

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

BY ELLEN ISABELLE TUPPER.

LISTEN to the wondrous story,  
How, upon the Christmas morn,  
Jesus left the realms of glory,  
As a little babe was born;  
Left those bright and happy regions  
Of his Father's home above,  
And the glorious angel legions,  
In his great and boundless love.

Came into a lowly manger,  
Dwelt beneath a humble shed,  
And among his own a stranger,  
Had not where to lay his head:  
Went from city unto city,  
All his life was doing good,  
Weeping o'er his friend with pity,  
When beside his grave he stood.

Love, all human love exceeding,  
Brought him to a cruel death,  
Even then, though hanging bleeding  
On the cross, his latest breath  
Spent he for his murderers, praying  
To his Father to forgive;  
To the thief repentant saying,  
"Thou in Paradise shalt live."

Oh, what love in God the Father,  
To bestow his only Son!  
Oh, what love in Christ, who, rather  
Than the world should be undone,  
Came himself to seek and save us,  
Came to earth to claim his own;  
Freely all our sins forgave us,  
Raised us to his glorious throne.

HOW MILDRED'S CHRISTMAS  
SPILLED OVER.

If you could have peeped into Mildred's playroom the day after Christmas, you would have thought that it belonged to a little princess in a fairy story.

There was a doll's house almost as big as Mildred, with pretty little rooms and furniture just like a real house, only so tiny, and a doll's trunk full of clothes directed to "Miss Mar. Lee," who was Mildred's dearest doll; then there were ever so many new dolls sent by aunts and cousins, and a dear little bureau, and books and candies and toys of every sort scattered all over the room.

Now, shouldn't you think that a little girl who had all these things would have been happy? Well, she was not; indeed, I must say, she was rather cross. But at last, after a little shower of tears because mamma had told her to set the playroom in order, a little sunshine came into Mildred's face, and she ran to find mamma.

"Mamma! mamma!" said she, "I know why I'm not happier, I didn't let my Christmas spill over on anybody else. Don't you know Uncle Henry says we ought to let our good times spill over? Do you believe I could spill it a little the day after Christmas?"

Mamma tried not to laugh at this funny plan, because it was such a very good one, and she and her little girl soon had on their hats and coats and were on their way to ask Mary and Hattie Green, the dressmaker's little girls, to spend the day.

Oh, such a good time as those three little lassies had! their dollies were sick and married and had parties and went visiting all day long.

When Mary and Hattie went away they both had nice little bundles in their arms. Of course I can't say what was in them, but I think a little of Mildred's Christmas had been "spilled" into them. Don't you think that Mildred's plan is a good one?

UNCLE JOE'S LETTER.

MERRY, MERRY CHRISTMAS! Aye! aye! Yes, a Merry Christmas, dear boys and girls, nephews and nieces all. So the long wished-for day has come, and how it warms the cold blood in old Uncle Joe's heart, to see so many bright, happy faces, and to feel that there are still more happy hearts into which his big spectacles cannot penetrate, but which he knows are there! Did not all his dear little ones make ready for the happiness of this great day? And where is the little heart, be it ever so poor and small, that the sweet Infant Jesus did not enter after such loving invitations as you have extended to him?

So, then, enjoy yourselves while you may, dear children; but let your joy be a holy joy, and let it reflect itself upon others by remembering those who are not so largely blessed. Be you ever so poor, there are some poorer than you; as much as you can make others share in your joy.

Yours affectionately,  
UNCLE JOE.

OUTDONE BY A BOY.

A LAD in Boston, rather small for his years, worked as an errand boy for four gentlemen doing business there. One day the gentlemen were chaffing him a little about being so small, and said to him, "You never will amount to much; you can never do much business; you are too small."

The little fellow looked at them. "Well," said he, "as small as I am, I can do something which none of you large men can do." "Ah! what is that?" said they.

"I don't know as I ought to tell you," he replied. But they were anxious to know and urged him to tell. "I can keep from swearing," said the little fellow. There were some blushes on four manly faces, and there seemed to be very little anxiety for further information on that point.

THE BABE OF BETHLEHEM.

BY ALICE M. BALL.

DEAR little children, there was once a babe  
So pure, so fair, methinks the angels  
smiled,  
Above the spot where'er the babe was laid,  
While beauteous peace shed halos o'er the  
child.

We love to read of Simeon's love and praise  
As he beheld the infant child divine;  
We wonder if in any of its ways  
Our babyhood was like this—yours and  
mine.

We love to read and think about the Star  
That all resplendent o'er this babe arose,  
That lit and led the wise men from afar,  
From gorgeous halls to lowly Love's  
repose.

Sometimes we seem to see him as he grew  
From babyhood into maturer years,  
This strange, shy child, that no one ever  
knew,  
Save those, through faith, to whom the  
*Light appears.*

We think this boy in quiet grandeur passed  
Within the temple, at his parents' side,  
And doubtless, with a candour unsurpassed,  
Hearkened to much his purity desired.

Passover ended, as all homeward bound  
Were those whom Jesus' parents were  
among;  
The boy brought with them could nowhere  
be found;  
The blessed Christ-child was no longer  
young.

Amidst the doctors and the learned men  
They found their child, those parents in  
dismay,  
And doubtless saw Christ's work beginning  
then,  
While mother-love began its grief that  
day.

You know the story, little children, well:  
The Babe of Bethlehem is now Christ the  
King,  
His wondrous love no pen nor tongue can  
tell,  
But every heart may glad some praise  
sing.