# THE LITTLE EMPTY STOCKING.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

One little empty stocking Left of the pretty pair We hung by the chimney-corner With tenderest love and care. This year has brought us sorrow, Bitterest tears and pain; And we have no smiles of greeting When Christmas comes again.

One little empty stocking
To mind us of all our joys, The shouting of happy voices At finding the pretty toys! But now we have lost our darling; The dear little feet are still; And there's only an empty stocking That Santa Claus cannot fill

Some little empty stocking There's time enough now to fill With many a loving token Pressed down with right good will. For selfish it is, and sinful. Thus over my loss to repine, When I know there are other darlings Not as safe, nor as rich, as mine.

And ever what God has taken Some recompense surely brings; For out of the gloomy shadows We're lifted on angels' wings. When we open our hearts to the sunshine Of infinite love and grace, And feel that a Christ-like presence Has taken the dead child's place.

# The Kireside.

HOW SANTA CLAUS CAME TO THE POOR-HOUSE.

It was a roomy, comfortable-looking white house, shaded with appletrees. It stood a few rods back from the main road, and perhaps that was the reason that Santa Claus' reindeers always dashed by without giving a single glance up the lane where the bare old trees sighed and moaned in the winter wind. It certainly was not because there were no little children there, for no less than ten found a shelter beneath this one single roof. There was simple Sue, grown almost to woman's size, but a child still, to whom dandelions and buttercups would always be golden delights. Here her mother had died ten years before, and her father had not even left her the inheritance of a name. There were pale faced Jamie Dyke and his sister Katie. Farmer Dyke had drunk up his house and barn, him." his cattle and crops, his honor and health, and when the grave closed over him and his heart-broken wife, these sad little orphans came to the poor-house to live. There were Tom and Jack, Mary, Jennie and Tab, whose histories were all sad enough, God knows; but I am writing to tell you of two little children who were to spend their first Christmas in this refuge for the poor-"Little Cap'en," as people called the mite of a hunch-back boy, who came from his mother's grave to good Mrs. Hursts' sympathizing care, and who could just remember his sailor father and how he had sailed away in the "pitty sip;" and little Daisy, who had opened her blue eyes months after the sea-weeds had shrouded her brave father. A fall early in life had crippled little Ben, and made him the constant companion of his dearly-loved mother, and his little face grew to reflect the sadness of her's.

Baby Daisy was like a little sunbeam that gleams and dances upon the wall of your darkened parlor. The shutters are closed, the curtains are drawn, but there it frisks, defying shadows and darkness. So Daisy had frisked and danced and sung. Santa Claus had never forgotten her, though the flour might be low in the barrel, and the coal-bin nearly empty. Only one sorrow had touched her, and even after the first few nights of bitter crying for her "dee mama," little boy and girl were some of the her smiles began to come back, and children, and Farmer Dyke had her merry laugh made music in her been a good neighbor and a faithful new home. Every one loved her. Old Jim, who had drunk his wits half away, and worn out the love and patience of his nearest kin, had their little children were there. Bealways a kind word for her; and fore night it was all over the village. wonderful horses and kittens, dol- The fathers and mothers were all

ready knife.

she would say, "the Lord sent 'em." | guiled into hanging one of her "blue Her faded eyes were very dim with and white mixed" in the long row crying for a graceless boy who had of waiting stockings. long since forgotten his mother; but discordant elements of this heterogeneous family; and it had come to summer." pass that she bound up the dirty,

dreams without being coaxed into saying something that passed for a prayer. Aunt Lucy had seen a great many earthly hopes fail, but her faith in " God and little children" was strong.

the poorhouse. It was a feast day forget." then. Mrs. Hurst would have it so; but many a phantom sat at the board and many a poor heart was sadder than fasting could have made it. Christmas grew near. Little Daisy chatted off its wonders. Santa Claus was coming. He would bring "hosses and dogs, and desses, and slates, and pictures, and books and dollies-ittle bits of black dollies. and great big dollies-and"

The children listened in wonder. It was an "Arabian Nights" tale to them. As the days flew on, the child added to her prayer: "Bess ber everybody."

dream, and Mrs. Hurst was pondering ways and means for some little Christmas when Aunt Lucy took said she one night when the darkwon't stop here, darlin'; he goes right straight by. I've lived here nigh life to fight can leave his struggles unto ten year, and he never come

Not come? The little heart was almost bursting with grief, but the babies had loved. She told her it hurts home life is a national curse, was Christ's Christmas, all the same, and the greatest curse that can touch and God wouldn't forget her if Santa | these blessings is what would tamper Claus did. If her own fainting heart needed the encouraging words more than the chi'd in her arms, surely she was feeding one of the lambs for the Master, none the less.

