CHRISTMAS ANGELS.

The Christmas angels, is their mission ended? They are not seen by mertal eyes, as when O'er Bethlehem's plain their shining troops descended, And chauted, "Peace on earth, good will to men.

The voices that once joined the heavenly chorus-That mighty "Gloria," echoing far and wide-Are floating in the wintry starlight o'er us, And singing sweetly every Christmas tide,

Far over snow-clad hills and moorlands dreary Is heard the rushing of each silver wing; Wherever homes are sad, or hearts are weary, The blessed Christmas Angels come and sing.

In the dim alleys of the crowded city They enter, where the sunbeams never came, Unbidden guests, yet full of tender pity For all earth's bitter misery and shame.

And then despairing hearts look up and wonder.
Whence came that sudden hope they feel within, Bidding them rise and break their bonds as under— These heavy fetters forged by want and sin.

In the vast minster, where the anthems olden In glorious waves of music ebb and flow—
Those voices from "Jerusalem the Golden,"
Are singing ever with the Church relow.

And in the rustic church that rises slowly Amid encircling hills or woodlands dim,

The simple song of gratifude is holy,

For angels join the poor man's Christmas hymn.

Those humble walls can beast no eculptured splendor. Yet is the hallelujah just as sweet;

For angels and archangels sing, and render The feeble notes all perfect and complete. And we of them their gentle tones may borrow, While this old world is full of grief and wrong

The word of sympathy in time of sorrow Is pure and precious as an augel's song.

And loving lips which faithfully endeavor To speak their Lord's glad tidings far and nea The old, old story that is new forever— O, these are breathing heaven's own music here

THE FAR-OFF SONG.

BY MRS. C. F. WILDER.

"No, my little girl, you must not stand near the stove," I repeated, as the little one still hung near the spot where she seemed fascinated over the dripping clothes that Roxy was taking from the boiler. As I took the child away she cried to return, and Roxy looking up, said, "Baby doesn't know dat you want to keep her from burnin.' I often think dat God serves us in dis yere sort of way, and we cry and cry for the very things that would burn us if we had 'em. I tell you, Miss Froncese, dat as I see such heaps of people cryin' over dar sorrows and trials, and sayin', 'God don't care,' pears like I couldn't help sayin' to 'em, 'Dar's where ye mistake. 'Tis because he cares so much.' If ye didn't love dat ar baby of yourn ye wouldn't come clar out here and take her off in dis way when she was so happy in the danger. Sometimes when I gits to meditatin' on dese yere things 'pears like as though

his goodness.' "But your life seems rather hard Roxy," I said. "There is your poor, bed-ridden mother, your little brother with his broken leg, your sister gone, and no one to care for your family beside yourself. I should think you would 'cry' for different things some- him, and crying "Leave me alone! times, and wonder what God was hold-

ing you back from."

"Well, Miss Froncese, I jes know. My sick mother held me back when boy?" Dick wanted I should marry him two years ago. Poor ole soul; do ye s'pose I'd leave her that bore me for any man livin'? So Dick was mad, and married that Lina Coel. An' you know how Dick drinks. Didn't God hold me back? Didn't he, wid his powerful arm, save me from the burnin'? 'Cause I hates drink. I couldn't stan' dat, no sort of ways. I did think it was hard when Sam broke his leg, but I knowed father. it was all right for us, 'cause God loves us so. I didn't know as he'd show me in dis world dat it was all right, but I walks more by sight dan I used to, and everytime I see my faith life. jes grows and grows. About Sam: I jes learn he's been goin' with a lot of bad niggers and now I reckon I'll save him, but its mighty little chance I'd ever had if 't hadn't been for this."

"I am glad, Roxy, that your troubles seem to be blessings in disguise, but there are so many people who are continually on God's anvil receiving blow after blow. Look at Prof. Condon's vities of the occasion. With other family. Death, sickness, trouble all the things, wine is handed them by a time, and there never were better people than the Professor and his wife. They do not seem to need this; they seem as near perfect as mortals could be. And, then Roxy, if Christ is a tender, loving Saviour, how can he bear to see his beloved ones suffer ?"

