



ST. NICHOLAS MAKING HIS ROUNDS.

THE BIRTHDAY OF JESUS.

"I saw a stable and star-lamps light,
Early this Christmas morning."

Whose birthday do we keep on Christmas Day?

You will tell me, at once, that it is the birthday of our dear Lord Jesus Christ.

You are right. Our Saviour came down from heaven, and on this blessed anniversary he was born at Bethlehem. Well might the angels sing, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men." (Luke 2. 14.)

Now, dear children, you who love this precious Saviour—our brave young Junior soldiers—remember Jesus! remember Jesus! give him a birthday present; yes, give him the best of all you have. Save your money, candies, toys and do all you can for the Christ-child. You can never do enough.

"Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift."—2 Cor. 9. 15.

The Lord loves the youth. He sees in them great possibilities, and is ready to help them to reach a high standard, if they will only realize the need of his help and lay a foundation of character that cannot be moved.

A LITTLE DISCIPLE.

Burt and Johnnie Lee were pretty good boys, and would have been angry if anybody had called them deceitful. Their Cousin Willie came to live with them, and attended their school. Before the close of school one day the teacher called the roll, and the boys began to answer "Ten." When Willie understood that he was to say "Ten" if he had not whispered during the day he replied: "I have whispered."

"More than once?" asked the teacher.

"Yes, sir."

"Then I shall mark you zero," said the teacher sternly.

After school Johnnie said to Willie: "Why, I did not see you whisper once."

"Well, I did do it anyway," said Willie; "I saw others doing it, and I supposed it was allowed."

"O, we all do it," said Burt. "There isn't any sense in the old rule; nobody keeps it."

"I will keep it, or else I will say, 'I haven't,'" said Willie.

In a short time it made the boys ashamed of themselves.

seeing that this sturdy, blue-eyed Scotch boy must tell the truth. They called him "Scotch Granite" because he was so firm in doing right.—*Westminster Junior Lessons.*

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?

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've left them all behind.

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

And they have knelt at Bethlehem! The 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 loving kiss,
Oh, what are thrones! Oh, what are crowns, to such a joy as this!

Ah, me! what broad daylight of faith our thankless souls receive,
How much we know of Jesus, and how easy to believe;
'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 eastern offerings;
For Gaspar and for Melchior and Balthazar, who from far
Found Mary out and Jesus, by the shining of a star.

—Faber.



THE WISE MEN FROM THE EAST.