

GIFT TO A KING.

CHILDREN, what have you to bring
Unto Christ the new-born King?
Though so lowly is his birth
He is Lord of all the earth!

Myrrh and frankincense and gold
Wise men brought in days of old;
Would you bring a gift to please
Richer must it be than these:

'Tis a loving heart he seeks,
Such the gift that he bespeaks,
Less than this, ah, who would bring?
Small the gift for such a King.

While on others you bestow,
Think how much to him you owe;
Wondrous gift to you he gave,
Gave himself your soul to save.

Blessings choice will he impart
Unto all who yield the heart;
Will you thankless say him Nay?
Why not yield your heart to-day?

THOU SHALT NOT BE AFRAID.

A TRUE STORY.

It was Christmas Eve. The snow was on the ground, and in some places it had drifted in great heaps against the stone walls and the houses. The wind howled and shrieked madly through the village. From every window gleamed a bright light; even the poorest, meanest cottage looked cosy and warm.

On the steps of one of the prettiest cottages stood two dark forms. Their ragged coats were sprinkled with snow, their hats were drawn down over their eyes. They stood still for a moment, as if hesitating to get up courage to do that which they had started to do. Then, after muttering a few words to each other, one of them knocked loudly at the door. A voice within bade them come in. They opened the door and there in a cosy, well-lighted room, sat an old couple. The tramps (for such they were) stood awkwardly looking at the well-filled table. "We have come a long journey, and have no home, and we are very hungry," said the tall one, who seemed to be most forward. "Can you give us shelter for the night and a little food?"

The old man laid down his spectacles, looked at them, and said: "You may sit down and warm yourselves," but the tone implied "no more." "Father," said the old lady, "it is Christmas Eve; we must remember the poor and needy," at the same time motioning them to sit down, and, placing father's chair in its place, took the opposite seat. Then, bowing her head reverently, prayed for all outcasts without homes and

God, that he would turn them from the path of wickedness and cleanse them from all sin through his precious blood. She prayed for the poor and hungry, everywhere; that he would care for them, give them bodily comforts and let his peace rest upon them all, for his dear name's sake who was born that night. The tramps seemed strangely touched by this simple and earnest prayer, and ate their portion in silence.

Supper over, the old man, pushing his plate slowly from him, said: "I have a good barn with plenty of hay, and you can stay there to-night."

"Father," said his wife, gently, "It is a holy night, and a bitter cold one; we have room in the house, let them stay." He said nothing. Then, taking one of the wax candles, the lady bade them follow her. She took them to a dainty, warm room, and giving them the light, bade them good night. Early next morning the maid-servant came down to her mistress and gave her a note, saying: "This morning I found both the door and the window of the spare room opened. I went in and found this; the bed was not touched.

The note read: "Kind mistress of this house. We came here last night intending to rob you; but your kindness to us and your prayers for all, saved both you and us as well."

SOWING LITTLE SEEDS.

LITTLE Bessie had got a present of a new book, and she eagerly opened it to look at the first picture. It was the picture of a girl standing by the side of a stream, and throwing seeds into the water.

"I wonder what this picture is about," said she; "why does the girl throw the seeds into the water?"

"Oh, I know," said her brother Edward, who had been looking at the book; "she is sowing the seeds of water-lilies."

"But how small the seeds look!" said Bessie. "It seems strange that such large plants should grow out of such little things."

"You are sowing such tiny seed every day, Bessie, and they will come up large, strong plants, after a while," said her father.

"O no, father, I have not planted any seeds for a long while."

"I have seen my daughter sow a number of seeds to-day."

Bessie looked puzzled, and her father smiled, and said:

"Yes, I have watched you planting flowers, seeds, and weeds, to-day."

"Now, papa, you are joking, for I would not plant weeds."

"I will tell you what I mean. When you laid aside that interesting book, and attended to what your mother wished done, you were sowing seeds of kindness and love. When you broke the dish that you knew your mother valued, and came instantly and told her, you were sowing the seeds of truth. When you took the cup of cold water to the poor woman at the gate, you were sowing the seeds of mercy. These are all beautiful flowers, Bessie. But I hope my little girl has been planting the great tree of 'love to God,' and that she will tend and watch it until its branches reach the skies and meet before his throne."

—*Irish Evangelist.*

ON THE CHRISTMAS MORNING.

CHILDREN, can you truly tell,
Do you know the story well,
Ev'ry girl and ev'ry boy,
Why the angels sing for joy,
On the Christmas morning?

Yes, we know the story well,
Listen, now, and hear us tell,
Ev'ry girl and ev'ry boy,
Why the angels sing for joy,
On the Christmas morning.

Shepherds sat upon the ground,
Fleecy flocks were scatter'd round,
When the brightness fill'd the sky,
And a song was heard on high,
On the Christmas morning.

"Joy and peace" the angels sang,
Far the pleasant echoes rang,
"Peace on earth, to men good will."
Hark! the angels sing it still,
On the Christmas morning.

"Peace" our every heart shall fill,
"Peace on earth, to men good will."
Hear us sing the angels' song,
And the pleasant notes prolong
On the Christmas morning.

FOR THE GIRLS.

THERE are two kinds of girls, says the *Home Visitor*. "One is the kind that appears best abroad—the girls that are for parties, rides, visits, balls, etc., and whose chief delight is in such things. The other is the kind that appears best at home—the girls that are useful and cheerful in the dining room, and all the precincts of home. They differ widely in character. One is often a torment at home, and the other a blessing; one is a moth, consuming everything about her, the other is a sunbeam, inspiring light and gladness all around her pathway. To which of these classes do you belong."