INTERNATIONAL LESSON NO. XII DEC: 30, 1906. Review .- Read John 1: 1-14.

Summary-Lesson I. Topic: Love the supreme duty of man. Place: In Jerusalem, in the temple courts. The Herodians, Saddueses and Pharisees ask Him hard questions, testing Him . All

subjects of Christ's kingdom are likened of his heavenly Father, and thus be to ten virgins; Christ is the Bridegroom, watching for the coming of the Lord. and the oil represents the grace of God; the foolish virgins had the lamp of prosion, but the love of God in the soul.

gain; the third buries his talent; the master's return, though delayed, is certain; so Christ will surely come again; two servants come to their master and the bright, helpful things your friends bring the talents given them and many more; they are commended and rewarded; the ide servant has no increase, but hard sayings and excuses; he is cast

feet of Christ, using a pound of very precious ointment valued at about fifty dollars; the disciples are indignant and commends the woran very highly; Judas agrees to betray Jesus for thirty pieces of selver, about twenty dollars.

V. Topie: The Lord's Supper. Place: Jerusalem. It was Thursday; Jesus sent upper room where they made ready; with His disciples; He told them that

enter the garden; eight are left near the er's will. entrance, Peter, James and John go with ' VII. "Wonderful" in forbearance, "He

sleeping. We should watch and pray.

VIII. Topic: Warning against wine v. 19). drinking. Place: Probably Jerusalem, IX. "Wonderful" in ingocence. "Then Isaiah's home. The drurkard follows said Pilate: I find no fault in this man" strong drink; wine inflames; God's judg- (Luke xxiii. 4). Pilate declared that ments will fall on the drunkard; all [Jesus was an innocent man, yet he was classes go down to death together. There illegally tried by religion and state, is nothing too bad or vile for a saloon- Never was man so innocent; never was keeper or for a man under the influence man so ill-treated. of strong drink to do. The drunkard's | X. "Wonderful" in his sufferings. character is always bad.

Jesus is taken to Pilate, the governor, the sinner's substitute, neither sun, nor | which the angels celebrate the birth of She soon forgot it, but all day as she | cloves, all spice and mace, mixed; one who investigates the charges and finds | man, nor angel, nor God, could comfort no fault with Christ; Pilate calls the him. The Father turned away from his Christ; they demand that He be cru- him the iniquity of us all" (Isa. liii. 6). cified; three times Pilate urges His re- | He could bear it! And up from the es his hands; Jesus is scourged. Think prehend (Matt. xxvii. 46). But we can of the merciless Roman scourge, not believe that he "died for our sins." just the Jewish scourge of forty stripes XI. "Wonderful" in his resurrection. save one, but a pitiless lashing that "He is risen, as he said" (Matt. xxiii. 6). tore the flesh from His back and breast | The resurrection is the primal miracle and arms and that with the cruel thorns ! (I. Cor, xv. 14); the pivotal truth of and mocking blows left His face more | Christianity (I. Cor. xv. 14); the proof marred than any man's (Isa. cii. 14.) of the scriptures (Luke xxiv. 45, 46); the X. Topic: Jesus dying on the cross. pledge of our acceptance (Rom. iv. 25);
Place: Calvary. Christ on the cross; the power of holy living (Rom. i. 4; the mocked by the soldiers; vinegar offered; the superscription; the two thieves cruloud voice and died; the centurion's tes- him (Acts ii. 33). A. C. M. timony: Joseph begged the body of

XI. Topic: The resurrection of Jesus Christ. Place; Garden near Calvary. Thrist was crucified on Friday, April 7; ose early Sunday morning, April 9; sevral women were early at the tomb; the Instead, fro mher coldly scornful eyes, tone was rolled away; the women entered the sepulchre; Christ was not there; two angels appeared; their faces were like lightning and their garments were dazzling; the women were afraid; the angels told them Christ had risen; he was to go before them into Galilee; the women ran to take the disciples the word; Jesus met them; the story that

the Roman guard had been bribed. XII. Topic: Jesus' parting words to his followers. Place: In and near Jerusalem. The disciples (Thomas absent) are assembled in an upper room; Jesus appears; the disciples are terrified; he shows them his hands and feet and side; To her as well as the rank and file; Scriptures to them; after torty days he leads them out to Mount Olivet where the ascension took place. Then they returned to Jerusalem with great joy and These customs of Christmas may shock the waited ten days in an upper room for the baptism of the Holy Ghost. In due style, time the Spirit came upon them and as a result of their preaching three thousand were converted. Leave it there is a style, and a kiss be a thing that all spise.

