



CHRISTMAS IN THE HOSPITAL.

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 doys,

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.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

A MERRY Christmas to all the boys and
girls! May the joys 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-treat-
ment of wicked men!

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.

CHRISTMAS TREES.

MERRY Christmas! Why do we keep it
with so much joy and gladness? Is there
a little child anywhere who does not know
that it is the day when our dear Lord was
born? "Christ the Prince of glory slept
on Mary's knee." The whole beautiful
story is familiar to every one of us, and the
sweetest thing about Christmas is that it
belongs to every one of us, to the poorest
as well as the richest, for the infant Jesus
came to save the whole world.

The custom of hanging gifts on Christmas
trees comes to us from Germany. There,
for days beforehand, great preparations are
made, and when the eve of Christmas
arrives, the tree is lighted with tapers, and
its boughs are loaded with presents for
parents, children, teachers, friends and ser-
vants. We are glad that many of our
Sunday-schools follow the pretty home idea
of the Fatherland, to a wider conclusion,
and have Christmas-trees in the Sunday
school.—*The Child's World*.