

December Memory Gems.

Shout now! The months with loud acclaim,
 Take up the cry and send it forth;
 May breathing sweet her spring perfumes,
 November thundering from the north.
 With hands upraised, as with one voice,
 They join their notes in grand accord;
 Hail to December! say they all,
 It gave to Earth our Christ the Lord!
 —J. K. HOYT.—*The Meeting of the Months.*

In December ring
 Every day the chimes;
 Loud the gleemen sing
 In the streets their merry rhymes.
 Let us by the fire
 Ever higher
 Sing them till the night expire.

—LONGFELLOW.—*By the Fireside.*
 God bless the master of this house,
 The mistress also,
 And all the little children
 That round the table go.
 And all your kin and kinsmen
 That dwell both far and near;
 I wish you a Merry Christmas,
 And a Happy New Year.
 —Old Christmas Carol.

Out of the bosom of the Air,
 Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken,
 Over the woodlands brown and bare,
 Over the harvest fields forsaken,
 Silent, and soft, and slow
 Descends the snow.

—LONGFELLOW.—*Snow Flakes.*

Why does the chilling winter morn
 Smile like a field beset with corn;
 Or smell like to a mead new-shorn
 Thus on the sudden? Come and see
 The cause, why things thus fragrant be,
 'Tis He is born, whose quickening birth
 Gives life and lustre, public mirth,
 To heaven and the under-earth.

—ROBERT HERRICK.—*Christmas Carol.*

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
 The flying cloud, the frosty light;
 The year is dying in the night;
 Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
 Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
 The year is going, let him go;
 Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
 Ring out the darkness of the land,
 Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—TENNYSON.—*In Memoriam.*

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
 And the winter winds are wearily sighing;
 Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,
 And tread softly and speak low,
 For the old year lies a-dying.
 Old year, you must not die;
 You came to us so readily,
 You lived with us so steadily,
 Old year, you shall not die.

—TENNYSON.—*The Death of the Old Year.*

The days, as through the sunset gates they crowd,
 And summer from her golden collar slips
 "Shorter and shorter now the twilight clips
 And strays through stubble-fields and moans aloud."

I am as black as black can be
 But yet I shine.
 My home was deep within the earth
 In a dark mine.
 Ages ago I was buried there,
 And yet I hold
 The sunshine and the heat which warmed
 The world of old.
 Though black and cold I seem to be
 Yet I can glow.
 Just put me on a blazing fire
 Then you will know.
 (What is it?)

—Selected.

The object of religious training is to enable the child to recognize the divine laws, and to learn to obey them. These are not matters of creeds and doctrines which vary and bear more or less the human imprint, but are the messages that we hear when we listen to the inner voice. Even young children can be made to understand that this voice is not one we hear with the physical sense of hearing, but it is a voice that speaks to our minds and souls, and the more earnestly we listen and long to do its lightest bidding the clearer will be its message to us. Christian life in the home requires that the child should be started right, that he should be given, as one author expresses it, "right primary ideas on the great relations and duties of life." In no way can he obtain these as through the conversation and conduct of his elders. These directly influence his heart and imagination, and his standards of right and wrong are unconsciously fashioned after the pattern thus set. If those who compose his home circle have high ideals, are reverent, sincere, kind, thoughtful, his mind and soul will assimilate their good thoughts and deeds as surely as his body assimilates the nourishing food so carefully supplied to him three times each day.—Mrs. Theodore W. Birney, in *November Delineator*.