



A WINTER SONG.

Jack Frost had done his visiting
Along the country ways;
The yellow sunshine filtered through
A veil of purple haze.
The quails among the wheat fields
called,
The geese went flying back;
'Twas surely coming winter time.
And we must have some "shack."

Sing a song of cracking nuts,
A-rat-tat-snap!
Gather round the fire, while the squirrels
take a nap.
Bring a pan of pippins, take a flatiron
in your lap,
And sing a song of cracking nuts—
A-rat-tat-snap!

Let winter winds go howling past,
Let winter's storm-king reign!
Let snowy ghosts their fingers tap
Against the window pane!
With books and games and laughing
talk,
And wood-fire's dancing light,
We snap our fingers at the storm
And dare the winter night.

Sing a song of cracking nuts—
A-rat-tat-snap!
Gather round the fire while the squirrels
take a nap.
Bring a pan of pippins, take a flatiron
in our lap,
And sing a song of cracking nuts—
A-rat-tat-snap!

GLADYS HYATT.

AN OLD CAROL.

God rest ye, merry gentlemen!
May nothing you dismay!
For Jesus Christ our Saviour
Was born on Christmas day.
The sun rose red o'er Bethlehem,
The stars shone through the gray,
As Jesus Christ our Saviour
Was born on Christmas day!
God rest ye, all good Christians!
For on this happy morn
The Lord of all good Christians
Was of a woman born!
Now all our sorrows he doth heal,
Our sins he takes away—
For Jesus Christ our Saviour
Was born on Christmas day!

THE FOUR IN ONE.

LXX.

The world lay wrapped in darkness,
When Christ the Light was born.
What wondrous dazzling glory
Surrounds that Christmas morn!
And still that light is with us
To shine upon our way.
Then may we feel his presence,
This blessed Christmas day.

LXX.

Obey him, if we love him;
This law is given to all.
Christ's yoke is never grievous
To those who hear his call.
The great commandment follow
This holy Christmas tide,
Let love, his love, constrain us,
And in our hearts abide.

DXX.

Through life's mysterious pathways,
Christ will our Leader be;
To us, his wayward children,
He calleth, "Follow me."
Dear guide, so true and loving,
Who came a child to earth,
We rise this day to greet thee,
And hail thy wondrous birth.

REX.

A babe in manger lowly,
And yet a King so great,
Thy palace but a stable,
No guards, no royal state.
O Light, O Law, O Leader,
O King, in childlike frame,
We would be thine forever,
In deed as well as name.

BEATRICE BRADFORD.

CHRISTMASTIDE.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
Let young and old accept their part,
And bow before the awful will,
And bear it with an honest heart.
Who misses or who wins the prize—
Go, lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fall, or if you rise
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

A gentleman, or old or young
(Bear kindly with my humble lays):
The sacred chorus first was sung
Upon the first of Christmas days:
The shepherds heard it overhead—
The joyful angels raised it then!
Glory to God on high, it said,
And peace on earth to gentle men!

My song, save this, is little worth:
I lay the weary pen aside,
And wish you health and love and mirth
As fits the holy Christmastide,
As fits the solemn Christmastide.
Be this, good friends, our carol still:
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
To men of gentle will.
(William Makepeace Thackeray.)

RESIGNATION.

Dried are the tears that sad November
shed,
And all her dismal clouds have taken
flight;
Her sadder grays and browns are
changed to white,
And leaden skies are steely blue in-
stead,
Out of the vast unknown the moon hath
led
Her myriad stars and crowned the
wondrous night,
And spanned the heavens with bars
of silver light;
Swift legions they, yet no man heard
their tread,
Now nature lays aside her mourning
veil,
Her wrinkled leaves and grasses sere
and brown,
Downneath the snow are little more
than dust;
Yet calm, resigned, though naked, mute
and pale,
She waits God's pleasure and a vernal
crown,
Teaching impatient man her silent,
simple trust.

CLARENCE HAWKES.

JACK FROST.

'Tis winter now, and once again
Jack Frost is on the window pane.
Your nose he slyly nips
And eke your finger tips,
And makes you glad that new fur cap
Is warm and thick—the gay old chap.
He's here and there and ev'rywhere,
And cold and biting is the air.
He gayly skips the rift,
And sparkles on the hill,
And makes the merry milkman jump,
Who lingers at the festive pump.

