

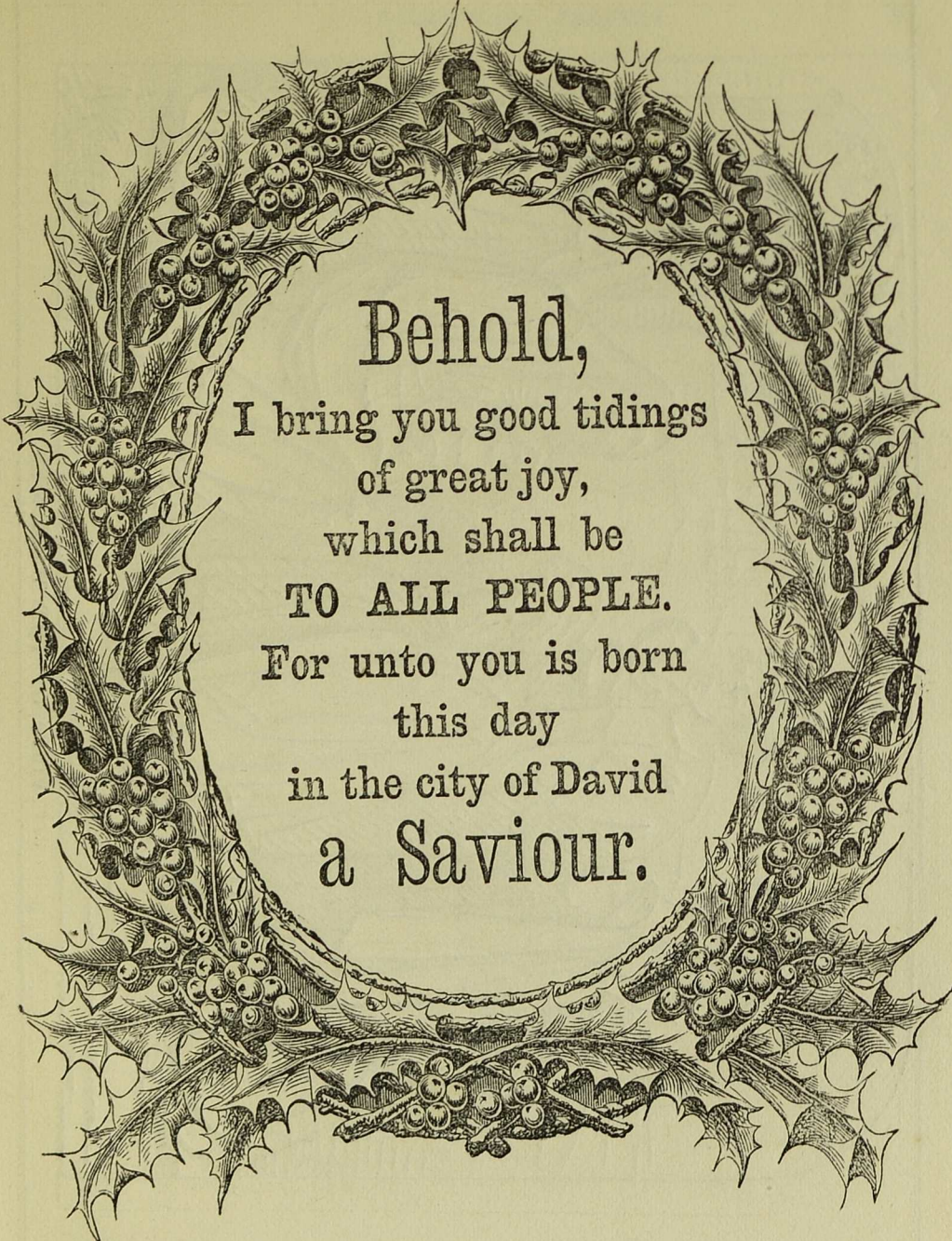


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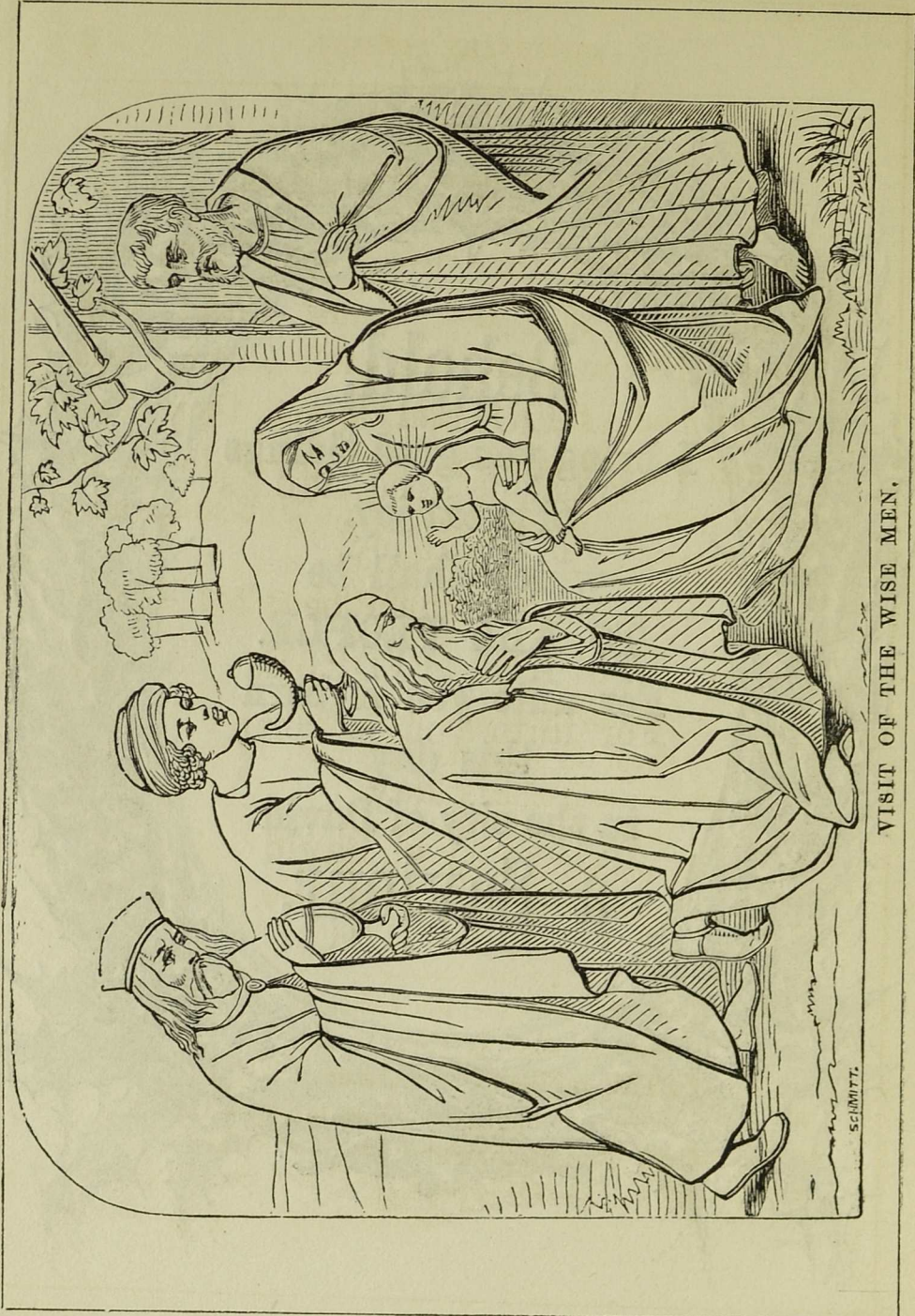
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Present



