

### Bellefonte, Pa., December 20, 1907.

## CHRISTMAS.

this morning."

lilies ?"

course ?'

children's tree.

weeks ago."

solation of chewing gum.

cisco, 'n' took the service.'

elevator seen 'en.

service.

eager tongue, unable to keep silent.

"'N,' afterwards, they went up 'on

"She's a right to leave off them deacon

oburch till he gits all pie-eyed over the

the principals in the little clerical romanc

once more settled down to work.

"Betcher life. He goo-goos at her in

"Well, I hope he gits her; he's bin awful

things for fair-sure thing. I guess.

O holy, happy morning, That saw the Saviour's birth! The star, thy brow adorning, Beams mercy on the earth. For shepherds, and for sages, Thy cheer, impartial, tree-The travail of the ages Finds recompense in thee

My soul, be thou believing --No more thy past deplore; In Christ all loss retrieving, Rejoice for evermore By unknown love atten led. Thy weary watch and ward-Behold, the vision spiendid! The angel of the Lord!

And hark! the herald asge!! The radiant, rapturous throng! The ravishing evangel Floods all the hills with song "To God in heaven glory, Good will to men below:

Speed, speed the blessed story, That all the world may know.

Repeat it softly, slowly, For still, in hut and hall, Are lonely hearts and lowly. That hunger for it all. Again, again the story! Till sin and sorrow cease-"To God, the Father, glory," And to His children peace!

Dansville, N. Y.

# BEHIND THE CHRISTMAS CAROLS

"Boys, do you see that third note in the second bar ? If you do, tell me what it is.' "B flat," shouted thirty shrill German American voices. "Well, then, will you please sing it B

flat? You ought to know this carol by beart ; you had it last year. Now, Mrs. Harper, once more, please," and Miss Wes-ton, a tall, handsome girl, resumed her impassioned struggles to carry the time, while her friend with all her slender might pounded the keys in an ineffectual attempt to make the tune heard above the shonting of the boys, who were in the most reckless of fine spirits; for was not tomorrow Christmas day, and was not this the beginning of their holidays? "Good King Wenceslas looked," " the

screamed, each for himself, in high good humor.

Miss Weston rapped energetically for si lence, which, after much laughter and some horse play, approximately obtained. Discipline was not one of Miss Weston

strong points, and the boys adored her. "Boys," said she, firmly, when she could make herself heard, "if you don't stop playing and pay attention for the rest of this rehearsal, not one of you shall go to the hospital."

This awful threat produced a marked effeet. For some reason, presumably cor-related with that mysterious region in a boy's hear, entirely inaccessible to pressure, called the "soft spot," one of their greatest treats was the monthly visit to the pauper hospital on Black well's Island, there o make the round of the wards, singing their sweetest, and looking, in their little white cottas, to the poor old eyes straining at them from the pillows, like the angels whose character they temporarily assumed 'A silence which could be felt ensued, and

Miss Weston followed up her advantage : "Yes, I shall take the little fellows from

"All done, I'm thankful to say. I which deepered still more the pretty pink ought not to have undertaken it so late ; but you know the rector said he would color in her cheeks. "Are you on ?" muttered Otto Engel to like to have them for Christmas, so, of Amelia Breitweiser. "Sore, I'm on. It ain't nothing new to

course, I simply worked day and night. I've put my eyes out. I had to give up We seen what was comin' us girls. all presents, -- couldn't possibly spare the time, -- and then that heavy, white silk ago." "Fritz Schumacher says Mr. Wallis wasn't no good this year at battalion camp. fringe costs so much, it took every cent I

had, and more too ; but I've been wanting so long to do this, and I had a lovely note They didn't have no fun at all. Nothin doin'. All he cared about was goin' to the from the rector when I sent them down post-office 'n' writin' letters the rest of the "They'll look sweet with the greens and "She was up to camp one day, wasn't

long

the red stars. Did you embroider them in she?" "Yes ; but Fritz save he took her right

off in a boat, 'n' they never come back till just time for her train." "Yes, and with emblems, of course. But I'm so tired, Maude; I think I'll go home. Harry says I must not do so much church "Guess he wasn't goin' to have no rubherin'."