But look at these is a spise. sand were converted. Jesus is coming

again to take his people to heaven. Golden Text-"His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince

of Peace" (Isa. ix. 6). Lesson I, "Wonderful" in wisdom. The Pharisees and Herodians had come together to catch our Lord in his words and perplex him with hard questions. After answering the puzzling questions and silencing them, Jesus turned to his catechists and asked them questions which

they could not answer. II. "Wonderful" in watching. "Watch are silenced; the great commandment therefore for ye know neither the day is given by Christ; we should love God | nor the hour wherein the Son of man supremely; sin, the world an dthe self | cometh" (Matt. xxv. 13.) As the senlife must all be renounced; we should tinel watches for the foe; the sailor love our neighbor; Jesus asks the Jews , for the storm; the watchman for the a hard question; warms His disciples | thief; the wife for the absent husband; against hypocrisy; calls attention to a so should the Christian watch lest the widow casting two mites into the trea- foe defeat him, watch lest temptation overcome him, watch for opportunities II. Topic: Guarding against false pro- to do good watch for the leadings of the fession. Place: On Mount Olivet. The divine Spirit, watch for the approbation

III. "Wonderful" in judging. "After a long time the lord of those servants comfession, but lacked oil-true spiritual eth, and reckoned with them" (Matt. life; they endeavored to make good their | xxv. 19.) Daniel Webster, when asked preparation at the last moment, but it | what was the greatest thought that ever was too late; the wise are the true occupied his mind, replied: "The sense Christians who not only have a profes- of my individual responsibility to God." IV. "Wonderful" in appreciation, "She We should always be ready to meet the hath wrought a good work upon me" (Matt. xxvi. 10.) Let us immortalize the III. Topic: Reasons for fidelity to good. A favorite motto with Frances duty. Place: Mount of Olives. The tal- Willard, taken from an ancient sun-dial, ents are given and the master takes his | was, "I record only the hours that are journey! two servants make a large | seen." The Book says, "V. hatsoever! things are true honest pure. lovely of good report think on

these things" (Phil. iv. 8.) Chronicle

do: speak of the sweet, pleasant influ-

ences that are about you. IV. Topic: The believer's heart devo- one day while intoxicated to cross an tion. Place: Bethany. It is six days avenue where a little street sweeper, to | to children is gradually becoming Italian. before the Passover, and Jesus is at the | whom he had often given a nickel, was bouse of Simon the leper; while sitting | waiting for a hunrying carriage to pass. at meat Mary anoints the head and | The street sweeper saw the gentleman's danger and sprang forward and threw himself against him and pushed him back, but his own little feet slipped and think it should have been sold and given | he fell right under the prancing horses. to the poor; Jesus rebukes them and I hey picked his poor, bruised body up and carried it to the hotel near by. The man little Andy had saved was sober now, and wept as he said, "Oh, Andy! your life for me! how can I bear it! But the tears the strong man shed were Peter and John to Jerusalem to prepare | tears of repentance. He never touched the Passover supper; they found a large the liquor again. He spends all his time and strength and money saving men in the evening Jesus sat at the table from intemperance. "How can I do less," he says, "with the remembrance one of them would betray Him; they of Andy's sacrifice always before me?"

