

Christmas Chimes.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

ALL hail to the chimes, and the Christmas rhymes
Of the happy people from shore to shore;
For the children sing, and the glad hearts bring

Sweet offerings, as they did of yore.
King frost comes forth upon Christmas morn,
As he did on the day the Babe was born,
That made the hearts of the world so glad,
And reigns, in his robes of frost-work clad.

What a noble thing did the old Frost King
When he stormed the fort of his yellow foe;

When with icy glance, and a shining lance
He laid the terrible traitor low!
The fever-demons, both great and small,
All fled afar at his clarion call,
And he brings to us with the Christmas chimes
The promised blessing of "better times."

The fruit in hoard, the grain all stored,
The farmer rests from his summer toil;
While the kinsmen meet with a greeting sweet,

And "bury the hatchet" in frozen soil.
Young men and maidens go hand in hand,
And the children frolic, a happy band,
For "peace and good will" holds sovereign sway

Upon our glorious Christmas day.

The poor child waits at the area gates
For the toothsome morsel she knows will come

For the Christmas cakes that "some fairy makes,"

While even the sparrow will get his crumb.
Ah, yes, for an ang' l broods to-day
O'er the poorest mortal's thorny way—
Is a time of feast, and a time of song,
And no bitter thoughts to the hour belong.

On the cheerful hearth, 'mid song and mirth,
Dear "Grandma" sits in her snowy furls,
And softly tells, as she hears the bells,

Of her wedding ride o'er the frosty hills.
Then "Grandpa" smiles and nods assent,
And tells how the happy time was spent
That Christmas day, when he took his bride
From her father's house on that famous ride.

In some blest homes, when Christmas comes,
Three generations fondly meet,
And no sight more rare, or bright, or fair,
Will ever, perhaps, our vision greet.

A Christmas greeting to all we send;
A Christmas blessing that hath no end;
May each coming year be filled with joys
Oh, fathers and mothers, girls and boys.

Christmas in the Primary Class.

BY MRS. W. F. GRAFTS.

"CHRIST came and brought God-like childhood to the earth." It is therefore fitting that children should keep His birthday with great gladness. Look at the pagan Chinese; they are willing to sell their little children for a small number of postage stamps, that have already done duty on letters. To get these facts into the child-soul is the gladdest, the grandest thing a teacher can do at Christmas. Let this, then, be the first thing.

How shall the children keep His birthday? With as much as possible of the spirit of Christ in their hearts. The coming of Christ to our earth was the grandest self-sacrifice ever made. Shall we then teach the children to observe His birthday by self-indulgence and self-gratification? Will this do Him honour? The grandest, truest way to observe Christmas would be to hold a universal religious festival, when the hearts of men, women, and little children would be turned to their Saviour in special gladness and gratitude. Each teacher in the Sunday-school can do something to bring this about. Even the smallest child may learn that the best way to keep Christmas is to help others.

1. If there is to be a Christmas tree, let the children bring the gifts to fill it

for the poor children in their own class, or for the outside poor who may be brought in to receive the gifts.

2. Hold a little fair near Christmas, where the articles for sale will be the work of the children, assisted of course, to some degree, by the nannies. Let the proceeds of the fair be given as a Christmas gift to some benevolent object.

3. An intense interest in doing for others has been aroused by simply taking a collection each Sunday for six weeks before Christmas, for the special purpose of making a gift to some charity, as the Children's Hospital.

4. A primary teacher has told me of a plan which she followed in her class. She told the children that she would have a large empty box set in the Sunday-school room, and they could put into it anything which they would like to give to make poor children happy on Christmas. The box was well filled with toys, books, and wearing apparel, which she afterwards distributed, giving the children a graphic description of her visits.

Not Trustworthy.

BY FRANK H. STAUFFER.

ONE afternoon a gentleman was shown into Mr. Lamar's library.

"Mr. Lamar," asked the visitor, "do you know a lad by the name of Gregory Bassett?"

"I guess so," replied Mr. Lamar, with a smile. "That is the young man," he added, nodding to Gregory.

The latter was a boy aged about fourteen. He was drawing a map at the wide table near the window.

"A bright boy, I should judge," commented the visitor, looking over the top of his glasses. "He applied for a clerkship in my mill, and referred me to you. His letter of application shows that he is a good penman. How is he at figures?"

"Rapid and correct," was the reply. "That's good! Honest, is he?"

"Oh, yes," answered Mr. Lamar. "The work is not hard, and he will be rapidly promoted, should he deserve it. Oh! one question more, Mr. Lamar; is the boy trustworthy?"

"I regret to say that he is not," was the grave reply.

"Eh!" cried the visitor. "Then I don't want him."

That ended the interview.

"O uncle!" cried Gregory, bursting into tears.

He had set his heart upon obtaining the situation, and was very much disappointed over the result.

"Gregory, I could not deceive the gentleman," Mr. Lamar said, in a low tone, more regretful than stern. "You are not trustworthy, and it is a serious failing; nay, a fault, rather. Three instances occurred, within as many weeks, which sorely tried my patience, and cost me loss of time and money."

Mr. Lamar's tone changed into one of reproach, and his face was dark with displeasure.

"I gave you some money to deposit in the bank," he resumed. "You loitered until the bank was closed, and my note went to protest. One evening I told you to close the gate at the barn. You neglected to do so. The colt got out through the night, fell into a quarry, and broke its leg. I had to shoot the pretty little thing, to put an end to its suffering."