Behold,
I bring you good tidings
of great joy,
which shall be
TO ALL PEOPLE.
For unto you is born
this day
in the city of David
a Saviour.



VISIT OF THE WISE MEN.

SCHMITT.

VISIT OF THE WISE MEN.

“And when they were come into the house, they saw the young Child with Mary His mother, and fell down, and worshipped Him: and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto Him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.”

Matthew 2ch. 11v.

JOIN'D to those who are inquiring
 From the East, dear Lord, for Thee;—
 All we ask, or are desiring,
 Is the Royal Child to see.
 We our knees before Thee bow,
 With our arms embrace Thee now.

Take our presents, nor refuse us
 Giving what we value most;
 In Thy gentleness, excuse us
 That our hands no riches boast:—
 Ours is no blest Araby,—
 All our wealth is poverty.

'Stead of gold and costly *treasure*,
 Faith, and hope, and love receive!
 May our *incense* meet Thy pleasure,—
 We our heart's devotion give;
 But for *myrrh*,—our penitence,—
 Of our guilt an humbling sense.

Take in kindness what we offer,—
 Willing gifts from souls sincere;
 Leave us not from foes to suffer,
 Roused to rage by guilty fear;
 From the bloody Herod's sword,
 Thy protection be our guard.

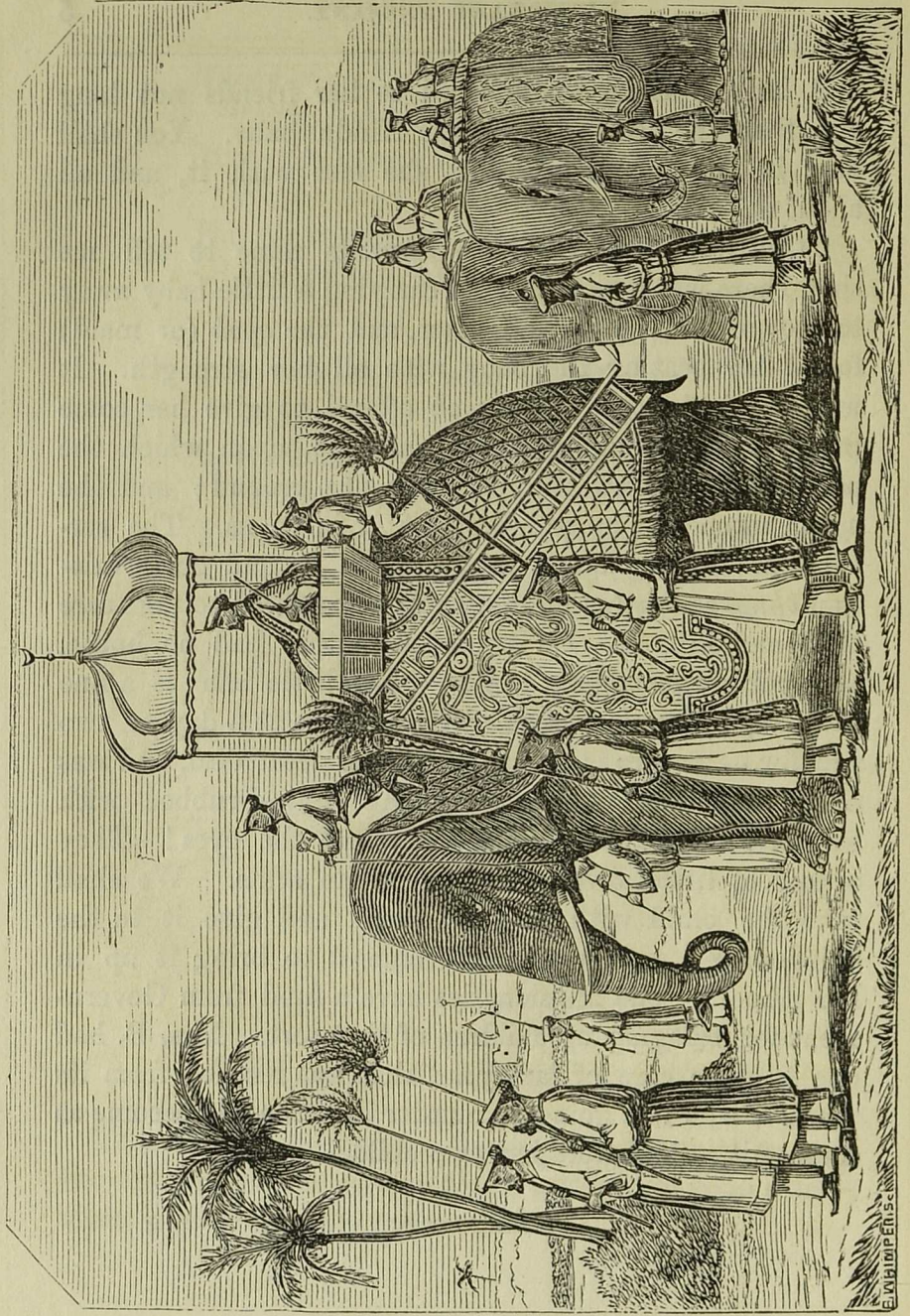
While we homeward shall be going,
 May Thy blessing with us go:
 Cheer us on, Thy mercy showing,—
 Still the rage of every foe;
 Lead us with Thy gentle hand,
 Till we reach our father-land.

