



THE NIGHT OF THE NATIVITY.
The air was still 'er Bethlehem's plain,
As if the great night held its breath,
When Life Eternal came to reign
Over a world of Death.
The Pagan at his midnight board
Let fall his brimming cup of gold;
He felt the presence of his Lord
Before His birth was told.
The temples trembled to their base,
The idols shuddered as in pain;
Which, pointing to the Saviour's shrine,
Proclaimed the new-born light.
All Nature felt a thrill divine
When burst that meteor on the night,
Which, pointing to the Saviour's shrine,
Proclaimed the new-born light.
Light to the shepherds! and the star
Which, pointing to the Saviour's shrine,
Proclaimed the new-born light.
Light to the wisemen from afar,
Bearing their gifts of gold.
Light to the realm of Sin and Grief—
Light to the world in all its needs—
The Light of Life—a new belief
Rising 'er fallen creeds—
Light on a tangled path of thorns,
Though leading to a martyr's throne—
A light to guide till Christ returns
In glory to His own.
There still it shines, while far abroad
The Christmas choir sings now, as then,
"Glory, Glory unto God!
Peace and good-will to men!"
—T. Buchanan Reed.

FOUND IN THE SNOW.
Tommy and Loreny had been to the store to do some errands, and were on their way back to the almshouse where they lived. The lights were getting low, and the western sky was red. The two went in file down the country road. There had been a heavy fall of snow the day before, and it was not yet trodden down; there was only a narrow foot track between the drifts. Loreny kept ahead. She was 3 years older than her brother Tommy, and quite a tall girl. Her thin, wiry figure skipped over the snow as lightly as a sparrow. She wore an old brown cotton dress, a dim plaid shawl, and a faded worsted hood, and her arms were full of brown-paper bundles. Tommy tugged a molasses jug in one hand and a kerosene can in the other. He was short and sturdy, with a handsome, little red face. He wore an old coat of Mr. Palmer's, the almshouse keeper's, which had been out down for him, but the skirts still trailed in the snow. Suddenly Loreny stopped short.
"What's that?" she cried, in excited voice.
Tommy set down the molasses jug and peeped around her shoulder. A brown-paper package lay in the road before them.
"What do you s'pose it is?" asked Loreny.

