

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

In the bleak mid-winter / Frosty wind made moan;

Our God, heaven cannot hold Him / Nor earth sustain;

Enough for Him from Cherubim / Worship night and day;

Angels and Archangels / May have gathered there;

What can I give Him, / Poor as I am?

STREWING HEMP SEEDS.

A Christmas Story.

"Coming next week?" "Yes, Rosie, he'll be here for the New Year, if nothing happens."

"Don't fret, Rosie. Wait until Ben is here and you have seen him."

"You're a good child, Rosie, only a bit wayward, and I trust you may be very happy, dear, whether you ever marry Ben or not."

deep voice; "only you were strewing hemp, and I followed you."

"Come along; I will escort you to the gate."

"Why, where am I? What has happened?" she cried out in dismay, as she struggled to her feet.

"Nothing has happened," replied a

here and see what he says!" "But he's gone—Mr. Ambrose, I mean."

"Now then," says tramp No. 1 to No. 2 as they turned into Montcalm street from Woodward avenue the other day.

An Elephant's Gratitude. A story comes from Tenbury, England where a menagerie has been paying a visit, which illustrates the well-known character of the elephant for humane feelings in a remarkable degree.

A California inventor has made a machine for pressing and drying potatoes so that they will keep for years, preserving their natural flavor.

CHRISTMAS MORNING. Stockings in the kitchen, hung up in a row; Santa Claus has filled them—yes, from top to toe;

A HOLIDAY LESSON. It was late of a chilly December afternoon. The leaden clouds hung low with their promise of a speedy snowstorm.

They Met and Parted. "Now then," says tramp No. 1 to No. 2 as they turned into Montcalm street from Woodward avenue the other day.

Lacrosse. In St. Nicholas we find an article describing lacrosse, the Indian pastime which has become the national game of Canada and which is every year becoming more popular.

Ideals. Loity aims are better than low-bred desire. High purposes create heroic deeds. Nobility of soul is not an accident of birth, but an expression of true manhood.

if you will wait a minute I will walk as far as Field's with you. I must have a little Canton flannel for baby, and it is cheapest there.

"I had kind of set it by," said the woman, "to get my baby a few bits of clothes. All she has in the world is these on the chair. She's never had none 'cept some old rags of mine; I tore the best off for her; but it can't be helped, I suppose."

Washington Irving on Mary of Scotland. MY DEAR SIR: I am infinitely obliged to you for the copy of your life of "Mary, Queen of Scots," which you have had the kindness to send me.

Washington Irving. DONALD McLEOD, Esq.

crowned with noble triumphs. As I reads of the splendid achievements of men of renown, lofty ideals sweep through his brain and his soul stirs with active purpose to plant banners of glory where others waved them in grand victory.

As mountain summits reflect the glorious opening day, so do high ideals image the divine creation in man. It is better for the young man to put on the harness of life with open brow and sunnery heart, than to go forth with suspicious tread and crawling gait.

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