THE LITTLE HINDU BABY.

THE children who are collecting money to be sent to the Missionaries in foreign lands will like to hear a story about a little child in India.

A lady in India wrote word to her friends not long ago, that she had found a little Hindu baby. You shall hear in her own words how she met with it, and all about it.

“One day last week the servants came to tell me that there was a mad woman carrying a little baby away to drown it. We sent after her, and the *ayah* (or maid) found her beating the baby with all her strength. It was only just born. The *ayah* offered to give her some money if she would give the child up, upon which the poor creature threw it down upon the ground; and the *ayah* snatched it up and brought it in to us. The servants are all very much interested in it, and our Christian *chuprassie's* (or messenger's) wife offered to take care of it and keep it. Its wretched mother had no house, and nobody belonging to her. The little baby is a fine little boy; the *chuprassie's* wife brought it a day or two ago for us to see. It had grown a great deal, and was nicely attended to in the native way,—rubbed with turmeric and oil, and blackened round the eyes! They a pair of little silver bracelets on its arms. We shall take the child with us to Cuttack, and give it to the Missionary's wife, who has promised to bring it up in her school. The Missionaries have a fund from Government for bringing up children of that sort. Mrs. B. had one to take care of last year, that was rescued from its mother, who was going to murder it. She has become as fond of it as if it were her own child.”



ELWIMPENIS

THE INDIAN RAJAH.

It is very interesting to hear of the grandeur and state of some of the Indian Princes, or Rajahs, as they are called.

A lady writes from India the following description of one of them :—

“There is a Rajah here now, encamped about five minutes' walk from our bungalow. He comes from Kunghur, and is here to receive the title of Maherajah, and very handsome presents from the Indian Government, on account of his faithfulness to us during the mutinies. He kept the rebels from coming into the Cuttack district, and resisted all invitations to go over to the enemy.

“Last week the Commissioner held a levee, and all the gentlemen on the station went. I saw the Rajah's procession. About a thousand people accompanied him, armed men, two leaders in curicus chain armour, looking just like Crusaders, five or six elephants, on the largest of which sat the Rajah himself under a canopy, with a man behind him fanning the flies away ; and others on foot fanning him with fans attached to the end of long poles.

“The Commissioner made a speech, and fastened a pearl necklace round his neck, gave him the shawls and jewels,



INDIAN RAJAH.

in the name of Lord Canning, and then drove him in his carriage to see the regiment reviewed.

“The Rajah is a fine-looking man, with an honest, open face. He has never seen a European before, or a town. For five or six generations, his family have never moved out of their own dominions. It must be quite an event in his life to see all these new doings.”

These things will soon be changed now. Railways are being made in India, and the people begin to travel from place to place, and then they will soon get used to the English people, and English inventions; and their old prejudices will die away, and they will become more willing to be taught our holy religion. So God deigns to make use of the useful works of man's invention to help forward the spread of His word, and the knowledge of His truth, throughout the world.

TRAVELLING AND MISSION WORK IN SOUTH AFRICA.

ABOUT twenty years ago, some gentlemen went to South Africa to hunt wild animals, and they found plenty of lions, elephants, buffaloes, ostriches, and many other wild beasts to shoot; and very much they enjoyed the slaying of these animals.



TRAVELLING IN AFRICA.

In the picture you see them on their travels. They have just left a station where a Missionary was living, and some of the Africans have come with them. You see them sitting on the front of the waggon: the gentlemen are on horseback. There is a kraal (village) in the distance, and the people are running down the hill to the travellers.

When a Missionary went first to these people, they would not listen to him; but made all sorts of fun of what he said. They had no idols, like other nations; no ideas of the soul, of heaven, of hell; no notion of any God at all; no word in their language for God. When the Missionaries talked to them of such things, they seemed to them idle and ridiculous stories, not worth a hearing. They could, however, play the hypocrite when it suited their purpose, and would pay great attention to get a bit of tobacco. Long after, they would boast how clever they had been in deceiving the Missionary. They thought the clothes of the Missionaries were most foolish and troublesome affairs, and that it was very ridiculous to keep the house clean, or to wash instead of smearing themselves with grease and ochre. One day, a native was roasting a piece of fat zebra flesh for the Missionary. He kept turning it with his hands, and every time rubbing them on his dirty body for the sake of the grease. "Had you not better turn it with a stick or a fork?" the Missionary at length ventured to say. The man and his friends laughed excessively, and used to repeat this as a joke when they met.

