

Baby's Stocking.

Hang up the baby's stocking;
Be sure you don't forget;
The dear little dimpled darling!
She never saw Christmas yet;
But I've told her all about it,
And she opened her big blue eyes,
And I'm sure she understood it—
She looked so funny and wise.

Dear! what a tiny stocking!
It doesn't take much to hold
Such little pink toes as baby's
Away from the frost and cold.
But then for baby's Christmas
It would never do at all;
Why, Santa wouldn't be looking
For anything half so small.

I know what will do for the baby—
I've thought of the very best plan;
I'll borrow a stocking of grandma's,
The longest that ever I can;
And you'll hang it by mine, dear mother
Right here, in the corner—so,
And write a letter to Santa,
And fasten it on to the toe.

The Children's Christmas Hymn.

Christmas morning, bright and clear,
Happiest day in all the year!
Little Christ-child, from thy home
In the deep, sweet blue,
On Thine earthly birthday morn
Come to us anew!

Join our carol-singing,
And hear our church-bells ringing,
Thy heaven music down—
Angel chorus, earthward flown—
Little Christ-child!

The Christmas Angel.

"Oh, what a blast! Don't you
think the roof will come off, Peter?"
"Nonsense, Katy: roofs don't come
like that."
"But, Peter, it's so cold, and I'm
hungry, and I did so want to go to the
Christmas tree; and poor little Katy
we way to the tears she had so long
been suppressing, indulging, if she
could have nothing else, in a good cry
on Christmas Eve.

At any other time, perhaps, Peter
would have attempted to quell the
storm with not very polite allusions to
the customs, but to-night the influ-
ence of the season, or something else,
had softened his feelings, and he did
not sorry for his poor little sister. He
saw how she had trudged to Sunday-
school, week after week, in storm and
sun; how carefully she had hoarded
her tickets, on the presentation of
which she had received her new shoes,
and on the express understanding
that she was to wear them to the
Christmas tree. That his father should
have chosen those shoes, out of all
her possessions, to pawn—though it
would be difficult to say what else of
inestimable value he could find in the
tenement, and this day of all
years to do it in—excited the boy's
imagination, and brought upon the
tailor's head the maledictions he
did not feel inclined to bestow upon
his sister.

"It is a shame, Katy, so it is; may-
be that will come home and bring
them back in time, after all."

But Peter knew better. Father
was coming back from a spree with
his busy little brain began to plan
a way for Katy to have a Christmas.
He might go to the Christmas tree at
the mission school, for his shoes were
there—a thought came then, that he
might ask from and put aside—he might
bring an orange or cake for Katy, but
she would have to stay at home
in the dark, and she was so afraid of
the wind he could not bear to leave
her there. How different things
were when his mother was alive. That
father brought back the other thought.
Father had sold and pawned her
possession and useful things many a time
for the family needs, or to give her
pleasure; why mightn't he
sell his shoes and get Katy some
Christmas? That would be better
than enjoying the Christmas all alone
and leaving her to be unhappy. The

fire he could manage by going to the
dockyard, as he had so often done
before.

"Katy, let's us have a Christmas
tree and goodies here."
"What," said Katy, pausing in her
cry to open her eyes and mouth with
astonishment.

"Not a big one, you know, but a
little one, just for you and me, and a
fire and lights. You go to bed and
cover up warm, and I'll go out and
see if Santa Claus won't send us a tree
and we'll have a real good time after
all, better'n they have at the mission
school," said the boy, warning with
his own generosity and self-denial.

Katy looked dubious, but she had
listened very attentively to what her
mission school teacher said, and she
was too unsophisticated to understand
how it is that people can pray for
things and not expect to get them, so
she said: "Yes, I know! You go out
and I'll kneel down and ask Jesus to
send an angel to bring us a good
Christmas, and I guess He will."

Off sped Peter; the way to the pawn
broker's was only too familiar, and the
exchange of his shoes for a small
handful of change easily effected. The
boy felt more than repaid, for shoes
were an encumbrance; his feet were
used to being without, while the
money seemed untold riches. He
managed to dispose of that, also, very
advantageously, for both children
were well known at the little store to
which he went make his Christmas
purchases, and "good measure, pressed
down, shaken together and running
over," was piled on top of the chips
in the basket which contained Katy's
Christmas.

"He'll send her, I know he will,"
said Katy, waking from her light
slumber at her brother's entrance.

"Send what?"

"Oh, the angel! Don't you know
there were angels singing the first
Christmas night, and I've asked Jesus
to send us just one angel, all to our-
selves to sing at our Christmas tree."

