

O! children, greet the Christmas-time with laughter and delight,  
 Rejoice around your glowing tree, let all your thoughts be bright :  
 Give others of your happiness, let Charity so mild  
 Within your hearts be messengers from One who was a Child.  
 Write on the passing leaves of life sweet memories of love,  
 And sometime they will whisper peace, like angels from above ;  
 For when the hand of time its snow upon your forehead lays  
 You'll turn those pages back and think of old-time Christmas days.

—Arthur Lewis Tubbs.

### Christmas Thoughts.

It is impossible to conceive of any holiday that could take the place of Christmas, nor, indeed, would it seem that human wit could invent another so adapted to humanity. The obvious intention of it is to bring together, for a season at least, all men in the exercise of a common charity and a feeling of good-will, the poor and the rich, the successful and the unfortunate, that all the world may feel that in the time called the truce of God the thing common to all men is the best thing in life.—Charles Dudley Warner.

He who does not see in the legend of Santa Claus a beautiful faith on one side and the naive embodiment of a divine fact on the other is not fit to have a place at the Christmas board. For him there should be neither carol nor holly nor mistletoe ; they only shall keep the feast to whom all these things are but the outward and visible signs of an inward and spiritual grace.—Hamilton W. Mabie.

May this hallowed and gracious time diffuse its innocent cheer through every family circle, and scatter its bounties largely among the children of want.—Edward Everett.

Surely, happiness is reflective, like the light of heaven ; and every countenance, bright with smiles and glowing with innocent enjoyment, is a mirror transmitting to others the rays of a supreme and ever-shining benevolence. He who can turn churlishly away from contemplating the felicity of his fellow-beings, and can sit down in his loneliness when all around is joyful, may have his moments of strong excitement and selfish gratification, but he wants the genial and social sympathies which constitute the charm of a merry Christmas.—Washington Irving.

Happy, happy Christmas, that can win us back to the delusions of our childish days ;

that can recall to the old man the pleasures of his youth ; that can transport the sailor and the traveller, thousands of miles away, back to his own fireside and his quiet home.—Charles Dickens.

### The Missing Word.

One of the brightest assurance papers which we receive is the Insurance, Banking and Financial Review of London, Eng. A recent number contains the following interesting conundrum : " If you wish to interest a man in assurance, begin by trying him with this little conundrum in something after the following style : Do you wish to provide for your family ? If so, just try this little calculation. Put down in figures the year in which you were born. Add to this your age at next birthday if it occurs before January 1st next ; if not, your age at last birthday. Multiply the result by 10, and from this result subtract 14516. Substitute letters for the figures (A for 1, B for 2, C for 3 and so on) in the final result, and you will, we are sure, agree that it is only right you should make provision before you are —."

### A Joke on the Company.

After much persuasion, a Leeds man was induced to assure his life for £500 the other day. The first premium was paid and the policy handed over.

About an hour afterwards he was passing close to some buildings in the course of erection, when a portion of the scaffolding fell upon him, causing fatal injuries.

A doctor in attendance pronounced the case hopeless.

" No chance for me, is there, doctor ? "

" None, I am sorry to say. "

To the astonishment of the medico, the dying man broke into a feeble chuckle.

" I can't help laughing, doctor, " he gasped. " It's the funniest thing on earth ! Such a jolly sell—for the—assurance company ! "—The Review, Sydney, Australia.