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CHILDREN · AND

FORBID · THEM · NOT

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PEACE ON EARTH

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

SUPPER · LITTLE

UNTIL · M6 ·

CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE



VOLUME XII.—NUMBER 6.

DECEMBER 22, 1866.

WHOLE NUMBER 270.



CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

FELTER.



THE YULE LOG.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

Amy's Christmas.

AMY HOWE was one of the sweetest little pets that ever made the heart of a mother glad. She was as lively as a cricket, merry as a bird, talkative as a parrot, playful as a kitten, and loving as a dove. Who can wonder that her pa made her his pet, that her mamma thought her the dearest and best child ever born, and that the servants indulged all her little whims?

When Christmas day drew near, Amy's tongue was as busy as the clapper of a marriage bell, talking about the presents which the venerable old St. Nicholas was to put into her stocking. There was scarcely a toy in Gammur Gurton's shop which she did not expect to find in that famous Christmas stocking. On Christmas eve her father, after hearing her prattle about it, laughed and said:

"Why, puss, you must think St. Nicholas a con-

kept in the Fatherland in the olden times. He said "they used on Christmas Eve to light many candles, and put a big log, called the Yule Log, or Christmas Block, upon the fire. Rich people also had many pastimes, conducted by one of the household, who was called the Lord of Misrule. Under his leadership they played blind man's buff, danced, dipped their heads into tubs of water for nuts and apples, and did many other foolish things."

"O how funny!" cried Amy, clapping her hands. "Can't we do so, pa?"

"I think not," said Mr. Howe. "We are Christians, and must celebrate our Christmas by thinking of Him who was born in a stable and cradled in a manger for our sakes. What was his name, Amy?"

"Jesus," replied Amy, looking very gravely. After a moment or two she asked, "Pa, didn't they used to sing Christmas carols about the streets on Christmas Eve? Ma says they did. And, pa, what is a Christmas carol?"

"It is a simple hymn about the babe of Bethlehem, my dear, and they used to, and still do, sing them in the streets at night in Germany and in England; but come, it is late, and you must away to bed!"

Amy would have preferred to sit a little longer; but it was one of her good habits to obey her parents. So she kissed her pa and ma good night, and skipped up stairs.

About eleven o'clock that night Amy dreamed she heard the angels singing. Their song sounded very sweetly in the little girl's ears, and it seemed to grow louder and louder, until it waked her up. Still the song went on. Amy rubbed her eyes, sat up in bed and listened. "Surely," thought she, "that is no angel song. It's under my window!" Then a new thought struck her, and she called to her mother, who slept in the next room, and said:

"Mamma, mamma, somebody is singing under my window!"

"I know it, my dear," replied her mother. "They are singing Christmas carols. They are English people who used to sing carols in their own country, and your pa asked them to come and sing some for you to-night."

"What a dear good pa I have got!" said Amy; "but hark, ma! How sweetly their song sounds in the night!"

The carol these singers sang was one that the brave Martin Luther wrote for his little son Hans.

Amy listened with delight, and was sorry when the singers left. But she soon forgot them in the sound sleep of innocent childhood.

The first beams of the morning no sooner peeped in upon Amy's curly head than she opened her eyes, jumped out of bed, washed and dressed herself, said her morning prayer, and hurried down stairs.

"O!" she exclaimed, when she saw the well-stuffed stocking and the loaded chair, "St. Nicholas has left a big load for me. I thought he would. Here's a love of a doll. Here's a big soft ball. Here's a splendid picture book, and lots of other things besides. My, how beautiful! What a dear good pa I've got. He's the St. Nicholas that comes here, I know."

