



BABY'S FIRST CHRISTMAS.

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Ah, look at our baby on Christmas eve,  
All dressed in his best to see and receive!  
Now perched in his four-wheeled chair of  
state,

So graciously smiling on small and great,  
He takes to himself the whole applause  
That people are giving to Santa Claus.

His eyes demanding whate'er they see,—  
The candles, the dolls, and the Christmas  
tree,

While mamma surveys, with a thrill of joy,  
The whole as a frame for her baby boy,  
And, baby, though living beyond four-score,  
"First Christmas" can dazzle thine eyes no  
more.

## A CHILD'S FAITH.

A DEAR LITTLE girl had been lame a long  
time, so that she could not run and play  
like other children. She was four years old,  
and she loved the bright sunshine and  
flowers as well as other little folks do, and  
she wanted very much to be well, so as to  
go out and enjoy them. One day she said  
her little prayer as usual, and then, looking  
earnestly at her mother, she said, "Mamma,  
I want to tell Jesus I's lame yet. P'raps  
he sinks I's walkin' now." You see she

felt so sure that Jesus would answer her  
prayer, if he heard it. And so he had, in  
giving her such sweet faith. You know,  
Jesus does not always give us just what we  
ask. Often he gives something better.

## CHRISTMAS TREES.

MERRY Christmas! Why do we keep it  
with so much joy and gladness? Is there  
a little child anywhere who does not know  
that it is the day when our dear Lord was  
born? "Christ the Prince of glory slept  
on Mary's knee." The whole beautiful  
story is familiar to every one of us, and the  
sweetest thing about Christmas is that it  
belongs to every one of us, to the poorest  
as well as the richest, for the infant Jesus  
came to save the whole world.

The custom of hanging gifts on Christ-  
mas trees comes to us from Germany.  
There, for days beforehand, great prepar-  
ations are made, and when the eve of  
Christmas arrives, the tree is lighted with  
tapers, and its boughs are loaded with pres-  
ents for parents, children, teachers, friends  
and servants. We are glad that many of  
our Sunday-schools follow the pretty home  
idea of the Fatherland to a wider conclu-  
sion, and have Christmas trees in the  
Sunday-school.—*The Child's World.*

## A HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

CHILD.

"FATHER, I love Christmas Day,"  
Said a little girl, one day;  
"Tis my Saviour's birthday, too:  
What can I for Jesus do?"

"Tis Jesus' birthday; let us bring  
Some humble offering to our King:  
You give us presents, father, dear—  
Oh! is there none for Jesus here?"

FATHER.

"My little May a gift shall bring  
To keep the birthday of her King;  
'Give me thine heart,' you hear him say—  
Make him this present, child, to-day.

"In all you do, and think, and say,  
Oh! live for Jesus every day;  
No better offering can you give  
Than try each day like Christ to live."

AUGUSTA BUXTON.

## SOLID ROCK AT THE BOTTOM.

A LITTLE boy dropped something in the  
well, and trying to get it up fell in himself.  
His mother heard his cry just as he was  
down, and in another instant she was at the  
well-side. "Horace!" she called in agony.

"I am not hurt, mother," said the boy  
"but I shall drown in this water."

"No," said the mother quickly; "the  
water is only a few feet deep. Stand up  
it, my dear boy; mother will bring you  
safely."

"But, mother, I shall sink in the mud,"  
said Horace, still clinging to the slippery  
stones.

"No, dear," said the mother again  
cheerily, "there is solid rock at the bottom."

Then he felt he was safe. He stood up  
as she directed, and pretty soon was brought  
safely up.

A boy would not forget such an experi-  
ence as that in a whole lifetime; do you  
think he would?

"O mother, you don't know how glad  
I was when you said to me, 'There's solid  
rock at the bottom,'" he would say, when  
they talked it over.

When he grew older, and many troubles  
came into his life, he learned to look to  
Jesus as the safe rock to bear him up  
through them all. "There is solid rock  
at the bottom," he would always say, and then  
go on cheerfully and trustfully. You re-  
member the houses Jesus told about—  
one built on the rock and one on the sand. We  
are all of us building on one foundation  
or the other.