Daisy grew quiet as she listened to the sweet old story of the Babe in a manger cradled eighteen hundred years ago; and looking up with her own sweet smile, she said, "I dess Santa Claus don't know we'se here; but I dess God'll tell

The days flew on, and Daisy's fears flew away with them. Santa was coming, sure. He hadn't known, but he was coming now. No one said anything more to weaken her faith, and she chattered on, planning gifts for every one.

Heavy snows fell the week before No. 2. Christmas, and the children kept in doors or built forts in the yard. Two days before, old Jim seemed determined that no one but himself should leave the premises. Mrs. Hurst wondered at his unusual readiness at errand-doing, but thought no more of it. If her windows had looked out upon the main road, she would have wondered what the passers-by found to look at, at the corner; and if she had sallied out to solve the mystery, this is what she would have found in black staggering letters on a white board, nailed up like a country guide-board, with an index finger pointing straight at the white house in the lane:

MR. SANTY CLAWS PLEASE REMEMBER THE

CHILDREN HEAR.

Some of the passers-by laughed. Some said "That is a good joke;" but "Remember the children here," rang in many a father's ears as he planned Christmas gifts for the boys and girls at home. Farmer Dyke's

friend till the drink spoiled him. Everybody remembered brave Captain Ben and his pretty wife, and lies and dogs, were cut out by his astir; the young folks were wide awake, and the children were wild Mrs. Hurst felt almost a mother's | with enthusiasm. Mrs. Hurst was love for these little ones, but her surprised and delighted at a request heart had a heavy load of care, and to furnish a list of the inmates, with her hands were very weary with their special needs and wishes, from each day's work. Old Aunt Lucy old Jim down to little Daisy. It Stone took them into her withered was decided to have it all done arms and broken old heart at once. | quietly in the old-fashioned way; | My whole is the name of a poet. "The Lord sent 'em, Mrs. Hurst," and even Mother Moody was be-

Mrs. Hurst and old Jim worked they looked with sympathy upon late in assorting and arranging the letter. every little creature around her, and generous pack that Santa Claus left fairly grew bright with glances of at the door. Some one proposed love for these little ones. It had sending the children Testaments; long been her self-appointed task to but the white-haired old pastor said, act as peacemaker among the jarring, "We will give the gospel of good works first, and preach to them next

But Christmas morning! Who cut fingers, bathed the poor little can describe it-the astonishment, bruised heads, pitied the scratches, the boisterous delight of the chilwas sorry for the aches, and even dren, the pathetic pleasure of the kissed the battered little beings older ones, whose tears came quicker about her as if she had been mother | than their smiles! Daisy, with a to the whole flock. "Praying Lucy," precious mother doll and a wee baby the others called her with a sneer; doll pressed close in her arms, trotyet old Jim wanted Aunt Lucy's ted from one to another in a state of "yarb tee," when his "rumatiz" distracting delight. There were was too much for him; and growl- "hosses and dogs, and pictures, and ing "Mother Moody" wouldn't let | books, and dollies-ittle bits of any other nurse come near her when | black dollies, and great big dollies," down with any one of her five hun- just as Daisy had said, and that cepting P. O. mark, containing solu- this cold winter. drea compaints. To teach the which met the wants of the grown-up tions to Nos. 318, 319, 320, 323, 324

prayers was her great delight, and noisy mirth of the day was added Probably the work of our esteemed no little pauper dropped off into his | the tender, encouraging words and beseeching prayer of the whitebaired clergyman, it seemed to be Christ's day indeed!