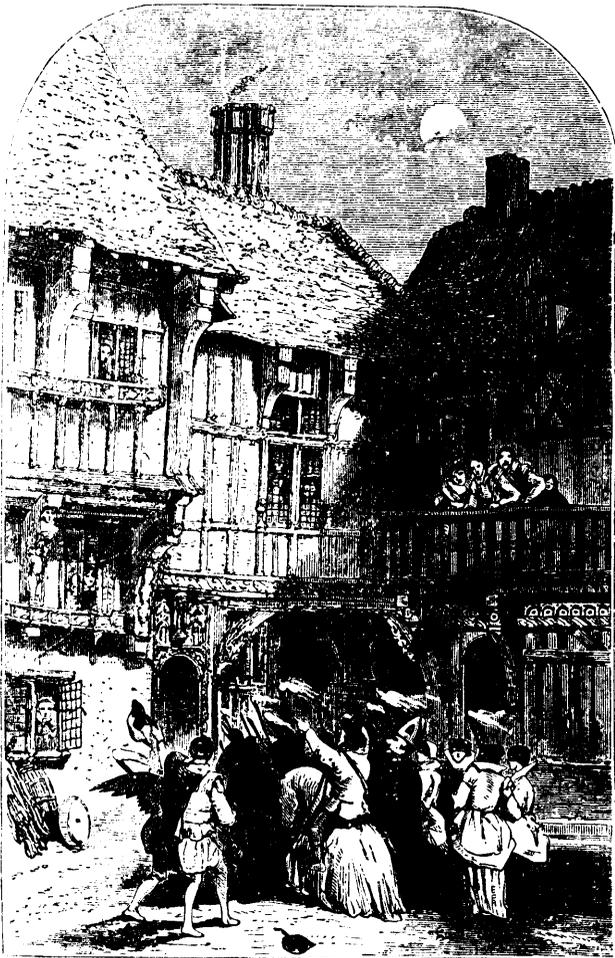
Amy was never merrier than when on that glad Christmas morning she watched to see her father come down stairs. The moment he stepped into the sitting room she pushed her curly head from behind the door and shouted:

"I wish you a Merry Christmas, papa!" Then with a bright musical laugh she added, "Thank you, St. Nicholas, for your presents. They are grand, nice, glorious," and then Amy sprang into her father's arms, and gave him, as she afterward said, (though I think she stretched the truth not a little,) "a thousand kisses."

Merry as the lark was little Amy as she prattled to her new doll that Christmas morning. To complete her joy, little BELL WEST, her cousin, came in



SINGING CHRISTMAS CAROLS.



LORD OF MISRULE AND HIS FOLLOWERS.

juror if you suppose he can get half the presents you expect into your stockings."

Amy had not thought of that. So she put on a grave face for at least—half a minute, and then, with a merry laugh, replied:

after breakfast to see Amy's presents, and to show her own. With some girls this would have been the occasion for bad feeling, because they would have been envious, and unwilling to loan each other their gifts. But Amy praised Bell's presents, let her play with the new doll, tossed the ball with her, showed her the picture books, and, in short, allowed her to handle her presents just as she desired. This pleased Bell, and so the cousins spent a happy morning. Had either of them been selfish they would have been unhappy.

After church a fat goose was served up for dinner, and Mr. Howe told the cousins that in the olden time a pig's head, roasted and served up with an apple in his mouth, and flanked by a big plum-pudding, was the favorite Christmas dinner. The girls thought this "a very funny dish for Christmas," and Amy said "one roast goose is better than twenty pigs' heads!"

Amy declared, at night, that she had spent the happiest day of her life. Nothing had occurred to mar its pleasantness. Can you see the reason of this? Amy had loving parents, and many love tokens from them. She had been grateful for these good things, and she had freely shared the use of them with Cousin Bell. You see that, by the grace of Him who became a babe on the first Christmas tide, she had kept selfishness out of her heart. She had tried to make pa and ma and Bell happy, and in doing that she had found happiness herself. You see Amy was a Christian child, and had learned the secret of happiness. I hope you have learned it too. If so, you too will spend a happy Christmas.

From the "Sunday School Harp."

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

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1. We three kings of O - ri - ent are ; Bearing 'gifts we traverse a - far Field and fountain, Moor and mountain,
2. Born a King on Bethlehem's plain, Gold I bring to crown him a - gain—King for - ev - er, Ceasing nev - er
3. Frankin - cense to of - fer have I: Incense owns a de - i - ty night ; Pray'r and praising All men rais - ing

CHORUS.

