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SONG OF CHRISTMAS.
Sound over all waters, reach out from all lands.
The chorus of voices, the clapping of hands.
Sing hymns that were sung by the stars of the north.

There seemed nothing for him till a little old woman, whose garb showed scantiness of means, passed at the sight of the lad, and, opening a basket she carried, said cheerily:
'There now, there's a couple of buns and a few cookies I made myself, that I'm taking to the grandchildren. It's not much, the Lord knows, but yet welcome, and a blessed Christmas to ye.'

Here, with a whoop, Bob darted across the street. A barrel of molasses had been stove in, and a swarm of youngsters were scooping up the sticky mess by every available means. Seizing a broken dish from out an emanulating ash barrel, Bob secured a share of the prize, uttering:
'Three squarers if we ain't in for a regular ration.'

NEW YEAR IDEAS.
Oh never shall I hear Father's groan,
But leave her with a heart of stone.
And front her fairly - let her down -
She's only stern to those who fear.

THE WAIF'S CHRISTMAS

CHRISTMAS morn' clear, snow-dusted, with the bluest of skies, and Jack Frost and old King of old log high carnival.
A dolly stay' young totted the merry laugh of children as they tripped briskly along, taking in snowy peeps and whiffs of the forthcoming feast. Huge turkeys robbed of all dignity, lying helpless upon their backs, their lank legs upraised in protest, savory stuffing compounds being mixed by cook's deft hands, while fat, spiced, etc., littered up the kitchen tables.

It muffled up in an old shawl, the ends trailing on the ground as he nosed happily off, his hand in Bob's. Shortly after these two children stood watching the handsomely-dressed throng as it entered a fashionable place of worship, till Bob, with "Now, Johnnie, look alive, or the op'll nail us," pushed the child before him into the crowd, and, sure enough, an alert policeman, spying Bob, made a grab for him, which Bob deftly eluded, but meanwhile Johnnie was carried on toward the lair door amid a swirl of silks and satins.

We're poor folks, but we ain't bad, we ain't.
'Well, well,' somewhat huskily spoke the gentleman, 'and what is your name?'
'Oh, Ben! Our baby's name, and the pretty curls and blue eyes, so like, isn't it almost as if God had sent him in exchange for our darling?'
'If you please, sir, there's a boy what insists on seeing you. Says it's name, Bob, sir.' Delivering himself of this message, the servant awaited his master's pleasure.

CHRISTMAS IN MANY CLIMES.
In Ireland and in Scotland, as well as in the most of the British provinces, the Christmas customs are very much the same as in England, varied chiefly by local customs and colored by the history and habits of the people. The midnight mass in Ireland, attended by a torch-light procession, is very impressive. Dancing and open-air games amuse the peasantry on Christmas Day. In the Scotch highlands the day is devoted to feasting and drinking, ball-playing and open-air games.

CHRISTMAS CHECKS.
The season of Christmas has made a julelog.
A Christmas belle. The girl with the ring in her nose who will always be chosen in when anything is to be done.

RUSSIAN CHRISTMAS SPORTS.
All of the racing done by the Russians are many horses, with a pair which would do credit to the American turf which were never given an opportunity for speed on a regular course.

CURIOUS TRAIT OF THE CHINESE JACANA.
One of the most striking characteristics of a bird found in the island of China is its habit of being a water bird in its habits and habits and yet not an aquatic bird. Its food is found on the land, but it is on the leaves of the aquatic weeds which it swims the surface of the water, and consists of the tiny insects which always are abundant there. Many of these aquatic plants, notably the lotus, cover the surface of the water with a thick mat of stilted growth. No matter how the leaves would float, the lotus leaves are never able to rise above the surface of the water, and the bird is forced to walk on the surface of the water, and not to swim.

LONG CANALS.
An English way to a waterway is the long canal of China is over 1000 miles long. In the year of 1891 was completed the greatest undertaking of the kind in the European continent, the canal of Amsterdam, or the Canal du Nord, to connect the Atlantic with the Mediterranean. Its length is 135 miles, it has more than 100 locks and about 6000 locks, and it is about 100 feet deep, and is navigable for vessels of upward of 100 tons. The largest ship canal in Europe is the great North Sea Canal, completed in 1875. It is 125 feet wide at the water surface, 31 feet wide at the bottom, and has a depth of 23 feet, and extends from Amsterdam to the Helder, 33 miles. The Canal du Midi, in France, has a total length of 64 miles, including three locks. The Suez Canal is 88 miles long, of which 60 miles are actual canal. The Erie Canal is 220 miles long; the Old Canal, Cleveland to Portsmouth, 202; the Michigan and Erie, 200; and the Erie and Erie, 200. The Erie and Erie, 200. The Erie and Erie, 200.

CHRISTMAS EVE STORIES.
All of the racing done by the Russians are many horses, with a pair which would do credit to the American turf which were never given an opportunity for speed on a regular course. They have run on an open through the principal streets of the city and can be seen in the races without inconvenience. The main streets are veritable race courses during the winter months, being long and level to prevent horses racing anywhere, the drivers simply assuming the responsibility of danger. All men of social standing own fast horses, and on Christmas day they drive them. The scene is brilliant. The lights are beautiful, and are driven by women as well as men. Often there, four and five horse stables are in the races, and the driving is done in wondrous showiness.

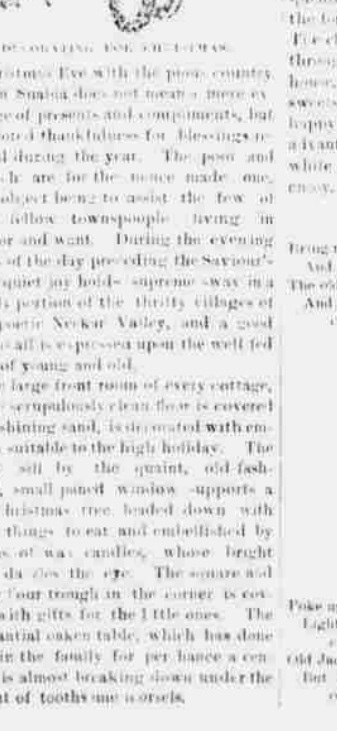
HAPPY NEW YEAR.
Bring me a rose, and bring me a ring,
And bring me a little plum, and my dear,
The old year's out and the new year's in,
And we must have something to make us cheer.

BOLLY'S FIRST BATH.
The large front room of every cottage, whose scrupulously clean floor is covered with shining sand, is decorated with emblems suitable to the high holiday. The broad sill by the quaint, old-fashioned, small paneled window supports a gay Christmas tree, laden down with good things to eat and embellished by dozens of wax candles, whose bright light dazzles the eye. The square and heavy four toun in the corner is covered with gifts for the little ones. The substantial oaken table, which has done duty in the family for per-hance a century, is almost breaking down under the weight of toothsome morsels.

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