

## CHRISTMAS GREETING.

"Suffer little children to come unto me."

Come in! come in!  
 Come from near and come from far,  
 Come from all the lands that are;  
 Come from lonely realms of snow,  
 Where no winds of summer blow;  
 Come from golden Palestine,  
 Vine-clad Alp and Apennine,  
 Fabled shore and pilgrim shrine;  
 Come from Asia's central steep,  
 Afric's sand and jungle deep;  
 Come from western prairie's sweep,  
 Come from islands of the sea,  
 Says the Christ-child unto me,  
 Every child is bidden free.  
 Come in! come in!



## JESUS' FOLKS.

By Helen Clendenen.

Little Charlie C. was taking his first railroad journey—at least, the first he could remember. He and his mamma were going East. It was such a sultry midsummer day that nearly all the passengers had fallen into a doze. Charlie wondered how anybody could sleep when there was so much to be seen and talked about. He wasn't sleepy, no, indeed! His blue eyes were wide open to catch everything going on, both inside and outside the car. There were so many things he wanted to know! At that particular moment he wanted to know if the train had left Pennsylvania yet; if it were any nearer New York. But his mamma, too, was asleep, and, being a menly little fellow, he would not disturb her.

"I can't ask anything," he thought. "Everybody's asleep. I do wish something would happen so I could talk!"

Presently something did happen. The train slowed up, and the porter called out, "Bethlehem! Bethlehem!" That

didn't seem to arouse anybody, not even Charlie's mamma; but Charlie was so much excited that he called out in his clear, high voice, "Mamma! mamma! you must wake up now! Here's where Jesus' folks live!"

When his mamma explained that this Bethlehem was not the Bethlehem where the Christ-child had lived, the little fellow was greatly disappointed; but the rest of that afternoon the passengers found pleasure in both entertaining and being entertained by the wide-awake little boy.

## A LETTER FOR ROY.

It was a pleasant morning, and little Roy was playing with Paul Martin on the pavement in front of their home. Presently, they saw the postman coming down the street, stopping at almost every door.

Roy ran up to him, and asked, eagerly, "Have you a letter for me?" Not that he was expecting one, but he thought, "Why shouldn't the postman

bring a letter to me, as well as to other folks?"

But the postman shook his head, kindly, and said, "Not to-day, my little man."

Roy felt quite disappointed, and ran indoors to tell his mother about it.

That evening, before bedtime, Mrs. Wilson said, "Come, Roy, I will teach you the Golden Text for next Sunday."

"I am tired of learning the Golden Text," said Roy.

"I thought you wanted a letter this morning," said Mrs. Wilson.

"What has that to do with the Golden Text?" asked Roy, curiously.

"A good deal," answered his mother. "Do you know, Roy, that the Bible is like a postman's bag, full of beautiful letters, and that some of these seem written just for children? The golden text is a bit out of our heavenly Father's letter to you. Don't you want to hear it?"

"Yes, I do," Roy said, with great interest. "If I learn this golden text, I will have another letter next week, will I not, mother?"

"Yes," Mrs. Wilson said; "and every letter will be full of love, because it is our Father's word."

The next Monday morning, Roy was playing out again, when the postman came down the street. This time he smiled at Roy, and said, "I have a letter for you to-day, my little man."

Roy could hardly believe the good news, but the postman handed him a white envelope, directed to Roy Wilson, Junior. So there could be no mistake. He ran into the house, shouting, "Mother, quick, quick! a letter for me!"

Mrs. Wilson opened the letter, and found that it was from Roy's father, telling the golden text for the next Sunday, and explaining it by a pretty story.

## WHAT HE WANTED MOST.

A lady who was shopping noticed a very small boy who was employed as "Cash" in the store, and, being interested in him, began to ask him questions. "Wouldn't you like to live with me and have everything my little boy has?" she inquired.

"What does your little boy have?" asked the child, fixing his large, serious eyes upon her face.

"Oh! he has books and tops and a pony." And she enumerated a lot of things.

"Has he any papa?" asked the child. "Oh, yes! he has a dear, kind papa, who gives him all those things."

"Then I would like to be your little boy," said the child, gravely; "for my papa is dead, and I would rather have him than any of the other things."

The lady, who had been merely talking with the child for amusement, had hard work to keep back her tears at this naive confession.