"Pick it up," returned Tommy. Loreny eyed it a minute, then she laid her own bundles carefully down on the snow, picked it up, and unrolled it.
"Oh!" she cried.
Tommy said nothing, but his mouth opened and his eyes grew big.
Loreny held a doll with a beautiful wax face and real flaxen hair. She looked at it and the tears came into her eyes.
"What you goin' to do with it?" gasped Tommy.
"I dunno," answered Loreny, slowly. She looked anxiously at her brother. "Somebody dropped her," she said "but I dunno who. Mrs. Palmer won't let me keep her."
"Mrs. Palmer won't let me keep her," Loreny repeated, and her lips quivered. Suddenly she wrapped her old shawl carefully around the doll, which was not dressed, and snuggled her close to her with a defiant air.
"What you goin' to do?" inquired Tommy.
"I'm agoin' to carry her home. Mrs. Palmer, she won't see her under my shawl."
"She'll whip you when she finds it out."
"I don't care if she does," returned Loreny, holding the doll closer. She picked up the other parcels and went on. Tommy took up the molasses jug and followed.
They had gone only a few steps when Loreny stopped again. "There's something else," she said, in an awed whisper. Tommy set the jug down. "You pick it up," said Loreny. Tommy set down the kerosene can also, and brushed past his sister. He picked up the parcel, which was a nice, white one. "Undo it," said Loreny, trembling.
Tommy's clumsy fingers tugged at the pink string. It was two pounds of Christmas candy. They looked at the beautiful red and white twists and were speechless. Then Loreny spoke in a quick, frightened way.
"You tie that right up again, Tommy Wood," said she. "Don't you eat a mite of it; it don't belong to us."
Tommy, with a last, wistful gaze at the candy, tied it up. Then he looked at his sister. "Shall I lay it down again," he asked.
Loreny hesitated. "I dunno, hardly. Somebody might step on it after dark."
"I can put it in my pocket," said Tommy, eagerly.
Tommy stowed away the candy in one of the pockets of Mr. Palmer's great coat.
"Mind you don't eat a mite of it," charged Loreny, sharply.
"No, I won't," promised Tommy, gathering up the jug and can.
They went on, then suddenly Loreny stopped again.
"Tommy Wood," she gasped, "there's another."
"Where?"
"It was a large, flat package. Tommy opened it breathlessly. There were books in that—story-books, with handsome covers, and one beautiful picture book. Tommy turned the leaves and Loreny looked over his shoulder.
"Ain't they handsome?" she sighed.
"What shall I do with them?" asked Tommy breathing hard.
"I dunno, unless you can put them in your pocket. It won't do to leave them lying under foot."
Tommy tied up the books carefully, and they just slipped into a pocket of Mr. Palmer's great coat. Then he and Loreny went on.
In a minute Loreny stopped again. "I'm scart most to pieces," said she. "There's another!" She and Tommy looked at each other. Loreny was quite pale. "I s'pose you had better pick it up," she said faintly.
Tommy picked up the parcel, and his hands shook when he unrolled it.
"Oh!" he cried.
It was a beautiful little concertina. He pulled it out gently, and there was a soft musical wheeze.
"Don't! Somebody will hear," cried Loreny. "Put it up, quick!"
A stubborn expression came over Tommy's face. "You've got the doll," said he. "I'm going to have this."
"Put it up, quick!"
"Can't I have it?"
"Mrs. Palmer won't let us have any of 'em when she sees 'em."
Tommy stowed the concertina into a pocket of Mr. Palmer's coat with a resolute air. "I can hide this jest as well as you can that doll," said he.

Tommy picked up the molasses jug and the kerosene can again; but this time he did not set them down again until he had reached the almshouse. He and Loreny looked sharply, but there were no more mysterious packages strewn along the road.
The almshouse was simply a large, white farm house on a hill. There were not many paupers on Green river; in fact, there were only five—three old women and two old men, beside Tommy and Loreny. The children went up the hill on which the almshouse stood. The north wind blew in their faces, and they were glad to go into the great warm kitchen where the Mrs. Palmer was preparing supper. Mr. Palmer was splitting kindling wood in the shed; they could here the axe strokes.
"Take off your coat, Tommy, and go out and bring in some of the kindlings. And, Loreny, take off your hood and shawl, and set the table," said Mrs. Palmer.
Mrs. Palmer was a little thin woman, and she looked tired. Her voice had a fretful ring. People said that she worked too hard. Her husband was not as energetic as she, and most of the work came upon her.
It was fortunate that Tommy and Loreny were expected to leave their out-of-door garments in the passage. They shut the kitchen door, and clattered upstairs in wild haste. Mrs. Palmer called after them, but they kept on. Tommy flew into his chamber, and laid the concertina under his pillow and the candy and books behind the door, while Loreny tucked the precious doll between the sheets in her own little cot bed. When they went down stairs Mrs. Palmer did not question them; she was too busy. There was a mild excitement through the almshouse that night. The next day was Christmas and there was to be a great dinner. Mrs. Deacon Alden's rich sister, a widow lady, who was visiting her, had sent in two large turkeys and a quantity of raisins. The old men and women talked it over, and chuckled delightedly. The fragrance of tea spread through the warm kitchen. Loreny set the table, and Tommy brought in baskets of kindling. They, too, shared in the anticipation of the great dinner, but they were full of guilty delight and tenderness over their treasures upstairs, and terror lest Mrs. Palmer should go up and find them.
After Loreny had washed the dishes, then she and Tommy pared apples and picked them.
"Mind you, don't eat more than you pick, now," charged Mrs. Palmer. She was too worn out to consider what a few raisins on Christmas Eve might mean to a little girl and boy.
However, Tommy and Loreny did not think much about the raisins—they were too heartily enjoying the dinner. The old people went to bed early, but the children were up until 9 o'clock. There were a great many apples to be pared and pounds of raisins to be picked over.
At 9 o'clock they hurried up to their chambers; each had a little candle in a tin can. Loreny's room was opposite Tommy's. She was just taking the doll out of the bed, when she heard a sweet wheeze from the concertina. She flew across the entry. "Tommy Woods," she whispered, "you stop this minute! She'll hear it up here!"
Tommy himself looked frightened. "I won't do it again," said he; "I couldn't help it."
Finally, Tommy went to sleep with the concertina in his arms and Loreny with the doll. Once in the night she awoke suddenly, for she heard the concertina. She listened in a panic, but she did not hear it again, and went to sleep.
The next morning there was a sort of feeble merriment about the almshouse. There were no Christmas presents, but the dinner that meant a great deal. Mrs. Palmer even smiled wearily as she stirred the plum-pudding. Tommy and Loreny were kept very busy all the morning, but after the grand dinner, when they had eaten the roast turkey and chicken and plum-pudding, and all the paupers had feasted, they had a little time to themselves.
Loreny stole upstairs to her own room. She got up a pink calico apron in which her heart delighted over her bureau drawer, and she dressed the doll in it. It was a cold Christmas, and the window was thick with frost, but she stayed there with the doll all the afternoon. She got her best blue hair ribbon and tied the pink apron