Very soon the fire of chips and
blocks was lighted, and the cheery
blaze made that of the two white
candles almost superfluous; while tied
to an evergreen stick, swept out by
the sexton at the close of some church
dressing, and still exhibiting a little
greenness, were the apples, cakes,
colored sugar-plums, and other knick-
knacks into which Peter's shoes had
been transmuted. The kind shop-
woman had added a loaf of bread and
a large sheet of soft, dark gingerbread;
and the two were just preparing to eat
their unwontedly luxurious supper,
when they were startled by a loud cry,
followed by a heavy fall.

"There's father come home drunk,"
said Katy, with a look of consternation,
as she thought of the probable fate of
her treasures.

"No, that wasn't father's voice,"
said Peter; "what can it be? Let's
go and see."

The open door threw a broad beam
of light down the stairs, at whose foot
lay a curious-looking bundle moving
convulsively and sobbing piteously.
In another minute Peter had run
down stairs and brought the thing,
whatever it was, to the light and fire.
There, rolled up in satins, furs and
and soft merino, was a little girl,
about Katy's age and size, but so dif-
ferent. The children gazed at the
fluffy golden hair which floated around
her tear-stained face, the deep blue
eyes blinking in the unexpected light,
the thick, soft mittens, heavy cloth
boots, leggings, embroidery, and all
the other articles of street dress of a
little lady in modern times; and then,
as the child felt the genial warmth
and saw the queer little Christmas
tree, and her pearly teeth showed
themselves in a smile that chased away
the tears, Katy clapped her hands and
said:

"Why, Peter, it's our angel."

"Let me stay and play with you,"
said the little one, "till my mamma
comes. I can't find her anywhere;
I've walked about five hundred miles,
and I'm so cold!"—Katy couldn't see
how that could be with so many
clothes on—"and so hungry, I want
some of that cake."

And so three hungry children, in-
stead of two, enjoyed the Christmas
festival; and I am afraid the "little
angel" never knew how much less
there was for Peter, while she satisfied
her starving little self with food that
any other day in the 365 she would
not have touched. But Peter did not
care; so much had his capacity for
self-sacrifice increased, that he would
have been glad to have another little
girl there to eat up another pair of
shoes, if he had had them to put in
paw.

Long before the supper was ended
and the fire burned out, the little angel
was perfectly at home, and had told
the children that her name was Alice
Vail, and told all about her getting
lost while she and her mother were
out shopping, getting the pretty things

to put on the Christmas tree for to-
morrow, "when all my cousins are
coming, and all the other children you
know." But the fire began to burn
low, and the candles to go out, and
the "500 miles" to tell upon the weary
walker; her head nodded, and she said:
"Don't you ever go to bed?"

"Oh, yes," said Katy; "and you'll
sleep with us. Won't that be fun?"
And she jumped into the further side
of the only bed, inviting Alice to fol-
low her. The dainty little maiden
looked somewhat disgusted at its ap-
pearance, but she was very sleepy, so
she laid down beside her new friend,
and with Peter on the outside, covered
with the old counterpanes and all her
own warm wraps, was soon sleeping as
sweetly as ever she had slept in her
comfortable nursery bed at home.

"Mamma'll wake me in the morning,"
she murmured as her eyes closed, and
Katy whispered to Peter: "Isn't she
a darling little angel?"

The cold, gray dawn was just break-
ing into the cheerless room as feet as-
cended the stairs, and in a moment
more several persons stood looking at
the three sleepers.

"We have followed the trail to this
very door," said a policeman in ad-
vance of the little procession.

"There she is, my angel," cried an-
other voice; and a delicately-dressed
lady rushed forward, and then started
back, exclaiming: "And between two
such dirty children: how dreadful!"

"If it had not been for those dirty
children, madam, you would in all
probability have no child; to have
slept in the open air last night would
have been certain death. Why, their
John Seaman's children. What
will become of the poor things? Their
father killed a man in a drunken spree
last night, and will have to take two
years in the penitentiary."

And so it came to pass that among
the gaily-dressed children at the Vails'
on Christmas day were two, neat and
clean, but all unused to such scenes,
lost in admiration of the wonderful
Christmas tree and their share of its
treasures, and even more of their last
night's visitant, who, in her gauzy
white dress and silver streamers, look-
ed more like an angel than ever. She
had insisted upon their presence, and
indeed, after the first shock, her pa-
rents had felt that they could not do
too much for the forsaken little ones,
who, out of their own deep poverty,
had so generously succored the rich
man's child.