It often caused the Missionaries great pain to hear the people deride the solemn truths they taught. One day they had been talking to a Chief about the power of God. The Chief gathered several men around him, and, after repeating all that had been said, he asked, "Did you ever hear such words?" Seeing them ready to burst with laughter, he said, "Wait, I shall tell you more. He tells me that we have spirits in us which will never die, and that our bodies, though dead and buried, will rise and live again. Open your ears to-day! Did you ever hear *bittamane* (fables) like these?" Then there came from the listeners a burst of deafening laughter, and the Chief begged the Missionary to say no more on such trifles, lest the people should think him mad.

So stupid were they at times, that, after the Missionary had been talking to them for hours about God, they would say, "What is it you wish to tell me?" The reason they could not understand was, because their hearts were not interested. One of them said, "Your customs may be good enough for you; but I never see that they fill the stomach."

Frequently these poor dirty creatures would crowd into the Missionary's house when he was away. They would pilfer what they could lay their hands upon, dirty everything they touched, and make the house hardly bearable.

In chapel their behaviour was still more trying. Some would be snoring, some laughing, some working. Some would sit with their feet on the benches, and their knees

drawn up to their chins, till one would fall asleep and tumble over, to the great merriment of his fellows. While the Missionary was in the pulpit, some of them would take the opportunity to go and rob his house.



Many of the natives thought the Missionaries a strange race of beings. They could not believe that these visitors from a distant land had merely come to teach them what sounded to them like fables. Some said, "You have come to our country to get a living." Others, who saw that the Missionaries gained nothing by them, said, "You must have done something bad in your own country, and have run away to escape being punished." One day the Missionary laid down his coat while he was preaching, and found, when he took it again, that his knife had been taken from his pocket. He begged a Chief to help him to get it back. "What is the reason you do not return to your own land?" was all the answer the Chief made. "If your land was a good one, or if you were not afraid of returning, you would not be so content to live as you do, while people devour you," said another.

Often would they laugh at the efforts of the Missionaries to convert them, and scornfully boast that He whom the Missionaries worshipped should never get one from among their number to bow the knee to His sway.

Do my young readers begin to get tired of hearing about nothing but trials and vexations? Ah! if the Missionaries had grown tired so soon, what would have become of the poor Bechuanas?

DEAR CHILDREN,



You like to read stories of foreign lands. I will tell you two short ones: try if you can read them. The pictures in the stories are put instead of names, and you are to find out what they mean. A Missionary went to India, where the people, instead of worshipping the true

God, pray to  made of wood and 

They also call



gods, and are very careful not to kill them when

they see them  over the  or

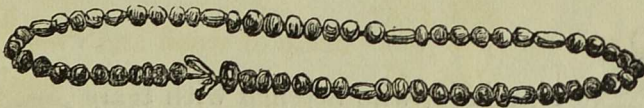
about the street. They worship the



and consider the



a sacred animal. Some of the people of India carry a



they call them their

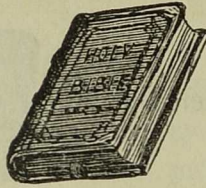


beads. India is a

very hot country, and the Missionary was



He had the



in his



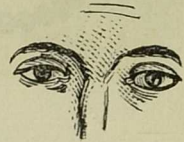
and was

telling the people who sat round him about Jesus Christ. They all looked very attentive, one



especially, who listened with tears

in his



as though his whole soul had been in the words.

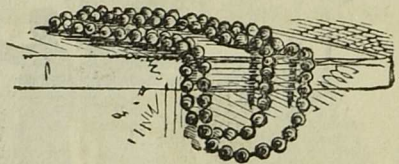
At last he could sit no longer; he gets up, and stretch-

ing out his



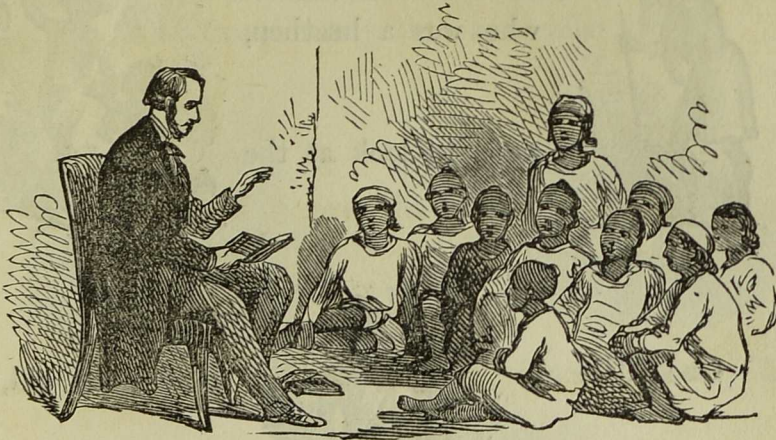
to the Missionary, gives him

up his string of praying



and said, "I have done with this folly." Till then he had always said his prayers by these beads, a prayer to every bead.

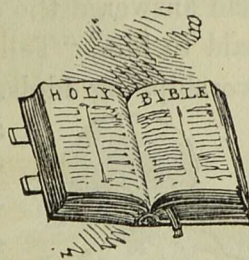
The same Missionary has a



He was one day asking the

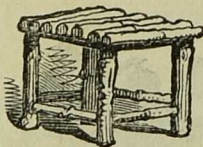


questions about the

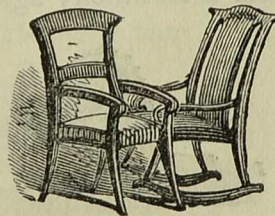


as they sat on the floor ; for the children in India do not

sit on



or



but on the ground. An



who was a heathen,
came to look at the



One little



seven years old,

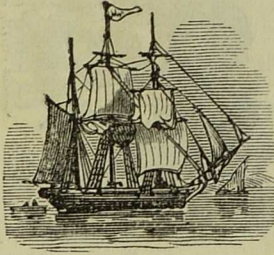
had answered the questions very well ; and the Missionary said to him, "Tell that old man, what you think about worshipping idols. The child looks up in the old man's and says, "Good old grandpapa, why worship an idol of brass, stone, and wood? it is a lifeless thing. Worship the one true God."



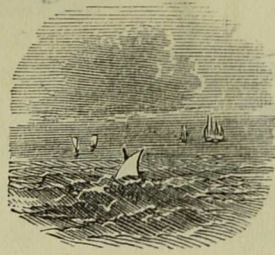
You see, little children in India bear a testimony against



“Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, HE perfects praise.” The Missionaries leave their native country, and travel many thousand miles in a

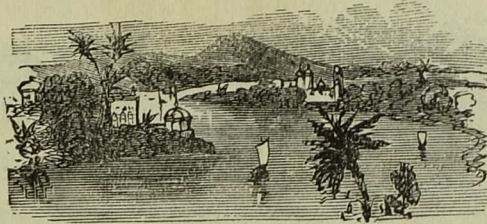


over the great

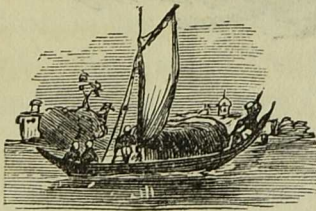


they pass through many dangers. Sometimes they have

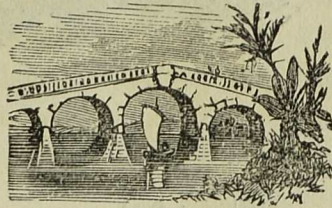
to cross



without a



or



sometimes, as they pass through the



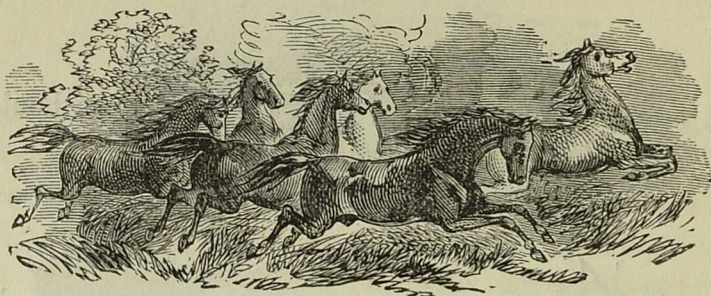
they will see large



lying in the



ready to bite them or their



or



will sting them.

But they do not mind all these things, if they can only get the people and children to listen to the message of salvation that they bring to them.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

THE BROWN STONE HOUSE.

I LIKE to stand here at my window, and look across at it, with its great deep windows, its high stone steps.

I like that little girl who lives over in the brown stone house ; I like her sweet face, with the golden curls dropping like a thick rain of sunbeams all about it. What pretty soft dresses she wears, and such dainty little aprons, and her blue eyes look so softly out of her pretty bonnet ! Dear me ! she's just about my age ; and I have only an old brown hood and a calico dress, that's been washed so many times, I can just see where the sprigs used to be !

This morning—not more than an hour ago—I saw a very pleasant-looking gentleman run up the steps, and pull the bell, and in a moment the little girl came to the door, in her blue merino, and she clapped her hands, and said with a laugh I've heard ever since, “O, uncle George, uncle George—merry Christmas !”

And the gentleman caught up the little girl in his arms. “Ah, Ella, my child !” he said, and kissed her, and then set her down, and took something out of his pocket, in a white paper, and gave it to her ; and she gave a scream of delight, and then the door was shut.

How I wish I had an uncle George, that I could run to the door, and wish “merry Christmas !” and have him take me up in his arms, and kiss me like that ! I don't

care so much for the beautiful clothes, and the great warm rooms, though these must be very delightful such a cold morning as this; but I should like to have somebody to take me up, and love me—why the tears are coming—I didn't know I was crying!

Sometimes the little girl comes and stands at the window, and looks across here. I wonder what she thinks about this old yellow house, with its broken panes of glass, and its board swinging in the wind!

I wonder if she ever feels sorry for the little girl that stands here, with only her poor sick mother to love her and take care of her, by sewing from early morning away into the night!

I wanted to wish mother a "merry Christmas" this morning; but the words went back in my throat. I looked in her face—it was so pale and thin—and she put her hand on her side, and coughed.

There! the little girl has come to the window again; and, O! she holds such a big doll in her hands; I can see its little black curls and round eyes and red lips. Such a beauty! I do declare, she is holding it up for me to see; and I just bowed, to let her know I did; and now she is calling to somebody, and pointing over here, and her father and mother have come, and looked across, and there is the gentleman too, and I know they are all talking about me. I wish I knew what they were saying!

It seems as if it was all a dream, and that I should wake up, and find it was—but I know its real—for there stands the basket, with its snowy Christmas cake, and

the nice tart, and the oranges and nuts piled round them and here is this warm, pretty blue dress, and there is a nice straw bonnet trimmed with ribbon, and the sweetest little cap inside!

It all happened like this. While I stood there, and knew the beautiful lady, who was mamma to the little girl, and the two fine gentlemen, were talking about me, just as well as though I could hear them, a servant came out of the gate of the brown stone house, and walked right across here, and knocked at our old door.

I went straight down, and opened it, and the servant said, the lady opposite had sent over to know if the little girl, who stood at the window, would come to her for a few minutes.

I ran up stairs, and asked mother; she smoothed my hair, and said, "Yes;" and I went over; all in a tremble!

O, the lady was so good to me, and took my hand in her soft white one, and said in her sweet voice:—

"My little daughter here has had so many presents for *her* merry Christmas, that she wants to share part of them with you!"

