

OUR SUPPLEMENT

FOR THE HOLIDAY SEASON.

"At Christmas play and make good cheer, for Christmas comes but once a year."—Tessa.

CHRISTMAS

Y A BEAUTIFUL road our Christmas comes. A road full twelve months long. And every mile is as warm as a smile. And every hour is a song. Flower and flake and cloud and sun. And the winds that float and sigh. Have their work to do ere the dreams come true. And Christmas glows in the sky. The holly and cedar and mistletoe. They thrilled when the nights were chill. For the maiden's glance and the madcap dance. And the lover's foot on the sill. For the Christmas mirth the brave pine grew. Serene and straight and tall. The deep woods knew in their dusk and dew. When the dearest of days would fall. To the beautiful home our Christmas comes. To the home that is safe and sweet. With its door ajar for the beam of the Star. And its corner for love's retreat. There the mark on the wall for the golden head. Is higher a bit, for lo! Between Christmas coming and Christmas sped. There's time for the balm to grow. Our Christmas comes with a royal grace. (Forget the ancient grudges!) 'Tis the open hand that must bless the land. (Uplift the toiling drudge!) And who that has gifts shall hold them back. And who that has cheer shall wait. When there's joy in the sky, and the ill things fly. And the Christ-Child knocks at the gate. 'Tis a beautiful time when Christmas comes. All up the street and down. For hearts alight make faces bright. When Christmas comes to town. Neighbor and friend in gladness meet. And all are neighbors dear. When the Christmas joys bids evil cease. In the holiest day of the year. The fair white fields in silence lie. Invisible angels go. Over the floor that sparkles hoar. With the glitter of frost and snow. And they scatter the infinite balm of heaven. (Wherever on earth they stray. And heaven's own store of bliss they pour. On the earth each Christmas day. 'Tis a beautiful task our Christmas brings. For old and young to share. With jingle of bells, and silvery swells. Of music in the air. To make the sad world merry awhile. And to frighten sin away. And to bless us all, whatever befall. Is the task of Christmas day. —Margaret E. Sangster, in Youth's Companion.

Its Happy Influence.
Blessed Christmas! It makes our hearts tender. It helps us, for the time being at least, to throw away selfishness. It helps us to be liberal, more open-hearted. We feel kinder toward every one, and thousands of cold and selfish hearts seem to thaw out under the influence of the Christmas season, as the snows on the mountain side melt under the genial rays of the sun. The beauty and fragrance of hearts come out under its spell, as the violets and anemones bloom into beauty at the call of spring. To-day, as we give gifts to friends, let us not forget the God who gave us all, and the Christ who died to save us. Let it be a real Christmas to our souls, a day of rejoicing on earth, and a day of gladness in Heaven, because the Christ of God has come into our hearts.—United Presbyterian.

A PRUDENT MAN.



She—I understand you have quarreled with your fiancée.
He—Yes, but I intend to renew the engagement after Christmas.—Up-to-Date.

Christmas in Germany.

The Germans celebrate the coming of Santa Claus with more elaboration than almost any other people, and a German Christmas tree is a sight worth seeing. Presents for the servants and the poor are invariably placed on the same tree with the gifts for the children and the older members of the family, and the little ones are early taught to think of those less fortunate than themselves at the season of all others when good-will and peace to man should be abroad over the land like a benediction.

Where Santa Claus Gets His Gold.



"HE COMES LIKE A FLASH DOWN THE MOUNTAIN."

FOR many long years every Christmas has brought a visit from good old Kris Kringle. Who comes with his pack loaded high with such gifts. As make young hearts joyously tingle! And in all these years has his bounty kept none. With the wants of his dear little people. He has found every chimney, and few has he missed. Were they tall as the highest church steeples.

IT often is wondered where Santa Claus gets all the money it takes every season. To buy all the presents for buy them he must. That he makes them is not within reason. It surely must cost him a great deal of cash. For the oceans of gifts he disperses. Such a draft every Christmas could not well be met. By the biggest and fattest of purses.

