



THE CHRISTMAS TREE
(ACCORDING TO TOMMY)

The trees in our orchard and down by the well
In summer time give us our cider and jell,
The apples and peaches, the quinces and pears,
The plums I can pick from my window up stairs,
All grow in the summer and oh! it's a treat
To have all the nice juicy fruit you can eat
But none of the summer stuff satisfies me
Like that which we pick from the Christmas tree!

The fruit of the summer is good in its place—
With those-hurly feet and with hair on your face
It's fine to climb up where the robins have found
A nice yellow apple, all mellow and round,
And take it away from the robber so bold
While he and his mate fly around you and scold.
It's fun at the time but if never could be
As nice as the fun of the Christmas tree.

The Christmas tree grows in a night, and it bears
Things lots and lots nicer than apples and pears—
I've seen on its branches doll-babies and drums
And steam-cars and soldiers and big sugar-plums.
We gathered new mittens and picture-books, too,
Right off from the hen-roost where they grow,
And candles glow lighted there, so you can see
For daylight the things on the Christmas tree!

Sometimes in the parlor, sometimes in the hall,
Sometimes in the dining-room—best place of all—
The Christmas tree grows with its wonderful fruit,
And sometimes it has a pine box for a roof!
The funny thing is that I oftentimes find
Right there what for weeks I had had on my mind,
And always, on Christmas, who wants to see me
Had better look under the Christmas tree.



VISIT OF ANGELS
AND
CHRIST'S BIRTH

WRITTEN BY REV. W. H. WEEKS,
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One bright morning a group of angels, white and fair, were seated beneath a spacious tree planning how they should spend the day. They suggested a great many things and finally decided to visit our world. What shall we do when we get there? It was asked. Look for angels, was the reply. What could be more delightful than looking for angels! So they started on their long journey. It was a very long one, because there were so many other worlds to pass, but they flew along as quickly as they could.

While flying along they talked about their prospective visit, wondering if there were any angels there; were they large or small; could they sing; what color wings had they; were they white and large like other angels, and what did they do. As they had never visited our world no correct answer could be given, so they went on chatting about what might be seen. However, the journey was ended and they began in real earnest to look for angels.

Wherever they went the most beautiful things you can think of presented themselves to their view. Extensive gardens planted with all sorts of blooming flowers, roses, lilies, honeysuckle, jasmine, tulips and many others, the forests, too, extended beyond their view. So many varieties of trees were grouped together that they were enchanted by the sight, and exclaimed, "how beautiful!" There were orange trees, fig, apple and vine trees, which yielded more fruit than could be eaten. Some were tall and looked like towers; others spread out their branches so wide that the children could sit beneath them, protected from the hot, scorching sun. As they looked around and saw so many beautiful sights they exclaimed, "How lovely! How glad we are that we came to see this new world!" Although enchanted with its beauty, there were a great many things which distressed them. One was that of a boy who had lost a limb in trying to steal a ride behind a big wagon which went so fast that he could not get a secure hold, so he fell right down and another vehicle right behind injured his leg very seriously, indeed. He promised that if he got well he would never try such a thing again. Another boy was seen who had gone out on a rainy day against his mother's wish, and caught a bad cold. It became so distressing that the doctor thought he would not recover. Like the other boy he said, "If I regain my health I will not break the fifth commandment again." And his mother said, "John, I hope you will not. Disobedience always pays in sorrow and loss."

The angels felt very anxious because they could not find what they were searching for, white angels. While they were standing together singing was heard which sounded like children's voices. But what ever do you think it was? Not children, as you might suppose, but birds, which sang so clearly that the singing could be heard a long way off. And their plumage was rich and gorgeous beyond description. "There's an angel!" one cried after flying a good distance. What do you think it was? Such a disappointment. It was a white swan gliding smoothly down the river. Even this did not dampen their courage to go on seeking for snow-white angels. A sweet little girl was walking along and one of the angels said, "Are you an angel, little girl?" She replied by singing, "I want to be an angel, and with the

angels stand." "O dear! O dear! What made those stains on your hands, sweet child?" They were dreadfully stained. The angels looked at one another thinking that she had done something naughty to have such dark stains. The child confessed that she had purposely broken the arm of her sister's doll. The angels looked at each other with feelings of sadness, then looking at



her lips they saw stains caused by saying cross words: when she was angry. "O dear! O dear!" sighed the angels. "What shall we do? We cannot find any white angels." They walked along until they reached a large garden where a great many children were playing. There was a little boy, seven years old, and they asked him, "Are you an angel, little boy?" Then he began to sing very softly, "I want to be an angel, and with the angels stand." "Look at his hands," said one of the angels. They are covered with black spots. One was caused through taking his brother's candy without his leave, another through throwing a stone at a schoolfellow, because he laughed at a mistake made in the lesson, and one very large one was the result

of having struck a playmate so hard that he cried for a very long time.

Then the angels sat down to talk over all that had happened, and what they should do. Should they try longer to find angels? Or must they give up their task? They decided to have another try. A short distance away they saw a number of children standing, looking over into an orchard. The angels went to them, hoping to find some who were perfectly white, but after having examined their hands and lips they could not find one who had not spots of some sort. One would not say prayers; another refused to obey his parents, and some loved to tease their sisters so that they could not learn the lessons without terrible hindrances. All the hands and all the lips were discolored. There were no perfect ones to be found, every one had a spot either large or small. So they determined to go back to their home without more trying. They said, "good-bye, little children, we will go and tell the King and see what He will say."