hat with my twenty families to "Here's the rector !" called some one visit, and the Friendly, and this choir prac-tice, and all. See you in the morning, of near the door, and a pleased expectation brightened all the tired faces ; for to each and every one of the many organizations, old and young, of St. Pendragon's, a visit "Oh, of course. But I have to leave the house before six to get down in time. I don't know when I'll be home now. I've from the much-loved head of the parish

got to see about finding some of the little fellows in A and B to fill up with." was a highly prized treat. But a fleeting glimpse of a tall, broad-Outside, the snow was falling, and the early dusk of a short winter day had shouldered figure, with a harrassed look on his face, and tired lines around the eyes, lengthened into a stormy, dismal evening. was all they caught ; for, shouting All over the great parish house of St. Pen mer! Wilmer! Has any one seen Wildragon's hummed the sound of many voices In the Friendly Society's rooms the girls mer ?" the overtaxed rector, just back from a long, sad evening with his senior warden, to whose sick-bed he had been haswere busily working for the kindergarten tily summoned, rashed through the room "Ain't you got them dolls done. Rosie?" without a glance at them or at their heau-

asked a girl with a large, red pompadour which met her evebrows. "I don't see how I'm goin' to finish mine at all ; we've tiful tree. At the opposite door he was met by Mr-Wallis and the young deaconess, who was now bloshing like a rose.

bin kep' so late at the store all this week, I "Oh, Reotor," began the senior curate. excitedly, "would you mind coming into the study a minute? We-". was afraid I wouldn't git here anyways.' "I'll help you in a minute ; but say, Min, ain't is a wonder them women

"Cau't stop an instant! too much to do wouldn't git their shoppin' done up in time, 'stead er leavin' it till the last thing, -where's Frank? You fellows are never 'n' us haviu' to stay nights, passin' goods out to 'em? They've a right to git busy around when you're all tired out. Go general drift was that he never onght to straight home. Let some of the other dea-have entrasted this work to inexperienced onesses finish up."

"That's no lie, either. It's fierce how "But. Rector-just listen a moment ; it's late the wirls all is t'-night ; but I guess surprise for you.

"Can't help it, my boy ; it must keep. we'll git done in time ; most this is ready And they fell to work again, some Can't listen to a word. Almost twelve dressing dolls, some filling candy bags, some stringing pop-corn, all with the connow-lot of things to do yet-you go and hunt up Frank and send him over to the rectory on the rush. Something I forgot "Say, girls, d' yer git on ter them elber

to tell him." And with a final "Wilmer !" shonted sleeves 'n' that white muslin waist at church Wednesday night?" exclaimed one from far down the elevator shaft, the rector vanished into the night.

'Well, I guess ! Ain't she the peach ? Mr. Wallis presently came back into the Mr. Wallis was just back from San Franchapel, and told the disappointed treetriumers that the rector was so terribly rushed that he couldn't then tell them how greatly he appreciated their work, and parish house roof-garden ; Jim Rapp in the that Miss Bryce, being too tired to stay up longer, had gone back to the deacones home to bed.

"But I'll take hold with you," he said, trying to make his voice cheerfully encour-

aging, "and we'll soon have it done now." And he did indeed fall to with a will, but the snap seemed to have gone out of

good to my brother." "He's all right," was the general hearty his sportive manner, and the finishing omment, as the dissectors of a timid secret touches were put on in a flat silence entirescarcely as yet admitted to themselves by ly unrelieved by the langhter and liveliness which were usually the accompani ment of all events participated in by the In the large chapel overhead, the main popular senior cutate.

