

# JOY BELLS

OUR HOLIDAY SUPPLEMENT.

"Ring! joy-bells, ring! sweet gladness bring to cheer the waiting earth! Your chimes prolong the angels' song that told the Saviour's birth!"—Mrs. A. J. Lilly.



WHEN Christmas comes,  
And from the steeples far and near  
The bells are ringing, a sweet and clear.

To welcome in the birthday morn  
Of One in lowliest manger born,  
Who died for men, and reigns a King,  
All hearts take up the theme and sing  
As angels sang, o'er Bethlehem's hill,  
Be peace on Earth; to Men good will,  
When Christmas comes.

When Christmas comes,  
And holly hangs upon the wall  
Of lowly home and stately hall,  
Then men put by, for one brief day,  
The cares that frighten peace away,  
All thoughts that vex, and festal cheer  
Comes in this best day of the year,  
To gladden hearts and homes, and make  
Man better for his brother's sake,  
When Christmas comes.

When Christmas comes,  
We somehow feel the whole world kin,  
Then friendship's fires are kindled in  
Cold hearts, whose doors have long been  
shut.

"Come in!" rings out from hall and hut—  
"Come in, come in this Christmas day—  
Put all old differences away,  
Join hands and hearts as all men should,  
In universal brotherhood,  
When Christmas comes."

When Christmas comes,  
Let us remember, generously,  
The poor of earth, where'er they be,  
And share with them our Christmas cheer,  
As Christ would do, if He were here.  
And what we do for His dear sake  
Love will a fitting tribute make  
To Him who came to earth in love,  
So may each heart its fealty prove  
When Christmas comes.  
—Eben E. Rexford, in Chicago Advance.

## A CHRISTMAS BABE.

THE bell of the St. Nikolaas church was merrily going, the bell of the quaint church in New Amsterdam's fort close by the blue water that rippled around Manhattan Island. Ding-ding-ding!

It was Christmas eve, and did not St. Nikolaas' bell have a right to swing merrily? It seemed to say: "Christmas coming, coming, coming," and in its joyful tones one might have caught the echo of that jubilant proclamation: "For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given, and the government shall be upon His shoulders, and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace."

Swing and ring, O bell! Christmas was coming. Ring away, O iron bell! To Gov. Peter Stuyvesant stamping around the little Holland town on his wooden leg, to the townsfolk in baggy breeches or quilted petticoats, to the weary sailors in the lighters that had pushed up the canal dividing De Heeren Graet (to-day's Broad street), or the seamen in the craft moored by the shore, the thought of Christmas brought a new joy.

Hans Van Schenkel stood on the stoop of the shop where he sold beaver skin and other furs, but a ringing of the bell brought no special satisfaction. "What is that bell ringing for?" he asked, turning to his daughter Katryne.

"It is ringing for Christmas, I think, father, and that is good news."

"Verily, daughter, there is something better than Christmas, and that is that snow is coming, and thou hast a home with thy father."

"I pity those without—a home— Then she stopped and her blue eyes were filled with tears that they were like sapphires floating in fountains of crystal.

"Come, come, child, thou hast a good home. What is the matter with thee?" "Thou knowest, father."

"Humph!" growled Hans. Then he broke out: "I know what ails thee. Thou art sighing for that sister of thine, and is it any fault of mine because she would, yes, would, in spite of all I could say, marry that English sailor, that Jack Lang? I warned her. When, then, she went into the wilderness was it my fault?"

some time. Finally came a story that the sailor had died, and soon after the arrival of these tidings there came through a gate in New Amsterdam's wooden wall a worn and weary woman with a babe in her arms. Where she was received and sheltered Hans did not know.

"She had my name once," he doggedly asserted, "but she is no child of mine now." One might naturally feel that this wintry night Lysbet and her babe would be exposed to the coming storm. That swinging bell might say: "Rejoice, rejoice," but was not there room in some hearts for the feeling of anxiety? Hans was not at ease. He could not drop this subject that had come up for notice.

"Families," he muttered, "ought not to

force into them to show what his full opinion might be. She made no reply, but drew a quilted crimson hood over her locks and slipped out of the door. When Katryne returned Hans was in a very painful mood, and he remarked, in a sympathetic tone:

"It is a bad night, my child."

"Yes, father, but Christmas will soon be here."

"Is the watch out?"

"Yes, father, and he almost ran into me, as if he thought I were a savage that had just come down the North river in his canoe and needed to be looked after."

"Humph! The watch is a savage if he can't tell a goodly woman of New Amsterdam from one of those up-river Indians. Unless he follows better fashions I will re-

"The snow sliding down the roof, my child."

"It is something at the door."

"Let me go, Katryne. The watch is up to a trick, I dare say." He went to the door, opened it, and there upon the stoop what did he spy?

"A roll of beaver skin!" exclaimed the fat Hans, stooping and grunting. "Ugh! a Christmas gift of beaver for Hans Van Schenkel." What luck! He bustled back to the fireplace, opened the beaver skin, and here to his amazement was a sweet-faced child! It opened its eyes, cried once, stared at Hans, and then, as if it had found a protector, shut its eyes again.

"Oh—oh—father! A poor little babe! Let me have it! I will take it to my bed."

At first Hans fumed. Then he gradually became quiet. At last he did what Dutchmen have been charged with a fondness in doing—he went to sleep, the beaver cradle still in his arms. He had not ventured to drop it, for what if the baby cried again and the neighbors heard it? The baby had found a protector, knew it would not be separated and had gone to sleep. Hans followed. In his sleep he heard a voice.

"Hans, thou hast the Holy Babe in thy arms, the Christ-child, who comes this night to every home. Wilt thou turn Him away?" He opened his eyes, and there was Katryne. All over the crimson were white doves from the sea.

"Thou wilt keep him, father?" He could but nod his head. She went away, quickly



DO not know what thou wilt bring,  
What gift, what changes, from 'the King.

With thee, New Year,  
As from His presence thou shalt fly,  
There from the palace in the sky,  
To me, down here.

I do not know how it shall be,  
But whatsoever comes to me,  
Full sure I am  
That he whose hand the Master holds  
May watch the year as it unfolds  
With perfect calm.

Content in this sure faith to rest,  
That all for him is truly best,  
The King supplies.  
If tears are sent, or other ill,  
He knows they come as blessings still,  
Though in disguise.

I welcome thee, then, from above,  
For, freighted down, I know, with love,  
Are all thy days,  
And as they pass, be to his care,  
That back to Him each one shall bear  
My grateful praise.  
—R. G. McLees, in N. Y. Observer.

## HIS CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

The Great Prize Harpy Found in His Lost Stockings—How He Was Accepted.

"She was the prettiest and brightest girl we had at our house party that winter," related the smiling old lady who loves to dwell upon the holiday festivities when she was a girl. "She was a great favorite with the men because of her dashing ways and the air of good comradeship that she always carried about with her. Yet we could never see that any one of her suitors was favored above another, and often wondered if she would fill the appointed destiny of woman."

"In the party was Harper Allison. We always called him Harpy. He was big, athletic, good-natured and good to look at, but we never thought of him as a brilliant man. It was as plain as could be that he was in love with her, and men of his type are so persistent. They lay siege, and, no matter what may come, they continue the siege."

"I know that he proposed to her a score of times, but he was always put off with the laughing assurance that she was not to be won by any of the stereotyped methods, and that if he ever did find a lodging place in her heart he would see a sign."

"Christmas eve we all hung up our stockings outside our doors, just as a lark, you know. In the morning we all had presents to show but Harpy. He pretended to be disconsolate beyond consolation. He had put out a great long pair of woolen stockings, knit in black yarn and tipped in red by a fussy old aunt in Maine who always feared that Harpy never dressed warmly enough. He had not only been slighted by Santa Claus, but the stockings themselves were gone."

"After dinner there was a sleighride of the old-fashioned kind. As she raised her dress to clamber into the big sled we all saw that over her dainty shoes she wore heavy woolen stockings, and the toes were red. 'Now I know what I got,' shouted Harpy, and before us all he tossed her into the air, caught her as she came down and kissed her indefinitely." — Detroit Free Press.

## THE NEW YEAR.

We Should Meet Its Trials and Temptations With a Strong Faith in God.

The return of New Year's day invites many people to the most somber reflections. Undoubtedly most of us can find abundant occasion for these, but there is such a thing as pushing self-examination and self-condemnation to the point of discouragement. The best temper with which we can enter upon the new year is that of faith, faith in God and faith in ourselves through His help. It is about as certain as anything can be that the new year will bring us new experiences. Our courage, our capacity for endurance, our steadiness of character and power of resistance is to be tested. At the end of the year we are going to be nobler men and women than we are to-day, or we shall have deteriorated morally, and forever afterward there will be narrowing opportunities. While we think of the latter alternative it is well to strengthen our hearts by the former. Let us believe that we are not going to fail and we have taken a long step towards success. When another New Year's day comes around we are going to be able to reckon solid gains in character won through the trials and temptations and emergencies of the year's experience.—Boston Watchman.

The night before Christmas is one of the rare occasions on which the small boy is threatened with insomnia.—Puck.



❖ For the Children, God Bless Them! ❖

be broken up by a child's disobedience. She that broke that chain must take the responsibility."

"If broken, father, can it not be mended?"

"Not unless wisely, justly done."

"Christ says that we must love one another." As she spoke she was facing a rude wall picture of the child Jesus in His mother's arms, Joseph standing by. "Look at that, father!" She pointed to the picture.

"They love one another, father, and—"

"I love thee, good daughter."

This encouraged Katryne, and she broke out into a bold proposition: "Then why not let Lysbet come home?"

port him to Herr Stuyvesant. He will beat him with his wooden leg."

"Oh—oh, father!"

"Yust, my child, I was only jesting, and to show that thy father will care for thee."

"I thank thee." After this pleasant and domestic episode there was silence. Hans sat before the broad open fireplace with its frolicking flames and smoking his long-stemmed pipe, while Katryne made her spinning wheel fly merrily round. In one of the pauses of her wheel she said:

"I heard a voice, father."

"It is nothing. The wind, my child, blowing straight from East river and Helle Gat."

Burr-r-r went the wheel, and then came another pause.

"A foundling, Katryne! Who cumpers my stoop with a foundling? The watch shall take it to Herr Stuyvesant this very night."

"Father, stay thee! Look!" and she pointed at the picture on the wall. "It's like the Christ-child. Wouldst thou turn Him away this eve of the blessed festival of the Nativity? No, no, keep him till I get back, anyway, I pray thee."

Katryne was very nimble. Hans was very slow. Ere he was fully aware of it she was under her crimson hood and it was slipping out of the door.

"I kept it only until thy return!" he called, but a stout door of oak was already between her and Hans. He was in a dilemma. The child cried when it was moved to a bed.

returned, and a woman followed her who knelt beside Katryne at his side and said:

"Father!"

"My child!"

"Thou wilt forgive me?"

"And thou wilt forgive thy father?"

That was all. No, not all. Hans reached out his hands and rested one on the head of Katryne and one on the head of Lysbet. The babe stirred now in its furry cradle, only to look up and smile. And somehow it seemed as if the picture on the wall had got out into the room, and the love and peace in that group of the Holy Family came down like wings, and the air of June had made summer and song that Christmas eve under the roof of Hans Van Schenkel.—Edward A. Rand, in N. Y. Observer.