#### The Christ Child's Birthday. BY BUILY A. BRADDOCK.

No manger holds the blessed Child, o manger nous the clessed child, As in the long ago. 1 vain, to seek him, wise men's feet To Bethiehom would go.

Yet still to him, in his far home, His childhood is so dear, He comes, a child, to keep with us His birthday every year.

When a bright star gleams in the East, In the dim solitude His little feet come down the hills And wander through the wood.

Oh! glad are all the trees for him, With joy they bend and lean, Laurel and cedar, pine and fir, Have kept for him their green.

Some little bird a welcome sings, Winds pipe it, high or low, Its voice is in the trembling dawn And the hushed wastes of snow.

All in the star-wake's white, bright path, if in the star-wake's white, origin pa He glides across the sea, he waves, that know his olden step, Sing in glad symphony.

To every home of the wide earth He comes, he enters in; No poorest hovel bars him out, Nor even woe, nor sin.

He brings the little children gifts, They laugh and shout in giee, And know not that the Holy Child They have for company.

If e nestles close to saddest hearts, He wipes away each tear. For the sweet Mother-Mary's sake He holds all mothers dear.

Oh! blessed Christ-child, come to us. Bring us some gift, we pray—
Thy loving smile, thy tender touch,
To bless our Christmas Day.

And we-shall gold, frankincense, myrrh And we—shall go:q, translitense, myr.
Our birthday offering bo?
Nay, love for love thou cravest most—
This will we give to thee

# THE DRUMMER-BOY'S LETTER.

BY COUSIN WILL.

Evening had come at length, bringing to our wearied soldlers a brief respite from the toils and dangers that had beer crowded into the earlier hours of the day. The enemy, after force and repeated attacks upon the British position had retired to some distance, awatting reinforcements before venturing to resume the few.

reinforcements before venturing to re-sume the fight, shall be left undisturbed and the first way to be a support of the control of the Sergeant Bell to one of his comrades. 'That drummer-boy yonder is a plusty little fellow. The sharp tussie we had with the Beers early this morning was with the Beers early this morning was the believe to be a support of the support of the support 'amelt powder,' and the cody was the marched along with us in the teeth of their heavy firing was semething I shar't soon forket.' soon forget"

soon forget."
"Ob, you mean Charlie," replied his comrade, pointing to a lad who was just then coming towards them. "There's no mistake about his being plucky. He's a Band of Hople youngstor, and the other day I heard some of our fellows chaming day I heard some of our fellows chaffing im unmericifully on that account. Charlle only laughed, and said, 'Well, I mean to be true to my colours, as a good soldier ought to be.' That's what I call real grid, you know.' A few minutes later Sergeant Bell saidown at the door of his tent, and began reading a newspaper It was not long, however, before his thoughts wandered



er MELLING GRUES DISE, COLLIES.

far away. Home, wife, children—should he ever see them again?
Meanwhile, Charile had contrived to get hold of a sheet of writing-paper. It was a bit crumpled, but would aerve his purpose. Using his drum for a table, the youngster began a letter to his mother. You and I would doubties have felt it to be a case of "writing under difficulties," but Charile was learning the happy and very useful art of making the best of things. Taking from his pocket the stump of a lead penell, he wrote a few chery sentences, tolling his mother to keep up her spirits. "I am quits well," he said, "and though we were in a bis sight this morning, I was not wounded at all. But whatever happens, mother. I want you to feel sure that I have tried to do my duty."

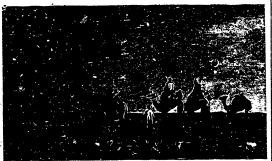
at all. But whatever happens, mother, i want you to feel sure that I have tried to do my duty."

Just then, however, Charlle's letter met with a sudden interruption. The alarm was sounded, and every one product of the strength of the stre

brother in some distant home prompted the act. He turned, and taking the rope, said, "Jump on," and away went red safeigh down the street wind a pair to date the rod taken the street wind a pair to the safe that the safe that

Christmas speaks loudly of God and of his thought for us. Christ was God's great love-letter to the human race; a word of ineffable tenderness and divines: word of ineffable tenderness and divinest compassion. The message of Christmas is that "God is love." In Christ, God's invisible love, his mere, his forgiveness, become visible. Thus is God manifested in the flesh. What a wonderful revelation it is! Learn this. To love is to be like God. The great heart, tender, pitful, patient, benevolent, refoleing with those who rejoice, and weights with those who rejoice, and weights with those who report, the notice of the result of th of human Character. The hobiest man in God's eyes is the man whose love is largest and deepest. The eloquence that reaches up to the ear of God is love. Manhood finds its divine fulness in the

The saloon must go, or the boys must go to the saloon.



THE WISE MEN PROM THE BAST.

enemy's bullets. They carried him bleeding and sonseless to the rear, with but faint hope that anything could be done to save him.

Cnce again the attack was repulsed, and as soon as he could Sergeant Bell hastened to inquire after poor Charlie. To his great relief the surgoon spoke very favourably of the case. "The litte chap will pull through all right," he said, "but it was a narrow equeak. An inch or so higher, and it would have been all up with him!" Charlie recognized his friend, and begged him to send off the letter which he had commenced a few hours before. Please tell my mother," he said, "that, but be sure and some he will again."
"Yea, my laf, "exclaimed the sorgeant, as he eyes filled with tears, "and I shall tell her also how nobly you dd your duty." He kept his promise, and in he midst of her angulas the mother's heart was greatly comforted by knowing that she had so bay and true a son.

