

a great deal of mischief placed to his account, was threatened with a punishment which made his blood freeze in his veins for anguish and terror, notwithstanding the fact that he was already very strongly under the all-denying influence of our sceptic century, and "did not at all believe in Sint Nikolaas." All his scepticism vanished, all his arrogance, all his courage left him, when he found himself face to face with the mighty, the all-knowing Saint, and when the black servant opened a bag, in which the criminal was to be transported to Spain, his agony and repentance uttered themselves in such heart-rending cries, that all those present felt a deep compassion with the youthful culprit, and even Santa Claus, now the representative of revenging justice, was moved. The Spanish bishop let the rays of his mercy shine down upon the sobbing sinner, who promised to amend. Not a single dissonance disturbed for the rest of the afternoon the harmonious concert of bright children's voices and joyous laughter, and; after the departure of Santa Claus, a juggler caused amazement and admiration in the minds of his young audience by so many proofs of his art and skill. Most wonderful, and almost incredible, is the yet undeniable fact that the omnipresent bishop was speaking and jesting, and rewarding and rebuking in the Binnen-Gasthuis—(the other of the two City Hospitals)—at the same time that he appeared before the merrily glistening eyes of the little patients of the Wilhelmina Hospital, and it is also a most remarkable fact that in both institutions one member of the medical staff, the junior of the physicians, was absent during the visit of Santa Claus—surely a very mysterious confluence of circumstances, but we say with Hamlet:

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

The kind bishop has now returned to Spain, leaving behind him a great number of grateful young hearts, and blessed by all that have once more felt the strengthening influence of his benevolent, philanthropic, and, above all, *child-loving* spirit. Dear old Santa Claus! You have called forth a happy smile upon many a careworn face; you have brightened for a while the dull existence of so many young human creatures, who, by illness and the continual struggle for life which they are witnessing under the paternal roof, are already at so tender an age brought into contact with life's hard and often cruel reality. And therefore—good-bye for another year, dear Santa Claus!

HOLLANDIA.

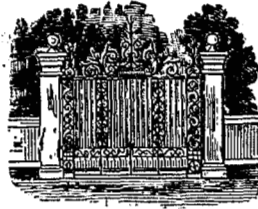
Amsterdam, December, 1896.

The "Trained Nurse."

The *Trained Nurse* for December conveys its Christmas greetings to its readers in a charming spirit beginning with the words, "The Christmas spirit is abroad in the world. It breathes itself out in happy anticipation; it lifts nature into that common brotherhood which makes the whole world kin," and ending, "May we all realise that higher motive to our work which is its own best joy."

Outside the Gates.

WOMEN.



THE Ladies' Supplement issued on Sunday with the *Weekly Sun* was full of good things, and Mrs. Emily Crawford's article on the Frenchwoman was a literary treat. Mrs. Crawford is the great pioneer woman journalist, and has a style all her

own. She writes:—"The Frenchwoman is a difficult subject to handle in a short paper. To begin with, one must go counter to widespread prejudice. So many foreigners entirely associate her with frivolity and fashion. They think that her life consists in dressing and undressing to re-dress, in helping nature with skilled artifice to enhance her charms, in manipulating cosmetics, and in combining, with cleverness and taste, false hair and fanciful millinery. They scarcely understand that Frenchwomen are, of all women, best fitted for active life with a settled purpose. The wonder is that this fact does not come home to every stranger on his first visit to Paris. It is declared in her build, carriage, firm mouth and eye, the light grip with which she holds parasol, fan, nosegay, or needle, in a well-set-up figure, more strong than elegant, and yet not at all coarse, massive, or mannish. The shoulders hardly ever slope, the waist is neat, the hips are well rounded, and the deep, full chest is an assurance of a steady flow of spirits. The light, equal-tripping step is due to muscles like whipcord, and is kept to an advanced time of life. The physical graces in which French girls are well endowed tend to disappear in the married woman. But the higher graces of a fresh, sparkling, and sound intellect become more accentuated. One finds, on closer acquaintance, that what strikes the superficial as frivolous is the mere holding of the candle to men who stand in awe of women as clever as themselves. It is a means to an end—domination."

Mrs. Crawford touches on the Frenchwoman under the headings of Refinement, Native Good Sense, Feline and Canine, the French Mother, Domestic Service, Instinctive Pride, the Frenchwoman as Wife, Frenchwoman in Business, in Politics, and Christmas in France, and a very versatile and charming picture she draws.

Mrs. Crawford concludes her admirable article thus:—"It may be asked whether the Frenchman has ever a will of his own. He has. No woman ever presumes to interfere with his life-work, whatever it be, whether scientific, literary, or artistic. She understands that he has a conscience in regard to his calling that is too sacred to be tampered with. As husband, son, or friend, she claims and is given his allegiance, but as a philosopher, scientist, writer, or artist, she

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