At the rectory the day had been filled chool tree was being trimmed under charge of pretty Deaconess Bryce, whose pale au-burn hair, parted above a low forehead, with pitfalls and fractions happenings of all kinds. It had begun with a slashing crowned a face which might have served criticism in one of the morning papers on for a pictured saint. The face was pale the last Sunday's sermon, of which a garbled account had filled two columns. A and tired now, for its owner had been working since noon, and the end was not yet. Young men of the athletic club, special vestry meeting in the afternoon had not resulted in the expected acquiescence nounted on ladders, were hanging the to a particular pet scheme, which the recdecorations handed up to them by groups tor had intended to divulge as a Christmas of bustling Daughters of the King below. surprise to a delighted congregatian on the The scene was one of chattering confusion, morrow. One of his cherished plans for and wild-eyed Mr. Matthews, the youngest getting money for the seaside work had curate, who had not yet become accustom- fallen through, and out of two thonsand ed to being called upon to do six things at circulars which he had sent out to the once, looked more bewildered every time neighboring hotels and boarding-houses, inviting them all to attach themselves to St. Pendragon's, there to become enthusiastic adherents of the envelope system, less than fifty replies had been received. Unless he

ponderous woman, richly dressed, whose air of authority, not to say domineering-ness, had combined with ample and very invitation, large numbers of them had readily untied purse-strings to raise her to the ranks of the great powers of St. Pendragon's. Around her, in confusion, lay masses of heavy green branches and vines,

for which she had at great trouble and expense sent to Georgia, and with which she expected to convert the somewhat bare and plain chancel into a bower the like of which had not been accomplished by any of her predecessors; for this is the first of her predecessors; for this is the first time she had been entrusted with a ta-k of such magnitude and importance. The thirty young men of her Bible class, on whom she depended for her real help, being late home from their work in consequence

of the Christmas rush, were correspondingly late in getting out of their working clothes and into their "glads," and the same reasons had delayed the young ladies of the other class, whose obliging presence was intended not alone to lighten the labor but also to lend an element of social inter-

soul-catching course. Outside this belated corps of sixty, Mrs.

Rogers had asked only a few personal friends to come in and see her through. They formed a decidedly inefficient con-

trast to the great mass of green stuff to be placed in position, and it was upon this in adequate group that the rector's eye unfortunately fel! as he entered the vestry door with the fresh worry of the warden's illness upon him. Being accustomed to speak his mind on most occasions, he impetnously did so now, casting expediency aside, and without pausing for explana-He had only time for a few pungent tions. and to the point observations, for his errand of mercy was argent; but no room for doubt was left as to his meaning. The

hands, that it could not now be accomplished, that the decorations would be an entire failure. Men are but men, whatever their calling,

and it must be admitted that straws enough to break any one's back had fallen upon menthe rector's that Christmas eve. When the whirlwind had passed, the

haughty Mrs. Rogers was discovered in one of the pews, prostrate, in a wilted coudi-tion, and in floods of tears, which almost equalled in bitterness those in which little Mrs. Harper, who had just then received

her note, was hopelessly battling. Her friends, however, reassured her. and her tired but willing staff of belpers just then appearing, she recovered herself, and the work began in earnest, and with such vigor that by eleven the scheme of decoration so carefully planned was perfectly carried out, and exhausted but still willing

bands were bearing away the last vestige of debris. Through the midwinter darkness of early morning, the lighted windows of St. Pendragon's flashed a Christmas greeting to

the harrying handreds gathering to it from all quarters of the Greater City. The early comers found at the door an

ing with beaming face and hearty manner to grasp each hand in affectionate personal greeting

were the curates, also fervently wishing a conscious and knew nothing of it. happy Christmas to every one they saw.

too, dently been his Christmas lesson, for he aside his forbi was broadly smiling, and warmly sbaking hands with the pretty daughters of Mrs. Rogers, who, in their soft furs and with their father.

made the effort to come ; the hard-headed vestry, who had thwarted his plans ; the great mass of humanity before him, all forgetting themselves, and reflecting from their beaming, uptorned faces the spirit of Christmas.

