

WHAT DECEMBER SAYS.

Open your hearts ere I am gone.
 And hear my old, old story;
 For I am the month that first looked down
 On the beautiful Babe of glory.
 You must never call me lone and drear:
 Because no birds are singing;
 Open your hearts, and you shall hear
 The song of the angels ringing.

Open your hearts, and hear the feet
 Of the star-led wise men olden;
 Bring out your treasures of incense sweet
 Lay down your offerings golden;
 You say you look, but you see no light
 Of the wonderful Babe I'm telling;
 You say they have carried him off by
 night
 From Bethlehem's lowly dwelling.

Open your hearts and seek the door
 Where the always poor are staying;
 For this is the story, for evermore,
 The Master's voice is saying:
 Inasmuch as ye do it unto them,
 The poor, the weak, and the stranger,
 Ye do it to Jesus of Bethlehem—
 Dear Babe of star-lit manger!

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT FROM
 ISAIAH TO MALACHI.

LESSON XIII.—December 24.

THE CHARACTER OF THE MESSIAH.

Isa. 9. 1-7. Memorize verse 6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thou shalt call his name Jesus: for he shall save his people from their sins.—Matt. 1. 21.

THE LESSON STORY.

Isaiah was a prophet of the Lord, who lived seven hundred years before Christ came. A prophet is one to whom the Lord shows things which are to come, and Isaiah was given eyes of the spirit which could look down the long line of the ages and see the Lord Jesus Christ coming to live in human form among the creatures he had made. In this lesson he tells of the "great light" which shone upon the people who had long walked in darkness. He knew that the Holy One who was coming would bring the light of truth and love. The light that Isaiah saw showed him very clearly what our wonderful Lord is like, and he tried to describe him in the beautiful names which he gives to him. Look at them for a moment—"Wonderful," "Counsellor," "The mighty God," "The everlasting Father," and "The Prince of Peace." Some one has written a beautiful song which begins, "A wonderful Saviour is Jesus my Lord!" Is it not wonderful that he can save even the

worst of sinners? A counsellor is a wise friend who can tell us just what to do, and that is what Jesus is. And he is a "mighty God," the God who made all things, and he is the Father of all, and has the heart of a loving father. How sad a thing is war and strife in the world! But they would cease if only Jesus the Prince of Peace lived in all hearts. Though this mighty One came as a child, Isaiah said that he was the ruler of all things, and that his kingdom would grow greater and stronger all the time, and this is true. Think of these names—"They belong to my Saviour."

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Who was Isaiah? A prophet of the Lord.
2. When did he live? Seven hundred years before Jesus was born.
3. What could he see? That Jesus was coming.
4. How could he see this? God showed it to him.
5. What did Isaiah say the world was? A dark place.
6. What causes darkness in hearts? Sin.
7. What drives away the darkness of sin? The light and love of Jesus.
8. How did Jesus come to earth? As a little child.
9. What is one of his names? The Prince of Peace.
10. When are hearts full of peace? When Jesus lives in them.

LESSON XIV.—December 31.

REVIEW.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thou crownest the year with thy goodness.—Psa. 65. 11.

Titles and Golden Texts should be thoroughly studied.

TITLES. GOLDEN TEXTS.

- D. and B. The face of—
 D. in the L.'s D. The angel of—
 R. from C. The Lord hath done—
 R. the T. The temple of—
 P. through G.'s S. Not by might—
 E. P. for Her P. The Lord preserveth—
 E.'s J. to J. The hand of our—
 N.'s P. The effectual—
 W.'s T. S. Let him that—
 N. R. the W. of J. Watch—
 R. and O. the L. Blessed are they—
 P. for the M. I will send my—
 The C. of the M. Thou shalt call—

THE TWO LITTLE STOCKINGS.

BY SARAH KEABLES HUNT.

Two little stockings hung side by side,
 Close to the fireplace, broad and wide,
 "Two?" said Saint Nick, as down he came,
 Loaded with toys and many a game.
 "Ho! ho!" said he, with a laugh of fun,

"I'll have no cheating, my pretty one; I know who dwells in this house, my dear; There's on y one little girl lives here." So he crept up close to the chimney-place And measured a sock with a sober face. Just then a wee little note fell out And fluttered low, like a bird about. "Aha! what's this?" said he in surprise, As he pushed his specs up close to his eyes And read the address, in a child's rough plan,
 "Dear Saint Nicholas," so it began,
 "The other stocking you see on the wall I have hung for a child named Clara Hall— She's a poor little girl, but very good! So I thought, perhaps, you kindly would Fill up her stocking, too, to-night, And help to make her Christmas bright. If you've not enough for both stockings there Please put all in Clara's; I shall not care." Saint Nicholas brushed a tear from his eye,
 "God bless you, darling," he said with a sigh,
 Then softly he blew through the chimney high,
 A note like a bird's when it soars on high,
 When down came two of the funniest mortals
 That ever were seen inside earth's portals.
 "Hurry up!" said Saint Nick, "and nicely prepare
 All a little girl wants where money is rare."
 Then, oh, what a scene there was in that room!
 Away went the elves, but down from the gloom
 Of the sooty old chimney came tumbling low
 A child's whole wardrobe from head to toe.
 How Santa Claus laughed as he gathered them in
 And fastened each one to the sock with a pin!
 Right to the toe he hung a blue dress.
 "She'll think it came from the sky, I guess,"
 Said Saint Nicholas, smoothing the folds of blue
 And tying the hood to the stocking, too.
 When all the warm clothes were fastened on,
 And both little socks were filled and done,
 Then Santa Claus tucked a toy here and there
 And hurried away to the frosty air,
 Saying, "God pity the poor and bless the dear child
 Who pities them, too, on this night so wild!"
 The wind caught the words and bore them on high
 Till they died away in the midnight sky,
 While St. Nicholas flew through the icy air,
 Bringing "peace and good-will" with him everywhere.