were sorrowful, and everyone asked. VI. "Wonderful" in submission. "Not "Lord, is it I?" Jesus said it would have | my will, but thine, be done" (Luke xxii. been better for that man never to have [42]. Christ's prayer was for deliverance been born; He then told Judas tha he from a natural death in the garden that was the one; Judas left; Jesus eats His | He might die a sacrificial death on the tast comper with the generated eleven, cross. But He would not even ask for VI. Topic: The agony of Jesus, Place | what God had promised except in a Gethsemane. Jesus and eleven disciples spirit of utter submission to His Fath-

im into the garden; Jesus agonizes in is despised and rejected of men (Isa, lin prayer; is sweat is like blood; He prays 3). The betrayal of the Son of man for strength; an angel is sent; three, with a kiss is the most shameful act of times He asks His disciples to watch treachery in all history. But if you with Him; three times He finds them have not ben born again, you have the same sinful heart that led Judas to be-VII. Topic: The trial of Jesus Christ. truy Josus and may be guilty of a crime Place: The palace of Caiaphas, Jesus is | which will lead you to something of the sent from Annas to Caiaphas, the high | shame and suffering that came to Judis, priest; Peter follows afar off and thrice | VIII. "Wonderful" in warning. "Woe

denies the Saviour; the Sanhedring is unto them that are mighty to drink hastily summoned; false witnesses are wine, and men of strength to mingle sought and are found with difficulty; strong drink" (Isa. v. 22). We have here at last two testify that He said He a parenthesis of a great evil, intemper could destry the temple and build it in ance, from which there is needed a three days; Jesus is silcat; Caiaphas mighty deliverance. Verse by verse gives asks Him if He is the Christ; Jesus the pictures of the tyranny of drink, replies that He is; Caiaphas rends His the passion of drink, the poverty of clothes; Jesus is condemued to death; drink, the death through drink; from all they mock and abuse Christ for some this we need the deliverance through the "counsel of the Holy One of Israel" (Isa.

*Father forgive them for they know! people together and desires to release beloved Son, while there was "laid upon lease; they demand the release of Bar- depths of his wailing agony there went I count my treasures o'er with care; abbas, a murderer; Pilate yields; wash- the wailing cry you and I can never com-

promise of our immortality.

XII. "Wonderfu?" to endue with cified with Christ; one railed on Jesus, power. "Tarry ye.... until ye be enthe other confessed his sins and asked to dued with power from on high" (Luke be remembered in Christ's kingdom; the | xxiv. 46). At Pentecost "the promise" of prayer answered; darkness from twelve the Father to the Son was redeemed, and till three o'clock; Jesus cried with a it is ours by virtue of our union with

Jesus : wraped it in linen and placed it The Ballade of the Mistletoe Bough. am standing under the mistletoe, And I smile, but no answering smile re-

For her haughty glance bids me plainly That not for me is the thing I prize; Indifference looks on my barefaced guile! She knows, of course, what my act implies-

But look at those lips! Do they hint a smile? I stand here, eager, and beam and glow, And she only looks a refined surprise As clear and crisp and as cold as snow, And as-Stop! I will never criticize! know what her cold glance signifies; But I'll stand just here as I am awhile Till a smile to my pleading look replies-

But look at those lips! Do they hint a

Just look at those lips, now! I claim they A spirit unmeet under Christmas skies; A claim that such lips on such maidens owe A-something-the custom justifies;

asks them to handle him; opens the We should meet these things in a cheerful But look at those lips! Do they hint a

SANTA CLAUS' WIFE.

HER NAME IS LA BEFANA, AND SHE IS GOOD TO ITALIAN CHILDREN.

Santa Claus' wife lives in Italy, says the London Express. The ideal Christmas visitor in the minds of little Italian children is an ugly but boundlessly benevolent old lady, known as Le Befana. Throughout the land multitudes of little boys and girls chatter all

through Christmastide about La Befana, who is confidently expected to come silently and secretly on the night between January 5 and January 6. The historic myth of La Befana is a singular one. It is as curious as the various stories of the Wandering Jew, or of the Three Wise Men. Like many other visitors to Cologne Cathedral, I have seen the three skulls declared to be those of the Magi, who are reputed to have settled on th Rhine, and to have died in the district. La Befana' is the name given to the woman who, when it was known that these Wise Men were about to pass by her house, scornfully refused to go to her window to salute them, and to wish them a blessing.

Ever since then she has been repenting her evil ways. Part of her repentance is manifested in benevolence to little children. All through the year she fills up her spare time in preparing presents in wonderful varity, intended only for really good little children, of whom she is a sort of patron, wint, corresponding with the German St. Nikolaus, celebrated under his popularly abbreviated cognomen of Santa Claus.