The hymn ended, and, standing there, tall and straight in his white vestments, and with the look in his face and the tone in his voice which made him loved by every one of his people for the man he was, the rector laid aside the notes he had prepared and spoke out from his heart :

"My dear friends, -this means you, too, my dear boys and girls, -- I thank you all for all you have done and for all you have wanted to do to make this Festival beautiful. I know that some of you have had sad and disappointed feelings to lay aside before you could come here this morning, and I know that some of these feelings were caused by myself. I, too, have had est to the occasion. Not without the wisdom of the serpent had St. Pendragon's learned to pursue her act or word of mine may have wounded, and let us all have forhearance one with another, remembering 'That by reason of the frailty of our mortal nature we cannot always stand npright.' And now. my dear, dear people, I beg you, as we enter upon the Christmas Feast, to try and forget with me all our anxieties and worries and crosses that we may sing from our hearts the hymn first song by the angels nineteen hundred years ago."

And, with a mighty shout which shook the roof of the church, "Hark, the herald angels sing," soared up to the stars which still twinkled in the clear dawn of Christ mas morning .- By Mary Baell Wood, in Century Magazine

#### BACHELOR'S LAY.

Backward, turn backward, O Time in your flight. Ten or twelve years would be just about right. Make all of my sisters young ladies again, Make all of my brothers young unmarried

Blot out all my nieces, my wee nephews, too Till after the holiday season is through; Carry me back to those old days when I Didn't have about forty-five presents to buy, Backward, turn backward. O tide of the years;

They are sweet, they are cunning, the dean little dears: They "love Uncle Jack very much," so they do,

When Christmas begins to loom up to their view: But things of late haven't been coming m

way, I am hard up at present, and therefore I pray:

Swing backward, O Time, from the ecl shore. Make me nephewless, nieceless, till Christmas

is o'er. --Chicago Daily News.

## THE CHRISTMAS YEAR.

From a little Southern village comes to is the story of a woman who once lost untroubled and be-Christmassed rector, his Christmas out of her year. Just before the harassed nervousness entirely gone, wait- day, misery and disgrace, and, at last, crime came into her family. She carried the load for a while, and then fell under reeting. Scattered about at the rear of the church it, sick unto death. The blessed day dawned and passed, but she was lying up she came to herself the people of the town In a momentary lull of the incoming had forgotten that there ever had been a rush the rector cast a smiling glance at Christmas. But the day had always countthem. There was Matthews, his eyes no longer wild, but with "Peace on earth" like a word of cheer from God Himself on like a word of cheer from God Himself or shining through them. Frank Wilmer, her weary climb upward, giving her hope Good-will toward men" had evi- and strength and encouragement for the

whole year to come. was ant to be sharp and cross, because she was old, and had a secret ailment which at times tortured her. But when she took up glowing cheeks, had just come in with her work on the very first day that she was able to do so, it suddenly occurred to her "Why not pretend that this is Christmas asked the rector, hoping for a minute to Day, and keep it, though nobody but God and me will know ?' She opened the window, and as she gave out the letters had a cordial word for every one of the neighbors outside-children and hard-worked women and feeble old men They went away laughing and surprised. but strangely heartened. When the office was closed, she bethought herself of gifts. with a slight, black-veiled, long cloaked and baked some of her famous crullers and figure entering a rear pew. Something in carried them to folk so poor that they never had any crullers, and to the old paupers in the almhouse. She astonished each of them, too with the "I can do with my old cloak another year." she thought, "and they will feel rich for days !" "In His name," she said to herself as she gave each of her poor presents. The little gifts held out for a long time over and take breakfast with me after serv- as she carried them from bouse to house, ce-dears-and tell me all about it." her face growing kinder as she went and And, towering above the young pair, he her voice softer. It seemed to her that orushed their bands together between his never before had there been so many sick, unhappy folk in the town. Surely it was which obliterated forever his rebuff of their right to make them glad that He had come among as-even if it were not Christmas Day 9 She was very tired when she had finished her day's work. She thanked Him when she knelt down at night that He had put it in her mind to keep His day, in this secret fashion. But she could not sleep for thinking of other poor neighbors to whom she might have given some little comfort or pleasure. "Why not make them happier that He has come, to morrow, as well as to-day ?" she thought, with a shock of delight in her discovery. So it came to pass that this little postmistress made a Christmas out of every day in that year for her poor neighbors. When she had no more gifts for them she threw herself into their lives ; she nursed them when they were sick, dragged them np when they fell, cried with them when they suffered, and laughed with them when they were happy. And thus it was that she taught them of her Master, and led them to be glad every day of the year that He had been born into the world to he its Helper. A woman needs to give double care to the preservation of her health-once for her own happiness and once for the health Every face bright and glowing; Mrs. Rog-ers had come, after all. How beautiful she had made the church ! How hasty he had care of herself ? Rarely, indeed, until she with all her heart, and watching with has entered upon a course of soffering, and pride her boys in the obancel; little Mrs. has learned from experience the necessity Harper, who had wished him all Christ- of care. It ought to be a part of the mother' happiness as she came in the door, duty to instruct her daughter in the neceswithout the slightest trace of her disap-pointment-all these had sunk their own The budding girl ought to be taught that practical duties by a message that the se-nior warden had been stricken with a seiz-ure of some kind. Hurriedly finishing his not one of them absent, had laid aside the the high office of motherbood has its weigh-ty obligations and responsibilities, and that if there is peril in motherbood it is their anxiety for this hour. The hard- chiefly due to the neglect of the necessary working East-Side boys and girls who had laws of health. The best way for young given of their exhausted strength to make women to protect and preserve their womup this Festival ; the generous rich, who anly health is to use Dr. Pierce's Favorite

