And just as Avdyeeich opened the Gospels, he recollected his dream of yesterday evening. And no sooner did he call it to mind than it seemed to him as if some persons were moving about and shuffling with their feet behind him. Avdyeeich glanced around and saw that somebody was indeed standing in the dark corner—yes, some one was really there, but who, he could not exactly make out. Then a voice whispered in his ear:

"Martin! Martin! dost thou not know me?"

"Who art thou?" cried Avdyeeich.

"'Tis I," cried the voice, "lo, 'tis I!" And from the dark corner stepped Stepanuch. He smiled, and it was as though a little cloud were breaking, and he was gone.

"It is I!" cried the voice, and forth from the corner stepped a woman with a little child; and the woman smiled and the child laughed, and they also disappeared.

"And it is I!" cried the voice, and the old woman and the lad with the apple stepped forth, and both of them smiled, and they also disappeared.

And the heart of Avdyeeich was glad. He crossed himself, put on his glasses, and began to read the Gospels at the place where he had opened them. And at the bottom of the page he read these words: "And I was an angered and thirsty, and ye gave Me to drink. I was a stranger and ye took Me in."

And at the bottom of the page he read this: "Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

And Avdyeeich understood that his dream had not deceived him, and that the Saviour had really come to him that day, and he had really received Him.

This beautiful story is from one of the most delightful of the season's Christmas books for children, "Christmas in Legend and Story," by Elva S. Smith and Alice I. Hazeltine. These two librarians, who for many years have had experience in the supervision of children's books, have gathered together in this volume some of the sweetest, most touching legends, stories, poems and hymns ever written. Unknown as well as famous authors have told in the charmingly simple imaginative language so loved by children the story of the first Christmas night, of the flight into Egypt, of the childhood of that wonderful boy whose love and sweetness has blest all the little children of the world for all time. Poems and ballads of "The Star Bearer," "Holy Night," "Three Kings," "Little Mud Sparrows," "The Children of the Wind and the Clan of Peace," of "St. Christopher of the Gael," touch the older folk as well as the children; but none of them all are sweeter than "The Legend of the Christmas Rose," by Selma Lagerlöf, that tells how the forest of Göinge is transformed every Christmas Eve into a beautiful garden where mosses, flowers, trees, burst into bloom, rivulets splash, birds sing, wild geese fly overhead, bullfinches build nests and baby squirrels begin playing in the branches of the trees, and of how one night good Abbot Hans happened to see it and brought back to the monastery some small white rootlets which his monks planted and tended all summer. But though it brought forth green leaves, showed never a blossom until Christmas morning. When all other flowers were as if dead this wonderful rose, the same that we know as the Christmas rose, bloomed beneath the snow and now it continues to bloom every year in all lands that wish to have it as memorial of the Christmas miracle garden.

The style and decoration of the book are in keeping with the stories and add to its interest. (Published by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass. 283 pages. Illustrated. Price $1.50 net.)

THE SCENT OF THE CHRYSANTHEMUM

(Continued from page 301.)

against child, friend against neighbor. Soon dissensions and quarrels were followed by brawls and blows. Bloodshed, famine, and plague imperilled the Empire. Yet no odor came to the flower.

At last the Emperor awoke, and, seeing the state of affairs, passed a law forbidding, under penalty of death, the cultivation of the baneful blossoms. The people, however, had forgotten the wisdom and justice of the gentle ruler, and now civil war was added to the other horrors without restoring the bountiful, happy peace. So the Reign of Great Contentment was ended. Our tangled, scentless blossoms have survived Emperor Kyotoshiu's edict.

"Will the Reign of Great Contentment ever come again?" I asked eagerly.

"Oh, very, very many have wished that," he answered. "I also wish it, but it is as hard to root out discontent as to bring scent to the chrysanthemum."