

# HOME SCHOOLS



Vol. I.]

TORONTO, DECEMBER 22, 1883.

[No. 26.]

## The Advent.

BY W. H. CLARK.

Lo! the Saviour comes to-day ;  
See Him in the manger lay ;  
Wise men bow and homage pay,  
To Christ the infant King.  
Angels swell the chorus high ;  
Shouts re-echo through the sky :  
Let the tidings swiftly fly,  
And all His praises sing.

Hark, the wondrous midnight  
strains,  
Sounding over Bethlehem's plains ;  
Earth rejoice, for Jesus reigns,  
He reigns the prince of peace.  
Higher shall His star ascend ;  
Greater power His name attend,  
And His kingdom never end,  
His glory still increase.

Keep we now this Christmas time ;  
Ring the bells with joyous chime,  
Praise Him all with faith sublime,  
And send the chorus round.  
Let the world dismiss its fears ;  
Sorrowing one dry up your tears ;  
See your Saviour now appears,  
And love and peace abound.

Come ye children, shout and sing,  
Glory, glory to our King ;  
Honor now to Jesus bring,  
Who reigns enthroned above.  
Though a child to earth He came,  
Yet the world shall hear His name,  
And rejoice to learn the fame  
"Of Jesus and His love."

## A Sad Christmas.

CHRISTMAS is not a merry time for that poor maiden with the harp. She is motherless. Her drunken father, after selling all his furniture for drink, gave up his room, and turned his little daughter adrift to care for herself. Poor child of the street !

This girl has not been poor always. Before her father learned to love *strong drink* he was quite well off, his wife was happy, and his daughter knew no great sorrows. She had merry Christmas times then. But very soon after her father became the slave of drink he became poor, broke his wife's heart, and, as I have said, left his only little girl to starve or beg.

In her better days she loved music, and learned to play upon the harp. This instrument was all she saved from the household wreck. With weary feet and heavy heart she bore it from door to door, playing such tunes as she could, and then begging the inmates for a few cents. While the weather was warm, she made out to live without much severe suffering ;

but after the October winds began to sweep through the streets with sharp, searching breath, she shivered, and endured much pain. As the autumn weeks rolled on her sufferings increased,

and on Christmas eve she was seen, by a kind-hearted man, standing beside her harp, benumbed with cold, and unable to play another tune. Cold and hunger had done terrible work on

respect, and two nations so joined, I am firmly convinced, man will never put asunder." When Lord Coleridge resumed his seat, "the whole company rose to their feet and cheered him."

her poor worn body. "Poor thing !" said the good man to himself, "your Christmas eve is anything but a merry one. I must see who you are, and what can be done for you."

