

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

LISTEN, children, to the music
That the old church bells do make,
Ringing out this Christmas morning,
For the dear Redeemer's sake;
'Tis His birthday, and we keep it
In this lovely land of ours,
In the farm-house, cottage, mansion,
Pleasantly we pass the hours.

Long ago, in Bethlehem's stable,
Christ was born, the baby King;
"Peace on earth," the watching shepherds
Heard the holy angels sing.
And the music has not ceased,
But has through the ages rolled,
And "good will" among the nations
Has increased a thousandfold.

Let our hearts be full of sunshine,
Though the frost is on the pane,
And old Winter, keen but kindly,
Comes to visit us again.
As with snowy robe he covers
All the bleak and barren ground,
And makes fairy forms of beauty
Where the leafless trees abound.

Ring, ye bells! 'tis sweet to listen;
Sing, ye waits, outside the door,
Echoes of that wondrous music
That was heard in days of yore.
Decorate the house with holly,
Let the bright red berries shine,
While we celebrate the birthday
Of our loving Lord divine.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

A MERRY Christmas to all the boys and girls! May the joy of this happy time last all the year, and grow deeper, and stronger, and sweeter, with every new day!

This can only be the case where the true Christmas spirit is found—the spirit of love and helpfulness.

What but this sent the Holy Babe, whose birth we celebrate at this glad time, into our cold, sad world? Surely, if He had not loved us very dearly, and wanted to help us, He would not have left His bright home in the skies to be born in a manger, and to grow up to suffer the scorn and ill-treatment of wicked men!

CHRISTMAS.

THERE is no part of the world in which Christmas is not kept. Even in pagan lands are found some Christians who do not forget when the day comes which celebrates the birth of Christ. Though doubtless everywhere there are those who see in it only a day for feasting and merry-making, yet many others in the midst of

the feasting remember what the day means, and thank God for the heaven-sent Babe and for the angels' song. Let every heart unite in the chorus of "Glory to God in the highest."

CHRISTMAS DAY.

BY MRS. HELEN E. BROWN.

TELL me, why is Christmas day
The day for songs and mirth?
It calls to mind the happiest
That ever dawned on earth,
The day when God sent angels down
To sing the Saviour's birth.

What's the song for Christmas day,
The glad, the sweet refrain?
"Glory to God" in heaven above,
"Peace and good-will to men;"
Let all the joy-bells peal it out
Again, and yet again.

How shall children keep the day
To please their Lord above?
By singing songs of thankfulness,
And doing deeds of love;
By bearing high the olive branch
Of peace, like Noah's dove.

Will He let such little ones
His wondrous mercy tell?
Yes, we may carry wide the news,
And this will please Him well—
The blessed news that Jesus came
To save our souls from hell.

IF MOTHER COULD HAVE SOME.

ONE of the most beautiful charities of London is the Children's Penny Dinner Association. This had its rise in a winter of great severity, and in an experience which taught that hundreds of little ones die simply from impaired vitality.

Underfed, they are unable to bear up against the privations of winter, and the churchyards are crowded in the dreary winter months with childish bodies which, under happier circumstances, would have blossomed into maturity.

The idea was conceived that even one nourishing dinner a week might stay the terrible death record, and results have shown that even that scanty allowance of solid, well-cooked food is prolific in good results. Such touching instances, too, occur of self-forgetfulness and self-denial on the part of children.

One terrible bleak day last winter, a little half-frozen child presented her ticket, value two cents, which made her the owner of a seat at the dinner table. The little one

looked famished, weird, worn out, one would have said, with starvation, but the plate of appetizing roast mutton remained untouched before her.

Observing this, a lady went up to her and asked, in tones of kindly accent, if she could not eat a little.

"You look so hungry, dear," she said, "don't you like roast mutton?"

The little one raised a pair of blue eyes to her face, and said, "O, yes ma'am, but"—

"Well, dear, what?"

"But, please, ma'am, the new baby's come, and mother's so dreadful weak, and I"—

The child hesitated, then, gathering confidence from the kindly smile that met her glance, added,

"I thought it would do her good."

HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

LITTLE children, wake and listen,
Songs are breaking o'er the earth;
While the stars in heaven glisten,
Hear the news of your Saviour's birth.

Long ago, to lonely meadows,
Angels brought the message down;
Still each year through midnight shadows
It is heard in every town.

What is this t'at they are telling,
Singing in the quiet street?
While their voices high are swelling,
What sweet words do they repeat?

Words to bring us greater gladness,
Though our hearts from care are free;
Words to chase away our sadness,
However sad our lot may be.

Christ has left His throne of glory,
And a lowly cradle found;
Well might angels tell the story,
Well may we their words resound.

Little children, wake and listen,
Songs are ringing through the earth;
While the stars in heaven glisten,
Hail with joy your Saviour's birth!

A LITTLE girl, whose parents were very poor, said to her mother, "We must love God; my Sunday-school teacher said so." The mother replied, "But what if He lets us starve?" The child answered, "We must love Him just the same, for one text says, 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.' But," she added, "I guess He won't let us starve, for David says, 'I have never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.'"