

GIFTS.



WHAT shall I give to Thee, O Lord?
The kings that came of old
Laid softly on Thy cradle rude
Their myrrh and gems of gold.

Thy martyrs gave their hearts' warm blood,
Their ashes strewed Thy way;
They spurned their lives as dreams and dust
To speed Thy coming day.

Thou knowest of sweet and precious things,
My store is scant and small;
Yet were Thou here in want and woe,
Lord, I would give Thee all.

Show me Thyself in flesh once more:
Thy feast I long to spread;
To bring the water for Thy feet,
The ointment for Thy head.

There came a voice from heavenly heights:
"Unclose thine eyes and see,
Gifts to the least of those I love
Thou givest unto Me."

MAKING A NEW HOME.

TERRY BURT had been a bad and intemperate man. After he was dead, his two boys, Sam and Joe, began to wonder what they would do to help their mother. "Let us be as good as we can, and work for poor mother," they said. "She has had such a hard, sad life."

"I wish," said Sam, "we could buy her a new house. See how many boards are off! See our broken windows and doorstep and fence! See our dirty yard!"

"We cannot buy a new house; let us do our best for this," said Joe. "Come on! let us borrow a hammer, saw, and rake, and we will mend the fence and step, put new boards on the house, and clean up the yard."

"Yes, and I will work for Mr. Grant to pay for glass for the windows, and some seeds and flower roots. It is spring; let us make a garden for mother. We will get some vines and little trees from the wood lot."

"I say, Joe," said Sam, "we are stout, big boys. Let us work like men, and have things like other folks. We will earn all we can, and never waste a cent. We will not touch a bit of tobacco. We will use no drop of strong drink. All we can earn we will use on our home."

"All right, boy. Let us mend up the little shed and fill it with wood for mother. And some day we'll paint the house and mend the chimney. Come on! What are you sitting still for? Run for that rake and hammer: let us work like heroes!"

When boys set out to do good work, they will find plenty of people ready to help them. The men near by gave the brothers a spade,

rake, hoe, and other tools. They were not new, but they did very well.

Sam and Joe soon had a nice garden made. Then they put new sod all about the house to be green and cool, and give their mother a place to bleach and dry her clothes.

They gathered up from the lot all the old wood and stuff which would burn, and cut it up and put into the woodshed. The other rubbish they carried away.

Next, they mended the fence, and planted some trees, bushes, and vines. Joe worked for the carpenter to pay him for putting up a little porch, where their mother could sit. The carpenter also mended the roof.

All vacation time, and before and after school hours in term-time, these two boys worked hard, either about their home or for other people. They worked for the grocer for flour and other food, and at the dry-goods house and shoe store for shoes and clothes.

The second year of their work they painted and papered their house inside, and laid a gravel walk, and bought a hive of bees.

The next year they painted the house outside and put on a new door, and made an arbor over the well. People began to say, "What a nice little home the Burt family are making!"

Mrs. Burt looked calm and happy now. She seemed to grow young and strong. On Sundays she and her big boys went to church, and every one noticed their neat dress and happy faces.

Soon the boys began to buy furniture for their house. They bought a rocking chair and lounge and table. Then they bought a clock and some books. Sam made some bookshelves and a corner cupboard and a footstool.

"What a change is made here by these boys," said a neighbor. "How much can be done by working together with a will. How a home is built up when people are sober, and earn money which they spend upon useful things."

The neighbor was correct. Suppose these boys had not been sober, but had followed their father's habits of drinking; would they have had this tidy home? No, indeed!

You have had happy holidays — a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Now, do you try to make this a bright, glad year to every one? Do all the good you can. Let the light shine through you, and the light shining through you will be a blessing to others.

And still as in long years ago
Are angels bending near;
Though unseen now, they throng the air
The Christmas songs to hear.
Shine on, bright stars! Ring out, O bells!
Let glad, sweet voices rise
To where the listening angels wait
Throughout the Christmas skies.