

DEW DROPS

VOL. I.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 18, 1897.

No. 51.

SANTA CLAUS CAUGHT.

Santa Claus, the sly old fellow, has been caught in the very act. He thought he was very cunning, and you see how warily he looks around. He has filled one stocking full, but he cannot get the nice hood and cape of little Rosy Roberts in the stocking,—a pretty good-sized one it is,—so he hangs them up. We will forgive him this time, but he mustn't get caught again.



Dainty little stockings
Hanging in a row,
Blue and gray and scarlet,
In the fire-light's glow.
Curly-pated sleepers
Safely tucked in bed;
Dreams of wondrous toy-shops
Dancing through each head.
Funny little stockings
Hanging in a row,

Stuffed with sweet surprises
Down from top to toe.
Skates and balls and trumpets,
Dishes, tops, and drums,
Books and dolls and candies,
Nuts and sugar-plums.
Little sleepers waking;
Bless me, what a noise!
Wish you merry Christmas,
Happy girls and boys!

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS, FOURTH QUARTER.

FOURTH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

[DEC. 26.]

To the folks at home: Please help the little folks to learn this lesson.

REVIEW LESSON.

1. What is the first lesson about?
Paul's last journey to Jerusalem.
2. What is the second lesson about?
Paul a prisoner at Jerusalem.
3. What is the third lesson about?
Paul before the Roman governor.
4. What is the fourth lesson about?
Paul before King Agrippa.
5. What is the fifth lesson about?
Paul's voyage and shipwreck.
6. What is the sixth lesson about?
Paul in Melita and Rome.
7. What is the seventh lesson about?
Paul preaching in chains.
8. What is the eighth lesson about?
The Christian armour.
9. What is the ninth lesson about?
Jesus, our great Example.
10. What is the tenth lesson about?
The law of love.
11. What is the eleventh lesson about?
Paul's last words.
12. What is the twelfth lesson about?
Sin and salvation.

"Mamma, may I go to see Bertha?" said Dottie. "Yes, if you will be a good girl," replied her mamma. When Dottie was at Bertha's house she was tempted to do something naughty, so she said to herself, "No, if I do that, then I cannot stay, because mamma said I could go if I would be a good girl, so I'll remember what mamma told me."

THE CHRISTMAS DOLL.

Little Maysie Martin has had a present given her of a pretty doll that can speak and say "mamma" quite plainly. But Maysie finds that her doll cannot spell. She thinks that a doll that can speak should be able to spell such short words, so Maysie in the picture is giving her doll some lessons in spelling from her own spelling-book. The wee doll looks very attentive, but we don't think she will learn to spell any better than the birds on the Japanese screen behind her will.

HE WAS A GENTLEMAN.

A few days ago I was passing through a pretty, shady street where some boys were playing at baseball. Among their number was a little lame fellow, seemingly about twelve years old; a pale, sickly-looking child, supported on two crutches, and who evidently found much difficulty in walking, even with such assistance.

The lame boy wished to join the game; for he did not seem to see how much his infirmity would be in his own way, and how much it would hinder the progress of such an active sport as baseball. His companions very good-naturedly tried to persuade him to stand at one side and let another take his place; and I was glad to notice that none of them hinted that he would be in the way, but that they all objected for fear he would hurt himself.

"Why, Jimmy," said one, "you can't run, you know."

"O hush!" said another, the tallest in the party. "Never mind; I'll run for him;" and he took his place by Jimmy's side, prepared to act. "If you were like him," he said aside to the other boys, "you wouldn't want to be told of it all the time."

As I passed on I thought to myself that there was a true gentleman.

Little Sam came into the house with his head hanging down. "What is the matter with my boy?" said his mother. Sam said not a word, but his head went down still lower. Why do you think he hung his head? He had been naughty, and he was ashamed to look up. Ah! Sam, it is better to do right, and then you will not fear to look the great, smiling sun in the face! Look up, Sam! Confess your fault; say you are sorry for it, and try to keep right in the days to come.



THE CHRISTMAS DOLL.—(See third page.)