

Children's Department.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL—"WORSHIP YOUR KING."

All starlit the heaven, all fair is the night,
The Christ-child comes to us from king-
doms of light :

And the nine choirs of angels who bear
Him along
Are waking the spheres with melodious
song,

Raise high then your carols,
And grateful sing
The Christ child has come to us,
Worship your king.

Behold then at Bethlehem. no kingly hall
Receiveth our Saviour; by beasts in the
stall

One lady is watching the Lord of the sky,
The mother of Jesus is soothing His cry.

The prophets long since have this glad
night foretold,
Long since did their wisdom its vision un-
fold,

The Rosebud of Sharon, eternally blest,
Is blent with the lily and laid on his breast.

The Christ child is smiling and stretching
his hands

To loosen the fetters of sin from the lands;
The Christ child is sleeping, draw near and
adore,

The winged host of Heaven keep guard by
the door.

All saints shall be with us on this night so
blest,

The militant church is the church now at
rest.

Sing high at the Christ Feast, sing praise
to their Lord

By men and by angels for ages adored.

JENNIE'S BRAVERY.

Jenny Gilchrist, a little romp of the village, had been assisting to decorate the beautiful Norman Church of which her father was sexton. It was Christmas Eve, and everything was ready for the early celebration, the last touches being placed on the decorations by the busy workers who

had now retired. Jenny tired out, had fallen asleep and now lay on a pew or bench in the middle of the aisle and the huge door was locked.

At last she realized her position. The moonlight shone softly into the great east window, her slanting beams falling across the open chancel but leaving the church otherwise sombre and dark. It was cold and suddenly Jennie woke up startled and horror-struck, with every sense on the alert, for she felt as if something was about to happen. Her strained ear caught the sound of voices in low tones. The accident of the girl being locked in seemed to be a fortunate one. Her head scarcely appeared above the pew and she listened until another sound convinced her that someone was trying to enter the church in an irregular way. "Thieves," instantly concluded Jenny and her brave little heart beat loud and quick. She bent down hiding in a corner, until in a moment more she was sure two men were getting in at a window. She reflected upon what course she should take to save the solid silver communion service which now adorned the credence bracket. She knew were it stolen, her father would probably be blamed. She was a little girl but she knew what sacrilege was and she looked with reverence on the chalice from which she and others partook of the Holy Eucharist. The thought of wicked hands touching it moved her to action.

The big pew in which she had fallen asleep so carelessly and yet so luckily was only a few steps from the vestry door. On hands and knees she crept there and putting off her boots, she put on the rector's