orders. "Favorite Prescription" regulates the periods, cures inflammation, ulceration and female weakness, soothes and strengthens the nerves and enriches the entire body with vigor and vitality. It contains neith er alcohol, nor pareotic

# THE DAY AFTER CHRISTMAS

Twas the day after Christmas and all through the flat

There was drumming and strumming on this and that:

The Browns' little boy had a horn that he blew Till it seemed he must blow the contrivance in two.

The Whites little son had a drum that he bear As hard as he could, without stopping to eat; Young Gray bought his wife a piano, and say! She never let up for a minute all day! The Greens gave their daughter a new violin

I wonder if wishing folks harm is a sin? The Blacks bought their sweet little Willie a

flute, And he started right off on a horrible toot!

There were thumping and jumping and clap ping and yells.

There was rumbling of cars, there was jingling of bells.

There was blowing and strumming on this and that-Oh, the day after Christmas is--in a flat!

## A Christmas Game

Quess the Things You Will Have at Dinner

The Boston Transcript publishes the following list of suggestions for Christmas dinner, the articles referred to in each phrase to be guessed by the youngsters, who may be assisted by adults. A key to the list is appended below:

CHRISTMAS DINNER

1. A country of Europe,

. An old sailor

An old sailor.
A barbor.
A caged bird.
From Catalonia.
One who exists.
What soldiers always are.
What a brave man never does.
Part of a ship and half of a great Emperor.
I was in the ark.
A crow's song, a lie and a beautiful object.
A nold fashion and overload.

An old fashion and overload.
A term of endearment.
An animal and its color.

16. A letter and an ornament of dress Part of a bell.

A mother in toto.

A incider in toto.
One of mankind's chief ornaments.
Three-quarters of a word signifying rapid-

ity. 21. Satanic shell fish.

What the winner does.
Part of a horse.
An industrious creature and a letter.
A boy's name, a vowel and a piece of butter.
A warlike implement.

A warlike implement.
An extra bone.
An extra bone.
A province of France.
A parent cuts.
A parent cuts.
A a woman's name.
A niment.
A river in Europe, to make a kind of trimming, and an interjection.
A girl's name and a letter.
A demarks time.
Au employment of the past and what German might say to it.
An ow of the letters we are told to mind.
An of the letters we are told to mind.

45 A charming essayist. 46. A kind of carriage and something to be re-

spected. 47. Omtt a letter and you have all the country

42. A wise tool. 43. High times. 44. Animals who have become dudes.

. Satanic shell fish. . An island in the Atlantic. . Twas in t e Atlantic. . A London paper. . Types mingled. . What the winner does. Part of a horse

you. You can all sing these carols if you want to, and sing them you must before you leave this room. Now, once more.' Again, "Good King Wenceslas looked out," this time to the chime of sweet, high voices.