And the little girl came, and stood by my side, and looked all over me, with a kind of sorrowful look, and the gentlemen put down their papers, and smiled and looked too.

And the little girl brought me the prettiest small doll, and a little chair, and a great white sugar-bird with its wings spread, and a paper of sugar-plums.

"They're all for you," she said.

I tried to thank her, but something rose up in my

throat, and I could not. I think the lady understood, for she said, "Never mind, dear!"

And then the little girl began to ask me all sorts of questions, such a host of 'em,—what was my name, how old I was,—if I had any brothers and sisters; and somehow my fear all went away, and I forgot about the great, grand rooms. I talked to her just as I talk to myself now, and told her how father had died at sea so long ago, and how mother was sick, and had to take care of us both, by sewing hard all the day.

And at last, when I looked up, the gentlemen were both listening to every word, and so was the lady; and she turned to her husband and said, in a low voice:—

"She is a good child, Henry, and just Ellen's age. We must do something for her."

And then she went out of the room, and came back with these two new dresses, and a bonnet, and a pair of mittens. "There, that's your merry Christmas," she said; and then I burst right out,—I couldn't help it, and cried and sobbed before them all—I was so glad; and the little girl put her hand on my arm. "Don't cry," she said; but the great tears were on her cheeks, too.

And then her father slipped his hand in his pocket, and said, "I must do my share toward your merry Christmas, too," and he gave me a great, bright silver half-crown. "And I must do mine, too," said Uncle George, and he slipped another into my hand.

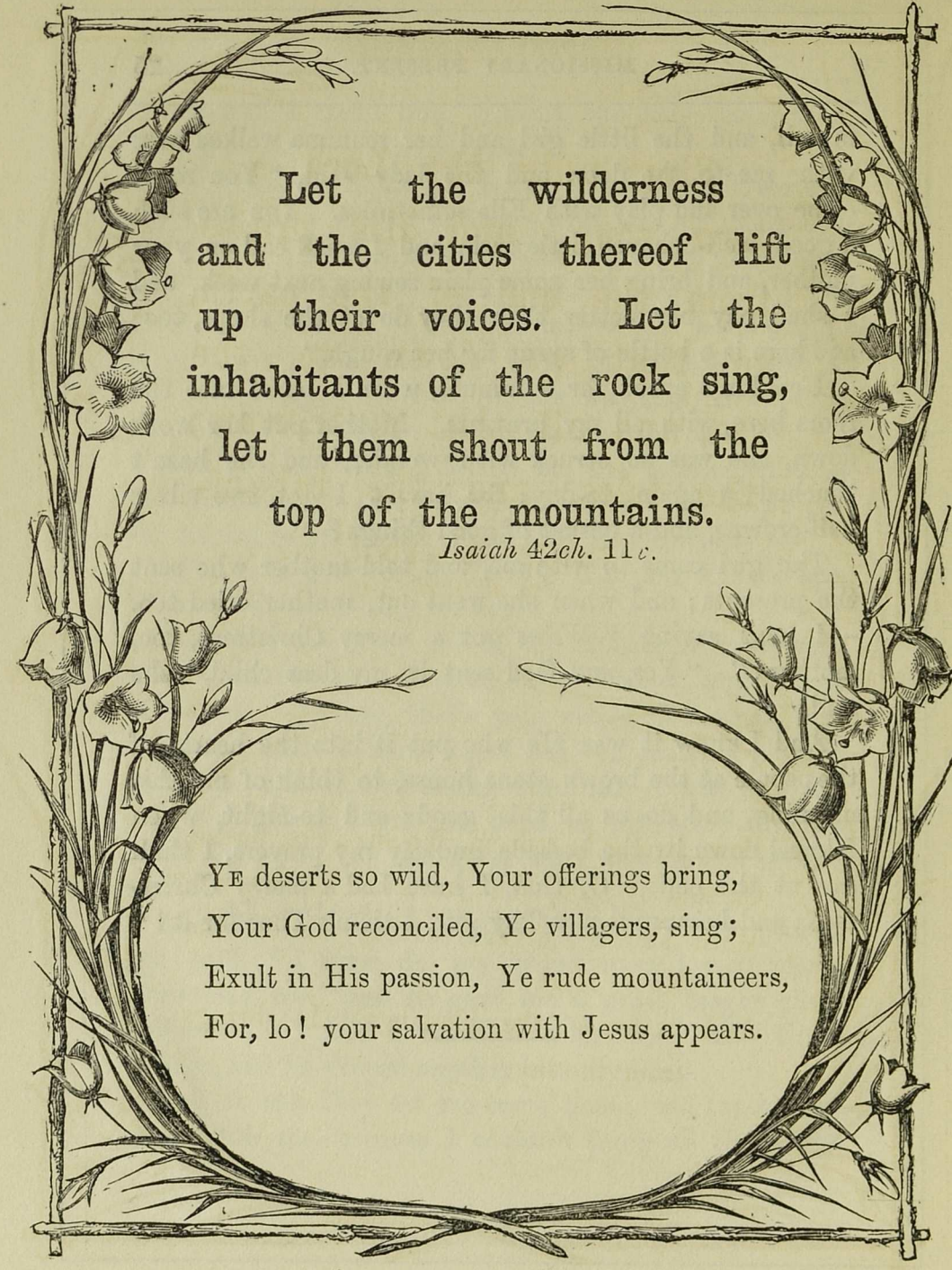
And at last they let me come home, and the servant came with me, because I couldn't bring all the things

myself, and the little girl and her mamma walked over with me to the door, and the lady said, "You must come over and play with Ella sometimes. You are such a good, well-behaved little girl; and I shall call on your mother, and bring her some plain sewing next week, and I shall pay her better than they do at the shops, too; and here is a bottle of syrup for her cough."

