



### THE ADORATION OF CHRIST.

ANGELS, from the realms of glory,  
Wing their flight o'er all the earth;  
Ye who sang creation's story,  
Now proclaim Messiah's birth.  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Shepherds, in the fields abiding,  
Watching o'er your flocks by night,  
God with man is now residing:  
Yonder shines the infant light:  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King,

Sages, leave your contemplations,  
Brighter visions beam afar  
Seek the great Desire of nations;  
Ye have seen his natal star:  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King

Saints, before the altar bending,  
Watching long in hope and fear,  
Suddenly the Lord, descending,  
In his temple shall appear:  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born king.

### HANDS OFF.

If all officials realized the importance of public trusts as did the boy in the following anecdote we should never hear of deserted posts: As the train stopped at a small town in Virginia, the mail-bag was thrown to a negro boy of perhaps fifteen years, who started off at a brisk run to the post office. But a larger boy, turning a corner, suddenly run into the mail-carrier, and overturned him. As soon as he recovered himself he turned upon the aggressor.

"Look a-heah!" he exclaimed. "You wants to be keerful of dis chile. When you knock me down, you jars de whole element of de United States. I carries de mail."

### DISCOURAGING STUDY.

THE case of the honest Irish servant who could never understand why his master perpetually required him to wash his chaise, since he went directly out and mudded it up again, is paralleled by an actual reply by a dull boy to an examiner in a French school.

The pupil had passed a wretched examination in French history.

"What do you mean by this?" asked the instructor. "Why don't you study your history?"

"What's the use?" drawled the pupil. "They're never going to get it finished. They're making it now!"

HARRY dearly loved to tease his sister, although his mamma had often told him it didn't show a very brotherly or even a gentlemanly spirit to tease; but Harry answered that boys must have a little fun. "You know I only do it for fun; Lucy is so easily teased." Then his mamma told him that a "little fun," or the fun of teasing his sister until she cried, was no real enjoyment to him, and often caused his sister to be very unhappy, and at the same time did not benefit him any, and she thought he had better discontinue it.

A BOY of thirteen, in a public grammar school, was reproached by his master for his slowness. "When I was thirteen," said the master, "I was at least two years farther advanced than you are. How do you account for that?" "I've heard my father say," replied the boy, a little diffidently "that they used to have a great deal better teachers than they have nowadays."

THE first duty of every soul—and in neglect of which no other duty can be performed acceptably to God—is to be content with the lot God's providence has assigned it in life.

### CHRISTMAS SONG.

"GLORY to God on high!  
Peace and good-will to man!"  
Bright angels cleave the sky  
And fill the heavenly span,  
Chanting o'er Bethlehem's grassy plain  
The first glad, welcome Christmas strain.

Oh, song so short and sweet!  
Oh, song that never tires!  
The lay is surely meet  
To stir the angel choirs;  
While shepherds hear and quick obey,  
To bear to men the Christmas lay.

"Glory to God on high!  
On earth sweet peace is born!"  
From sin's dark midnight sky  
Breaks forth salvation's dawn;  
For Christ has come to save from sin,  
Go, shepherds, go, the song begin.

Oh, song so short and sweet!  
Oh, song that all may sing!  
Oh song so rich, complete,  
Of Christ, our Saviour, King!  
Repeat it, earth, again, again,  
"Glory to God, good-will to men!"

Sing it, ye great and small,  
Lift up your heart and voice;  
Ye nations, peoples, all  
Sing and aloud rejoice,  
The song the heavenly choir began,  
"Glory to God, good-will to man!"

DANNECKER, the famous sculptor, made a statue of Christ, and when it was finished called in a child, and asked her who it was. She said that was some great man. Then the artist studied the life of Jesus, and put into the face of his statue tenderness and beauty as the Scriptures reveal them. Again he called the child to the unveiling, asking, "Who is it?" At once she answered: "It is 'Suffer little children to come unto me.'"

LITTLE EDITH had the habit of eating out the soft part of her bread, and tucking the crust under the edge of her plate. The other evening she was detected in this, and her mother said: "Edith, how often have I told you about leaving your crusts? There may be a day you will be glad to get them." "Yes, mamma," replied Edith, "that's what I'm saving 'em for."

### MY DOLLY HUNG HER STOCKING UP.

My dolly hung her stocking up,  
And Santa filled it full;  
There were some nuts and sugar-plums,  
And a pretty gown of wool,  
The sweetest lace-trimmed handkerchief,  
And a painted china set!—  
Did your dolly hang her stocking up?  
What did your dolly get?

—Companion.