

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.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 27, 1902.

A BOY'S RELIGION.

If a boy is a lover of the Lord Jesus Christ, though he can't lead a prayer-meeting or be a church officer or a preacher, he can be a godly boy, in a boy's way and in a boy's place. He need not cease to be a boy because he is a Christian. He ought to run, jump, climb, and yell like a real boy. But in it all he ought to be free from vulgarity and profanity. He ought to eschew tobacco in every form, and have a horror of intoxicating drinks. He ought to be peaceable, gentle, merciful, generous. He ought to take the part of small boys against larger ones. He ought to discourage fighting. He ought to refuse to be a party to mischief, to persecution, or deceit. And, above all things, he ought, now and then, to show his colours. He need not always

be interrupting a game to say he is a Christian, but he ought not to be ashamed to say that he refuses to do something because he fears God or is a Christian. He ought to take no part in the ridicule of sacred things, but should meet the ridicule of others with a bold statement that for the things of God he feels the deepest reverence.

THE CLOCK'S THREE HANDS.

"Come, hurry up!" said the second hand of a clock to the minute hand. "You'll never get around in time if you don't. See how fast I'm going."

"Hurry up!" said the minute hand to the hour hand, utterly oblivious of being addressed by the second hand. "If you don't be quick, you'll never be in at the stroke of one."

"Well, that's just what our young friend here has been saying to you." At this point the clock pealed forth the hour, as the hour hand continued: "You see, we're in time; not one of us behind. You take my advice; do your own work in your own way, and leave others alone." —Selected.

HOLLY BERRIES.

Little Sue was very sad. Mother was ill, and father was out of work, and the interest on the mortgage was due, and if it was not paid within a week, they would lose the dear old home where father had lived all his life, and where Sue and all the rest of the children had been born.

Where the money was to come from no one could tell.

"Can't you borrow it, father dear?" Sue had asked.

"No, dear. I could, but I will not. It would only be postponing the payment. If God wants me to lose my old home I must submit. I have tried hard to find work: God knows that I have done my best. I am not responsible for this bad season. God sent illness and hard times to try my faith. I have asked the Lord to help me save my home. If he does not, I know that he has good reasons for taking it from me."

That afternoon Sue was busy washing dishes when there came a rap at the door. Sue opened it, and a strange man stood there. "Can I see your father or mother?" he asked.

"Mother is ill in bed, and father has gone to look for work. Can I do anything, sir?"

"Yes, little one. I see some trees behind your house with shining green leaves and red berries. Now, I am looking for holly for the Christmas trade. If yours is fine, I would like to buy all you are willing to spare. You might wind wreaths for me, if you have time, as I'm short of hands, and I'd pay extra for that too."

She flew out and tore off handfuls of branches.

"Are these fine enough, sir? Oh, I hope they are, for we do so need the money!"

The holly was beautiful, and the offer the man made almost took away Sue's breath. It would pay the interest, and leave a good amount for running expenses.

"Oh, father!" exclaimed Sue, as her father came wearily home. "The place is saved. Holly berries paid for it."

When he heard the whole story, father said, "God did help. Let us thank him."

CHRISTMAS.

Christmas is the children's festival. For them the story of Bethlehem has a wondrous charm. The season glorifies childhood, its ministries are designed to bring brightness into their lives. How early they are awake and watching that morning! The thought returns that no address to our readers on the eve of Christmas ought to close without a word to the children. A merry Christmas to you! Something of what we would like to say you have in the following lines:

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

And all the angels in heaven shall sing  
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day!  
And all the angels in heaven shall sing  
On Christmas Day in the morning.

When Christmas morning comes, they say,  
The whole world knows it's Christmas Day.

The very cattle in the stalls  
Kneel when the blessed midnight falls,  
And all the night the heavens shine  
With a lustre of a light divine.

Long ere the dawn the children leap  
With "Merry Christmas!" in their sleep;  
And dream about the Christmas-tree,  
Or rise, their stockings filled to see.

Swift come the hours of joy and cheer,  
Of loving friend and kindred dear;  
Of gifts and bounties in the air.  
Sped by the "Merry Christmas!" prayer.

While through it all, so sweet and strong,  
Is heard the holy angels' song;  
"Glory be to God above!  
On earth be peace and helpful love!"

And on the streets, our hearts within,  
The Christmas carollings begin.

Christ does not say: "Son, give me thy money, thy time, thy talents, thy energies, thy pen, thy tongue, thy head." All these are utterly unavailing, perfectly unsatisfying to him. What he says to you is: "My son, give me thine heart." Out of the heart come all the issues of life.

Be a witness for Christ and the truth.

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