

Usborne, all showed deepest feeling and reverence in their various parts. The giving of prizes and presents, a distribution of handsome copies of the Bible among the children, the singing of hymns and carols, a bountiful supply of cake and lemonade, furnished and served by the Women's Guild, and then with the hearty singing of the doxology, a most successful evening was closed.

Special mention must be made of the presentation of a fine new bicycle to Master Joseph Stickney, crucifer of St. Clement's Church, given by the vestry in appreciation of faithful services. Master Stickney is a son of the late Rev. J. Stickney, at one time in the diocese of Virginia, and stepson of Mr. T. Burbank of the federal engineer's department of Honolulu.—P. C. A.

MRS. YOUNG RE-ELECTED.

Chicago, Dec. 18.—Mrs. Ella Flagg Young has been re-elected superintendent of the schools of Chicago, having justified in her one year's service the action of the board of education in appointing a woman to a \$10,000 position. She was re-elected unanimously. During the first months of her superintendency she abolished the system of secret marking that had made more or less of a feud between the superintendent and the teachers. President Urion said that in her reelection the board acknowledged the excellency of her administration. The criticism of electing a woman, he said, had been answered by her administration.

THE LITTLE STAR.

If I had been the little star
That looked that night on Him
Who slept on Mary mother's
breast

All in winter dim;
I know, I know I would have sung
As stars ne'er sung before,
Long lingering with my little
lamp
Beside that stable door!

If I had been that little star,
All swung in that blue sky.
That heavenly, holy little gleam,
That night's all-seeing eye:
If I in that high course had
marked

My orbit through the dome,
I know, I know I would have run
To take my great news home!

I know, I know I would have run
But not until I'd ta'en
Beside that humble stall a look
Again, again, again:
And there with rapture gazing
down,
My smile He sees, I'd say,
And He will wait for me again
To bring my light, I pray!

If I had been that little star
In that lone sky and blue,
I'd stood still, as in Ajalon
They dreamt the stars could do,
And casting there upon His head
One soft beam all the while,
Oh, I would ask no other gift
Than just to help Him smile!

A delicate perfume will be given to linen by putting a lump of orris root into the boiler on washing days. The delicious fragrance thus given will last even after ironing, but will at no time be penetrating enough to be disagreeable. Another and even more lasting method is to put a Tokay bean in the drawer in which the linen is laid. This perfume in large quantities is overpowering, but one bean will give just the right odor. It usually requires warmth to bring out the perfume.

"Charlie" Landis, who is famous throughout Indiana as a wit and story-teller, thinks he has read the most original Shakespearean criticism ever written.

According to him, it appeared in a paper published in Rising Sun, Ind., and it was called forth by the production there of "Hamlet" by a wandering company. In Rising Sun Shakespeare was a novelty, and the little theater, the only one in town, was crowded to the doors for the performance.

The next morning the daily chronicler of the happenings in the village printed this:

"Shakespeare's immortal tragedy, 'Hamlet' was produced here last night. It was a great society event. The leading men of town and their wives and daughters were out in the best clothes they could afford. Seldom has such a distinguished assemblage been gotten together in this part of the country.

"There has long been a dispute as to whether Shakespeare or Lord Bacon wrote the plays of

Shakespeare. That knotty problem can now be solved. Let the graves of both men be opened. 'Hamlet' was written by the one who turned over last night."—The Popular Magazine.

Washington, December 22.—Children are the most remunerative investments you can make, asserts Pastor Huckel of Baltimore. "It is worth while to skimp and save for them," he says. "Some people think of children as a burden, or a bother, or an inconvenience, or an expense. They may be all of this—but they are worth it. They are worth all they cost. Children help us to renew our youth. They make us read fairy tales again; they initiate us into children's games again; they introduce us into the fascinating world of their young friends. Children make us kindly toward all children. They open up fountains of sympathy. Children can teach us infinitely more than we can teach them. Children are rally given to train up a parent in the way he should go. Children bring us messages straight from heaven—messages of innocence, tenderness, dependence, love. A parent's love and sacrifice—a true father or mother would die for their child—is a vision of the supreme sacrifice in Christ. A true home with the child in the midst becomes a very window of heaven."

GOD BLESS US EVERY ONE.

"God bless us every one!" prayed
Tiny Tim,
Crippled, and dwarfed of body,
yet so tall
Of soul, we tiptoe earth to look
on him,
High towering over all.

He loved the loveless world, nor
dreamed, indeed,
That it, at best, could give to
him, the while,
But pitying glances, when his
only need
Was but a cheery smile.

And thus he prayed, "God bless
us every one!"
Enfolding all the creeds within
the span
Of his child-heart and so, despising
none,
Was nearer saint than man.