# Christmas, 1896.



When manhood's brows are bent in thought To learn what men of old have taught. When eager hands seek Wisdom's key, Wise Temple Child, Wc learn of Thee!

We sing to Thee!

When doubts assail, and perils fright, When, groping blindly in the night. We strive to read life's mystery, Man of the Mount, We turn to Thee!

When shadows of the valley fall, When sin and death the soul appall, One light we through the darkness see-Christ on the cross, We cry to Thee!

And when the world shall pass away, And dawns at length the perfect day, In glory shall our souls made free, Thou God enthroned, Then worship Thee! -Tudor Jenks, in Outlook.



man. "I said I was only Santa Claus' The unexpected guest buried his face THE FESTIVAL OF CHILDHOOD. with our fellows. If we can make assistant. You see, my lad, there's so in his hands, and a great lump rose up many more children nowadays than in his throat.

there used to be that the boss had to "There was one other," said the asget outside help Christmas eve, or he'd sistant, "but there's nothing for himnever be able to finish up his work in and-and it's all my fault. I neglected Whoso would enjoy it truly must be time. So he sends for me an' a few to look after him."

others like me-Heaven help us-and "And won't he get anything?" asked we do his distributing for him. I'd just | Bobbie. laid these things out here when you

these things for me! A watch, tooone of the treasures beneath the tree.

"Are you tired?" asked Bobbie, leav- fered toy.

# The True Christmas Feeling Must Be from the Heart and Blossom Into Acts.

Christmas is the festival of childhood. in heart even as a little child. Its

"No," said the assistant, roughly, bration is in helping our neighbors to man is a fraud in whom the Christmas rising and taking a step toward the tree. be happy and thus sharing the happi- feeling is a theory and not a condition. "He can have one of mine," cried ness with them. There is no happiness "Oh, isn't it beautiful!" he cried. "All Bobbie. "Here, take him this. I've got comparable to love, and the happiness plenty, thanks to you." He handed him grows greater as the love embraces more

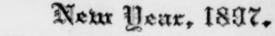
"I'll see that he gets it," he said, "and it, he makes children of all the adults inhabit these regions, he told his story

others forget the past we may forget our own. If we can but give to others a little of the antidote of kindliness for

the poison of the present we shall find our own to-day less hopeless. And the future is formed of the spirit that aniecstasies are in self-forgetfulness in the mates to-day. The real feeling of betterment of others. Its highest cele- Christmas must blossom into acts. That God help him!-St. Louis Mirror.

#### His Second Thought.

A lively youngster in Newport had a of our fellow beings. That is the best great desire to become the owner of a The unexpected guest looked at the Christmas time in which one feels most goat, so one day shortly before Christboy for a minute, and then he slowly acutely the actuality of kinship with mas he called up the chimney register reached out his hand and took the prof- all the world. It is the child that is to apprise Santa Claus of his wish. the real democrat for, as Emerson has | Hailing the old gentleman supposed to God will bless you for it! Good-by, lit. that gather around him, levels them to in these words: "Santa Claus, I want a





year Hasonlythreeminutes to live. Ah! what would we give,

If the tear That springs to our eyes As he dies

Could recall us the life, loved so dear.

Two minutes to twelve! How the past With its laughter, its sighs and its pain, Crowds fast through the brain! Stay your flight! Hearken, year, to our prayer Of despair, 'Ere your last breath fades out on the night.

One minute to twelve! To my heart Cling closer, my sweet. Let the year On the threshold that's near Find us true, While together we stand. Hand in hand. And I watch by the window with you.

Twelve o'clock! Kiss me, sweet, for the Past. And again for the time that shall be. What it brings you and me,

Who can say? Little matter, so long As no wrong Steal our love from each other away. -Oliver Grey, in Black and White.

## MOUSE AND MISTLETOE.

#### How a Bad Boy Spoiled All a Young Woman's Well-Laid Plans.

"I shall take the mistletoe down," said the girl with the blue eyes; "it's a delusion and a snare."