Le Befana is supposed to be ugly simply because she is so very venerable, being nearly 2,000 years old. She brings dolls, trumpets, little watches, all sorts of confectionary and curious cakes, marbles and toys. The reason why this happens on the twelfth day after Christmas is simple enough, and is perfectly consistent with the pretty myth.

The day is Epiphany, consecrated by the church to the memory of the Magi. It is the date on which they are reckoned to have presented their gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh to the Holy Child. And as Le Befana is associated with them, so she is sure to fulfill her kindly office on Epiphany Eve. Thus the festival of January 6, called by the church Epiphania, is by the masses of the people, especially by the children, known as La Befana.

But how is it that La Befana is regarded as the wife of Santa Claus? The answer to this query gives a curious sample of the way in which by accretion a legend comes to be enlarged. Originally the boys and girls of Italy knew nothing of any Santa Claus. He was not in any sense an V. "Wonderful" in his memorials. Ttalian patron saint. Familiar only with La Befana, they had no legendary "This do in remembrance of me" (I. Cor. | Santa Claus, with snow-covered cap, furs and bells, coming down the chimney to fill their stockings with long-desired gifts. But as an idea of foreign and modern importation, the tradition of this Northern friend 3

There are in Italy thousands of Anglo-Italian, Austro-Italian, Swiss-Italian, German-Italian and American-Italian families. No nation has taken more cordially to foreign matrimonial alliances than the Italian people. The children in these households regard Santa Claus and Le Befana as husband and wife. They often, when they have been very

goed, receive visits from both. The doctrine in their minds is that Santa Claus finds the warm slimate of Italy uncongenial, and that for the most of the year he lives in the frozen north, but that his wife prefers the sunny south, and seldom visits the cold northern lasts.

KEEPING CHRISTMAS IN THE HEART.

******** Christmas fills a large place in the world's life. The day is almost universally observed in Christian lands. countless shops and factories all over the world thousands of workmen are engaged all the year in making every sort | sary-it is the real birth of Christ in of product, ornamental or useful, for our hearts. the holiday market. Hundreds of thousands of pounds are spent annually in

Christmas time. versary. It means nothing if we leave | ven in pleasing than in being pleased. coming of the Son of God to this world kept is a gentle heart. It is full of kindly | no taste predominates. Let it stand at |

light of divine love shining in His face. spirit of Christ dixusing itself in the We would worship again with the shep- | world, pouring out through human lives. herds beside the manger. Christmas It is Christ coming again and living not

Christ. As we Meid our hearts to the spirit of tenderness which pervades the Christmas air, we may think of the heavenly love which came into the world the night that Christ was born.

We keep Christmas truly only when we let the love of Christ into our hearts and lives. We write Anno Domini in our dates, out are we really making our years years of our Lord? It may mean very little to us that Christ was born in Bethlehem a great many Christmases ago; but if we keep Christmas as we and dried currants, one pound of shredded may it is not merely another annivercitron, quarter of a pound each of orange and lemon peel, shredded; one pound of sweet and two ounces of bitter almonds,

If we keep Christmas in our hearts shelled before weighing; blanch and chop we will have love for each other and for everyone. Christmas means love-good | fine. Also add the thin grated yellow the purchase of gitts to be presented at | will to men. It is a time for universal | rind and the juice of four oranges and amnesty. If we have been holding a four lemons. Sweeten with four pounds Thus Christmas touches the world's grudge against anyone we should now of soft white sugar; add two level tablelife at almost every point. It is a bright | put it out of our heart. It is a time | spoonfuls of salt, a level teaspoonful day in the calendar. But there is no for forgetting ourselves and thinking of each of pepper, ground cloves, allspice, Brave knights and ladies fair and proud danger that in it's vast commercial and others. The truest joy of Christmas is cinnamon, mace and two medium-sized I meet when mother reads aloud. social importance the most sacred mean- not found in receiving, but in giving, nutmegs grated. Moisten the whole with when mother reads aloud, far lands ing of the day is being overlooked? The happiest people are those who make a quart of grape juice to make it of seem very near and true; Christmas is first of all a religious anni- others happier. There is more of hea- proper consistency. Mix thoroughly, or hunt the jungle's prowling bands,

thoughts an inspirations. It wishes ill If we would keep Christmas fittingly to none, but good to all. Then its good This mince meat will keep all winter, it must bring us to a remembrance of wishes blossom into fruit. The wonder- well covered and in a cool place. Watch To help the right, redress the wrong; Christ. Every true vision of the day ful outflow of kindness at Christmastide and add more apples if it becomes too must show us the holy Child, with the is one of the most striking evidences of | dry.