Fol - low - ing you - der star. Oh, star of wonder, star of night, Star with roy - al beau - ty bright,
O - ver us all to reign.
Wor - ship him, God, on high.

Westward leading, Still pre - ceding, Guide us to the perfect light.

4 Myrrh is mine: its bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gath'ring gloom—
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.—CHO.

5 Glorious now behold him arise,
King and God and Sacrifice ;
Heaven singing Hallelujah ;
Joyous the earth replies.—CHO.

Sunday School Advocate.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 22, 1866.

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO ALL OUR
LITTLE READERS.

We will add our good wishes to those of papa, mamma, brothers, sisters, and all other friends who at this happy season are wishing you all a happy Christmas. You will all no doubt have everything done for you to make it a happy day. The stockings will be filled for some; pretty presents will be drawn from the Christmas Tree by others, and mamma will see to it that the Christmas dinner is not the least feature in the day's enjoyment. Do you know why this particular day should be so honored, so devoted to everything pleasant and joyous? It is because Jesus Christ was born on this day. It was on this day, many hundred years ago, that our Saviour came into this world to seek and to save that which was lost. You all have read and heard the story of Jesus and of the cross; the old story, which is as new and as powerful to touch the hearts of sinners and save their souls, as it was more than eighteen hundred years ago. Little children have as much reason to celebrate Christmas as the older ones. Jesus died for all, and though you are young, you have all some sins for the blood of Christ to wash away. When Jesus was here he loved little children, and said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me." Jesus loves to see you happy, and in all your little pleasures on this day you should remember what makes the day a happy one, and try in the words of your little hymn, to

"Let nothing ever please you
He would grieve to look upon."

You will remember those Christmas days after you have grown to be men and women: try then to fill them with pleasant memories. Do not let any unkind word or action to a dear brother or sister be written

in your hearts, as a memory of the day when Christ came to make peace on earth, and good will towards men. Perhaps before many years pass over, one of the dear home circle may be taken to that brighter home in heaven. Then, though the happiness of your next Christmas would be more subdued and tender than before, how sweet it would be to think that all the Christmas days you spent with the dear one who is "not lost but gone before" were days of kindness and love.

The surest way of being happy is to try to make others happy. You can all do this in some way. Perhaps you know of some poor child whose parents cannot give him all the dainties which you have. Could you not share of your abundance with this poor child, and, in making the day a happy one for him, secure far more happiness for yourselves than you could enjoy were you selfish. Perhaps your mothers would allow you to give some of your warm clothes to some shivering child who would like to go to Sunday-school, but has no clothes to keep him warm this cold weather. If you desire to do good and render others happy you will find many ways of doing so, even without going from home. No matter how small a thing you do, Jesus is as well pleased with it as He is with the large things that older people do. The widow's mite was more acceptable than the rich man's offering, because it was all she could give.

Now, my dear little friends, try to be kind and gentle to all on this day; try to make others happy, and, be assured, you will have what is wished for you—a HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

THE BABE OF BETHLEHEM.

Far, far away in the interior of Africa there lived a little shepherd boy. As he was tending his sheep among the hills he met another shepherd boy, who had a Testament of his own. This boy read some of it to his little friend: the part he read was the sweet story of the Babe of Bethlehem. How much aston-

ished was the other boy to see a book, and to hear his companion read out of it! He listened with great attention, and believed every word he heard. He longed to see the Babe of Bethlehem—that Babe that was wrapped in swaddling-clothes and laid in a manger. "Can I see Him?" he eagerly inquired: "Tell me, tell me where He is."

"At the Mission station," replied the little reader.

"Did you ever see Him?"

"No, I never saw Him, but I know He is there, for they talk and sing to Him. I have heard them."

The astonished child made up his mind to go to the Mission station, and to see this Babe with his own eyes. It was a long journey; but he found his way, and arrived safely one Saturday evening. He was kindly received by a Christian Bechuana woman. He partook of her supper, and slept in her hut.

Next morning he heard the chapel bell. He knew not why it sounded, but he followed his kind hostess to the chapel. He listened with delight to the sweet singing; he looked earnestly at the minister when he opened the Bible, and prepared to read. It was about the Babe of Bethlehem, even the second of Luke!