"Oh, excuse me for interrupting you. Miss Weston; but I've got to have eight of your boys for the church choir. There's a falling off at the last minute, and I must call on you. They all know the Christmas hymns, and most of them can sing the service: if will go all right, I hope. I will take Hugo Engelmann and Rupert Friedli and those other boys in the first row."

"But, Mr. Keller," remonstrated Miss Weston, "I can't make the Sunday school festival go at all with all those voices out.'

"Oh, yes, you can," said the anxious and hurried organist; "and, any way, there's nothing else to do. The rector says the music fell off last Christmas, and that it's got to be up to the mark this year if it takes every boy in every one of the choirs to do it

"Well, of course, if he says so ; but this practice might as well come to an end now. I'm tired to death, and the boys are fall of deviltry, and the festival will be a failure, anyway There were tears in poor Miss Weston's voice

The boys were in a state of light-hearted gleefulness which only pinchings and punchings were at all adequate to express, and they had taken advantage of this op portane interruption to avail themselves freely of that mode of expression.

"Boys,"-just then broke in a low, quiet voice, -- "take your places and go on with this practice at once."

A deathlike hush fell upon the room as the Rev. M. Wilmer seated himself beside the piano. Exactly what was the secret of Mr. Wilmer's power over the animal boy no one had ever been able to find out, but at his coming gentle peace invariably scurried ahead, and warfare and confusion scut tled out of the way.

"Ob, thank you, Mr. Wilmer," tremu lonsly exclaimed the exhausted volunteer choir-mistress; and at last the carols went through in peaceful succession. snow lay on the ground" in unruffled re pose; "Sweet Christmas bells" rang out without a jangle, and "Joseph went a walking so early Christmas Morn" in uninterrupted calm. Even the succession of wild war-whoops which customarily rent the parish house on the dismissal of the innior choir was checked on the lips by a simple gesture of the curate's warning

The two young women drew a long breath of relief, and sank on a bench for a moment's rest, while Mr. Wilmer, who added to his list of marked characteristics that of a dark conviction that every woman who glanced his way had designs upon him, hurriedly withdrew from their presence, now that the necessity for his being there was over, to restore order in the bat talion rooms where the Christmas spirit was taking the form of realistic wrestling matches.

"Ah-h !" sighed Miss Weston, "I'm a complete wreck. Coming down from Eighty-sixth Street for all these extra rehearsals has worm my nerves to a frazzle, and my family say I shall not go on with the work next year: but they say that every Christmas. You look worn out too, Ethel.

he found a chance to drop in upon them under the impression that he was helping. "We must stop if we're going to get any

sleep at all," declared the pretty deaconess at last. "It's after eleven, and all these things to be cleared away, too."

"Just ten minutes more, Deaconess, said one of the athletes, stringing a row of electric bulbs over the topmost bough. "I guess ever yone 's about ready to knock off out the lunch hour this week, we've had so much to do."

"I know how overworked yon've all been; but we can always count on our boys and girls at St. Pendragon's for the Christmas spirit; and you know the rector made a special point of the tree-"

Ob, that's all right, Deaconess. Dead fired out is all the style Christmas eve. We're always this way every year." "How are they getting on over at the

church, Mr. Matthews ?" asked the deamess, as the curate's anxious face appear-

ed again in the doorway. "Very well now, I believe. They didn't get started very early. You know Mrs. Rogers has her own boys and Mrs. Sey-mour's girls to help her."

A general shout of laughter greeted this remark, Mr. Matthews being the only one present who was not aware that these two large Bible classes had been found by experience to combine most efficaciously on all occasions, and that Mrs. Rogers, in bringing this labor saving device to bear on her present problem of trimming the church, was following a time-honored and most agreeable precedent.

"Too bad about-" continued the curate, then checked himself, and glanced meaningly at the deaconess, who, with experienced alertness, quietly moved a little apart.

"What is it " she asked.

