

Don't you think that we have shown you
why we love this Christmas day?
Don't you see we must be happy and our
happy gladness show
Upon the birthday of the One who blessed
and loved us go?

SADIE.

And we all would promise the heathen
child that we
Would send the knowledge of his love to
the islands of the sea,
Till all the world shall Christmas keep re-
joicing for his birth,
Whose love in God's good time shall bring
good will to all the earth.

Good Times.

THE STORY OF A CHRISTMAS DIME.

It was the evening of the Christmas festival. The church had been crowded with a happy throng of children, who had sung their sweet carols, received their presents, and dropped their dime offerings with willing hearts into the contribution-box as it went its rounds, that they might send the glad story of the Babe of Bethlehem to those dark lands where the little children had never heard of Jesus and His love.

Now the church was empty, and the happy children had gone home to dream of Christmas joys. Only the old sexton remained in the church, and one after another he extinguished the lights until they were all out, and he had to grope his way along the aisle by the dim light of the lantern he carried. He sat down in a chair to rest before he should lock the great oaken door and go homeward, and while he rested his eyes fell upon a contribution box. "A goodly offering," he murmured, as he lifted it and felt its weight.

The silver coins rattled together as he put the box down again, but surely that was not the sound that the old man heard. Far, far away, so soft that he could scarcely distinguish the sound, so sweet that he fancied it must be angels singing, came a chorus that swelled like the notes

of a mighty organ until he could hear the words:

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will to men."

Ever the chorus swelled and grew louder and clearer until the old church itself was filled with the melody that swept like a wave along the arched roof and lingered in the dim aisles.

"Peace, peace on earth, good-will to men."

Surely the voices were beside the old man, they sounded so clear and distinct, and he looked about him, but he was alone in the dimly-lighted church.

"Good-will to men."

The chorus grew faint again and died away, then all was silence.

"What could that music have been?" asked the old sexton, wonderingly.

"That was the song of the Christmas Dimes," said a silvery, sweet voice so near to him that the old man started. A beam from the lantern fell upon a silver dime that had fallen from the contribution-box and dropped unseen upon the carpet.

A bright little face seemed to smile up at the old man from the coin.

"Yes, that is the Christmas Dime," it repeated. "The good tidings of great joy which we are going to carry to all people. Won't you put me in the box with the others, so that I can join in the chorus? My little master would grieve if he could see me lying here."

"Who was your little master?" asked the sexton curiously, as he picked the little coin up and paused to listen to its answer before he restored it to the contribution-box.

"My master was a poor, little, ragged newsboy, who never heard the story of Jesus but once. He wandered into Sabbath school to listen to the singing one Sabbath, a few weeks ago, and a kind lady sat down by him and told him of the dear Saviour who had died for him. His little heart overflowed with love for Jesus as he heard the story of his suffering and cruel death upon the cross, and he longed to do something for Him to prove his love.