



WARM WITHIN AND COLD WITHOUT.

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THE pampered wee doggie inside the window seems somewhat astonished at the cheerfulness of the wee bird without in the cold. But God clothes and warms and feeds the birds, and not even a sparrow falls to the ground, says the Saviour, without our Father, and he goes on to ask, Are ye not of more value than many sparrows? Yes, of so much value that he gave his only Son to die for us.

### LONG AGO THE LORD OF GLORY.

LONG ago the Lord of Glory  
Lived on earth a little child;  
He was gentle, he was holy,  
He was always kind and mild.

He was cradled in a manger,  
Poor and humble was his bed;  
Jesus when on earth a stranger,  
Had not where to lay his head.

When he came, the angels, singing,  
Told the shepherds of his birth,  
"Christ," they said, "is come and bringing  
Joy and peace to you on earth!"

Let us love him, let us fear him,  
Let us learn of him below;  
Then in heaven we shall see him,  
More of him we then shall know.

### STAND BY YOUR FRIENDS.

"WHY are you always ready to own that you are a Christian?" asked one boy of another.

"Because Jesus is my best friend, and I believe in standing by my friends," was the answer. "'Stand by your friends if you would have them stand by you, and stand by your friends because they have stood by you,' is my motto."

It is a good motto for every boy and girl, man and woman, in the world; only be sure that yours are real and true friends. A false friend is never a safe one to stand by, nor yet to have any friendship with; but Jesus you know to be a true friend, so stand by him.

### BIRDIE'S RESOLVE.

"I do wonder what there is in books," said Birdie one day, when he found a book on the lawn where a school-girl had dropped it. "I see people sit down with books, and they turn over the leaves, and look at them for hours. One day I peeped in through a gentleman's window, and I saw great shelves full of books. I do so much want to know what there is in books that people so often read them. There is one thing I have made up my mind to do. I am going to learn to read. Then I shall know what books say to people. I am sure it must be nice to learn about many things that I do not know now.

### BRIGHTEST AND BEST.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,

Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!

Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on his cradle the dewdrops are shining;  
Low lies his head with the beasts in the stall;

Angels adore him in slumber reclining,  
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all!

Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion;  
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine?

Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,  
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,  
Vainly with gold would his favour secure;

Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration;  
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

### IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE?

A FEW days ago I was conversing with a friend. We were talking of a friend, and I thoughtlessly made the remark: "I wish some one would write her life; it would be beautiful."

The friend looked at me for a moment, then said: "Hourly, Lena's life is being written. We may not know how beautiful her life really is until we hear it up there," said she, pointing heavenward. "The recording angel," she continued, "is not only writing Lena's life, but he is writing yours and mine."

Children, do you think, when you are tempted to do wrong, that the recording angel sees all, and is keeping record of all you do or say?

"Daily are two angels writing  
What we do for good or ill;  
One with smiles, the good inditing,  
One, the evil, sad and still."

Yes, children, every evil deed is recorded in heaven, and he who knoweth all things, sees every bad deed, knows every wicked thought that passes through the mind; but the same Father sees and knows every good deed and thought.

"And yet with him who marks the sands  
And holds the water in his hands,  
I know a lasting record stands  
Inscribed against my name,  
Of all this thinking soul hath thought,  
Of all this mortal part has wrought,  
And from these fleeting moments caught  
For glory or for shame."