I couldn't speak for a minute, when I burst into the room here, with all my presents. Mother put her work down, she was so struck with wonder, and she hasn't touched it again to-day: for haven't I got two silver half-crowns, and a basket of good things?

The girl came in with me, and told mother who sent the presents; and when she went out, mother cried too.—I kept saying, "*We've* got a merry Christmas, too, mother!" "Yes, and God sent it, my dear child," she said.

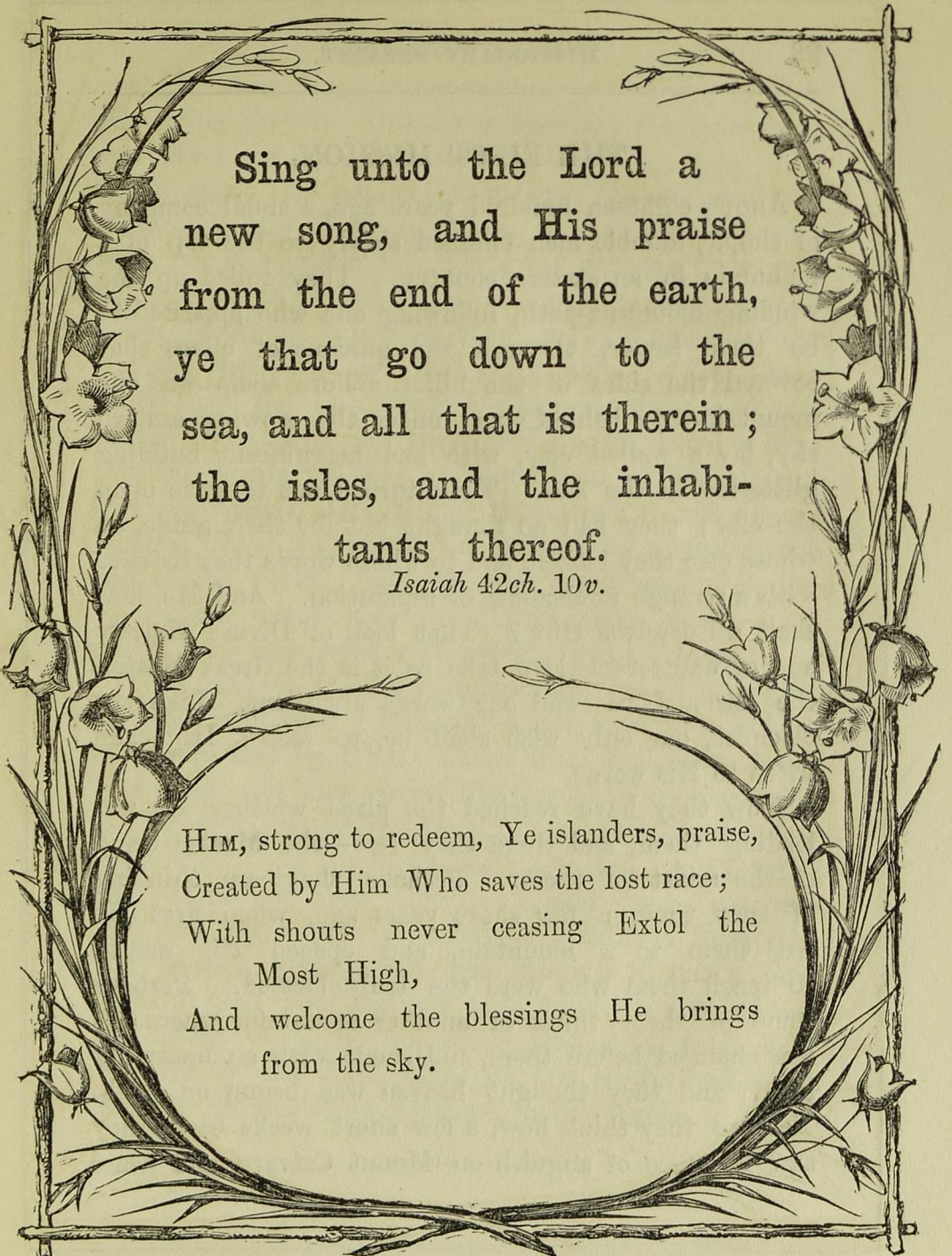
And I know it was He who put it into the hearts of the people at the brown stone house, to think of me this morning, and do us all this good; and to-night, when I kneel down by the bedside, and say my prayers, I shall say at the end, "O, God, I have had a merry Christmas; and because it was Thy gift, I thank Thee for it!"



Let the wilderness
and the cities thereof lift
up their voices. Let the
inhabitants of the rock sing,
let them shout from the
top of the mountains.

Isaiah 42ch. 11c.

YE deserts so wild, Your offerings bring,
Your God reconciled, Ye villagers, sing;
Exult in His passion, Ye rude mountaineers,
For, lo! your salvation with Jesus appears.



Sing unto the Lord a
new song, and His praise
from the end of the earth,
ye that go down to the
sea, and all that is therein ;
the isles, and the inhabi-
tants thereof.

Isaiah 42ch. 10v.

HIM, strong to redeem, Ye islanders, praise,
Created by Him Who saves the lost race ;
With shouts never ceasing Extol the
Most High,
And welcome the blessings He brings
from the sky.

THE FIRST MISSION.

ABOUT eighteen hundred years ago, a small company of simple, humble men climbed slowly to the top of a mountain in an eastern country. They toiled up the winding mountain-path, following one who appeared to be their leader, through the gardens of olives that covered the sides of the hill. Before them was the mountain-top; behind them, under the glowing eastern sky, lay a walled city, with one magnificent building glittering in the sun. They turned not to gaze upon the city; they had no thought but for their guide, on whose face they looked, and to whose words they listened with a strange foreboding of separation. And He, how shall we describe Him? That look of Divine Majesty and of unutterable love tells us it is the Great Master, the Risen Lord—and our words are silent. Like the disciples, our only wish shall be, to follow Him and listen to His words.