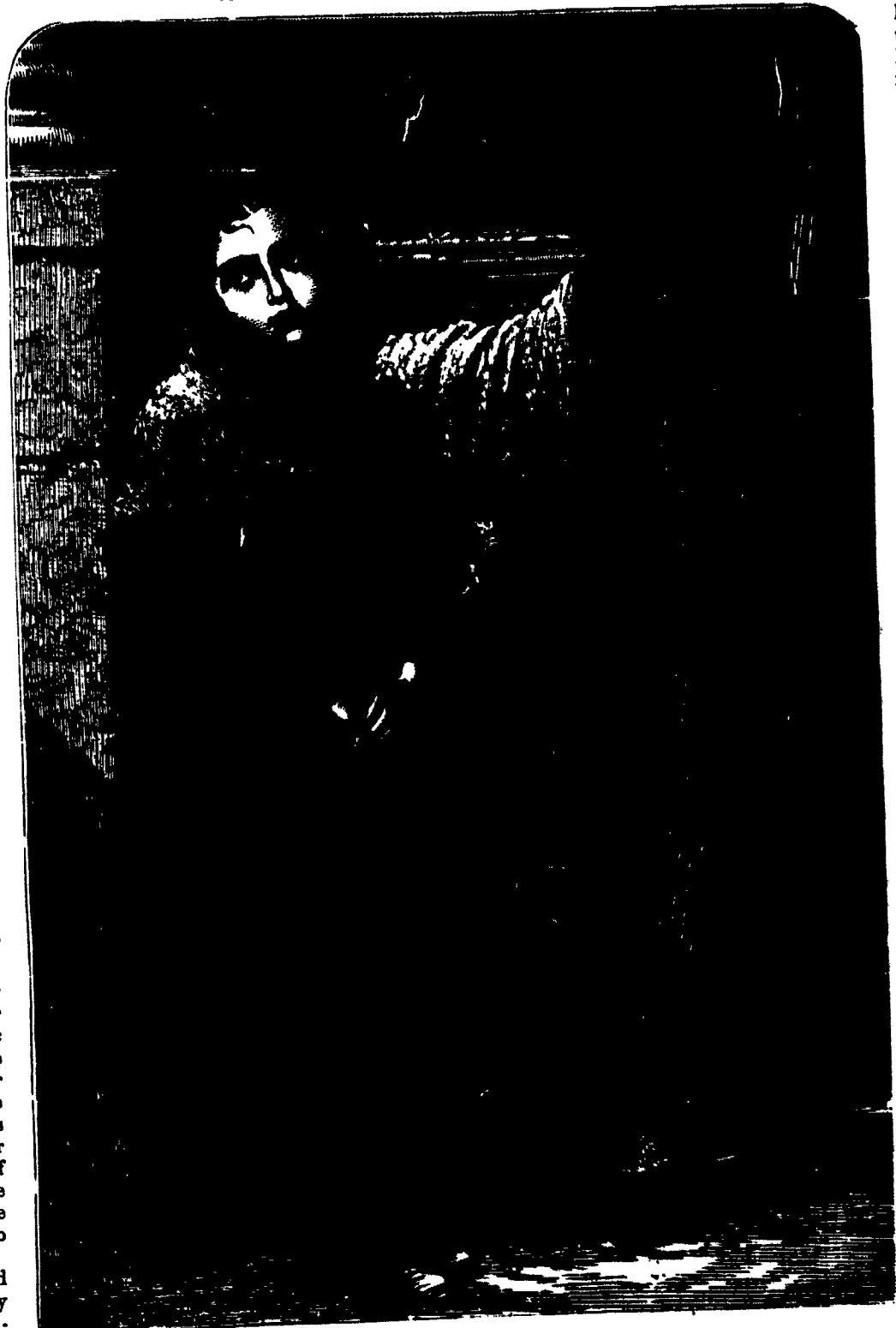
Those were true Christmas words, because there was love in them—love like that which brought Jesus from heaven to Bethlehem.

But the poor child had suffered too much to be made well and cheerful again on earth. She told her pitiful tale to the good man, and he took her to his home ; but in two weeks she went to a better home in the land where there are no beggars, no drunken fathers, no broken-hearted wives, no forsaken children, no sorrow, no death. She loved her dead mother and Jesus, and God called her to the place of their abode.

Children, happy children, while you are full of Christmas jollity and fun, don't forget that there are many poor little motherless maidens still left on this sinful earth. While you remember them, pray for them, and make their Christmas a little glad with some trifling gift from your own abounding love-treasures. By acting thus, in the true spirit of Christmas, you will make your own hearts merry, please Him who was born on Christmas day, and help on the glad day in which everybody will love Jesus, and all the world enjoy a happy Christmas.

Isn't this a grand idea ? All the world happy on Christmas day ! Everybody merry at heart. Every heart in the world throbbing with love beats for the once babe of Bethlehem ! O God, please hasten that happy day !

In a recent speech Lord Coleridge said : "England and America are one in blood, in language, in law, one in hatred of oppression and love of liberty. We are bound together by God Himself in golden chains of mutual affection and mutual



A SAD CHRISTMAS.