

CHRISTMAS.

CHRISTMAS bells are ringing, ringing,
On this glad December morn;
Children joyful songs are singing,
Of a little baby born;
Born in Bethlehem, tell the story,
Christ is born the King of glory.

While the shepherds watch were keeping
Through the silent starry night,
O'er their flocks on hill-sides sleeping,
Lo, they saw a wondrous sight!
And they heard a gladsome singing,
Thro' the vaulted heavens ringing.

"Fear not," said an angel stranger,
"For 'tis joyful news I bring;
In a stable, in a manger,
There is born an infant King.
Go and seek him; you will find
Christ, the Saviour of mankind.

"Glory in the highest, glory,
Peace on earth, good will towards men."
Hear the blessed angels' story,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.
Christ the Saviour born this day,
Come to take our sins away.

Let us join the heavenly chorus.
Loud our Christmas anthems raise
To the Saviour reigning o'er us,
Who is worthy of all praise.

ROB'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

WHEN Rob was ten years old, his father said to him: "I am going to give you an allowance of ten cents a week this year; and if you make a good use of it, I will double it next year."

Rob's eyes sparkled as he thanked his father.

"Ten cents a week!" he exclaimed. "That will be five dollars and twenty cents a year!"

"Exactly. And next year it will be ten dollars and forty cents, if I think you deserve it. Now let me see how well you can manage your money."

"What am I to do with it?" asked Rob. "Anything I choose?"

"Yes. It will be your own, to spend as you like."

"Then I guess I'll buy a new sled," said Rob. "I'll want another one next winter, and I'll save up for it."

As if to help him in this plan, somebody had given him a little savings bank among his birthday presents; and Rob at once began to use it. Every Saturday his father handed him two five-cent pieces, and one of them was regularly dropped into the bank. The other was pretty apt to go for candy,

all in a lump; and that disappeared, of course, in a very short time. The peppermint stick was always divided between mamma and grandpa; the chocolate and the cinnamon sticks Rob ate himself; at least what was left of them after he had given the boys a bite all around. There were mostly boys about when Rob bought his candy, and it didn't last very long.

But he enjoyed what there was of it, and meantime the five-cent pieces in the bank began to make it heavy. One day, about eight months after his birthday, he counted them, and found that he had thirty-four five-cent pieces and two quarters. Uncle Dick had been there on a visit, and dropped those without Rob's knowledge. So to his great delight he found that he had enough to buy the sled already.

"I'll get it right away, wouldn't you?" he said to his mother; "and then I'll have it when the snow comes."

"It looks as if it might snow any minute," his mother answered; for it was a cold, dark, November day. "Yes, you might as well buy it directly."

And Rob started off for the village store in high glee; but came back in the course of an hour looking rather sober.

"Where's your sled?" asked grandpa.

"Haven't got it," said Rob.

"Where's your money, then?"

"Haven't got that, either."

"Lost it?" asked grandpa.

"No sir," said Rob.

"What did you do with it, then?"

"I bought a pair of shoes with it," said Rob, his face turning very red, and tears starting to his eyes. "Minnie Crawford was down at the store, and she was barefooted, and she was crying, and I asked her what was the matter? And she said her feet were so cold, and they didn't have anything to eat at her house. So I just bought her some shoes and stockings, and a loaf of bread to take home with her. And that's all there is about it," ended Rob, running out of the room to hide the tears and blushes of which he was ashamed.

Grandpa looked after him with a funny little smile.

"All there is about it!" he said to himself. "Not quite, Master Rob!"

And that same afternoon, he went to the store; and a basket of groceries went over to the Crawfords, and a beautiful red sled with a black swallow on it, was tucked away in a safe place to wait for Christmas. Rob got it in due time; and more than that, he got his allowance doubled next year; for his father thought he could be trusted to make a good use of it. What do you think?

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

ON this blessed Christmas morn,
Come my little one, to me,
Let me lift you to my knee,
And with loving arms around you
Tell the story o'er again
Of the Christ-child born,
As a Saviour unto men,
To become to you and me
Through his death and agony,
God's own Lamb our souls to win
From the guilt and stain of sin;
God's good Shepherd, at such cost
Come to seek and save the lost!
Say, my darling, has he found you?
Thrown his loving arms around you?
With his saving mercy crowned you?

In that hush of holy time,
When he opened first his eyes
Under glory-kindling skies
On his mother in a manger;
Lo! an angel tells his birth,
Heavenly hosts with song sublime
Chant his welcome unto earth,
Shouting o'er and o'er again,
"Peace on earth, good will to men;"
Giving hope to you and me,
If we would his glory see;
In the fulness of his love
Bringing to his home above!
Darling, be no more a stranger
To this Christ-child of the manger,
He alone can save from danger!

In the light of this glad day
Let us, then, remember him,
And, while joy is at its brim
Giving many a sweet forewarning
Of the treasures of his love;
As we give our gifts, and pray
For his blessing from above,
Let us lift anew our eyes
To the shining upper skies,
Love him, till you and me,
In the blessed time to be,
Through the riches of his grace,
He shall show his shining face.
Will not crowns our heads adorning,
Be, my darling, heaven's forewarning
Of an endless Christmas morning?

CHRISTMAS EVE.

YEARS ago, the night that Jesus was born, there were shepherds keeping watch over their flocks, when suddenly they saw a new star. They looked, and wondered, and were afraid at first; but God sent angel messengers to tell them: "Fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger."