

HOME AND MOTHER

In my mem'ry still is Mother,
With the smile upon her face
When around her we would hover
In our humble dwelling place.
Boys and girls, regard your mother,
None can fill her place for you—
She is dearer than a brother
And a friend you know is true.

Think of home without a mother!
How you'd miss her tender care;
By the fireside no other
Would sit mending clothes you wear.
Yes, a friend indeed is Mother!
Kisses do her love express,
Deeds of kindness art no bother
And her deeds do love impress.

Would you like to meet your mother
In that bright eternal home?
And, with Mother, praise Another
Which is Christ, and Christ alone?
Be attentive, then, to Mother
When she tells the Saviour's love!
How He died, our sins to cover,
Why He came from Heav'n above.

Always listen to your mother!
She knows what is best for you.
For your welfare, there's no other
Who can guide your steps so true.
Think how much we owe to Mother!
It's a debt we ne'er can pay!
Give your best respects to Mother,
Do not wait till "Mother's Day."

CHRISTMAS

It's Christmas time, and giving time,
May hearts rejoice in every clime,
Reminded of the Saviour's birth—
God's Gift of gifts to all the earth.
Back to that ancient Christmas morn,
When Christ in Bethlehem was born,
Low in a manger He was laid,
The Son of God, a new-born babe.

His star did lead the wise men near,
They saw Him, gave Him gifts so dear;
Rejoicing all with one accord,
Did magnify and praise the Lord.
So, if we're wise to His blest name,
We need not keep this day in vain.
Let Christ be all our theme of joy
In everything we now employ.

His mission here on earth was this—
To save us from the serpent's hiss.
He bled and died for you and me,
And rose again to set us free.
May all who trust our risen Lord
Rejoice in Him and His own word;
And if we know the Saviour's worth,
In truth we'll celebrate His birth.