## LITTLE THINGS.

BY MES. O. T. COOKE.

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The beautiful snowflakes came tumbling and tossing down in their graceful, fluttering way, each one seemingly bent on having as good a time as possible. Up in the sweet, pure air, before coming in contact with the muddy street, and each little flake seemed to whisper to its companions. "Hustle up, and give me room. Don't you see I am 'n important business." Little Harold, comfortably clad in red cap and mittens, and with the rope of his litt's sled held uightly in one hand, looked . Jith longing at the "Altha some covered walk. At that momient a young student stopped quickly out of his boarding-house, hurring off to the college and head and the standard of the boarding-house, hurring off to the college and head and the standard of the boarding house, hurring the larger, yet the and rious look of little Harold did not escape him, and who knows pethags the thought of a fittle

### The Wise Men from the East.

Who are these that ride so fast o'er the

desert's sandy road,
They have tracked the Red Sea shore,
and have swum the torrents broad,
Whose camels' bells are tinkling through the long and starry night—
For they ride like men pursued, like the vanquished of a fight?

wanquissed or a night?
Who are these that ride so fast? They are eastern monarchs three,
Who have laid aside their crowns, and renounced their high degree,
The eyes they love, the hearts they prize,
the well-known voices kind.
Their people's tents, their native plains,
they're left them all behind.

The very heart of faith's dim rays beamed

In very heart of faith's dim rays beamed on them from afar, And that same hour they rose from of their thrones to track the star; They cared not for the cruel scorn of those who called them mad; Messlah's star was shining, and their royal hearts were glad.

And they have knelt at Bethlehem! The

And they have knell at Bethleaem! I he Everlasting Child
They saw upon his mother's lap, earth's Monarch meek and mild;
His little feet, with Mary's leave, they pressed with laving sites,
Oh, what are thrones! Oh, what are crowns, to such a Joy as this!

An, me! what broad daylight of faith our thankless souls receive, How much we know of Jesus, and how easy to believe;

easy to beneve;
"Tis the noonday of his sunshine, of his sun that setteth never;
Faith gives us crowns, and makes us kings, and our kingdom is for ever.

Oh, glory be to God on high, for these

Arabian kings-These miracles of royal faith with east-ern offerings,

For Gaspar and for Melebior and Bai-thazar, who from far

Found Mary out and Jesus, by the abining of a star.

—Faber.

#### THE PRISONER'S PET.

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A French convict, under sentence for life, was a troublesome prisoner. At times he was very violent, and in the interrals of his violence he became so sullen that the warders were always on the lookout for trouble.

One day, so The Youth's Companion tells the story, they saw a change in the man's face. It as sullenness had disappeared. The prisoner looked almost happy. The ghost of a smile hovered about his lips. His eye now and again turned downward, and it became evident that ometing was hidden in his breast. The warders were uneasy. Had he some weapon concealed beneath his clothing with which he would seek to surprise them and regain his liberty. They must find out.

They watched their opportunity, and two of them suddenly fell upon him from behind, each selling an arm. Then they began to search him. They found that for which they sought, but it was not a knife nor other dangerous weapon. It was nothing more harmout than a fine large rat.

When it was discovered, the distress

was nothing more harmful than a fine large rat.

When it was discovered, the distress of the prirener was intense. He broke down utterly, fell upon his knees, and in an agony of fear and desperation cried, "Don't kill him! Beat and it you his knees, and in an agony of fear and desperation cried, chain me; but if I may not keep him, let my poor rat go free.

The stern guards ere moved to pity. They had never seen this man subdued before. Every deep ferceness was gone. Insica of herciness was gone. Insica of herciness was gone. Insica of herciness was gone. Insica of hercines was gone in the ment of her works were at work in the yard morning ticke his cheek. He turned outcity, and uttered a cry of joy. There, on his should; must and come creeping up to his face.

With excer hands he out it in his

induced him out and come creeping up to builded.
With eager hands he put it in his breast as before, and turning to the head gaoler, said: "Sir, if you will only tet me keep this rat, I solemily promise to submit to you in every way, and naver to disobey you again."

The permission was given, and teman, with a giad smile, returned to his work. From that day the dreaded convict was a now being. He became the best-conducted man in the prison, and his great strength and energy were used to help the governor.

The rat was soldom away from him, it shared his meals and stept in his bed, and the mars spare time was spear in making little toys of bone which he sold in order to buy dainles, such as sugar and gingerbread, for his pet.

# A BOY'S RELIGION

If a boy is a lover of the Lord Jesus Christ, though he cant 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 a piace. 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 tall he ought to be for from vulgarity and profamity. He ought to eschew to bacco in every Jorm. 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 cline to 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 tood If a boy is a lover of the Lord Jesus 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.

Troubled soul, where'er ye be, That this sacred morning see, Christ is come for thee, for thea

Thine the song the angels sing,
And no sceptred Eastern king
Hath such gifts as thou mayst bring.
—Selected.

"I think it would be a good plan to send Willie up into the country for a month," suggested Willies I ather. "He arere been on a farm, and it would be rather a novel experience for him. No, you don't, interrupted Willie. "Tre heard all about the country, and I'm not going anywhere where they have cirrashing machines. It's bad enough when it's done by hand."