with no worship in its observance, no only among men, but in men, reincarremembering of God, no thought of the | nating Himself in those who love Him. | half pounds of currants, washed, dried love of Christ, it is empty to all sacred | If we keep Christmas in our hearts | and picked over; one and a half pounds meaning. While we give and receive it will not only sweeten our lives, but seeded raisins, three pounds brown sugar, gifts, it should be easy for us to remem- will make us sweeteners of the lives of one pound citron cut thin; the grated ber God's unspeakable gift. As we enter others, A lady tells of gathering a hand- rind, juice and pulp of one orange; the IX. Topic: The worldling's treatment not what they do" (Luke xxiii, 34), into the gladness of this happiest day of ful of sweet briar when on an excursion grated rind and juice of two lemons, oneof Christ. Place: Pilate's judgment hall. While he hung a curse upon the cross, the year we may think of the joy with in the woods and puting it in her bosom. That ounce cinnamon; one-half ounce of

CHRISTMAS TREASURES

The little toy that baby knew, A little sock with faded hue, A little lock of golden hair. Long years ago this Christmas time

Sat robed in white upon my knee, And heard the merry Christmas chime. "Tell me, my little golden head, If Santa Claus should come to-night, What shall he bring my baby bright, What treasure for my boy?" I said.

And then he named the little toy, While in his honest, mournful eyes, There came a look of sweet surprise, That spoke his quiet, trustful joy. As he lisped his evening prayer, He asked the boon with childesh grace, Then, todling to the chimney place, He hung his little stocking there.

That night, as lengthening shadows crept, saw the white-winged angels come With heavenly music to our home, And kiss my darling as he slept.

They must have heard his baby prayer, For in the morn with smiling face, He toddled to the chimney place, And found the little treasure there. They came again one Christmastide,

That angel host so fair and white, And, singing all the Christmas night, They lured my darling from my side. A little sock, a little toy, A little lock of golden hair, The Christmas music on the air,

A-watching for my baby boy. But if again that angel train And golden head came back to me, To bear me to eternity. My watching will not be in vain. -Eugene Field.

> A Christmas Surprise. Year's morning she was saluted by each for them. member of the family by outspoken good

rambled here and there she smelt every where a spicy fragrance. On every woodpath she found the same odor. The Has long defied scientists, because it has other members of her party had their seemed impossible to carry the Uric Acid handfuls of all sorts of wild flowers, but

seemed to have the same kind of frag-Late at night, when she undressed, there was the sweetbriar tucked away in her bosom. All day she had carried which she supposed came from others. Rheumatism Compound which she supposed came from others. "How good it would be," she said to her- has at last overcome this difficulty. By self, as she closed her eyes, "if I could gently acting on the kidneys and general cary a spirit in my breast that every- health, it cures the most obstinate forms

she was surprised to find that all these

of rheumatism naturally and safely. one I met should seem lovely." If we keep Christmas in our hearts Mr. C. W. Mack, the well-known rubour lives will be sweet, whatever the ber stamp manufacturer, of Toronto, condition. We will not be dependent on has become so convinced by the extrathe weather, nor on our health, nor on ordinary cures wrought by this remedy, our circumstances, nor on the disposi- he has financially backed the doctor (his tions of the people about us. We carry cousin). The business man of to-day the secret of sweetness within us, and will not, of all things, back a medicine wherever we go the air about us is per- unless it is thoroughly worthy. After fumed with the love that dwells in our careful investigation, Mr. Mack says: "I hearts.

SELECTED RECIPES

Christmas Mince Meat.

least twenty-four hours before using.

Mincemeat Without Meat.

