

Such is the story told to German children concerning their beautiful Christmas trees, and though we know that the real little Christ child can never be wandering cold and homeless again in our world, inasmuch as he is safe in heaven by his Father's side, yet we may gather from this story the same truth which the Bible plainly tells us, that any one who helps a Christian child in distress, it will be counted unto him as if he had indeed done it unto Christ.—*Children's Prize.*

**A Christmas Song.**

THOU Holy Child of Bethlehem,  
Who in a manger lay;  
We thank thee for thy wondrous love,  
And bless thy name to day.  
For children all in every clime  
Where thy dear name is known,  
Rejoice in that great love of thine,  
Which makes them all thine own.

Immanuel! The Prince of Peace,  
We worship thee, our King;  
And like the wise men from the East,  
Most precious gifts we bring.  
We come with loving, grateful hearts,—  
We bow before thy face,  
And whilst we give ourselves to thee,  
Oh give to us thy grace.

**A CHRISTMAS LESSON FOR THE PRIMARY CLASS.**

BY MRS. W. F. CRAFTS.

WHICH do you like best, fairy stories or true stories? Fairy stories are always wonderful; but true stories are even more wonderful sometimes than fairy stories. I will tell you a true story about what came out of a night.

What a night that was! It was dark, just like all other nights. The stars were shining in the sky. The sheep and lambs were lying down in sleep. The good, kind shepherds were keeping watch over their flocks, for fear the wolves and lions that go about in the darkness would come and steal some of their sheep and lambs. All at once the shepherds saw a bright light about them, and an angel standing by them. The shepherds were so frightened by the great light at night, and by the angel, that they tried to cover up their eyes by putting their faces close down to the ground. Then the angel spoke to them, and told them not to be afraid, for he had brought them good news, even that God's Son had come into the world to make a way for people to go to heaven. Perhaps the shepherds looked up then, and asked the angel to tell them where they could find God's Son. Perhaps the shepherds thought God's Son would be great and strong and beautiful. No, said the angel; you will find him a little babe, "wrapped in swaddling clothes, and lying in a manger." The manger was the trough in which the hay was put for an ox or a cow.

How wonderful it was that the God who had made all things should come again to the world as a little baby, so that he might show children the way to heaven!

When the angel had told the shepherds where to find Jesus, the whole sky seemed to be full of angels who sang the good news that Jesus was born. Oh, how beautiful must have been their song!

When the angels had finished their song, the shepherds started to find Jesus. They went into Bethlehem, and in a stable they found the Babe, with Mary his mother, and Joseph her husband. The shepherds told what the angel had said, and about the song of the angels, and about the star which had shown them the way. Then the shepherds, when they had seen the little Jesus, went

back to their flocks, praising God for what they had seen and heard.

That wonderful night was the first Christmas. Now I am wondering if you cannot tell me what came out of that wonderful night that has filled the whole world. You are always so joyful at Christmas time, I think you surely might tell me one thing—joy. We have so much joy at Christmas time because we get so many presents, and give so many too. I am not at all well pleased that a sort of fairy called Santa Claus has come into Jesus' place. I fear that some little children think only about Santa Claus at Christmas time, and forget that all their happy times have come out of that first Christmas night, when Jesus was born. Little boys and girls, men and women too, in all parts of the world, feel the joy of that first Christmas in their hearts.

Now let us think of something else that came out of that first Christmas night which is filling the whole world. I wonder if any of you read in the papers, as I have done, about how all the poor children in the city had warm clothes, and plenty of good food, and toys of all kinds, given to them on Christmas Day. Perhaps some of you gave money to help those poor ones have a happy Christmas. This "goodwill" toward everybody has grown out of that first Christmas night.

We are talking about what came out of that first Christmas night that is filling the whole world. There is a verse in the Bible which says: "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life." Away off in China, India, Japan, and the islands of the sea, as well as in our own land, and in every nation, there are some who love him because he first loved them. The love of God, then, which Jesus brought into the world on that first Christmas night, has gone into every part of the world.