But the beautiful day was over at last, and tired little Daisy whispered softly, as she offered a "good-night" Thanksgiving came and went at kiss, "God sent him, and did'nt

> "Yes, darling," said Mrs. Hurst tenderly, "God sent him, but Jim showed him the way."

## A HAPPY HOME.

A happy home in the brightest spot on earth the eye of God looks home, sends sunshine round a man wherever he goes; disorder and trouble there, is misery everywhere. There are few worries of life which a man cannot now and then shake off; but who can shake himself free Santa Claus, and make him remem- from the skeleton in the closet, from the worry of the household, the blis-Every one hated to spoil her little | ter on the heart? A day will tell how many a man carried that with him without wincing, down to the grave. When husband and wife are the matter up. "Daisy, dear," helpmeets to each other in the best sense, when order and love and ness was settling down, "Santa goodness prevail in the house, then the man who has a hard battle in behind him when he enters there. With all our faults, we are the most home-loving of people, and that is the reason why we are the greatest. old woman soothed her with tender of people. Whatever helps home words and the cradle songs her life is a national blessing; whatever with the peace and blessedness of our home. - James MacGregor, D. 1).

# Joung Kolks' Column.

Conducted by C. E. BLACK, Case Settlement, Kings Co., N. B.

MERRY, MERRY CHRISTMAS

TO ALL The Mystery Solved.

(No. 48.) Prize Competition

No. 1.—(1) Gen. ii. 12. (2) Exodus xvi. 31. (3) Exodus xiv. 23-25.

4) Exodus xvi. 13. (5) Gen. 1. 26. -(1) Moses. (2) Pharoah.

> (3) Zipporah. (4) Reuel or Jethro. (5) To deliver Israel. (6) Exodus 2nd and 3rd chap-

No. 3.—Solomon. No. 4-Jezebel, Jezreel. No. 5.-Letter "E."

The Mystery.-No. 51.

No. 344.—PUZZLE. We folks and to Wish a hope enjoy All very they many Our merry may happy Young Christmas live days.

No. 345.—TANGLES, Straighten out the following word so as to make them rhyme: A child, he little came, Undefiled sinless and. To hearts win our : Low was laid in manger That kingly, head noble :

Was made the sacrifice Sin to vanquish.

No. 346.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA. I consist of 17 letters. My 10, 8, 9 is a man's name. My 16, 8, is a preposition. My 15, 2, 1 is to bow. My 7, 4, 5, 6, 17 is close. My 14, 12, 13, 3 is the back.

My 11, 2, 12 is an enemy. My whole is a well-known motto? "YANKEE." Waterville Me., U. S.

No. 347. - ENIGMA. In black, but not in red: In house, but not in shed: In cow, but not in calf; In part, but not in half In dove, but not in owl: In cry, but not in howl;

No. 348. - DIAMOND PUZZLE. A vowel; waste; used by painters; a son of David; under; humble; a

HARRY C. No. 349. - SQUARE WORD. A Christian grace; above; a pulseplant; long ago.

Lower Prince William, York.

(The Mystery solved in three weeks.)

WE WISH YOU ALL A MERRY XMAS!

Our Mystic Corps.

HELEN R., St. John, correctly explains all of Nov. 24th, except No. 322; and of the "Prize Competition" all except No. 2, and (5) in No. 1. Merry Christmas! Thanks for puzzles. MS. from Nortondale, York, bear. ing no signature, nor other mark ex- do for the poor mice to build nests in children about her some Christian | children besides; and when to the (1), 327, and two queries. Thanks.

correspondent, Martha Colwell. Merry Christmas!

"SALVATION ARMY," Grafton, again opens fire. Answers to Nos. 323 and 324 correct, and also Nos. 1, 3, 4, 5 of 'Prize Competition." Thank you for the nice batch of puzzles and the kind words. Do come often! A] merry Chr stmas to you!

WE are very sorry that we did not make the "Bible scene," No. 2 of " Prize Competition," rather more explicit, because of the parallel, or similar cases in the Bible. The case of Jacob was similar, as will be seen by down on. Love and peace in his referring to Gen. Our two faithful workers, Helen R., and "Salvation Army," refers to Jacob.