"What on earth is the matter? Did that ugly Mr. Sappie catch you under it and kiss you?"

"No; worse yet: nobody did. I put it up yesterday, a great big bunch of it. All day long I was wondering what to do with Harvey while Ned is here from Kansas City. But after I put it up an idea struck me."

"Do you want me to go over and let him kiss me under it, so you can quarrel?" asked the girl with the meek eyes.

"Don't trouble yourself, my dear. My



just the very thing I wanted." makes all things The man drew back as the boy spoke and, with a queer light in his eye, sat with the morndown in one of the chairs suddenly. ing the tree and crossing to Santa Claus' er round their assistant.

surprised me."

Bobbie approached the tree.

a profuse array of toys, stood an unexpected guest. He was ill clad, unshaven, and his hair looked as though it had never known a comb. In his right hand he carried a dark-lantern, and slung over his left arm was a sack, a common jute bag, and he had entered by the window that looked out upon the street. The family had all retired, and for the most part were asleep. That is why the unexpected guest chose this time to arrive.

Stealthily he crossed the room, and drawing the portieres silently across the broad doorway that opened into the hall he slid back the front of his lantern, and, lighting a match in its flame, he turned on the gas and lit it, so that he might better see the exact character of his surroundings.

"Humph!" he said, as he observed the tree. "Quite a fine lay-out. I don't know but what, after all, it's a good thing that parents give their children expensive things these days. It's a great help to our profession. You can't raise much money on candy balls and tuppeny dolls, but these silver-plated engines and purses with ten-dollar bills in 'em come in handy. Gold sleeve-buttons, too," he added, as his eyes took in a few further details of the scene before him, "an' a gold watch as well. This is luck."

And then, as he bent over the groups of toys and presents of a more expensive nature intended for Bobbie, his eye glittering with joy at the prospective value of his haul, the heart of the unexpected guest stopped beating for an instant. There was a rustling sound behind him.

With a quick movement he slid the cover of the dark-lantern to, by mere force of habit; but it was unavailing: the room was still lighted, though dimly.

"Curse the gas!" he muttered, as he turned.

"Hullo!" said a soft little voice from behind the portieres, and at the same moment the curtains were parted and there stood Bobbie, clad in his nightgown. "Is that you. Santa Claus?" he added, peering curiously at the unexpected guest.

The man gave a short laugh. "That's the first time I've been taken



# THE PICK OF THE FLOCK."

"Yes," said the man. "Very." "I'm sorry," said Bobbie, affectionate- and be disappointed." y, as he took the other's hand in his and kissed it.