Five pounds of chopped apples, one and

a half pounds chopped suet, one and a

ounce salt; two nutmegs grated. Chop

all the fruits and suet thoroughly, mix

Christmas Plum Pudding.

One pint and a half of grated bread

One pint and a half of currants and

Half a cup of citron shaved thin.

Half teaspoonful of grated nutmeg.

Milk enough to mix it in a batter,

which must be well beaten, and steam

Sauce for Above.

One-quarter cup butter, one-half cup

powdered sugar, one-nalf teaspoonful

lemon or vanilla, or a little nutmeg.

Rub the butter to a cream in

warm bowl; add the sugar gradually,

then the flavoring, pack it smoothly in

Another Sauce.

one tablespoonful lemon juice, a little

well with sugar, salt and spice.

One pint of chopped suct.

One seant cup of sugar.

Five eggs (well beaten).

Two tablespoonfuls of flour.

stoned) raisins.

four hours for table.

sauce."

the great week of the year. It is the Here is a recipe that has always given one week when scattered families are reunited, when tender memories and old satisfaction, and on account of the mateassociations are revived, when friend rials used need not be made so early, as greets friend with cheery expansiveness it does not require so long a time to in striking contrast with the characterripen unless one desires a still richer istic reserve of the English nature. Business is practically suspended in London mixture: Take a large beef tongue-if for the five days succeeding Christmas dried, soak it over night in plenty of eve. There is nothing left of the obsocold water, then in the morning put over lete orgies which so offended the Puritan the fire in a large boiler, well filled with element in the times of Cromwell. It cold water. Let the water gradually would be an unimaginable English moncome to boiling point and at first boil arch who would forbid any observation pour the water off, and replace with of the twenty-fifth of December. The exfresh cold water; let this gradually heat | ideal way in which to spend the happy, to boiling point, then let it boil steadily merry Christmas-tide which the English but gently for an hour. At the end of people cherish. It is the custom of King that time put in three pounds of lean Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra to beef from neck of round (if the tongue pass the holiday quietly at Sandringham, weights more than three pounds, take and there to give personal supervision to same quantity of beer). Add a table- the distribution of gifts .- Jane A. Stewspoonful of salt and let it boil gently art in Leslie's Weekly. for three hours longer, keeping covered. Song of the Filipino Bard. Then remove from the rire, take out the tongue and skin it, and then return to the liquor in the boiler and let both Rise! the foe is at your door. Rise and don your sprinting garments, tongue and beef cool in the water As you've donned them oft before. which they were boiled. When perfectly cold remove the fat from liquor, take out Rise and show the proud invader You retain your ancient speed; the meat and trim off all skin and gristle That you're swift upon the mountains, and chop fine. Remove all skin and Swift and terrible indeed. membrane from the unree pounds of fresh beef suct and chop fine, adding it | to the beef and tongue. Next add four On the crimson field of battle, pounds of chopped tart apples, weighed While you have your feet to fly. after they are pared and cored; four pounds of large raisins, seeded and cut To some tyrant lord accursed-

in half; two pounds of picked, washed If you wear the yoke of bondsmen They will have to catch you first. Then fly, ye spark-brown patriots, While the day is young and bright When the foe lines up for battle You'll be safely out of sight.

Dr. H. H. Mack's

have yet to find one failure."

If this compound doesn't cure you,

you risk nothing. Your money will be

promptly returned. Try it. And write

for Dr. Mack's free booklet on Rhouma-

tism. It is full of helpful information.

Address: Dr. H. H. Mack, 60 Yonge street,

CHRISTMAS IN MERRY ENGLAND.

Throughout Great Britain Christmas is

When Mother Reads Aloud, When mother reads aloud, the past

adding more sugar, seasoning and spice | Or sail the ocean blue; out of it the truth of divine love and the The heart in which Christmas is truly if taste requires it, but be careful that Far heights, whose peaks the cold mists scale when mother reads aloud

So simple to be true. Oh, thick and fast the visions crowd

-Hannah G. Fernald, in The St. Nicholas.

My eyes, when mother reads aloud.

A TIME OF PAIN AND PERIL Miss Emma Cole Says that Lydia E.

Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has Saved Her Life and Made Her Well. How many lives of beautiful young

girls have been sacrificed just as they were ripening into womanhood! How many irregularities or displacements have been developed at this important period, resulting in years of suffering!



a small dish, and stamp it with a A mother should come to her child's butter mould (or the bottom of a sid at this critical time and remember figured glass), keep it on ice till very that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable hard, or, if preferred, pile it lightly on Compound will prepare the system for a small fancy tray as "snowdrift the coming change and start this trying The chimney, oh, it was so wide period in a young girl's life without pain or irregularities. Miss Emma Cole of Tullahoma, Tenn. One-quarter pound of butter, one-

quarter pound of sugar, yolk of one egg, Dear Mrs. Pinkham: "I want to tell you that I am enjoying better health than I have for years, and I owe

it all to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-Cream the butter, add the sugar, and pound stir over the steam until liquid, then add "When fourteen years of age I suffered althe volk of egg, well beaten. Stir until most constant pain, and for two or three

it thickens, adding the lemon flavoring, nutmeg and serve hot.

Years, I had soreness and pain in my side, headaches and was dizzy and nervous, and doctors all failed to help me.

"Lydia E. Pidkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended, and after taking it my One of the New Year customs in French canadian rural districts was a surprise to a young English teacher who boarded in the saved my life. I sincerely hope my experience will be a help to other girls who are

a French family in order to learn the lan- passing from girlhood to womanhood, for guage. On descending to breakfast on New | I know your Compound will do as much If you know of any young girl who is wishes and a kiss. Submitting to the master and mistress, in her astonishment, she sick and needs motherly advice ask her

neld the grown-up son at arm's length while to write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., and she explained that such a custom was not considered proper in the English settlements, and she could wish them every happiness without resorting to such a demonstration. With ample apologies they bowed to her decision in good humor.—Canadian Good Housekeeping for December 19 Decemb been advising sick women free of charg

NO (

Has

Lead

0000

saw him no

next vacatio

In the mea

up as beaut

bloomed int

small and g

equire came

last visit

tour on the

him so han

except as t

associated

love; but

stay he can

and always

keting for o

I used to

en upon s

in the villa

company w

on these occ

forward and

ly, saying:

"I have t

or words to

doubt of hi

ter's heart.

aguire from

had once be

er done, or

my delicacy

bect that

besides clas

learned at

world had

Ment sense

gngth the l

next morn

fort her.

several day

ter upon the

few days of

companion

for her at a

according to

she had joi

old man, I

terrible rag

never forgi

Elmer, to d

must hurry

Within twee

of May fath

mer, and he

of head-keep

year of our

of May. 1

her heart .

in a foreign

1 registered

upon the he

and death

do this mo

conceal the

my heart.

died, and t

bigrow I'm

than serve a

obstinate.

the bitter

bided my

"I pass on

444

Mend.

"Another

"Heaven

was then,

(which causes the trouble) out of the body without over-exciting the kidneys. [He hasn't attempted to get any work for weeks, except playing the tin-whistle for the Unemplayed."-From a wife's evidence in a

London police court.] Won't you spare us a trifle guv'nor? We're 'ungry, and cold, and dry, An' we can't git a job as soots us, 'Owever so much we try.

Wot! you'll find us some work?-wood-chop-It's 'ard as we must decline, But while thankin' yer kindly, mister, It ain't in our 'umble line.

Ah, we're workers, my mate and me is, Though we 'aven't done much for years, Shall I pitch you a simple story As'il probably start yer tears? 'Twas the Christmas of eighty-five, sir. Wot's a toler'ble time ago, That me and my pard, wot's 'im, sir, 'Ad a job fur to shift some snow

Oh, we started to work like demons: But in less than it takes to tell. We both on us 'ad a suspicion As we wasn't a-feelin' well. Our 'ands was that funny and tender. I'm a-givin' yer just the facks-And a 'strordin'ry noo sensation Was perwadin' across our backs.

You can bet as we both felt frightenet My pardner 'e says, seys I'm dashed if I knows wot it is, mate. But sutthing's gorn wrong wiv me Mw noddle's a-swimming tremonjus. I'm aching at ev'ry j'int And my arms is that tired, I dupne As if they could lift a pint.