"TABITHA AND JEMIMA," Apohaqui Kings, has our thanks for the nice puzzles. You have correctly solved all of No. 48, except No. 2, as you will see by referring above. A very merry Christmas!

The Mystic Fountain. MERRY CHRISTMAS.: \*....\*

We wish you all a happy day, This beautiful Christmas morning! So brightly shines the sun's clear ray, This beautiful Christmas morning ! For this was the morn when the Day

Christmas Morning.

To light the way from all our woes, And heavenly light and joy disclose, One beautiful Christmas morning. A merry Christmas to you all,

This beautiful Christmas morning! "Good will to men," the angels call One beautiful Christmas morning! And who should be merry and glad to-

But those whose guilt is washed away? With pleasure, we hail thy peaceful O beautiful Christmas morning.

On Bethlehem's plains the shepherds watched, One beautiful Christmas morning!

Where silent lay the slumb'ring flock, That beautiful Christmas morning! When suddenly all the bright angel

Sang in the sky, their Christmas song, Sang "Glory to God, good will to men !" That beautiful Christmas morning.

On Bethlehem's plains we cannot lie, This beautiful Christmas morning! Nor view the angel lost on high, This beautiful Christmas morning ! But joyfully we our sweet off'ring bring, Of praise, to hail the New-born King, In Bethlehem born, his praise we sing, This beautiful Christmas morning.

-J. C. Johnson, in S. S. Trumpet. "Jesus was born in Bethlehem." Matt, ii: 1 Christmas

is a joyful day all over the world; in every civilized country it is observed as a holiday. All look ahead to it, and think of the good time they will have, and the presents they will receive. I suppose many of you have seen Christmas trees laden with oranges, candy, nuts, toys, and hundreds of other things too numerous to mention. Some have lots of fun on Christmas Eve in arranging their stockings for Santa Claus. Even the youngest joins in the general mirthful feeling. But oh, isn't there fun among the merry group in the morning, when the contents of the stockings are being examined What exclamations of surprise and pleasure! Then, the Christmas day is such a pleasant one. All seem to catch the happy spirit. Why is all this joyful time and present giving? This is the day on which Christ was born, and even the poorest hail it with delight.

We should not forget the wants of the poor at this season of the year. There are many children who would be made happy and glad to receive the toys and books which you have thrown aside. Make use of them, and try to make others happy. We wish you one and all a bright and happy Christmas day! Do not forget that this is the day set apart as the birthday of our Saviour, and try, like him, to be meek, mild, and loving-not only on that day, but all your life through.

We have not space for our "Arithmetical Amusements" this issue. UNCLE NED.

Our Letter Box.

Grafton, N.B., Dec. 2nd, 1886. DEAR UNCLE NED. - I suppose you think I have deserted the ranks of the "Mystic Corps." But I have only been off on a furlough this summer, recruiting. Look out for a big bombardment from here all winter with the latest contrivances thrown in for target practice.

I enclose you answers to two puzto the five puzzles in Mystery No. 48. I am a very poor hand to make up puzzles; but I enclose you five poor perhaps they will, like autumn leaves,

Yours, unti furt' er notice, "SALVATION ARMY."



How to insure a robust chi ldhood is question of great moment to the mothe who is unable to nurse the little one andr the selection of a wet nurse is attended with much difficulty and risk. Send to WOOLRICH & CO., Palmer, Mass, for pamphlet entitled "Healthful Hints." RIDGE'S FOOD has without doubt reared more children than all the other foods combined. Ridge's Food has stood the test of time, and still leads as the most reliable for all conditions of child life.

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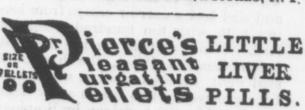
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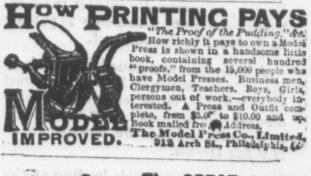




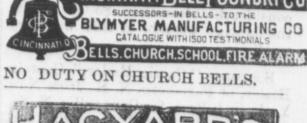
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