

A Christmas Song.



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, We learn of Thee!

SANTA CLAUS ASSISTANT

IT WAS not long after midnight. The wee small hours of Christmas day were just beginning to arrive, and down in the library, where the tree was sheltering 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.



"IS THAT YOU, SANTA CLAUS?" for anyone that's half decent," he said to himself; and then he answered, in a whisper loud enough for Bobbie to hear.

man. "I said I was only Santa Claus' assistant. You see, my lad, there's so many more children nowadays than there used to be that the boss had to get outside help Christmas eve, or he'd never be able to finish up his work in time.

The unexpected guest buried his face in his hands, and a great lump rose up in his throat. "There was one other," said the assistant, "but there's nothing for him and—and it's all my fault. I neglected to look after him."

THE FESTIVAL OF CHILDHOOD. The True Christmas Feeling Must Be from the Heart and Blossom into Acts. Christmas is the festival of childhood. Whoso would enjoy it truly must be in heart even as a little child.

with our fellows. If we can make others forget the past we may forget our own. If we can but give to others a little of the antidote of kindness from the poison of the present we shall find our own to-day less hopeless.



Three minutes to twelve, and the year Has only three minutes 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.

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."



THE PICK OF THE FLOCK.

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

He moved toward the door, when Bobbie ran after him, and holding up his little face, said: "Won't you take a kiss for Santa Claus for me?"

his own simplicity. The man who has the child heart is the man whose interest in himself is most merged into interest for his fellow creatures.

goat. Send me a goat for Christmas." Now, it happened that the boy's father was in the room above, and, hearing the appeal, sent back the answer down the chimney: "You can't have a goat."



Santa Claus—Here's a fine piece of business! These children wear Dr. Jaggley's combined undergarments, and they have hung up the entire outfit.—Brooklyn Life.