

# HAPPY CHIMES.

## OUR HOLIDAY SUPPLEMENT.

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"All hail the Christmastide! To us this day the Christ was born, who in the manger lay."—J. BYINGTON SMITH.

### MERRY CHRISTMAS!

**MERRY** Christmas! Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas! Singeth through the crowded street.

How it rings up from the pavement Trod by eager, busy feet Each to each the bright contagion Passes, as they swiftly move; Arms so full of precious bundles! Hearts so full of happy love!

Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas! Gaily peal the festive bells; Swiftly back the echo flashing, All the earth with music swells! Little snow birds, hopping blithely, Chirp in ecstasy of joy, Chattering with whirling snowflakes Dancing from the frosty sky.

Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas! Shout the evergreen and pine! And, replying, sing their comrades Now bedecked in splendor fine. With the toys all ranged about them, Gay with lights, they honored are As a depot for dear Santa And his heavy-laden car.

Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas! Turkeys limply hang on high, Full of goodness, plump and ripened To be eaten by and by! All the grocers' shops are groaning, All the ovens full of pies; And the dear time-honored pudding Soon our hunger satisfies!

Oh, this dear old Merry Christmas! Was there ever such a time! Gladdest poets oft despairing Fail to give the fitting rhyme. Better speak these merry children, Rumping, rushing through the hall, "Merry, Merry, Merry Christmas, Unto you, and unto all!" —Mary Olive Emmons, in Boston Budget.

### HOW TO MAKE A GIFT.

#### The Wife of a New York Man Knew the Way to Do It.

A certain New Yorker, whose income permits the gratification of his generous impulses, wanted to send a substantial gift to an old friend, a clergyman, whose small parish in a distant community vouchsafed him more of love and reverence than salary, says the New York Times. "I am going to send B— \$100," the New Yorker announced to his wife one day in December.

"Are you?" she said. "I'm glad." Then after a minute she asked: "How will you send it?"

"By check, of course," was the reply. "How else could I?"

But the wife demurred. "It seems a little too—too sordid, doesn't it, for a man like Mr. B—? Let me manage, may I?" and the husband consented.

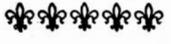
On Christmas morning a registered express package was delivered at the little western parsonage to Mrs. B—. She opened it wonderingly and found a little flat box. Going farther, a mat of silk paper was removed and a dainty booklet of Christmas remembrance was disclosed. This was taken out and admired and the card beneath it read for the givers. Something still showed under a second mat of paper, and, when that had been put aside, there, fitted neatly in the bottom of the box, were five tiny silken bags, each tied close with a little bow of ribbon. Each contained a \$20 gold piece. This was the wife of the New Yorker's delicate way of eliminating the check element.

### Cheap Presents.



Perdita—With as many admirers as you have, it must have been a rather expensive Christmas for you. Penelope—Oh, not at all. I merely gave them each more or less encouragement.—N. Y. Journal.

## SANTA CLAUS' NEW MISSION.



"He mounts a beast whose ways are trying."

SINCE Uncle Sam has gained new lands By forceful acquisition, Our good old patron Santa Claus Has now a wider mission; To tropic isles he now must go, Which snow has never whitened, Where children of the soil exist In manner unenlightened.

With gifts designed to meet the needs Of people and of nation, St. Nick will bring to suffering souls Relief from tribulation; His pack which bears to our own homes Good things in fullest measure Will bear to these new lands of ours As great a load of treasure.

The sleigh and reindeer which convey The saint when northward flying Are here discarded, and he mounts A beast whose ways are trying; But safely through the hidden paths Of tropic forest tangles The lowly burden bearer plods, Nor stops at steep and angles.

The jolly saint with right good will Invades our new possessions, Intent upon the weal of man Regardless of professions; To high and low alike he comes Good gifts and plenty bringing, His mission in all lands fulfillis And sets all hearts a-singing. —FRANK B. WELCH.

## Death of the old Year.



THE Old Year is no more. Let us bury our dead: Let us dig deep and bury him low. Then cover him up with a mantle of love As pure and as soft as the snow.

We'll remember the good things he brought day by day, The life and the light and the cheer; The blessings so common, we heeded them not, The friendships so true and so dear.

We will blot out the gloom and the doubts and the fears, And forget all the battle and din; Forget all the weariness, sorrow and pain— And wilt Thou, Lord, blot out all the sin? So we will be ready to greet the New Year.

Forgoing the ills that are past, Reaching forth to be braver and grander, more true, Till we come to the "crowning" at last. —Elizabeth E. Kent, in Minneapolis Housekeeper.

### A Happy New Year.

Delight and pathos are inextricably mingled with the thought of New Year's day. It is only a conventional point of time; any other would do as well. Every day closes an old year and begins a new one, but for all that we cannot help feeling that this day, which is agreed upon throughout Christendom for the beginning of a new year, is somehow unique. The pathos comes from the review of the past, and from the sense that another notch has been cut for us on the stick of time. The delight arises from the anticipation of the new and better experiences of the year to come. What interest any rational person could have in having his fortune told is a mystery. The zest and charm of life consist largely in the fact that each day is like a new page in the story. If you wish to enjoy your book you do not, when it is half-read, turn to the closing chapter to discover how it turns out. You do not thank anyone for telling you the plot. It is so with life. There is infinite satisfaction in each day's contribution to the record. You do not want to anticipate it. It would be a curse if anyone could tell you just what the year would bring. It is just as reasonable to suppose that the year will be happy as sad. Who can tell? Who can control that? Are we not in the hands of God? That is the reason for a happy New Year's day.—Boston Watchman.

### For the Children.

"Yes," said Mr. Blykins, "we always celebrate Christmas for the children's sakes. They expect it, you know, and I wouldn't have the heart to disappoint them."

"But you and Mrs. Blykins always remember each other."

"Oh, yes. I am going to give her a \$200-coat, and I have reason to think she intends to give me a \$50-chair. We always settle well in advance what our presents will be. All we have to think about now is a doll for the little girl and a tin wagon for the boy."—Washington Star.



Maude—See the beautiful diamond Tom gave me as a Christmas gift, dear. I wonder if it's genuine? May—Oh, yes, dear. I know it is. I had it tested the year he gave it to me.—Up to Date.