round the doll's waist. She kissed it pretty fast. "Ain't going to let you freeze this cold winter, dear child," she whispered.
As for Tommy, he was out in the snowy pasture behind the almshouse, sitting on a rock which pierced a drift, playing his concertina in the freezing December wind. He actually picked out a little tune which he had heard sung in Sunday school, and he was in a rapture. He did not feel the cold but he was so numb that he could scarcely walk when he stowed away the concertina in the coat pocket, and returned to the almshouse.
When he had hidden away his treasure, he went down to the kitchen, where Loreny had just gone. She was warning her little blue hands over the stove.
"Serves you right for staying up there in the cold so long," said Mrs. Palmer.
Presently Mr. Palmer came in, stamping his snowy feet. He had been down to the village and had some news.
"Deacon Alden's hired man lost a heap of things out of his cart yesterday afternoon," said he. "Spilt them out of the back—the horse was kind of frisky—and he never knew it till he got home. Then he went right back, but the things were gone. Somebody had picked them up."
"Let's just as bad as stealing," said Mrs. Palmer severely. "Just as bad."
Loreny turned white. Tommy sat with his eyes downcast. As soon as she could, Loreny pulled him out into the entry. "Tommy Wood," she whispered, "we've got to carry 'em back. It's stealing."
"Then can we?"
"To-night. We must go down the back stairs real still, after they think we've gone to bed."
It was half past nine o'clock when two small dark figures ran down the almshouse hill. One was Tommy with his coat pockets bulging; the other was Loreny hugging the doll, which was still wrapped in her pink apron.
It was a mile to Deacon Alden's house. It was bitter cold, the full moon was up, and the snow craked under foot. They ran most of the way. When they reached Deacon Alden's house, they stood hesitating at the gate.
"You go in," said Loreny, giving Tommy a little push.
"No, you," he whispered.
Loreny marched up to the door, and rang the bell. Mrs. Deacon Alden opened the door, and stood looking amazedly at them.
Loreny spoke. "We found these things in the road yesterday," said she. She held out the doll, and Tommy began removing the concertina from his pocket.
"Well, I never!" exclaimed Mrs. Deacon Alden. "Louisa, do come here this minute! No, you come in, you Tommy and Loreny; you are freezing out there."
Tommy and Loreny were bewildered. They had to think it all over for a long time afterwards in order to understand exactly what had happened. They were pulled gently into the warm sitting room, where there was a lamp with a pink shade and green plants at the window, and Mrs. Deacon Alden's sister, soft voiced, gentle and sweet faced, in a beautiful black silk, was telling them that all these presents—the doll, the concertina, the books and the candy—were meant for them, and had been lost out of the sleigh, and that they could carry them home.
Presently they were sitting by the fire, eating frosted cake and drinking chocolate. Then there was a single of bells outside, and they were driven back to the almshouse tucked warmly under fur robes and had a Christmas sleigh ride.
Mrs. Deacon Alden went with them to explain matters to Mrs. Palmer, and her sister whispered to her just before they started: "I mean to take them, Sarah. I am going to see about it tomorrow."
But Tommy and Loreny did not know what that meant until afterward. That night it was enough for Loreny to go to sleep with her own beautiful doll in her arms and for Tommy to sit up in bed fearlessly and play softly on his concertina till little Sunday school tune which happened to be the tune of a Christmas hymn.—By Mary E. Wilkins.

A VISIT FROM OLD KRIS.
Big boys says there's no Kris Kringle, That shows what they know
Ain't I heard his sleigh bells jingle Through the hail and snow?
One't I sneaked up to the chimney, Fore I went to bed,
Hang my stockin' up—Oh, Jiminy! Skeeered me like Old Ned!
Didn't try to go to sleep; Laid awake and listened.
When I raised the quilt to peep Saw two eyes that glistened.
There a little fat man stood, Full of sweets and toys,
Marked for them wots always good—Kris don't like bad boys.
Saw him wink and laugh so jolly (Course he didn't think I'd look.)
Fill my stockin' more—oh, golly! Trembled till the old bed shook.
Then he went out through the wall—Kissed good-night to me.
Dream! Not much! I seed it all, Fooled me? No, sir-ee!
—Walter Lytle Pyle.

CHRISTMAS.
Ye shepherds watched ye lyttel lambes One midnight long ago,
When Heaven opened wide its doores And let its light o'ertowre;
And Mary watched her lyttel lambe, Ye Babe who came to be,
Ye Lambe of God, to bear the crosse For all humanity.

The Christmas Dinner.
Some Suggestions for the Christmas Dinner by the Best Known Authorities on Cooking in America.
The decorations for the table should be a miniature Christmas tree resting on a green base. The tree hung with tiny glittering ornaments, little candles and plenty of tinsel but confine the color of the decorations to red as much as possible. The place cards should be decorated with painted holly or a piece of red holly, tied on them with a red ribbon bow and there may be bunches of holly for each woman, and buttonnieres of mistletoe for the men. There should be plenty of red apples, candied cherries, and cakes with red frosting. It will add greatly to the festivities of the occasion if there is a small package for every one present, hid in the holly at the base of the Christmas tree, done up in white tissue paper and tied with red ribbon. The ends of the ribbon extending to every place and to be pulled when the dinner is over. The packages need not contain anything more expensive than a candy toy accompanied by an appropriate verse, which will strike the weak point of each guest. Here is a good list of elaborate and inexpensive dinners.
Fruit salad.
Chicken consommé.
Olives. Celery.
Escaloped lobster served in the shells.
Brown-head sandwiches.
Sweetbread and mushroom patties.
Green goose and apple sauce.
Baked sweet-potatoes. Spinage.
Waldorf salad, with walnuts.
Camembert cheese.
Toasted crackers.
Plum pudding on fire. Brandy sauce.
Individual ices. Cake.
Fruit. Bonbons. Coffee.
Caviar canapés.
Gumbo soup.
Whitebait. Creamed potatoes.
Saddle of mutton. Currant jelly.
Fried sump.
Roman punch.
Green goose. Apple sauce. Salad.
Individual plum puddings.
Nesselrode pudding. Cake.
Bonbons. Coffee.
Oysters on Half Shell.
Purée of Peas.
Turkey with Chestnut Stuffing.
Cranberry Sauce. Celery.
Glaz'd Sweet Potatoes.
Mashed White Potatoes.
Tomatoes. Corn, Cream Slaw.
Plum Pudding with Currant Jelly Sauce.
Confectionery. Nuts.
Coffee.