And I calls on 'im, 'oarse, by nume, 'Well, I never!" I says, "Why, matey, I'm a-feelin' the werry same! It's orrid, orl-ov'rish feelin' An' it's makin' my ribs that sore-I've bin through a lot in my lifetime.

But I've never 'ad this afore!" And get orf to our 'omes and wives Fur the sake of our little childrenwas wicked to risk our lives! Wot would 'appen to them there toddlers Supposin' we both was dead? When their daddies was done for, mister,

'Ood fill their poor mouths wiv bread?

An' I says it's our cruel system-An' I say it with my last breath-As fur sake of a simple livin Would work a poor cove ter death-And we ain't done nuthin' since then, sir Thou we 'aven't a mind to shirk When we finds a job as'll suit us, We'll show you 'ow we can work -Public Opinion

OLD BOB'S CHRISTMAS EVE

Saint Nicholas, have a drink with me I'm just a-going to buy; I'm not the man to let a friend I've known as I have you go dry.

That is, when I have got the price; Fill up your glass-that's not enough-It's rather chilly for a drive, Don't try me with a bluff. For you've been mighty kind to me

In winters of the long ago: Bought sleds and shovels, bots and caps, When I was young and loved the snow No matter then how cold it was, I didn't shake as I did now;

I always was as warm and well-I sometimes wonder how. Some things my mother put away-A woollen horse was one, I think,

And then there was a pair of skates-Let's have another drink. She said to me, "Now, Bon, my boy, ('Tis all as plain as yesterday). You'll never play with these again,

So I shall put them all away. "For now you're grown to be a man-No more, my boy"-you understand: see you know how these things are-Drink up-and here's my hand!

And she's been dead these twenty years-My God, I wonder if she knows And sees how I've gone down the hill-Mercy, how cold it grows! Without it's sleet and driving wrack

It seemed I never should be warm: And blurs of yellow on the black, The windows stared into the storm And through the storm I heard the bells Full high and loud, full loud and high,

Proclaim that somewhere mercy dwells For such as I, for such as I And through the stony-hearted town That Christmas eve had come again,

Their voices seemed to beat me down With "Peace on earth, good will to men." The straggling street lamps' engless lines.

The glaring pavements, sleet and snow, And noise and chattering crowds and And not a single face I know,

Life's but the shadow on the dial, For all the wares that priesthood cries, The cruel years their changes bring. Immortal souls take strange disguise.

The city's hell! I'm sure of that Sometimes the people that I meet Seem very ghosts that come and go What! Going? Now, old man-well, well-

Suppose you must-fill up again-I pledge you, "To the days gone by. The eyes and wines that sparkled then!" The holly and the mistletoe,

The romping games, the roaring fires, The dear old home that once was mine, And youth, with all its dear desires! And Christmas came but once a year-Don't go, old friend! Don't say good-bye!

You see, I am so much alone-Alone? He's gone-and where am I' How strangely cold and dark it seems-Horror! how slow my pulses creep-Bartender! Drink! I'm dying here! My God, I must have been asleep'

CHRISTMAS OLD AND NEW.

The century nears its closing year, Yet Christmas bells are full and free As when the home halis rang with cheer And grandpa kept the jubilee.

The stockings by the chimney deep Were like your own, my pet of three, Of softest wool from white faced sheep And buckled high above the knee.

'Twould hold the gifts for tifty boys. And Santa had an easy slide When he came down with grandpa's toys'

The toys were not the dainty stuff Your fingers grasn with childish glee, But homely, and a trifle rough When grandpa was a child of three

A "comforter" dyed green and red, A keitted cap and overshoes, Of seasoned hickory, a slee, Perhaps a ball too big to lose.

But grandpa liked the Christmas then, And what old Santa brought to him As really as the little men Who see bright trees in parlors dim.

For love is love the great world o'er; God's love, the Bethlehem story tells From year to year, from shore to shore, Wherever ring the Christmas bells. -Boston Transcript

> Pass It On. Have you had a kindness shown?

Pass it on. Twas not given for you alone, Pass it on. Let it travel down the years, Let it wipe another's tears, Till in Heaven the deed appears,

ONTARIO ARCHIVES TORONTO