Gregory lifted his hand in a humiliated way.

"Next I gave you a letter to mail. You loitered to watch a man with a tame bear. 'The nine o'clock mail will do,' you thought. But it didn't, being a way mail, and not a through mail. On the following day I went fifty miles to keep the appointment I had made. The gentleman was not there to meet me, because he had not received my letter. I lost my time, and missed all the benefit of what would have been to me a very profitable transaction. It is not too late for you to reform; and unless you do reform, your life will prove a failure."

The lesson was not lost upon Gregory. He succeeded in getting rid of his heedless ways, and became prompt, precise, trustworthy.

The Christ-Child.

BY DR. MARTIN LUTHER.

FROM heaven above to earth I come,
To bring glad news to every home;
Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
Whereof I now will say and sing.

To you this night is born a Child,
Of Mary, chosen mother mild;
This little Child of lowly birth
Shall be the joy of all the earth.

He brings those blessings long ago
Prepared by God for all below;
Henceforth His kingdom open stands
To you, as to the angel-bands.

Now let us all, with gladsome cheer,
Follow the shepherds and draw near;
Who is this Child so young and fair?
The blessed Christ-child lieth here.

My heart for very joy doth leap,
My lips no more can silence keep;
I too will sing with joyful tongue
That sweetest ancient cradle song—

Glory to God in highest heaven,
Who unto man His Son has given,
While angels sing with highest mirth,
A glad New Year to all the earth.

Whose Was It?

A TRUE STORY.

A CROWD of schoolboys chatted very fast as they half ran, half walked the planked sidewalks of a Pennsylvania city street. Just as they turned a corner several started, for in the path near by glistened a silver half-dollar. Three boys saw it at once, and each claimed it as his own. Loud words followed, a few fists were clenched, but Peter McCarthy held the money in his strong palm, and would not even show it to the rest. Peter was very fleet of foot, so he made good use of his limbs in trying to get beyond the reach of his pursuers. But run as he would, some one seemed to keep pace with him at every step, and so in despair he bounded into the open schoolroom door, threw his cap towards its nail, and took his seat before schooltime. Once in, he could not retreat, for the principal sat at her desk and her rules were never to be broken. The boys all entered—half the school, perhaps—all who were near, at least to watch the lad who meant to keep the whole. Several hands were immediately raised. "Please, Peter McCarthy has found a big piece of money," said one. "Please, three of us found it at once, but he got it first." "Please, and he won't share it with us at all." "Yes, ma'am, and he won't treat, nor nothing."

The teacher closed the register, placed it in her drawer, and called the lads to the recitation seats. Peter came with a flushed, excited face, while some of the rest looked daggers at him slyly. "Do you think some one threw the money away?" she asked. Every one

smiled. "I suppose it really belongs to some one person, and that that person, whoever it may prove to be, has lost it, and feels sad about it. I should be sorry if it proved to belong to some poor child who had been sent of an errand for his mother." Peter and several others wiped their eyes. "We might get a lot of cherries, and treat," said one. "Yes, or peanuts, or candies," said another. "We might try to find the owner," said a third. Just then the school-bell rang, "Which would be the nearest right?" asked the teacher. "The last," said Peter, as he placed the money on the teacher's desk. "Perhaps I shall not find an owner in school," she said: "in that case it will have to be decided hereafter."

Just as the moment for opening the school came, the bell at the desk waited, the pupils folded their hands, one hundred and twenty or thirty pairs of them, while the teacher held up the shining silver. No one in her room claimed it. She opened the primary department door. The teacher sat on the platform trying to comfort a little girl of seven years who was sobbing violently. All she could make out of her broken words were these: "All—she'd—got—Benny—sick—medicine"

"Well," said Miss Whiteman, "did you wish to go for medicine now?" But the child only screamed the louder, "Can't! O dear! O dear!"

"I've something to tell you," said the lady who entered. "All look at me. I wish that little girl who is crying to look at what I hold up, and tell me if she knows whose half-dollar this is?"

The child gave a loud exclamation of delight and rushed up to the lady to snatch it from her hand.

"Not yet," she said gently; "come with me."

She led the sobbing, broken-hearted little child to the desk in her room, wiped her fevered brow, and asked if the boys who found a half-dollar lying in the street would keep this child's little brother from the medicine she was to take to him after school.

"No, indeed!" they responded.

"Boys," said she, "do you know this child? she is a stranger to me."

Many hands were raised.

"She is Mrs. Maloney's girl, Bridget," said one.

"Her mother washes for a living," said another.

"Her father's dead, and there's four children besides her, younger," said a third.

"Will you treat with cherries and peanuts, boys?" she asked. But only one response came; it was Peter McCarthy who spoke.

"Will you please forgive us," he said, "for just thinking so selfish as it was, and give Bridget the money!"

And so the little red face was lifted and kissed and the money placed in the child's hand; and she faltered out "Thank you, lady; I'm sure it's bound to make Benny well again," and passed into her room.

From every action of our lives there is a result. Nothing comes by chance. The loss to little Bridget resulted in a lesson that can never be forgotten by those schoolboys. It will be remembered also by many more in the impression it has left upon the understanding.

A LITTLE fellow, three years old, who had never eaten frosted cake, asked at the table for a piece of "that cake with plaster on it."