COST OF THE ABOVE MENU.
Oysters and relish 40
Soup, 1/2 pound peas and 3 pints stock 1.00
10-pound turkey 2.00
2 qts. chestnuts for stuffing 20
Cranberry sauce 20
Three bunches celery 15
Sweet potatoes 10
White potatoes, cup milk and butter 10
Can tomatoes and corn, each 20
Cabbage and cup of sour cream 10
Plum pudding 60
One-half glass currant jelly for sauce 10
Assorted nuts 25
Confectionery 40
Bread 05
One-half pound butter 15
10 lbs. 05
With cream 05

COST OF MENU.
Two cans ox-tail (or tomato) soup at 10 cents 20
36 oysters 30
1 small roe of horseradish 03
Turkey, 10 lbs. at 10c. 1/2 loaf stale bread for stuffing, 3c. 1.03
2 eggs, 5c., (one egg for the mayonnaise), two stalks parsley, 1c., for stuffing 06
Cranberries, 1 qt., 12c., 1 lb. sugar, 6c. for sauce 18
Potatoes, 5c., 1/2 pint milk, 2c., turkeys, 6c. 13
One can peas 10
One head lettuce, 10c., 1 bottle olive oil, 6c., apples 16
Four stalks celery at 5c., 20c., small bottle olives, 10c. 30
One quart roasted peanuts for salting 30
One mince pie 05
Apples (1 peck, 10c., 1 doz. oranges 15c., 1 doz. bananas 8c. 33
One ounce coffee at 30c., per pound 2c., cream, 3c., sugar, 1c. 06
One loaf bread, 4c., 1/2 pound butter 15 cents 25
Ice cream 75

Waldorf Salad.—Pare three of the apples, cut into small pieces the size of dice. Take the outside pieces of celery left after fixing for the table and cut into small pieces. Make a thin mayonnaise dressing of two tablespoonfuls of olive oil, the yellow of one egg, a little salt and a few drops of vinegar, and mix all together. Put one of these place a large spoonful of the mixture.
Oyster stuffing for Turkey.—To the ordinary seasoned bread stuffing for a turkey add two dozen small oysters, moisten the crumbs slightly with the oyster liquor, and fill the turkey with the mix ure.
Cream of Celery.
Fried Soles, Sauce Tartare.
Mushrooms on Toast.
Turkey, Wild Plum Sauce.
Quails in Purée of Chestnuts.
Lettuce Salad with Small Balls of Cream Cheese.
Mince Pies. Plum Pudding in Burning Brandy.
Pistache Ice Cream. White Cake.
Branded Fruit.
Fruit and Coffee.

A Light Dessert.—For one pint of cream whipped allow half an ounce of gelatine, two-thirds of a cupful of powdered sugar, and one teaspoonful of vanilla. Cover the gelatine with a quarter of a cupful of cold water, soak while you whip the cream, then stand it over the teakettle to melt. Sprinkle the sugar over the cream, add vanilla and at last the gelatine. Stir as once and continuously until well mixed and slightly thickened. Turn into a fancy cake or lady-fingers. Two hours in a cold place will set it, or it may stand in a very cold place over night.