Home Hints.

LEMON SPONGE.—Dissolve one pack-
age of gelatine in a quart of boiling
water, beat the whites of eight eggs to
a froth, and beat the whole together
until it stiffens. Color a pale pink
and pile up in a dish to form a pyra-
mid.

SPANISH CREAM.—Three pints milk,
one box gelatine; put this in a kettle;
when gelatine is dissolved, add six
heaping spoons of white sugar, the
yolks of six eggs, well beaten. When
cool add one glass of whipped
cream, vanilla to taste, the six
whites well beaten, stir very lightly,
stand away in moulds. Half the quan-
tity will make one quart of cream.

SPANISH CREAM.—Half a box of
gelatine soaked for half an hour in a
little cold water, one quart milk, yolks
of four eggs, pinch of salt, sugar to
taste; mix these with the gelatine and
put over the fire in a double boiler,
stir until it begins to thicken, take off
and then beat in the whites of four
eggs (previously beaten to a stiff froth)
gently stir all together, add flavoring
and pour into a mould.

He Took a Whipping.

On one of the Dakota prairies there
had never been a Sunday-school. One
day, to the great joy of the children,
a missionary and his wife came to live
among them on the prairie, and an-
nounced that they would open a Sun-
day-school the very next Sunday in a
deserted schoolhouse if anybody could
find a way to heat it.

There was a stove but it was difficult
to get fuel. Why? Because there
were so few trees, and it was so hard
to keep those few alive, nobody would
think of using even one branch for
firewood.

The people used "twisted hay" to
cook with at home; but it was all they
could do to twist enough for their own
use. How do they twist it to burn?
Well, they take enough hay to make a
hay-stick about a yard and a half long,
and about as thick as a man's wrist.

Then they twist this up into a figure
eight about the size of an ordinary
stick of wood. It reminds one of an
old-fashioned New England giant
doughnut!

But how was that schoolhouse to be
heated for the Sunday-school? A
plucky boy thought out a way. He
arose very early one Sunday morning,
and taking a basket on his arm, walk-
ed quite a distance to the railroad
track, and then walked on the track
until he filled his basket with the coal
which had fallen from the engines.
This he bravely carried to the school
house, and a happy company of chil-
dren had a "real Sunday-school."

After this the school depended upon
our plucky Bob for fuel.

This boy's father did not approve of
the missionary or the Sunday-school.
When he heard what his boy had been
doing he was very angry, and said:

"Bob, I'll beat you within an inch of
your life if you get another basket of
coal for that Sunday-school."

Bob had a pretty good excuse to lie
in bed the next Sunday morning, in-
stead of trudging off at daylight with
his basket, but after thinking it over,
and laying the matter before his
Heavenly Father (for Bob had become
a Christian under the influence of the
missionary), he decided to get the coal
for the Sunday-school just the same,
and then take the whipping.

This he did, like a true martyr, for
several Sabbaths, until his father re-
lented, and owned up that "there
must be something in the kind of re-
ligion his boy had got hold of."—The
Home Missionary.

How to Dry Wet Shoes.

When, without overshoes, you have
been caught in a heavy rain-storm,
perhaps you have known already what
to do with your best kid boots, which
have been thoroughly wet through,
and which, if left to dry in the ordi-
nary way, will be stiff, brittle, and un-
lovely. If not, you will be glad to
learn what I heard only recently from
one whose experience is of value.

First wipe off gently with a soft
cloth all surface water and mud; then,
while still wet, rub well with kerosene
oil, using for the purpose the furred
side of Canton flannel. Set them
aside till partially dry, when a second
treatment with oil is advisable. They
may be deposited in a conveniently
warm place, where they will dry grad-
ually and thoroughly. Before apply-
ing French-kid dressing, give them a
final rubbing with the flannel, still
slightly dampened with kerosene, and
your boots will be soft and flexible as
new kid, and be very little affected by
their bath in the rain.—Harper's
Bazar.

A NOBLE REVENGE.—Sir Isaac New-
ton, the great philosopher and mathe-
matician, when a boy at school,
was often ill-used by a boy who was
immediately above him in the class,
and one day he was cruel enough to
kick Isaac very severely in the stom-
ach. The sufferer resolved to have
his revenge, but in such a manner as
was natural to his reasoning mind even
at that early age. He determined to
excel his oppressor in their studies and
lessons; and setting himself to the
task with zeal and diligence, he never
falters in his course until he had
found his way to the top of the class.
This is an example worthy the imita-
tion of any boy.—The Boyhood of
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