



### CHRISTMAS QUERIES.

Do you wish you could keep your watch by night,  
Like the Shepherds of Bethlehem?  
Do you wish you could see a glory light,  
As it shone in the sky for them?

Have you kept your watch in the fields afar,  
Where the heathen in darkness dwell?  
Have you watched in the East for the rising star,  
That shall lead to Immanuel?

Have you seen how the gospel of God's good will  
Is spreading through heathen climes?  
Have you heard how they call on the Lord until  
It is sweet as the angel chimes?

I tell you the Christmas glory now  
Is a thousand times more bright,  
Than the glory that shone so long ago  
On the first glad Christmas night.

The earth shall be full of the knowledge of God?  
It is blessedly drawing near!  
And peace upon earth, good will to men,  
Shall come with the Lord's New Year.

Good Times.

### DORA BRADLEY'S LOVING.

THE superintendent hesitated before giving to Dora Bradley the recently formed class of street boys, yet on that particular Sunday it had been unusually hard to fill the place of absent teachers, and he concluded she was at least better than no one, despite the fact that her abilities were generally turned to account in the pursuit of pleasure. The young girl knew very little about the Bible, but she was familiar with that day's lesson—the story of David and Goliath—and she told it in a way that held the attention of the boys.

David's bravery excited their wonder and admiration.

"I would a ben skeered to gone agin him with jist

a few stones," said one.

"But David was not afraid, because he trusted in the Lord," answered the teacher.

Then Frank Fuller, a small delicate boy, who had not taken his eyes from her face, asked, "What do yer mean by trustid?"

"To trust is to believe some one will help you do what you can not do for yourself," she replied, wondering if he understood.

The bell rang for the closing hymn, and in a glad almost triumphant voice, she joined in singing—"Jerusalem the Golden."

She was not thinking of the heavenly city, but she was young and happy, and the music was an expression of her exuberance of spirit.

Frank left the church with the tones of her voice ringing in his ear, and in his heart the seed, though unconsciously dropped, which was to bear fruit in the future.

Only a few weeks later Dora Bradley came down stairs one afternoon and found a message waiting for her. Frank had been crushed by some falling stone, he was in the hospital and wanted to see her.

She had youth's aversion to physical suffering, and only yielded to the request because she did not know how to refuse it.

Thoughtfully she went down the avenue, through the square, bright with blooming flowers, and then stopped, almost determined to go no further. With an effort she crossed the street and went up the broad stone steps, to the great, white building. A nurse met her and took her through the cool, wide corridors into the clean, well-kept ward. At its far end, by an open window, lay the boy. She stood by him for a minute, then softly pronounced his name, "Frank."

Slowly he opened his eyes, and as he recognized her, a smile indescribably sweet, played round his mouth.

"I knowed you'd come, yer the kind as comes when sent fur."

"How do you feel, Frank?" She asked.

"I feels all right, but the doctor says I have to die, an' I sent fur you, 'cause I'm afeared."