

THE PALM BRANCH.

HYMN.

Solo.—Children, can you truly tell,
Do you know the story well,
Every girl and every boy,
Why the angels sang for joy
 || On the Christmas morning? ||

All.—Yes, we know the story well;
Listen now, and hear us tell,
Every little girl and boy,
Why the angels sang for joy
 || On the Christmas morning. ||

Shepherds sat upon the ground,
Fleecy flocks lay scattered round,
When a brightness filled the sky,
And a song was heard on high
 || On the Christmas morning. ||

Joy and peace the angels sang,
Far the pleasant echoes rang,
Peace on earth, to men good will,
Hark! the angels sing it still,
 || On the Christmas morning. ||

For a little babe this day
Cradled in a manger lay,
Born on earth our Lord to be
This the wondering angels see
 || On the Christmas morning. ||

The music may be obtained from W. H. Boner, 1102 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. Price fifteen cents.

[If the music cannot be obtained now, this would make a good dialogue for one large girl and two little girls and two little boys, or all girls, if preferred.]

LETTER FROM REV. W. J. KIRBY.

DEAR CHILDREN OF THE PALM BRANCH: I am writing on the fifth of November, and I am reminded that that is just twenty days from Thanksgiving Day—and that again just one month from Christmas Day, and that once more, one week from New Year's Day, and then don't forget to head your letters 1898.

Have you anything to be thankful for? "Why yes," I almost hear some child say, "I am thankful for Christmas Day." Well, why? "Because we always have a good time, plenty of fruit and candies, and presents, and lots of things." Well, is that all? I am thankful for what Christmas Day commemorates; thankful for a lovely little baby born on that day hundred of years ago.

It's true He had a very strange cradle, but he had a choir which came all the way from Heaven to sing about Him. He had a wonderful Star which guided some very wise men a long way across the desert to see Him, and worship Him. He was with the cattle in a stable, but such company as he had did not often come to see a little baby.

In our city a mother had three little babies come to her house at one time and every body wanted to see

these little triplets, but when one baby comes to our homes only a very few are anxious to come and see it. But here was a baby born, and very wise men, very good men, and even Angels, came to see and celebrate the event.

Now it appears to me that if there was so much interest taken in the little babe in Bethlehem it must have been an important event. I read in the Bible that "Angels desired to look into it," and then I think of what the great Apostle Paul said, "Great is the mystery of Godliness, God manifest in the flesh," then I think again that when they found a name for this baby it was a name which meant a good deal.

He was called "Jesus," and that means "Saviour," and explanation was given that He was called divine because He should save from sin. Then I notice He had another name, "Immanuel," and that was said to mean "God with us," and now I seem to hear somebody saying, "why, of course, Jesus was a Saviour and being God as well as man, He was able to save to the uttermost all that came unto God by Him."

Now I have it, I am thankful for Christmas because it celebrates the coming into this world of one who can save me from that awful thing, sin. All the time I am enjoying myself on Christmas day I want to remember that if Jesus had not come to our earth as our Saviour, we should not have had a Christmas day to be thankful for. While we thank God for this happy day, let us not forget there are millions of people who know nothing of Christmas day, because they know nothing of the One who was born to save.

A happy Christmas and a happy New Year to all the Mission Band children in the world.

Yours, &c.,

W. J. KIRBY.

A LADY.

RECITATION.

I know a lady in this land
Who carries a Chinese fan in her hand,
But in her heart does she carry a thought
Of her Chinese sister, who carefully wrought
The dainty, delicate silken toy,
For her to admire and enjoy?

This lady has on her parlor floor
A lovely rug, from Syrian shore;
Its figures are woven with curious art—
I wish that my lady had in her heart
One thought of love for those foreign homes,
Where the light of the gospel never comes.

To shield my lady from chilling draft,
Is a Japanese screen of curious craft.
She takes the comfort its presence gives,
But in her heart not one thought lives—
Not one little thought—ah, me! ah, me!
For the comfortless homes that lie over the sea.

My lady in gown of silk is arrayed,
The fabric soft was in India made.
Will she think of the country whence it came?
Will she make an offering in His name,
To send the perfect, heavenly dress,
The mantle of Christ's own righteousness,
To those who are poor and sad and forlorn,
To those who know not that Christ is born?

Edna A. Walker.