ball?
 Not at all.

What did he have in his pocket?
 A soap-bubble pipe and a rusty screw,
 A piece of watch-key broken in two,
 A fish-hook in a tangle of string?
 No such thing.

What did he have in his pocket?
 Gingerbread crumbs, a whistle he'd made,
 Buttons, a knife with a broken blade,
 A nail or two, and a piece of gum?
 Neither one.

What did he have in his pocket?
 Before he knew, it slyly crept
 Under the treasures carefully kept,
 And away they all of them quickly stole—
 'Twas a hole. —Selected.

If I were you and went to school
 I'd never break the smallest rule;
 And it should be my teacher's joy
 To say she had no better boy;
 And 'twould be true
 If I were you.

Danny and Jamie and Jack,
 Went out to plant some trees;
 And as it was Arbor Day
 They could plant just what they pleased.

So Dan chose a maple green;
 And Jamie a poplar tall;
 But baby Jack did not want
 A single tree of them all.

"I want a Christmas tree," he sobbed,
 "To grow all sorts of things,
 Not only just green leaves,
 But toys like Santa brings."

O, I am the little New Year, ho! ho!
 Here I come tripping it over the snow,
 Shaking my bells with a merry din,
 So open your doors and let me in.

When little Arabella Krupp first started in to school,
 She found it very difficult to follow every rule.
 Of course, she tried her very best that teacher should
 not frown,
 And swift obedience she gave, when teacher said,
 "Sit down!"
 But the next thing that she said to her was, "Little
 girl, sit up!"
 Which greatly disconcerted little Arabella Krupp.
 —St. Nicholas.

An attractive little calendar may be made by the
 small folk with little trouble. Take heavy drawing
 paper of any desired size, and paste on it pictures,
 carefully cut out, of "Buster and Tige," "Sunbonnet
 Babies," "Dutch Babies," or any attractive pictures.
 If plain they may be coloured with water colours.
 Attach calendar slip to the bottom, punch two holes
 near the top, and add cord or ribbon bow for hang-
 ing.

A German mother recently taught a delightful
 plan by which little girls learn to knit. The wool
 is wound into a large ball called a wonder ball, be-
 cause it contains a large number of little gifts hidden
 in by the mother's fingers as she winds the yarn.
 The gift at the centre of the ball will be found last
 and should be the best—a silver thimble or a piece
 of jewelry is quite appropriate. This is a good
 method of teaching a child to knit; it stimulates per-
 severance and lessens drudgery—*Harper's Bazar*.

Children never tire of playing that they are some-
 thing. This is a little device for the drill of words
 from cards. The children are all cats and the words
 are the mice. Let the children see how many mice
 they can catch, and how few they let get away. The
 words failed are those that get away.—Selected.