The little shepherd looked around the chapel, hoping more than ever to see the glorious Babe. As he looked, he observed a fair child, with light hair and blue eyes. It was the Missionary's own child. "It is the Babe of Bethlehem," thought the little shepherd boy; "the Babe that I longed to see. I have found it at last." When the service was over the delighted boy told his Christian friend that he had seen the Babe of Bethlehem.

At first she could not understand what he meant, but soon she found out his mistake, and then she told him who the Babe of Bethlehem really was, what He did, and where He is. She told him of his love in dying upon the cross, and of his glory at his Father's right hand. The boy believed her words, and soon he loved Jesus, though he could not see Him. He learned to read his Bible, and became a Christian man.

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL.

Christmas Morning.

CHILDREN, awake! salute the happy morn
On which the Saviour of mankind was born;
This day hath God fulfilled his promised word;
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord.

Glad Tidings of Great Joy.

Did you hear a little bird, a little bird a-singing,
Did you hear a little bird in the very early morn?
Did you hear the merry bells, the merry bells a-ringing,
To tell us all the good glad news that Jesus Christ
is born?

It is a strange and wondrous tale, a marvelous old story,
It happened in the distant time, the far off long ago:
To us there came the King of kings, the Lord of life and glory,
A helpless Babe, a little Child—a weary man of woe.

A little Child! a maiden fair her watch beside him keeping,
And angels wondered as they gazed, and shook their starry wings;
They saw their Lord before them, he, an infant calmly sleeping;
O love of God! surpassing all mysterious hidden things.

Then praise we now our Father, God, with all our life's endeavor;
His loving Christ has borne the cross, that we may wear the crown:
From death to life our souls may rise, to dwell with him forever,
For this he left his throne, and "laid his regal honors down."

Listen to the little bird, the little bird a-singing,
The mystic bird that sings at eve, and very early morn;
She singeth in our heart of hearts, Christmas bells are ringing!
And so we know the good glad news that Jesus Christ is born!

Christ's Birthday.

'Tis Christmas day! glad voices
Repeat the pleasant sound;
And happy faces in our home,
And loving looks abound.
Why do we thus greet Christmas morn?
It is the day that Christ was born.

With little gifts that tell our love,
With garlands on the wall,
With thankful hearts and helpful hands,
We keep a festival.
Why do we thus keep Christmas morn?
It is the day that Christ was born.

Full eighteen hundred years ago
Christ Jesus came on earth;
He came, he lived, he died for us;
We thank God for his birth;
And therefore we keep Christmas morn,
The day our Saviour, Christ, was born.

And on this Christmas morning,
When the frost is at the door,
Dear child! in your warm pleasant home,
Think of the sick and poor;
So shall you well keep Christmas morn,
The day our Saviour, Christ, was born.

Christ healed the sick, and helped the poor,
When he was on the earth;
Do what you can to be like him
This morning of his birth;
Help some one to keep Christmas morn,
The day your Saviour, Christ, was born.

Christmas Day.

As on the night before this happy morn,
A blessed angel unto shepherds told,
Where (in a stable) he was poorly born,
Whom nor the earth, nor heaven of heavens can hold;
Through Bethlem rung this news at their return;
Yea, angels sung that God with us was born;
And they made mirth because we should not mourn.

Their angel-carol sing we then,
To God on high all glory be,
For peace on earth bestoweth he,

And showeth favor unto men.
This favor Christ vouchsafed for our sake;
To buy us thrones he in a manger lay;
Our weakness took, that we his strength might take;
And was disrobed that he might us array.
Our flesh he wore, our sin to wear away;
Our curse he bore, that we escape it may;
And wept for us that we might sing for aye.

With angels, therefore, sing again,
To God on high all glory be;
For peace on earth bestoweth he,
And showeth favor unto men.

TO ALL MY LITTLE ADVOCATE NEPHEWS AND NIECES.—I wish you a Merry, Happy, Holy Christmas!
AUNT JULIA.

Is any among you merry? let him sing psalms.