THERE'S only one way to account for the cash. That Santa so lavishly scatters! He must have a mine on the Klondike, up North. Where cart-loads of gold are small matters. Perhaps every summer he puts in his time. Digging gold for his Christmas expenses! Such a plan, it would seem, is a good one, indeed. And devoid of all shallow pretensions.

AND then, when he gets all his presents prepared. He comes like a flash down the mountain. His swift-sliding sleds shooting onward the snow. Till it looks like a feathery fountain! When he lands in the valley he jumps in his sleigh. And off o'er the world goes a-flying. To fill all the stockings that yearn for his gifts. Every want to grant earnestly trying. FRANK B. WELCH.



THE OLD YEAR.
BLESS the old year! He's almost gone! I hear him utter a dismal moan. "I'm weary—I'm lonely—I'm wasting," said he; "Will no one breathe a blessing on me?" "Thou poor old year, with snow-white hair, I'll bless thee," said a lady fair: "For thou in thy youth didst bring to me My beautiful babe in its purity!" "Bless the old year!" the young man cried: "In merry spring he brought me my bride—The richest gift to mortal eyes—Brought her from the gate of heaven!" "Bless the old year!" the sick one said, And gently raised his drooping head: "Its hours are past, and I shall be From pain, from grief, from anguish free!" The mourner breathed in tones of sadness: "Bless it, tho' it brought no gladness; I learned on earth no home to make: Bless it for its lesson's sake!" "Bless the old year!" cried the child with glee: "In its merry hours I was happy and free: It has brought me frolic for every day; Bless the old year ere it passes away!" Bless the old year! Come one and all: Answer to his lonely call: Let it so be the last sound he shall hear: Shall echo a blessing! Bless the old year! —Lillian Frances Mentor, in N. Y. Herald.

Santa Claus' Shop.
The other day I runned away. Which gave my ma a shock. I didn't get back home, they say. Till nearly six o'clock. An' then my ma she didn't scold. But hugged me tight, an' then she rocked and hugged me till I told The places I had been. An' say, you ought to see her face At last, when I told how I'd surely found the very place Where Santa Claus lives now. I told her how I didn't stop. A-runnin' nor turn back. Until I came to Santa's shop. An' peeked in through a crack. An' how he sat there making toys. As busy as could be. The very kind that little boys Got on the Christmas tree. He looked so pale, and tired, too. I thought it was a shame: An' say, I didn't know, did you, That Santa Claus was lame? An' when I told my ma, you know, She kissed me twice, because She said to-morrow that she'd go An' call on Santa Claus. —Albert Bigelow Paine, in N. Y. World.

Christmas for the Birds.
Christmas is celebrated in Sweden to an extent unknown in the United States, and the celebration is not over till January 13, or "twentieth day Yule." A very pretty feature of the festivities is thus described by Mr. Thomas in his "Sweden and the Swedes":
One wintry afternoon, at Yule-tide, I had been skating on a pretty lake three miles from Gothenburg. On my way home I noticed that at every farmer's house there was erected in the middle of the dooryard a pole, on the top of which was bound a large, full sheaf of grain.
"Why is this?" I asked my comrade.
"Oh, that's for the birds, the little wild birds. They must have a merry Christmas, too, you know."
Yes, so it is: not a peasant in Sweden will sit down with his children to a Christmas dinner within doors till he has first raised aloft a Christmas dinner for the little birds that live in the cold and snow without.—Youth's Companion.

LITERARY INFORMATION.



"I want to buy a Christmas present of a book for a young man."
"Yes, miss; what kind of a book would you like?"
"Why, a book for a young man."
"Well—but what kind of a young man?"
"Oh, he's tall and has light hair, and he always wears blue neckties."—Chicago Record.

Two Non-Effects.
The Christmas spirit produces neither a swelled head nor pocketbook.—N. Y. Truth.