



THE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS TREE.

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You may think it rather cold comfort for the birds to be out of doors in the snow, trying to pick out the seeds from the cones of the spruce-tree. But they enjoy the feast just as much as you do your candy-laden Christmas-tree. God feeds and cares for them, and not a sparrow falls to the ground without the knowledge of our Heavenly Father. Can we not trust that same kind Father in heaven to love and care for us? This Christmas-time reminds us of his great Christmas gift to the world, the gift of his dear Son. Let us, then, give him our hearts, and love him with our whole soul and mind and strength.

GREATER THAN A RAILROAD PRESIDENT.

Sam was a farmer's son. A new railroad had just been built through his father's farm. One Sabbath Sam was surprised to see an engine drawing a car stop in front of his home. The president of the road stepped out and started to

examine a new bridge. The little bare-footed Sam trudged along behind the party.

After a while the president turned to Sam and said: "See here, my little fellow, do you know who I am?"

"Yes, sir," said Sam; "I suppose that you are the head man of this railroad."

"And what do you think that I would be likely to want just now above everything else?"

Sam replied: "I should think, sir, that you would want to get God to forgive you for taking his day from him to come and look at your new bridge."

The president looked at the boy for a moment, and then said: "Who told you to say that?"

"No one," answered Sam; "I just thought of it in my own heart, sir."

"You think right, my boy; and I thank you for reminding me of my duty, and promise you that the reminder will not be forgotten. You have shown yourself a greater man than the railroad president."

So Sam Brown ran home to tell his father that he was a greater man than the president of the railroad.—*Selected.*

CHRISTMAS.

"Christmas is coming!" the children cry,
Counting the weeks that are hurrying by—
Dear little children, who live at home,
And do not guess what it is to roam
From morn to night, with stockingless
feet,
Up and down through the ice and sleet.

"Christmas is coming!" thinks little Tim:
But what can the Christmas do for him?
His home is a cellar, his daily bread
The crumbs that remain when the rich
are fed;
No mother to kiss him when day is done,
No place to be glad in under the sun.

That wonderful fellow, old Santa Claus,
Who never is idle a moment, because
He is kept so busy with piling the toys
Into the stockings of rich girls and boys,—
No wonder he sometimes forgets, you
know,
Into the homes of the poor to go.

But, dear little children, you understand
That the rich and the poor all over the
land
Have one dear Father, who watches you,
And grieves or smiles at the things you do;
And some of his children are poor and sad,
And some are always merry and glad.

Christmas will bring to some of you joys,
Food and plenty, frolic and toys;
Christmas to some will bring nothing at
all;

In place of laughter the tears will fall.
Poor little Tim to your door may come;
Your blessings are many; spare him some.

The Christmas bells will sweetly ring
The songs that the angels love to sing—
The song that came with the Saviour's
birth:

"Peace, good-will, and love on earth."
Dear little children, ring, I pray,
Sweet bells in some lonely heart that day.

WHAT FRED LOST.

"I won't! I sha'n't! I don't want to!"
shouted little Fred. He said it to grand-
father.

Grandfather rose from his chair, and began to look around the room. Under the lounge, under the table, under the bed he looked, until Fred followed him.

"What are you looking for, grand-
father?"

"Why, I thought that I might find Fred's temper, but I'm afraid that it is really gone to stay." And grandfather kept on looking.

By and by Fred slyly took hold of grandfather's hand, and said: "It's come again, grandfather; it's here."

"But you said you wouldn't—"

"But I will now, I will, I will."

"O, how d'ye do, Temper?" said grand-
father.—*Selected.*