Jack Frost's impartial with his wares;
To trifle with the great he dares.
When he is out for fun
The rich and poor are one.
He makes the beggar chill and drear,
Then nips the proud patrician ear.

And Jack is quite a jolly blade,
There's naught to do which he's afraid.
He'll kiss the rosy cheek
Of maid demure and meek,
And with a laugh he'll scamper gay
Upon his rogish, wintry way.

GEORGE M. DOTY.

"Well, my friend Jones has been
elected governor."
"Indeed?"
"Yes, I want to send him some flow-
ers. What would you suggest?"
"Forget-me-nots."

"Oh, George!" squeaked the parrot,
as soon as the young man came into
the parlor, "be rough your face is!"

In a certain village there is a clerk
who is known as "Daff Johnny," owing
to his having been confined in a luna-
tic asylum several years. The other
day, shortly after his release, with a
document stating that he was now
sane, he was having an argument with
several of his fellow-clerks, when one
of them suddenly exclaimed:
"Look here, Johnny, you'd better hold
your tongue. You've only just come
out of the lunatic asylum, and we all
know you're daff."
"Daff!" exclaimed Johnny, with sar-
casm. "Why, I'm the only man among
the whole lot of you who has a certi-
ficate for being sane!"

Sunshine and Shadow.

HEAVEN'S OVERRUNNING JOY.

Beyond all question there is a realm
of life and power beyond the world we
live on that enfolds it like an atmos-
phere, whose flowing Mississippies of
power are so broad that islands of
worlds float on their bosom; so strong
that the measureless might of our
many forces can be given out of that
circumambient strength without loss or
diminution; so lasting that this world,
stratified like the leaves of a book,
bears records of myriads of ages—and
yet they read not back to the begin-
ning—and bearing such marks of in-
telligence that any mere touch of that
life on this world leaves signs of wis-
dom so broad and deep that man's in-
telligence does not avail, in thousands
of years, to read its mere alphabet.

How does it appear that that larger
world of life and power is "beyond all
question?" Because this world on which
we live does not in itself avail for its
beginning, its continuance and its sup-
ply of daily needs.

In regard to that coming of the life
of the other world into this, the Comer
declared, "Lo, I come. I delight to do
thy will, O my God." The things into
which he came were not an occasion
of delight. They brought humiliation,
accusations of every sort—of lying, of
having a devil, of herding with publi-
cans and sinners; ignominy, and finally
death of the most painful kind. But
his own innate joy was so great that
these sorrows—nay, the whole world's
woes that he carried—weighed not at
all. For the joy that was set before
him as the legitimate outcome of his
life of self-renunciation under the laws
of the world he lived in, he endured
the cross and despised the shame.

What voluminous and inexplicable
joy must be in that other world, when
all the miseries, pains, agonies and
shames that this world can inflict can-
not take it away. From such a height
of joy they are all looked down upon
and despised. Even in the presence of
the most horrible death he had peace
and joy; not merely enough for himself,
but enough to give to a world, enough
to make its joy full.

He that lives in such a realm of joy
can say to men to whom it is commu-
nicated, "Blessed are ye when men
shall revile you and persecute you and
shall say all manner of evil against you
falsely for my sake. Rejoice, and be
exceeding glad, for great is your re-
ward in heaven." And the most perse-
cuted man who ever lived, having ex-
perienced the communicated joy of that
other world, could say, "Therefore I
take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches,
in necessities, in persecutions,
in distresses for Christ's sake." He
certainly had enough of them to
give him a great deal of pleasure. Like
his master, he was so greatly comforted
in all his numberless tribulations
that he had enough to comfort others
who were in any trouble with the same
comfort wherewith he himself was
comforted of God.

Not only does the King of the circum-
ambient realm of life glow with joy,
but the common inhabitants share it.
When he said, "Lo, I come. I delight to
do thy will, O my God," a general in-
telligence comprehended not only the
humiliation but the joyful occasion of
it. That song above Bethlehem was
not for earth; only a few shepherds
heard it; but it was an outbreak of the
life of space. They sang not to be
heard, but to voice their exuberant,
unrestrained joy:

Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo rolled;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'Twas more than heaven could hold.

