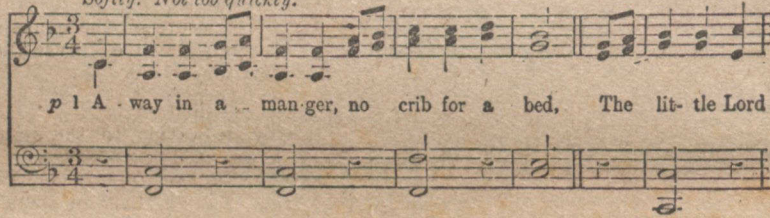


## Away in a Manger. No Crib for a Bed.

Away in a manger. *Children in Unison.* 11.11 11.11 WILLIAM JAMES KIRKPATRICK, 1895.  
*Softly. Not too quickly.*



2.  
The cattle are lowing, the baby awakes,  
*f* But little Lord Jesus no crying He makes.  
I love Thee, Lord Jesus! look down from the sky,  
And stay by my side until morning is nigh.

3.  
*f* Be near me, Lord Jesus; I ask Thee to stay  
Close by me for ever, and love me, I pray.  
*cr.* Bless all the dear children in Thy tender care,  
And fit us for heaven to live with Thee there.

Translated from *Martin Luther, 1483-1546.*

## Merry Christmas.

"Some very good people do not like to wish their friends a "Merry Christmas." The word grates upon them as too nearly a frivolous word. But its original significance was "happy," and in this sense it is often used in the Bible, as where it is said, "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine." The word has lost something of its old meaning and there is a sort of giddy jingle to the happiness that is now denominated merriment. Still, the old word holds in its place in the Christmas salutation, and, being rightly disposed, we wish the best and purest and truest happiness when to loved ones all around we wish, as we do, a "Merry Christmas."

## The Christmas Spirit in the Coming Year.

Luke 2: 8-20.

Christmas is the red-letter day of the year. Every holiday in the calendar on my desk is in red letters, but Christmas is the grandest, sweetest day of all. Joy pervades the air even though it be chill with snow-flakes. Gladness fills the heart with sunshine, and the face with smiles. Drear and desolate nature owns the sovereign sway of Christmastide, and keeps the ever-green and the holly berries for this festival. Age becomes reminiscent and therefore young, and youth and childhood are buoyant with joy. Every child has visions of happiness as the eyes close on Christmas Eve, and long before dawn the promises are fulfilled. The joy of Christ's presence has full sway on Christmas Day.

Christmas joy comes from Christmas good

tidings. An angel messenger started the glad song with the announcement of a Saviour's birth. There is many a soul at Christmastide that knows no deep, true reason for its joy, but the Christian knows as well as feels. The joy of Christmas is the gift of Christ. It will never do to accept the announcement of 'good tidings of joy' without waiting to hear what those tidings are. 'For unto you is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord.' This is the core of Christmas cheer. Salvation is the theme of joy in both worlds. This is Christianity's greatest message to the world, the proclamation of the Gospel of salvation. Isaiah's prophetic soul caught the glory of such a mission and message when he sang, 'How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of Him that bringeth good tidings.' What the angel began, men have continued to do, and the waste places of the earth are hearing the message of Bethlehem's plains from human lips touched with Divine power.—'Christian Intelligencer.'

## Real Coupon Values.

Every 'Messenger' reader should study our coupon values on page 15.

The coupons are designed to fit the needs of each reader. Those whose renewal subscriptions are now due, and those whose subscriptions for the 'Messenger' are not due immediately, or who get the 'Messenger' through their Sunday Schools. Look them over and see the one that will suit you best. You may as well secure their value. The 'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead,' together with the 'Canadian Pictorial,' will provide 'Messenger' readers with the best reading and pictures at the lowest prices in Canada.

## Christmas of the Sorrowful.

Twenty waggons, backed up against the curb, waited the arrival of the special train at the station—twenty express waggons and a hearse. It was Christmas Day and Sunday, and the drivers were adding a Sabbath day's hard labor to a week, the daily tasks of which had extended far into the night. There were none too many waggons, as the telegram had assured the office, for a vast bulk of delayed Christmas matter was coming on the 'special.'

On the 'special,' too, was to arrive the body of a good man, who had gone away in search of health, and had found it in the land where pain is no more. His son waited the arrival of the belated train, and choked down unhappy thoughts which seemed the sadder because all the world was happy, while he and his household were in grief. He arranged the preliminaries, and waited with the undertaker, expecting every minute that the train would arrive. But the train was late, and it seemed impossible to get word of it. So there was nothing to do but wait and think sad thoughts.

Forty expressmen and drivers waited also. Still the train delayed. An hour, a half-hour more passed, and the time dragged slowly.

Joy to the world! The Lord is come!  
Let earth receive her King!  
Let every heart prepare Him room,  
And heaven and nature sing!

Several voices joined, and all the others listened. 'What a Friend we have in Jesus' followed, and then a number of other Gospel hymns. The sad-hearted man felt himself strangely moved, and drew imperceptibly nearer to the group of singers. At the last they sang, 'Shall we Gather at the River?' and he looked through swimming eyes and saw that the undertaker, too, was wiping away the tears.

'I lost three little ones just a year ago,' said the undertaker. 'Diphtheria. They all went at once; all I had. I've been thinking a good deal when I saw other men going home with Christmas things—'

He choked and moved away, but nearer to the singers, and when they sang the last verse he was singing with them.

Then the mourner forgot his own grief. He, too, had a voice, and in the next hymn he joined the steadily growing chorus. Half an hour they sang together, and when the train came in they all felt that they had been joining in a Christmas service, and that some of the Christmas spirit had come to them.

Death keeps no holidays. No season is exempt from his dread visits. But even to the sorrowful there are sources of comfort. Happy are those who find them, even through their tears.—'Christian Age.'

## In the Heart of Mary.

(By Annie Johnston Flint, in the December 'Atlantic'.)

Mother of Sorrows, I—  
But my Babe is on my breast:  
He resteth quiet there  
Who bringeth the weary rest;  
He lieth calm and still  
Who bringeth the troubled peace,  
Who openeth prison doors  
And giveth the sad release;  
For there reacheth Him yet no sound,  
No echo of cry or moan;  
To-day, little Son, little Son,  
To-day Thou art all my own. . .

Mother of Sorrows, I—  
And the sword shall pierce my heart;  
But to-day I hold Him close  
From the cruel world apart.  
It waits with smiting and gibes,  
With scourging and hatred and scorn,  
With hyssop and wormwood and gall,  
The cross and the crown of thorn;  
The nations shall watch Him die,  
Lifted up on the tree;  
But to-day, little Son, little Son,  
To-day Thou art safe with me.