



"ON EARTH—PEACE!"

A WINTER SONG.

Oh, summer has the roses
And the laughing light south wind,
And the merry meadows lined
With dewy, dancing posies;
But winter has the sprites
And the witching frosty nights.

Oh, summer has the splendour
Of the corn-fields wide and deep,
Where scarlet poppies sleep,
And weary shadows wander;
But winter fields are rare
With diamonds everywhere.

Oh, summer has the wild bees,
And the ringing, singing note
In the robin's tuneful throat,
And the leaf-talk in the trees;
But winter has the chime
Of the merry Christmas time.

Oh, summer has the lustre
Of the sunbeams warm and bright,
And rains that fall at night
Where reeds and lilies cluster;
But deep in winter's snow
The fires of Christmas glow.

"BLESS HIS DEAR LITTLE HEART."

IN a very elegant palace car entered a weary-faced, poorly-clad woman, with three little children—one a babe in her arms. A look of joy crept into her face as she settled down into one of the luxurious chairs, but it was quickly dispelled as she was told by the conductor to go into the forward car.

A smile of amusement was seen on

several faces as the frightened group hurried out to enter one of the common cars. Upon one young face, however, there was a look which shamed the countenance of the others.

"Auntie," said the boy to the lady beside him, "I am going to carry my basket of fruit and this box of sandwiches to the poor woman in the next car. You are willing, of course?"

He spoke eagerly, but she answered:

"Don't be foolish, dear; you may need them yourself, and perhaps the woman would not want to take them from you."

"No, I do not need them," he answered, decidedly, but in a very low tone. "You know I had a hearty breakfast and don't need a lunch. The woman looked hungry, auntie, and tired, too, with those three little babies clinging to her. I'll be back in a minute, auntie. I know mother wouldn't like it if I didn't try to be kind to those who are poor and in trouble."

The worldly aunt brushed a tear from her eye after the boy left her, and said audibly, "Just like the dear mother."

About a minute later, as the conductor passed the mother and the three children, he saw a pretty sight—the family feasting as perhaps they had never done before; the dainty sandwiches were eagerly eaten, the fruit basket stood open.

The eldest child with her mouth filled with bread and butter, "Was the pretty boy an angel, mamma?"

"No," answered the mother with a grateful look brightening her faded eyes, "but he is doing an angel's work, bless his dear little heart!"

And we, too, say, "Bless his dear little heart!"

A GOOD CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

AMONG the novelties in the way of Christmas gifts for the coming season, intended for father, mother, brother, or sister, is a suitable holiday envelope, containing a pledge or Christmas promise something like this:

By the help of God, and with my best and truest love. To—: I hereby promise never to use tobacco or ardent spirits as long as I live.

To this is signed the name of the donor.

Boys, all the money you could earn in a year would not purchase a present which would give your parents or your sisters so much pleasure as would such a Christmas pledge signed by you. If the pledges are not for sale in your town manufacture one. Purchase a pretty Christmas card and write on the back of it a pledge

similar to the one given here, substituting for the words, "before I am twenty-one years of age," the better promise, "so long as I live."

THE LITTLE LAMBS.

DURING a powerful revival, the pastor announced that a meeting would be held that evening for the reception of members. On hearing this, little eleven-year-old Frank went home and asked the permission of his grandmother, under whose charge he was, to present himself for membership. She was astonished, and said:

"My dear child, you are too young. You must wait till you get older."

This was more than little Harry could endure. He instantly burst into tears, and hid his face in her lap. It was some time before he regained composure. He then said:

"Grandma, if you had a flock of sheep and lambs, and it was winter time, would you put all the big sheep in the stables and leave the little lambs outside to perish in the snow and cold?"

The little boy's faith and earnestness triumphed. His grandmother consented. He was examined as to his faith in Christ, and received into the Church.

He became a physician, and the head of a public institution of the State of Kentucky, and is still an earnest and devoted follower of Christ.—*Crown of Glory.*

GOD'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

AMID our Christmas gifts we should not forget the best and greatest of all—God's gift of his own dear Son. "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him, should not perish but have everlasting life." Let this be your Christmas motto. Oh what a gift, on the first Christmas day 1892 years ago, was the gift of the Divine child, the Babe of Bethlehem, the Son of God to be the Saviour of the world. Dear children, let him be your Saviour. Love him. Trust him. Give him, as the best Christmas gift you can bring, your young and loving hearts.

BE COURTEOUS.

PERHAPS you are not sure what the word courteous means. It is rather a long hard word for some of you. Courteous means almost the same as polite. Peter tells us to be pitiful and courteous. Courteous means polite because we have kindly feelings toward every one. So you see it is harder to be courteous than to be polite.

Let us try always to see the good in people, think only kind things of them and say only kind words of them, and then we cannot help being kind to them. Then we shall be courteous. Courteousness is Christian politeness. A Christian child or man or woman should always be courteous.