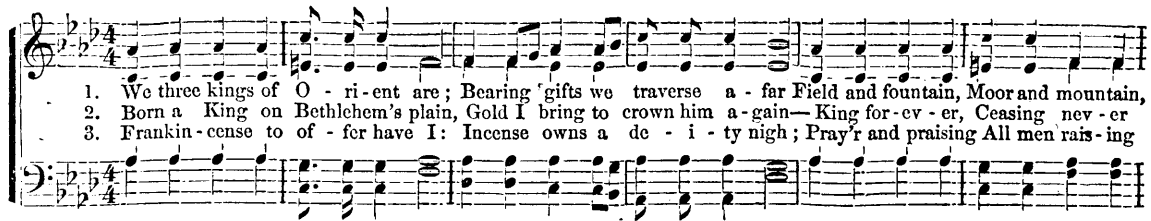


From the "Sunday School Harp."

## CHRISTMAS CAROL.

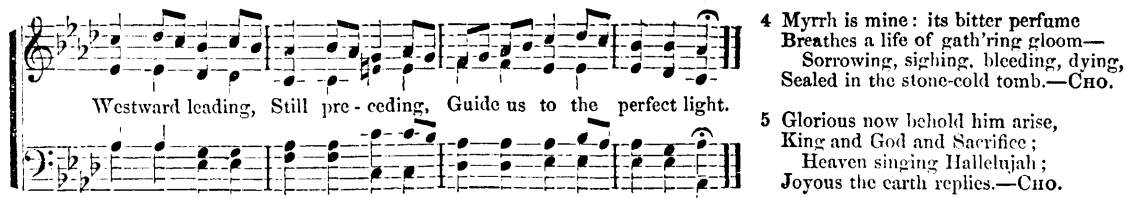
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1. We three kings of O - ri - ent are ; Bearing 'gifts we traverse a - far Field and fountain, Moor and mountain,  
2. Born a King on Bethlehem's plain, Gold I bring to crown him a - gain—King for - ev - er, Ceasing nev - er  
3. Frankin - cense to of - fer have I: Incense owns a de - i - ty night ; Pray'r and praising All men rais - ing



CHORUS.  
Fol - low - ing you - der star. Oh, star of wonder, star of night, Star with roy - al beau - ty bright,  
O - ver us all to reign.  
Wor - ship him, God, on high.



Westward leading, Still pre - ceding, Guide us to the perfect light.  
4 Myrrh is mine: its bitter perfume  
Breathes a life of gath'ring gloom—  
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,  
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.—CHO.  
5 Glorious now behold him arise,  
King and God and Sacrifice ;  
Heaven singing Hallelujah ;  
Joyous the earth replies.—CHO.

## Sunday School Advocate.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 22, 1866.

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO ALL OUR  
LITTLE READERS.

We will add our good wishes to those of papa, mamma, brothers, sisters, and all other friends who at this happy season are wishing you all a happy Christmas. You will all no doubt have everything done for you to make it a happy day. The stockings will be filled for some; pretty presents will be drawn from the Christmas Tree by others, and mamma will see to it that the Christmas dinner is not the least feature in the day's enjoyment. Do you know why this particular day should be so honored, so devoted to everything pleasant and joyous? It is because Jesus Christ was born on this day. It was on this day, many hundred years ago, that our Saviour came into this world to seek and to save that which was lost. You all have read and heard the story of Jesus and of the cross; the old story, which is as new and as powerful to touch the hearts of sinners and save their souls, as it was more than eighteen hundred years ago. Little children have as much reason to celebrate Christmas as the older ones. Jesus died for all, and though you are young, you have all some sins for the blood of Christ to wash away. When Jesus was here he loved little children, and said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me." Jesus loves to see you happy, and in all your little pleasures on this day you should remember what makes the day a happy one, and try in the words of your little hymn, to

"Let nothing ever please you  
He would grieve to look upon."

You will remember those Christmas days after you have grown to be men and women: try then to fill them with pleasant memories. Do not let any unkind word or action to a dear brother or sister be written

in your hearts, as a memory of the day when Christ came to make peace on earth, and good will towards men. Perhaps before many years pass over, one of the dear home circle may be taken to that brighter home in heaven. Then, though the happiness of your next Christmas would be more subdued and tender than before, how sweet it would be to think that all the Christmas days you spent with the dear one who is "not lost but gone before" were days of kindness and love.

The surest way of being happy is to try to make others happy. You can all do this in some way. Perhaps you know of some poor child whose parents cannot give him all the dainties which you have. Could you not share of your abundance with this poor child, and, in making the day a happy one for him, secure far more happiness for yourselves than you could enjoy were you selfish. Perhaps your mothers would allow you to give some of your warm clothes to some shivering child who would like to go to Sunday-school, but has no clothes to keep him warm this cold weather. If you desire to do good and render others happy you will find many ways of doing so, even without going from home. No matter how small a thing you do, Jesus is as well pleased with it as He is with the large things that older people do. The widow's mite was more acceptable than the rich man's offering, because it was all she could give.

Now, my dear little friends, try to be kind and gentle to all on this day; try to make others happy, and, be assured, you will have what is wished for you—a HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

## THE BABE OF BETHLEHEM.

Far, far away in the interior of Africa there lived a little shepherd boy. As he was tending his sheep among the hills he met another shepherd boy, who had a Testament of his own. This boy read some of it to his little friend: the part he read was the sweet story of the Babe of Bethlehem. How much aston-

ished was the other boy to see a book, and to hear his companion read out of it! He listened with great attention, and believed every word he heard. He longed to see the Babe of Bethlehem—that Babe that was wrapped in swaddling-clothes and laid in a manger. "Can I see Him?" he eagerly inquired: "Tell me, tell me where He is."

"At the Mission station," replied the little reader.

"Did you ever see Him?"

"No, I never saw Him, but I know He is there, for they talk and sing to Him. I have heard them."

The astonished child made up his mind to go to the Mission station, and to see this Babe with his own eyes. It was a long journey; but he found his way, and arrived safely one Saturday evening. He was kindly received by a Christian Bechuana woman. He partook of her supper, and slept in her hut.

Next morning he heard the chapel bell. He knew not why it sounded, but he followed his kind hostess to the chapel. He listened with delight to the sweet singing; he looked earnestly at the minister when he opened the Bible, and prepared to read. It was about the Babe of Bethlehem, even the second of Luke!

The little shepherd looked around the chapel, hoping more than ever to see the glorious Babe. As he looked, he observed a fair child, with light hair and blue eyes. It was the Missionary's own child. "It is the Babe of Bethlehem," thought the little shepherd boy; "the Babe that I longed to see. I have found it at last." When the service was over the delighted boy told his Christian friend that he had seen the Babe of Bethlehem.

At first she could not understand what he meant, but soon she found out his mistake, and then she told him who the Babe of Bethlehem really was, what He did, and where He is. She told him of his love in dying upon the cross, and of his glory at his Father's right hand. The boy believed her words, and soon he loved Jesus, though he could not see Him. He learned to read his Bible, and became a Christian man.