



TELLING THE CHRISTMAS STORY.

A GOOD THING TO WRITE.

"WHAT shall I write on my slate?" said Harry to himself.

He could not write very well, but he sat down, and did the best he could.

This is what he wrote:

"A GOOD BOY."

He took it and showed it to his mamma.

"That looks very well," she said. "That is a good thing to write. I hope you will write it on your life as well as on your slate."

"How can I write on my life, mamma?" he said, laughing.

"By being a good boy every day and hour of your life. Then you will write it on your face too, for the face of a good boy always tells its own sweet story. It looks kind and bright and happy."

"Where else can I write it, mamma?"

"If you write 'a good boy' on your life, my darling, there will be something still better written for you."

"What is that, mamma?"

"Your name in the Lamb's book of life. No name can ever be written in a higher, better place."

I hope every little boy who reads this will try to have his own name written in the book of life by the Saviour's loving hand.

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

"I WISH I had a real wax doll with real hair, and real eyes that would open and close; and, let me see—oh, yes!—and a real sun-bonnet like Ellie's; and, oh! wouldn't I dress her up, though. It is so cold, I have to stay in the house and play with nothing all day long. I wish I had something to play with."

This was said by a little blue-eyed golden-haired girl, who was standing at the window the day before Christmas, looking out at some boys coasting on a hill near her father's house.

A few minutes after she saw her pa going out of the front door and down the street.

"Fossie," her mother called out from the kitchen.

"Yes, ma, I am coming."

"Come and help me to get tea ready. Pa has gone down town and will be back soon. He will be cold and hungry, so let us have a nice hot tea for him when he comes."

"Yes, ma," says Fossie, as she ran off to get the knives and forks, for, you see, she was an obedient little girl, and tried to help when she could.

When pa came home that night Fossie saw he did not go straight into the dining-room as usual, but went upstairs for a few minutes.

When he came down he said to his wife, "Oh! but it's cold out;" and, addressing his little girl, said, "You had better hurry to bed, and wake up early in the morning and see what Santa Claus will give you."

Next morning, before pa was up, he heard Fossie calling out, "Pa, just see what he has left me. Oh! such a nice doll, just what I was wishing for yesterday; and Punch, with his bugle and cymbals, and two or three other dolls."

She did not know it, but her father had overheard what she was saying the day before, and had gone out and bought a lot of toys for his little daughter.

THE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS TREE.

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.

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!

FANNIE CROSBY'S CHRISTMAS LETTER TO THE CHILDREN.

HAPPY children, Sunday scholars,

In our favoured Christian land—

How I wish, for just a moment,

I could clasp each tiny hand!

But that pleasure is denied me,

For you live too far away;

So I send my yearly greeting

On this merry Christmas Day.

I have prayed that heavenly blessings

On your heads, like dew, might fall

O I have a heart, dear children,

Large enough to hold you all!

And its wealth of love divided

Gives to each a goodly share;

I will call my heart a casket,

You the gems that sparkle there.

I am thinking of a story,

That you all remember well—

How a little helpless baby

Jesus came on earth to dwell;

How an angel told the shepherds,

While a chorus in the sky

Sang goodwill to man forever,

"Glory be to God on high!"

With these festive hours returning,

Let us lift our souls above;

Let us thank our kind Redeemer

For his rich and boundless love.

I am sure you all are grateful,

And I hope, my children dear,

You will have a merry Christmas,

And a cloudless, bright New Year.

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."

At a lawn party some weeks ago, a little boy three years old had his first taste of ice-cream. "Mamma," said he, "why don't you warm this puddin'—it is so slippery!"