What Shall I Buy for Christmas?
Truly this is a puzzling question, and one that is bothering more than half the feminine minds of the country. Perhaps it is not altogether confined to the feminine mind, either, for somehow the Christmas makes Santa Clauses of us all, and we all want to give, even those "lords of creation." But therein the puzzle lies. There are so many to give to, and it is so difficult to select suitable presents, that "what shall I buy?" really becomes a serious problem.
In buying gifts one ought always try to have them appropriate. For instance, do not give a girl friend a clock for her room when she already has one. Do not give "grandfather" a pair of house slippers when he already has several pairs donated at different times by other grandchildren. Always give slippers for Christmas presents? Sofa pillows are nearly always acceptable gifts, and this season they are especially pretty. There are painted ones, and embroidered ones, with college emblems and dainty scrolls to please even the most fastidious.
Pocketbooks makes good gifts; but of pocketbooks, too, beware. A girl with a limited income got three purses one Christmas, besides owning two that were in good condition.
Handkerchiefs are old standbys. Every-body gives handkerchiefs, and nearly every-body is glad to receive them. You cannot have too many, and Christmas handkerchiefs are likely to be daintier and softer than those ordinarily bought. Therefore handkerchiefs, by all means. Photographs are going to form an important factor in the "Christmas gifts" this year, as they are all pictures, in fact. But the amateur photographer, who takes "art" pictures, will frame and give them to only her best friends. Calendars and folios are decorated with them, and show some very charming results.
Jewelry, especially the little novelties will be popular as Christmas gifts this year, but, as unless one can get the very best, such things should not be thought of.
This year chiffon ties, either in white or black, with Renaissance ends, are quite the rage for gift giving. Patterns for these ends may be obtained in the shops for a trifling sum, and the small amount of material required increases the cost very little. Chiffon is so wide, the width makes the length of the tie, so that only the width necessary to fit the ends need be purchased. This makes a very showy present and looks a great deal more than it really costs.
Little Renaissance turn-overs are popular, too, but not so new as the soft tie ends.
Very novel, and yet really practicable and convenient, are the receptacles for hats that form one of the favorite home-made gifts of the holidays. For very little a very narrow bottle is bought at a drug store. Then a square of white net about the size of a handkerchief is edged with narrow imitation Valenciennes lace (put on plain), and lined with parti-colored China silk up to the inner edge of the lace. The bottle is then put in the centre of this square and tied around the neck with hobe ribbon to match the lining. A long loop, with a bow at the end finishes this ribbon tie, so the little holder may be easily suspended from the gas fixture, mirror pivot, etc. The corners of the square hang down, forming an effective fringe, and disclose the mouth of the bottle in which the pins are kept.

Among the daintiest and most useful presents are bags, which, lacking pockets, every woman in the land finds a use for. Little knitted shoulder capes, warm white shawls, fleecy affairs of soft wool to throw over the head when sitting on the veranda in summer; bed-room slippers, such a comfort when one slips off one's boots at night, and the sumptuous alghon or silk spread to throw across a divan or the foot of the couch, are invariably welcome. So are the numerous artistic centrepieces and scarfs which may be exquisitely wrought on linen, and which adorn the dinner-table, or find a place on the dressing bureau.
"Love in every stitch" might be the legend invisibly woven through the warp and woof of these beautifully designed and worked gifts of woman to woman.
A variety of new ways of using crepe paper for decorative purposes are always suggesting themselves to the imaginative mind. One of the latest is a twine spliter to make a little doll, or a ribbon spreader. It makes a very pretty and useful Christmas gift, and is at the same time inexpensive. A twenty-five cent doll, half a roll of crepe paper, a ball of twine and a couple of yards of ribbon are the only requirements.
Remove the legs from the doll and sew firmly to the end of the body a little silk bag just large enough to hold the twine ball loosely. Then dress the doll in a big full skirt and two full capes. Fasten the capes at the neck with a long bow of ribbon. A jaunty little hat, made of tufted crepe paper and trimmed with ribbon bows adds the finishing touch. Sew the hat to the neck with a long loop of ribbon by which to hang to the wall. Dolls dressed in the crimson crepe paper are very pretty, and look well with black ribbons. Larger dolls made with two twine bags, to hold string of two sizes are very useful. These always sell well.

For a ladies' writing table can be made by covering a piece of stiff card-board the size that the blotter is intended to be, with silk or some prettily colored linen. Then cut six sheets of blotting paper a fraction smaller than the pad, and fasten them with ribbon bows in the center of the pad. Sew the hat to the neck with a long loop of ribbon by which to hang to the wall. Dolls dressed in the crimson crepe paper are very pretty, and look well with black ribbons. Larger dolls made with two twine bags, to hold string of two sizes are very useful. These always sell well.

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