Now they have reached the place whither He was leading them, and there they rest—the Master being in the midst of them. Perhaps they are thinking of that time, a few short years ago, when first He led them to a mountain, and opened His mouth to teach them who were the truly blessed. Perhaps some of them think of another mountain, where He was changed before them, and shone with an unearthly glory, and they thought heaven was begun on earth. Perhaps they think how, a few short weeks back, they saw His face of anguish on Mount Calvary, and heard

His dying prayer. But Jesus speaks. He tells them now He must go away, and what they must do when He is gone. He reminds them that He will send the Comforter, the Holy Spirit, as He has promised, and then He gives them His last great charge: "Go ye," He says, "into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature, baptizing them in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost." You have often read the rest,—how He blessed them, and was parted from them, and they stood gazing up after Him into the clouds, till they could see Him no longer; and how the angels came to tell them that it was no use looking, that He would not return to them till the end of the world. So they went home, and when the right time came, they went forth, some north, some south, some east, some west, preaching the Gospel.

Thus, you see, the Apostles were the first Missionaries, and they had their "Mission" direct from the Saviour, they were sent by Him. There have been Missionaries ever since, who have carried the Gospel to every country in the world, and who have laid down their lives in this great work. It would be endless to tell you of them all; but as you grow older and read their lives, you will find them full of interest. I think I have told you enough about that first Mission to make you thankful that you, too, are able to do something for this great work, by collecting money to send Missionaries to the dark places of the earth, and so to fulfil the Saviour's last command to His people.

SLEEPING COMFORTABLY.

AT the Christian islands in the South Seas, the natives have their Missionary Meetings. This was the "little speech" of a very old man, at a meeting:—

"Friends, I shall sleep comfortably to-night. In fact, I now sleep comfortably every night; and there are three reasons why I sleep so comfortably now. First, because I have my Bible and my other little books. Look, here they are; I always have them with me, and I can read them whenever I like; therefore, I can now sleep comfortably. Second, because we have for a long time been praying to God for a Missionary from Britain; and now we have him. Here he is in the midst of us. Our prayers have been answered; therefore, now I can sleep comfortably. Third, because we are all friends and live in harmony, and have this day met together in peace; therefore, I can now sleep comfortably. It was quite different formerly. Then I never slept comfortably. I was one of the watchmen who looked out for the enemy. There were several of us, and we used to take turns to sleep. My bed was the cold earth, and my pillow a stone; but I never could sleep comfortably then. I used sometimes to sleep on yonder mountain in a hole in the rock, when we dared not have a light for fear of being detected by the enemy. In the season of the mosquitoes, I could not sleep at all, except I covered myself over with water. Frequently have I slept in the water only with my head out; but I could never sleep comfortably then. I have slept in many places during my lifetime; but, until the coming of the Gospel, I never could sleep comfortably"

“HOW MUCH OWEST THOU UNTO MY
LORD ?”

WHAT do we owe to Jesus ?
Ah, could we weigh the sun,
Or mark the stars at even,
And count them one by one,
Or reckon every dew-drop,
Or count the flakes of snow ;
Perhaps we then might venture
To say how much we owe.

Could we conceive the glory
Of His bright home above,
Its dazzling sapphire pavement,
Its atmosphere of love ;
The presence of the Father,
The Holy Spirit's light,
Jesus,—the Father's brightness,
Enlightening all that's bright ;

Then hear Him say, “ My Father,
So willingly I come
To execute Thy pleasure,
To bring lost rebels home ;”
He for the joy before Him
His glory did forego,
The cross, the blood, the garden ;—
Can't tell how much we owe.

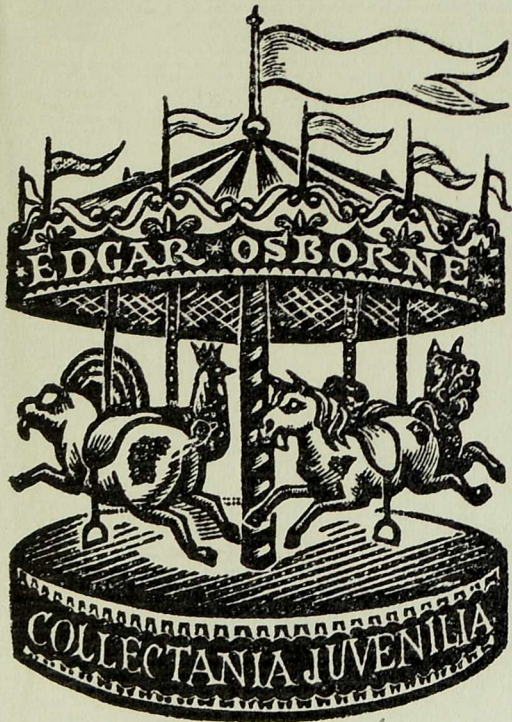
There was a weight of anguish,
Far, far, beyond our ken,
It baffles mortal language,
Yea, an archangel's pen
Would fail. It was compassion,
Which God alone can know,
Which found out such a ransom :
Lord, teach us what we owe.

Mean is our best oblation,
Low is our noblest strain,
But,—shall we shrink from danger,
Or fear reproach and pain ?
No, Jesus, Thou hast bought us,
O claim us for Thine own ;
No matter how we reach it,
But lead us to Thy throne.

And as we go, the echo
Shall sound from shore to shore,
“Lost sinners, come to Jesus :
There's room for millions more :
Come to the living waters,
All, all, on land and sea,
O come, come, come, the river
Is deep, and broad, and free.”


Margaret.

B



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III



Be ye
followers of God,
as
dear children.