Down through the portals of the sky
The impetuous torrent ran,
And angels flew with eager joy
To bear the news to man.

What is the occasion of this tumultu-
ous outbreak of joy? It was not any
personal gain of a new and larger man-
sion; not an enlarged frontage on the
river of life; not the creation of a new
world, where vast enterprises could be
exploited; not the revelation of a new
realm of knowledge or discovery; not
a new environment, pulsating with joy;
but it was a recognition of good pro-
vided for others. This sublime altru-
ism is the basis of the greatest joy in
the universe. It constitutes the joy of
God, and of all who are like him.

The essence of the Christmas joy,
then, is not the happy home, loving
friends and throbbing joy we feel at

our surroundings, but a new discovery
of the ever blessed attributes of God
and a supernal gladness that all the
world basks in a new sunlight and en-
joys a broader realm of power. What-
ever joy we may have at our surround-
ings, we may have more in the discov-
ery of the greater grace of God, and in
personal effort to bring the great sal-
vation to lost men.—[Bishop H. W.
Warren, D. D., LL. D.]

SMILES.

"They say the young minister is go-
ing in for the higher criticism." "I
don't wonder at it. They're only pay-
ing him six hundred a year for the
other kind."

Washington never made an extem-
pore speech in his life, unless we except
a few off-hand remarks to Charles
Lee at the battle of Monmouth, and
those have been said to have taken the
form of an affidavit rather than a
speech. When the complimentary
speech was made to him in congress he
did what the admiral never did—re-
treat in great confusion. Jefferson,
whose burning pen wrote the immortal
sentiments read the world round, could
never utter a sentence in public on his
feet. There are no speeches of Andrew
Jackson or Zachary Taylor in our lit-
erature. The title by which everyone
likes to remember Grant is that of the
"grand old soldier."—[Senator Hoar.]

The teacher of a Sunday school class
approached one little fellow who was
present for the first time and inquired
his name, for the purpose of placing it
on the roll. "Well," said the youngster,
"they call me Jimmy for short, but
my maiden name's James."

Customer (with dewlap): Thirty for
shaving? Ridiculous! Hairdresser:
Not at all, sir! We charge 15 cents a
chin.

"Idler!" said the ant, scornfully.
"Me?" answered the grasshopper.
"My dear fellow, I have been on the
jump ever since I was born."

A Chinese visitor in his country thus
described Americans in a Chinese pa-
per: "They live months without eat-
ing a mouthful of rice; they eat bul-
locks and sheep in enormous quan-
tities; they have to bathe frequently;
they eat meat with knives and prongs;
they never enjoy themselves by sitting
quietly on their ancestors' graves, but
jump around and kick balls as if paid
to do it, and they have no dignity,
for they may be found walking with
women."

"Did young Jones kiss you when he
left last night?"

"No, pa."
"Well, he's got to after this. I'm not
going to have him neglect you."

"My youngest child is only 18 months
old," remarked Mr. Snuggs, "yet he can
play on the piano."

"Oh, what are you giving us?" re-
plied two or three of the crowd.
"It's a fact. Just put him on top of
the piano, with a few playthings, and
he'll play as contentedly as you please
for an hour at a time."

"Not in the clamor of the crowded
street.

Not in the shouts and plaudits of the
throng.
But in ourselves are triumph and de-
feat." [Longfellow.]

A good road makes a light load.

"To our silent heroes," little Willie
read from the memorial bronze. "Pop-
per, what are silent heroes?"
"Married men," said popper.

"We used to think men had to climb
to fame." "Don't they?" "No. Rob-
son dived." "That's so." "And Fun-
ston swam."

Her Mother: I think that Mabel has
a slight leaning toward this young
Mr. Smith.

Her Father: Slight? Great Scott,
woman, you ought to have seen them
on the front doorstep last night!

"Take your needle, my child, and
work at your pattern; it will come out
a rose by and by." Life is like that—
one stitch at a time taken patiently,
and the pattern will come out all right,
like the embroidery.—[Oliver Wendell
Holmes.]