"Too bad about Mrs. Harper's white hangings. The rector forgot to tell Mrs. Horton, this afternoon, and her committee had all the greens fastened on the pulpit and reading-desk, and when he brought in the frontals, she just flaitly refused to take her work down ; said she was tired to death struggling there all the afternoon, and she wasn't going to do it all over again."

"Ob, what a pity it happened ! What did the rector do ? Mrs. Harper has been working herself sick over them for weeks, I know."

"He was just about at the last gasp him self, -a lot of masters had come up to bother him-and he simply bolted, and told Wilmer to go over and fix things up ; but

Wilmer couldn't move her either. So Mrs. Harper bad to be sacrificed."

"I'm so sorry," said the deaconess, dubiously; "I'm afraid she'll be terribly hurt."

"Here, Matthews, where are you ? They want you the worst way down in the kindergarten rooms. Some of their helpers baven't come, and they're all at sixes and sevens over their tree," broke in Mr. Wallis, the present senior curate, who felt his

responsibility. "And," he added, turning to the deaconess, "I want to speak to you a moment." A bright blush sprang to the face of the

deaconess, and meaning looks passed among the young men and women around her as Mr. Wallis, with an air of possession How are your white hangings coming on ?" | drew her aside, and whispered something

got a large sum at the offertory tomorrow, there would be a deficit which would be distinctly felt.

It was while pondering over these and kindred sources of annovarce and anxiety after the irritating vestry meeting that the work, anyway. Our boss has been cotting large box containing Mrs. Harper's carefully packed and be-tissne-papered bangings caught his eye, and recalled to his absent

mind her Christmas offering. Hastily snatching up the box, be had rushed with it into the church, only to go down in battle before Mrs. Horton, one of the many ong-time and long pursed leaders so abso lutely necessary to a large parish, and whose check for two hundred dollars had become one of the regular features of the Christmas offertory. In justice to the many hundreds of deserving poor, whose pressing need St. Pendragon's hounty was in some measure able to relieve, he could not offend those who made that bounty possible. Trying to fortify himself with the well-practised St. Pendragon's adage about the greatest good of the greatest number, he finally took his pen and wrote: DEAR FRIEND : It has been found that your beautiful hangings do not harmonize with the Christmas greens ; they will go better with the lilies of Easter. I write that you may not be di-appointed when you do not see them tomorrow morning.

Your friend and rector T. N. S. "Here, Wilmer," he called, "just run

up with this and smooth the poor little woman down a bit." "Not I, Rector," replied the experienc-ed Mr. Wilmer. "I can't stand tears, and

there'll be rivers of them here."

"Too bad,"—the rector shook his head regretfally,—"but can't be helped. Well, send one of the battalion boys up with it, then; I'm tired out myself—done." And the rector, wishing that expediency did not have to be considered in church work, turned with a sigh to the comfortable lounge; but laying aside the temptation, he took up the balf-finished notes of his

sermon, and baried himself in them, trying to shut his ears to the distracting sounds which floated in from the choir room, where the organist and his boys were lustily practising the Christmas music, reinforced by the cream of the innior choir, which Miss Weston, for all these weeks' had been so carefully training.

"'Oh, rest beside the weary way, and hear the angels sing," caroled the full; sweet voice

Rest ! If he only could ! Inspiration, without which he never could preach at all, seemed reluctant to come. Perhaps he was over-tired ; certainly he must not let these annoyances worry him so. Din-ner found him still musing over his notes, but his thoughts were abruptly recalled to

coffee, the rector took up his hat and coat, telling his secretary to call a cab, while he looked in at the church to encourage the

workers there.

"Isn't your mother coming, Heleu ?" retract his last night's mistake.

"I'm afraid not; she's very tired." And the girl went on up the aisle.

