

THE BABE.

Little Laddie, in the manger,  
Lowly laid;  
Of the cruel lot he's born to,  
Unafraid.

Of the nails, and spear, and thorn crown,  
Kens he not;  
All the glory of his heaven  
Is forgot.

There, by shepherds and wise men to  
Be adored,  
Lowlier than earthly baby,  
Lies our Lord.

With the kindly, mild-eyed beasties  
Grouped around,  
Champ of food and gentle mooring  
All the sound.

In the shadow of his mission  
Sleepeth he;  
All our hope, all our fruition,  
Worship we.

In our hearts alone he reigneth  
Ne'er to cease:  
The Wonderful, the Counsellor, our  
Prince of Peace.

Ex.

THE FRISBIES' GIFT.

THE world is full of funny things. The seven young Frisbies found it so, and they laughed more and grew fatter than any other seven children in the neighborhood. One of the funniest things in the world, they thought, was to look from their little box of a house, where the windows were frequently to be seen crowded with large and rosy faces, to the tall, handsome house opposite, where in a window on the third story, a single pale little face was often to be seen gazing wistfully at the merry throng across the street. One little boy in all that great house, where there was money enough to keep a hundred, and here, where there was scarce room enough for the cribs and bedsteads, and where pennies were prizes, seven boys and girls!

"It's like putting seven big apples into a pint measure, and letting a poor little cranberry roll around by itself in a handbox," said Tom; whereat his six little brothers and sisters laughed as heartily as if Tom had made a good joke. But it's easy enough for an one to laugh, even at a poor joke, on Christmas day.

But what seemed so funny to the seven little Frisbies seemed only melancholy to the one lonely little boy in the big double house. If he only had a brother or a sister! It didn't seem fair that that happy little house should be packed full, and his house have only his father, himself and the servants in it. To-day he had not thought about it so much, to be sure, for he was too busy with the many Christmas presents with which his father had surprised him. Best of all, he had his father—a rare treat.

After Mr. Palmer had explained the working of the new mechanical toys, Bryce climbed on his father's knee to rest, and to look out at the stream of people passing.

"Where are they all coming from, papa?" he asked.  
"From church."

"Why, it isn't Sunday, is it? What do they go to church for to-day?"

"Because it's Christmas."

"But what for, papa? What is Christmas, anyway?"

"Because it's a custom. There, you've asked questions enough for to-day. Have I not told you that you cannot be a little gentleman if you are inquisitive?" Bryce was silent for a long time.

"Oh, there they are!" he exclaimed at length, as the four young Frisbies of church-going age, headed by father and mother Frisbie, descended the steps opposite.

"Who?"

"The happy children," Bryce answered. "Look, papa, look! They're looking for me in the window upstairs! Would I be a gentleman," he asked eagerly, but hesitated, "if I should wave my handkerchief to show them where I am."

"Wave it, laddie."

"See, see, papa! They're coming over," Bryce exclaimed, greatly excited.

"Merry Christmas!" shouted the four apple-cheeked Frisbies.

"Can I say it?" asked Bryce, whose one fear was lest he should displease his father by any action not gentlemanly.

Mr. Palmer replied by throwing open the window, and calling a hearty "Merry Christmas!"

"Merry Christmas!" echoed Bryce.

*(Continued next month.)*

A CHRISTMAS SUPPER.—Continued from page 5.

sides harts and fatted fowl," "kidneys;" "all manner of laked meats." "Ye may eat of the roebuck," "ye shall eat of the wild goat and the wild ox." Of game we will have "partridges," "two young pigeons," "quails," then "ten cheeses," and finish up with fruits. We will have "a basket of summer fruit," "pomegranates and figs," "apples," "dates," "two baskets of figs." "Then thou mayest eat grapes thy fill." "We remember the melons," the "bunches of raisins," the "nuts and lemons." We will say grace, "Give us this day our daily bread" Let us "tell them who are bidden I have prepared my supper," then "eat, drink and be merry," for "a feast is made for laughter;" then we will close with a doxology, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits," "for thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory forever and ever, amen."

All the portions of this letter in quotation marks are in the Bible, and you can find them out as a Christmas exercise. I hope I have not bothered your little minds with my last letter, because I did not intend putting in quotation marks the words "and he spread the letter," but merely for you to find out something about opening a letter before God and praying about it. I hope I am not too late for the Christmas number of Palm Branch.

"A Happy New Year."

Your friend,

Nov. 16th, '99.

W. J. KIRBY.