And what came out of that Christmas night for the Lord Jesus himself? Days of childhood, when he grew in wisdom and in stature; days of toil in the little town of Nazareth, when he was known only as the carpenter's son; days of wandering, sad and lone, when he said: "Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head;" a night of sorrow in the garden, when he sweat as it were great drops of blood because of the anguish of his soul. Out of that first Christmas night grew days of persecution, when he was crowned in mockery as a king, and spit upon, and reviled, and at last was crucified, dead and buried, and on the third day he rose again from the dead. He ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father, whence he shall come again to judge the world. But how glorious he will be then! And what great rejoicing there will be, for the dead will be made alive; and those who loved and served the Lord Jesus while they lived, he will take back to heaven to be with him forever—all because "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—*S. S. Times.*

**A NEW HEART.**

AN anecdote was published many years ago concerning the Indian Chief Teedyuscung, King of the Delawares. One evening he was sitting at the fireside of a friend. Both of them were silently looking at the fire, indulging their own reflections. At length the silence was broken by the friend, who said, "I will tell thee what I have been thinking of. I have been thinking of a rule delivered by the Author of the Christian religion, which, from its excellence, we call the Golden Rule."

"Stop," said Teedyuscung, "don't praise it to me, but rather tell me what it is, and let me think for myself. I do not wish you to tell me of its excellence, tell me what it is."

"It is for one man to do to another as he would have the other do to him."

"That's impossible—it cannot be done," Teedyuscung immediately replied.

Silence again ensued. Teedyuscung lighted his pipe, and walked about the room. In about a quarter of an hour he came to his friend, with a smiling countenance, and, taking the pipe from his mouth, said:

"Brother, I have been thoughtful of what you told me. If the Great Spirit that made man would give him a new heart, he could do as you say, but not else."

Thus the Indian found the only means by which man can fulfil his social duties.

**A Wish.**

O to have dwelt in Bethlehem,  
When the star of the Lord shone bright;  
To have sheltered the holy wanderers  
On that blessed Christmas night;  
To have kissed the tender way-worn feet  
Of the mother undetiled,  
And with reverend wonder and deep delight,  
To have tended the Holy Child!

Hush, such a glory was not for thee;  
But that care may still be thine,  
For are there not little ones still to aid  
For the sake of the Child divine?  
Are there no wandering pilgrims now  
To thy heart and thy home to take?  
And are there no mothers whose weary hearts  
You can comfort for Jesus' sake?

**"Child Jesus Came From Heaven."**

CHILD Jesus came from heaven to earth,  
The Father's mercy showing;  
In stable mean he had his birth,  
No better cradle knowing;  
A star smiled down the babe to greet;  
The humble oxen kissed his feet,  
All praise to thee, all praise to thee,  
Child Jesus!

O soul with sin and grief cast down,  
Forget thy bitter sadness;  
A Child is come to David's town,  
To bring thee joy and gladness;  
Oh, let us haste the Child to find,  
And child-like be in heart and mind,  
All praise to thee, all praise to thee,  
Child Jesus!

**THE TEST OF LOVE.**

"SINCE you gave your heart to God last spring, Jennie," said a pastor to a little girl, "you think that you have been a Christian. Can you tell us why you think so?"

"Because, sir," she said, after thinking a moment, "Jesus says, 'If ye love me, keep my commandments;' and I want to keep his commandments more than anything else."

"Yes, my dear child. By this we know that we love him when we keep his commandment." You say, Jennie, that you feel your sins are all forgiven. Will you tell us how you know? May you not be mistaken?"

She stood a moment, and then said, "I know that Jesus surely says that if we ask him he will forgive."

"Yes; we have his own sure word. And now, Jennie, suppose some one should ask you how to be a Christian, could you answer? Suppose one of the little girls at school should ask you how she could be a Christian, could you tell her?"

"I would tell her just to trust Jesus, and obey him," she said, quickly.