his little face, said: "Won't you take Though one may have felt sin and shame chimney: "You can't have a goat." "Don't-don't do that," said the man, and sorrow he many assuage them all The little fellow, not at all frightened huskily. "It's not-not clean." a kiss for Santa Claus for me?" "That I will," said the other, and he in the promotion of the happiness of at this unexpected reply, was equal to "I shouldn't think it would be." laughed Bobbie; "climbing in by sooty bent over, and kissing the child, fled others. Love is the only anodyne, and the situation, and he sent back to Santa chimneys can't be very clean work. precipitately out through the window, giving it out it returns upon us as mani- Claus this defiant response: "Well, Do you know, I always wonder why and disappeared in the darkness of the fold as the objects upon which it is then, keep your old goat! I don't want there's never any soot left on the toys." street. bestowed. That man who awakens the it, anyhow."-Golden Days. "Oh, we take care of that," said the Christmas spirit in the hearts about him assistant. "You see, this bag keeps the "IS THAT YOU, SANTA CLAUS?" "Well," said the unexpected guest the will find it subtly stealing from them Christmas Cheer. soot off. But I didn't come by the chim-Fall on, cold snow, from wintry skies, following morning, as he watched his to his own, and will, almost unknowing, Santa Claus-Here's a fine piece of The housetops cover, deck the trees; for anyone that's half decent," he said ney this time," he added, hastily, ob- own pallid-faced little youngster play- find bitter dispossessed by sweet, and business! These children wear Dr. On wind you're borne, with mournful sighs, serving that there was no soot on the ing with the first Christmas present he'd warmth usurping cold therein. This to himself; and then he answered, in Aloft you float o'er drifting seas. Jaggsley's combined undergarments, a whisper loud enough for Bobbie to bag either. "I thought the window was ever known, "that was the rummiest world is very fair and charity makes it You cannot chill our ardor here, and they have hung up the entire out-'Tis warmed by love of Christmas cheer. easier." hear: thing. I went out to steal, and the only all the fairer when its glow reminds us fit .- Brooklyn Life. -Seymour S. Tibbals, in New Bohemian. "Well, not exactly, sonny. I'm only "You're all through, aren't you?" said thing I bagged (that was really given of "the long, long night that death to me) was a kiss, and I'll see Santa Claus shall last." Christmas feeling makes Bobbie, looking at the bag. his assistant." Up to Date. Better to Resolve. "How do you know that?" asked the "His what?" said Bobbie. in hades before I give him that. It was the most of the now. It atones for the Goodness gracious! What is that ter-Though some 'gainst resolutions rail As steps that lead us to a fall, "Sh! Not so loud, my boy-you'll man a rich haul, buteI think I'll get a de- after-the deluge or the dark. It is real rible sound of smashing chinh?" 'Tis better to resolve and fail "Your bag is empty. Isn't there any- center job-at New Year's."-John Ken- life to live, if but for a week, a day, a wake the family; and if you did that. "I suppose the folding-bed in turning Than never to resolve at all. I'd just vanish like the mist," said the one else for you to take a toy to?" moment, in full sympathy of helping over a new leaf."-Chicago Record. drick Bangs, in Harper's Magazine. -Boston Courier.

tle one. I must be off, or he'll wake up his own simplicity. The man who has goat. Send me a goat for Christmas.'

the child heart is the man whose in- Now, it happened that the boy's father He moved toward the door, when terest in himself is most merged into was in the room above, and, hearing the Bobbie ran after him, and holding up interest for his fellow creatures. appeal, sent back the answer down the

idea was a great deal better than that. I decided to let him kiss me, all unaware, and then get mad over it." "Good enough. Did it work?"

"It would have, but for an accident. He came in the evening with my present -and, oh, girls, it is perfectly lovely; you must come over and see it. It is-" "Yes, yes; we will. But about the mistletoe?"

"Well, there was my chance. I thanked him as prettily as I could, drew off the wrapper with screams of delight and ran right under the chandelier to look at it."

"Oh, Nell, you sly thing!"

"I heard him creeping up slowly behind me while I was apparently absorbed in my admiration of his present. But just as he was about to catch me a horrid mouse ran across the floor almost at my feet!"

"You poor dear! Did you scream?" "I did. More, I ran out into the dining-room and climbed on the table. Harvey was so disappointed, and so was I. And don't you think, after all, it was not a real mouse!"

"Not a real mouse?"

"No; it was a horrid mechanical toy that some one had given my little brother. And, oh, girls, other callers came in then and I hadn't a moment alone with Harvey to get up a quarrel. Ned arrives at six o'clock this evening: he is coming for the holidays, and what I am to do with both of them on my hands I am sure I don't know!"-Chicago Tribune.

# A False Saint.

Oh, Santa Claus, you evil saint, loved you in my childhood's day; But now I have no heart for you, You've stolen it away-

To give to one who wants it not-To drop with jeweled baubles fine, In Editn's stocking, where it lies, While hers, is not in mine. -Brooklyn Life.

## Before and After.

Now the merry time comes nigh, When the lass, so slick and shy, Will appreciate her papa's weakest joke; And with skillful flattery She will laugh with wildest glee-After Christmas he will find that he is broke.

-Philadelphia Record.

IT PHASED HIM.

