

WHAT THE BELLS SAY,

"O why do you ring, sweet chiming bells,
O why do you ring to-day?"
"We ring because once more the light
Shines on a New Year glad and bright,
And the old year's gone away."

"But why are you glad the old year's gone?
O bells, tell why you are glad!"
"Because the world begins again,
Turns a fresh page without a stain,
And repents what's wrong and sad."

"And will the old world grow good, O bells,
While it hears the news you ring?"
"The world moves slow, but if all will try
There will come a glad day, by and by,
When the earth for joy shall sing."

"And what can I do this year, sweet bells,
To make it, of all, the best?"
"Brimfull of love keep one little heart,
Let two little hands do their small part,
And leave to God the rest."

C. M. Friend.

L. A. S.

THE FRISBIES' GIFT.

(Concluded.)

The Frisbie quartette burst out laughing; very foolish of them, no doubt, and very foolish of Bryce and his father to join in.

"We'd like to have you come to our Christmas tree this afternoon," said Tom, when he could stop laughing. "We don't know your name, but we're the Frisbies."

Bryce, pale with excitement, looked up into his father's face; would he say yes?

"Bryce will be very happy to accept your kind invitation," said Mr Palmer.

"That's jolly!" said Tom, clapping his hands; "We'll come over for him."

"I'll try to be a gentleman, papa," said Bryce, as he bade his father good-bye, a little later when a host of Frisbies came to escort him to the tree.

"No, no," said his father, greatly to his astonishment; "just be a noisy boy for once; I'm sure they won't mind."

Before the fun was over, Bryce did throw away a little of his quiet, gentlemanly shyness, and romp in true Frisbie fashion; but for a time the strangeness of it all made him rather more demure than his wont.

"May I trouble you," he said to Mrs. Frisbie, whose heart went out to the motherless child, "may I trouble you to read those words over the tree? I can read in books, but those are very queer letters."

"Those are words that my children love very dearly," answered Mrs. Frisbie: "Unto us a child is born. They love to think of our dear Master, you know, as a child who belongs to them."

"I'm afraid I don't understand," said Bryce. "Do you have it there every year?"

"Yes; every birthday of Christ."

"I wish we had it in our house," said Bryce; "I mean I wish we had a child there who belonged to us;"

And then Bryce heard from Mrs. Frisbie the good news he had never understood before, that "unto" him too this Child Jesus had come; he need not be lonely again in the great house.

No very costly presents came off the pretty tree for the Frisbie children; but before they took anything they told Bryce he must take his choice of all the things.

"Well," he said, hesitating, "if it's not impolite, I want those words in the green letters. I would like to have them in my room."

Bryce felt a richer boy that night when he went home than he had ever been before. He had heard of God's "unspeakable gift," and felt that he was a sharer in it.

"You knew about it, didn't you papa?" he asked.

"I suppose you thought I knew. Please tell me more."

A long, long talk followed, and at its close the father said, "Bryce, I have forgotten the Child Jesus, and disobeyed him. Shall you and I begin together and try to be like him?"

"He belongs to us," Bryce answered softly.—[Ex.]

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

FOR TWO CHILDREN.

Question. Tell me what happened one fair, glad night,
Back in the Bible story?

Answer. Some shepherds watched in the soft starlight,
Lest the little lambs should take affright,
And there they saw a wonderful sight,—
An angel came down in glory.

Q. What were the words the angel said,—
The angel who came in glory?

A. "O shepherds," he sang, "be not afraid,
I come not to harm, but to bring you aid;
On me a glad, glad message is laid—
To all men belong the story.

"A manger," he said, "that night should hold
A Saviour of mercies manifold,
Who, though he wore not purple or gold,
Was Christ the Lord of glory."

Q. And do the people all know it now?
Do they love the Lord of glory?

A. Some love him well, but others bow
To idol gods; for they know not how
The angel came with the shining brow,
And told his wonderful story.

Q. How can it be they have never heard
Of the angel and his story?

A. Because earth's children who love the Lord
Have felt content their hearts were stored,
And have not labored to spread the word:
These know not the Lord of glory.

Q. How can we help all men to know
Of the blessed Lord of glory?

A. We can feel the burden of their woe;
We can give to them, if we cannot go;
If we may not reap, we can always sow;
We can send them the gospel story.—[Ex.]