

## LIGHTING UP THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

LIGHTING up the Christmas tree  
So its treasures all may see;  
Here's a whistle, there a ball,  
Here's a book, and there a doll,  
Here's a basket and a knife,  
Here's a soldier's cap and fife.

Now attend is every ear,  
All—a name, their own, to hear;  
Quick and glad the gift they take;  
Tis for them, there's no mistake.  
"Thank you," "Thank you," hear them say;  
Oh, this happy Christmas day!

Eager children, standing there,  
Tell me, did you ever hear  
Of the Christmas gift of God?  
Have you, children, understood  
Tis for you? Have you believed  
And the wondrous gift received?

Once the happy angels came  
With glad music to proclaim  
God's great gift to sinful man;  
How the joyful tidings ran!  
We have caught the precious word  
Of the Saviour, Christ the Lord.

God his only Son has given  
To redeem our souls for heaven;  
For this rich, amazing gift,  
Children, let us ever lift  
Voices tuned to love and praise  
On these happy Christmas days!

## PLEASING JESUS.

"MAMMA," began Harry, as he dropped  
his wheelbarrow and came into the kitchen.

"What, my dear?" said his mother.

"Mamma," he repeated, "I wish I could  
do something to please Jesus. Can't you  
think of anything?"

"It pleases him to have you good and  
kind," his mother replied.

"I know it mamma, but I want to do  
something." Then he happened to see the  
empty chip-basket, and his face brightened  
up as he said, "Would it please Jesus if I  
should get you a basket of chips?"

"Yes, if you get it on purpose to please  
him," said his mother.

So Harry ran out to the wood-pile, and  
pretty soon returned with both hands  
toggling at the full basket, for he was  
only six years old. "There!" said he, as  
he put it in the chimney, "ain't they nice  
ones? I did not scabble them up; but  
picked them up one by one, because I did  
not want to get any but nice ones for  
Jesus."

His mother said, "That is right. Always

do your best when you do anything for  
Jesus."

Won't other little boys and girls remem-  
ber this, even if they are only going to  
pick up chips, wash dishes, or learn their  
lessons?—"Always do your best for the  
sake of pleasing Jesus."

## "LOTS OF GOOD THINGS IN HEAVEN."

It was breakfast-time. Mrs. Forest  
placed the little three-year-old Lily in her  
high chair, tied her bib on as usual; but  
what should she give her to eat? The  
delicate Lily could not relish the dry bread  
as her brother Charlie did.

"Mamma hasn't anything nice for her  
darling this morning," said Mrs. Forest,  
sorrowfully; "can Lily eat this bread if  
mamma puts a little hot water on it?"

Lily's face brightened as she tried to  
swallow a few mouthfuls of the bread and  
water, and looking up with a sweet smile,  
she said: "Mamma, God has *lots* of good  
things in heaven."

## HE SEES.

EMMA GRAY, on her way to school, passed  
a little boy whose hand was through the  
railings of a gentleman's front garden, trying  
to pick a flower. "Oh, little boy!" said  
Emma, kindly, "are you not taking that  
without leave?" "Nobody sees me," replied  
the little boy. "Somebody sees you from  
the blue sky," said Emma. "God says we  
must not take what does not belong to us  
without leave; and you will grieve him  
if you do so." "Shall I?" said he; "then  
I won't." He drew back his hand and went  
away. One way of doing good is to prevent  
others from doing wrong.—*Selected.*

## WHAT SHALL WE GIVE TO GOD?

In this season of Christmas gifts, the  
question often arises, "What shall I give?"  
We think of parents and friends who have  
given us many good things, for which we  
cannot repay them, yet we want to show  
them, by some simple gift, that we love  
them.

There is one dear and precious Friend,  
the best of all friends, who gave his Son to  
be our Saviour. What shall we give to  
him? In return for all he has done for us  
he asks for but one thing, yet it is a gift  
which means a great deal. "My son, give  
me thy heart."

This is all we can give, less than this  
we ought not to think of giving. When  
we make this gift to God, our love and our  
life go with it. We are his, and he is ours.  
This is the true idea of a noble life, a life  
"hid with Christ in God."

## HANG UP THE BABY'S STOCKING

HANG up the baby's stocking,

Be sure you don't forget,

The dear little dimpled darling;

She never saw Christmas yet;

But I've told her all about it,

And she opened her big blue eyes,

And I'm sure she understood it,

She looks so funny and wise.

Dear! what a tiny stocking!

It doesn't take much to hold

Such little pink toes as baby's

Away from the frost and cold.

But then for the baby's Christmas

It will never do at all.

Why Santa wouldn't be looking

For anything half so small?

I know what we'll do for the baby,

I've thought of the very best plan,

I'll borrow a stocking off grandma—

The longest that ever I can;

And you'll hang it by mine, dear mother,

Right here in the corner, so,

And write a letter to Santa

And fasten it on to the toe.

Write, "This is the baby's stocking,

That hangs in the corner here,

You never have seen her, Santa,

For she only came this year;

But she's just the blessedest baby!

And now, before you go,

Just cram her stocking with goodies

From the top clean down to the toe."

## LITTLE ALICE.

LITTLE ALICE was one of my Sabbath-  
school scholars, a fair-haired, blue-eyed  
little girl, whose beautiful face and sweet  
winning ways made her a favorite with all.  
Methinks I can see now the soft, tender  
look of her mild eyes fixed so earnestly upon  
me, as I endeavoured to impress upon her  
opening mind the gospel plan of salvation.  
One day I said to her.

"Alice, what will you do when you die  
and are called upon to stand before the  
judgment-seat of God to answer for all the  
sins done here upon earth?"

Her face glowed with emotion as she  
answered:

"Christ died for sinners, I will hide be-  
hind him. God will not look at me, He  
will look at Christ.

Beautiful thought, to hide behind Christ,  
to lose ourselves in him, and casting aside  
our own impure works to rest solely and  
entirely upon his finished work for salva-  
tion!