The rector's face clouded ; then, as if recalling something, he called, "Where's Wallis?" Adding : "What was it you wanted to see me about, Jim ?" as the senior curate turned from a whispered word the attitude of the two released in his memory a Pandora's box of trifles, unnoticed at the time, and the Christmas roses on the girl's sweet face and the unmistakable gift of a dollar. gleam in the eyes of the man brought a

sudden intuition. "Come over here," he exclaimed, screening them from view behind a great bough of evergreen. "You dear children-and I wouldn't listen ! Well, now, you just come

ice-dears-and tell me all about it." own, with a look of loving tenderness "surprise," and rendered complete their Christmas joy.

"What was the rector saying to you. Jim ?" asked his colleagues, while they were putting on their surplices in the vestry, awaiting the first strains of "Oh, come, all ye faithful."

"You'll know in due time," said the senior curate, beaming. By seven o'clock the great church wa

crowded to its utmost capacity, rich and poor filling its pews in neighborly proximity. From the midst of heavy festoons of green shope the great glittering star. Across the chancel arch blazed "Peace on earth, good-will toward men."

The white-robed angel hand had snn their carols in sweetest accord, and with "It came upon the midnight clear" ringing through the air, the rector mounted the pulpit steps for his Christmas talk.

He looked long and earnestly over the sea of faces before him. What an effort many of them had made to come. The great East-Side congregation, how could they manage it at that hour? The great up-town congregation-perhaps still hard-er for them. And the individual ones, whose stories, whose troubles, he knew. been ! Maude Weston, too, singing away mas The great church was dimly lighted, all made the parish work a possibility; the chancel step sat Mrs. Rogers, a handsome, so far outgave their richer neighbors; the of complicated and painful feminine dis-

 Antics.
Anoted dog and what he did.
Pinek a flower.
A portion and high lands.
Domestic animais aloft.
A letter dances.
From Wielitska.
Froitious distress.
Twas one of my ancestors, perhaps; who saved Rome.
A laborer.
Chloride of sodium.
A am. 59. A ram 60. A tardy letter. 61. An acrobat 62. A well-read letter 63. A siesta and a relative. 64. I make a lovd noise.

Tis not worth mentioning. A foolish little boy.

people of Eur 48. Antics.

A foolish fittle boy. Scourges. The emblem of peace. Children's delight and elders' horror. Chronology. A letter and ancient ballads.

I entreat you to travel.

. Couples. . The bane of our first parents.

75. A kind of shot. 76 A course and a woman's name 77. Four fiths of a month and a tittle house

What soldiers sometimes do

This list is not in order of service. It in-

4

cludes a few of the table appointments, and one condiment is given for times.

Here is the key to the above list:

nrkey	40	Pigeons
alt	41	Peas
ort	42	Sausage
anary	43	Larks
alt	44	Dandelions
iver	45	Lamb
lustard	46	Cabbage
nail	47	Pheasants
sparagus	48	Capers
lam	49	Rabbit
auliflower	50	Piccalilli
lushroom	51	Partridge
ucumber	52	Catsup
eer or duck	53	
orse-radish	54	Salt
ruffles	55	Champagne
ongue	56	Goose
omato	57	Porter
lare	58	Salt
elery	59	Butter
eviled crab	60	Plate
ladeira	61	Tumbler
up	62	Bread
unch	63	Napkin
ie	64	lce-cream
eef	65	Triffe
lock	66	
leer	67	Whips
lalibut	68	Olive
nite	69	
parerib	70	Dates
argundy	71	Prunes
arsnips	72	Sago
harlotte	73	Pears
orn	74	Apple

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Every man believes as a part of his natural creed, that "we are fearfully and wonderfully made," yet he has no more real apprectation of the fact in which he believes than in many another fact fundamental to his creed. He protects his watch. wraps it in chamois, winds it regularly, carefully shields it from magnetic influences, and will allow no undue shock to jar its mechanism. But how does he care for the far finer mechanism of his body ? It should be fed with the same regularity that the watch is wound, it should be prop erly protected from exterior influences sudden shocks, instead of which it is fed irregularly, indifferently protected, and subject to every shock which indifference permits or hardibood invites. The result is that the machinery of the body, the heart, liver, lungs, blood and stomach get "out of order." There is nothing that will so quickly readjust these organs and start them in healthy action as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cures ninetyeight per cent. of all who use it.

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