Immediately they flew back to heaven and told the King that they could not find even one sweet little white angel to bring back with them to heaven. The King said that He was sorry, very, very sorry, and promised that He would Himself go down to earth and become a little child, that they might see how easy it is to be good when they wish to be, and try to do as He wishes them to do.

And He really came. He was born in a little town called Bethlehem, where He grew up to be a boy and afterwards to be a man. Everyone who knew how kind He was to those who did not love Him was surprised, and learned from Him how to be kind, loving and true. By His sweet example He taught boys and girls that it was easier to be good than naughty, and that they were not obliged to do wrong things, and they would not if they would try to do as He did. And He taught something else. What do you think it was? That when they tried to be good they always felt power come into them which enabled them to practice just what they wished to do.

But He did what no one else ever did. He suffered every kind of abuse and insult that men chose to offer, and at length He shed His most precious blood on the cruel cross, so that every spot and every stain which had spoiled the children's lips and hands

to please their brothers and sisters, and so shed joy and gladness everywhere. Then bye and bye the angels will come and take all the children up to the King's home, away in the land of glory. "How lovely that will be," every child will say. Then we shall see the blessed Saviour and the angels, too, and be happy for ever and ever. I wish you all a happy Christmas, dear children.



THE Christmas Dinner

Celery and Hazel-Nuts.
Cut in round, thin slices one pound of large hazel-nuts; cut in the same way four very crisp celery hearts. Mix with one salt-spoonful of table salt; dress them with a few white leaves of celery around; and serve all the hors-d'oeuvre on a silver platter.—Harper's Bazar.

Stuffed Shrimps.

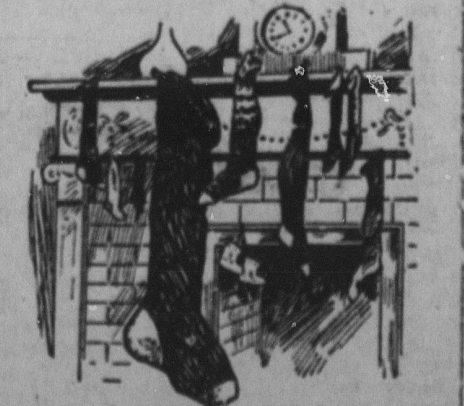
Peel off the shells of one pint of large shrimps, put them in a bowl of ice-water for thirty minutes, wipe them dry with a clean napkin, and split them in two lengthwise without separating them. Put in the centre of each one-half teaspoonful of anchovy butter, tease them gently, and arrange them in a small glass dish with a few parsley leaves.

Christmas Pies.

Mince pie has an especial claim to a place at the Christmas dinner. Our forefathers called it Christmas pie. The name was changed by the Puritans and Quakers, whose mouths

had to water for it in vain so long as it was called "Christmas." It is interesting to know, by the way, that mince pie developed from a thick stew made of mutton and raisins. In small households, Christmas pie sometimes takes the place of pudding, sometimes resigns entirely in its favor; but, in large ones, one may be as lavish as one can afford, for it is a marvel what unblushed-for appetites people bring to Christmas dinners.—Country Life in America's Christmas Annual.

might be washed away. Besides, He cleanses the heart so that they think good things and wish to do them, and they pray every day "Create within me a clean heart, O God," because of which they always avoid doing things which will make them sorry. They help their sisters to learn their lessons and say kind words and do kind things for their friends. Then when they die Jesus sends His angels to take them to His home in the sky. Now, the angels are glad that they came to see our world, and that the Son of God came to save it from the results of wrong-doing. I feel sure that every child who reads this story will wish to make every one as happy as they can, and to do as Jesus did, so that when He looks down from above He will see every child trying



Puzzle—Find the Stocking That Johnnie Hung Up.

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73 DAYS WITH DEATH.

The first detailed account of Peary's record-making expedition, published by the New York Herald, while somewhat meagre of scientific detail, sets forth in a very striking manner the almost insurmountable difficulties of travel in these high regions. The safe return of an expedition such as that carried northward in the Roosevelt last summer is, even under such consummate and expert leadership as that of Peary, almost miraculous. To stumble and crawl over an unbroken sea, covered with broken, tangled masses of floating ice separated in all directions by stretches of black water, which "leads" close and open upon no understandable system; to push steadily forward, knowing that return may be impossible; to wander for some seventy-odd days, as did Peary, over this arctic waste of shifting ice, and then to get back to solid land again with only some dogs missing—is a wonderful illustration of what human intelligence and perseverance can accomplish. One cannot but feel, however, that despite intelligence and experience and the best of equipment and leadership, safe return from such an expedition is largely a matter of chance. Conditions against which no human power could avail might have doomed the whole party to extermination. In view of the constant series of gales which prevailed not only during the sledge expedition over the ice, but also when the Roosevelt was making her northing, it seems justifiable to assume that the record of eighty-seven degrees and six minutes might have been considerably exceeded if weather conditions had been more favorable.

The sledge party was delayed many days by blinding storms, and turned back where it did, not because of any new or insurmountable obstacles, but for fear the supply of provisions would not be sufficient to provision the retreat if any further nothing was attempted.—New York Globe.

It is but a few years ago that the atmospheric gases argon and neon were discovered, and that helium, an element previously known to exist only in the sun and certain stars, was found combined with rare minerals on the earth. Since then argon and helium have been discovered in the waters of many mineral springs, and it has been shown that the helium issuing from such springs is probably derived from radium in the rocks. Quite recently Charles Moureu has informed the French Academy of his discovery of neon in twenty-two mineral springs whose waters were already known to contain argon and helium. He believes that neon is generally present in warm springs.

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