"Dat is what I said in de beginning. How could you let your darling cry! She does not know. She thinks you are hard, and that you've no love for her. But you saw somethin' beside the pretty steamin' clos', and snatched her from the bright, pretty drops of the bubblin' water. Jes so the lovin' Sav. iour stands where he sees beyond jes the little things that's happenin' to-day, and he looks clar to de end of the road we must go; and he too, looks over the other side clar into de never-endin' beyond, and he see the glory and he hear the far-off song, and he know dat if we had dis and we had dat we wouldn't

and sleep all the day of life through. produce it for the benefit of others. Jes see what a smart woman dat Mis Clemen's is since her husband die. Why, 'fore he die, she never lifted her sity singers. Before leaving the burnhand to do nothin'; now she's the won- ing steamer and committing himself to der of the whole city, and her poor the merciless waves, he carefully fastboys hadn't any mother till their father ened upon himself and wife life-preservshe trains dem boys, and how she works that of the wife, leaving her without in the church, and for all the sick and whole houseful from the burnin'? No- hands firmly on his shoulders and body, Miss Froncese, does their very best resting there until, her strength becomunless the great Master drives 'em. De ing exhausted, she said, "I can hold on fact is, we're all poor lazy critters if no longer!" "Try a little longer," nobody would do very peart or smart things if somethin' didn't somebow push em all on. The hard times that comes on people, the troubles and sorrows, mos' generally lifts 'em up, instead of crushes'em-leastways, that's the way it looks to me. Yes, and the trouble come because he loves us so. If we could only look over into eternity and git but jes de odor of the far-off song dat the Lord hears, it would swallow up all de sighin' and de moanin' and de sorrow and de pain. Because he can see and he can hear is jes de reason he al lows the heart-aches and the struggles. Deed, now, tisn't alone de martyrs dat went quick to the throne. And I think. Miss Froncese, that if by a little pinch dat hurts here, and a little poundin' dat hurts there, and an achin' with the heavy load we sometimes carry, we can live so here on earth, dat when de few years are over, we can forever, and ever and ever be right close to de Saviour, instead of way back helpin' de door

in de tribulation like good old Paul. "And den, again, about the Saviour being tender and pitiful, why, yes: but den in his eyes what we have (all the pretty things in this life and all the easy things isn't much: it is what we are and what we are growin' to be dat he looks at; and de best of de whole said Roxy, taking up the tub of clothes and marching off to the pumproom, " Nothing can harm a Christian; its all to work for our good-it all must work for our good because he says so."

keeper, we can begin right now to glory

TWO SCENES.

A gentleman took his son to a tavern, where the inmates were fighting and swearing, and said:

"Do you know what has caused all

" No, sir."

His father pointing to the decanters said, "That's the cause. Will you take a drink ?" The boy started back with horror,

and exclaimed, "No!" Then the father took the son to the cage of a man suffering from delirium tremens. The boy gazed upon him affrighted as the drunkard raved and tore, thinking the demons were after leave me alone! I see 'em, they're

coming." "Do you know the cause of this, my

" No sir."

have some?" and the boy shrank back with a shudder, as he refused the cup. Next, they called at the miserable hovel of a drunkard, where was squalid poverty, and where the husband was beating his wife, and with oaths knocking down his children.

"What has caused this?" said the

The son was silent.

When told that rum had brought the misery he saw, he declared that never would be touch a drop of liquor in his

But suppose the lad should be invited to a wedding feast, where, with fruit and cake, the cup is passed amid scenes of cheerfulness and gaiety, where all the friends are respectable and kind to each other, and he should be asked to drink. Would be refuse? Or, suppose he should walk out with his father on New Year's Day to call on his young lady friends and enjoy the feetismiling girl. His noble-hearted father presses the wine glass to his lips and compliments the young lady on the excellence of its quality. What wonder if the son should follow his example,

THE MINISTRY OF HYMNS.

"The hymns of Luther," says S. T. Coleridge, did as much for the Reformation as did his translation of the Bible. They were indeed the battle-cry and trumpet-call of the Reformation; the children hummed them in the cottage, the martyrs sung them on the

After his death, when his friend Melancthon heard a little maid singing on the streets of Weimar Luther's grand hymn, "A Mighty Fortress is our God." he said, "Sing on my maid, for you little know whom you comfort."

Such a beautiful incident illustrative grow strong, and we wouldn't press on. of this thought, was recently given by Like good cloud the we had all we cry for, we'd grow dat Rev. Mr. Borle, at Asbury Park, from strinks at nothing.

lazy that we'd sit down in the arbor, his own pulpit, that we venture to re-

On board the ill-fated steamer Seawanhaka" was one of the Fisk Univerdies. Then she wakes up, and see how ers. Some one cruelly dragged away hope, except as she could cling to her the poor! Jesus jes held back dat husband. This she did, placing her we dar. Only last Sabba'-day you was the response of the wearied and said dat you was too tired to go to agonized husband, "let us sing 'Rock church, but you went 'cause you had a of ages.'" And as the sweet strains class, and after you come home you was floated over the troubled waters, reachso glad you went. I jess think that ing the ears of the sinking and the dying, little did they know, those sweet singers of Israel, whom they comforted.

But lo! as they sang, one after another of the exhausted ones were seen raising their hands above the overwhelming waves, joining with a last effort in this sweet, dying, pleading

" Rock of Ages cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee,"

With the song seemed to come strength; another and yet another was encouraged to renewed effort.

Soon in the distance a boat was seen approaching! Could they hold out as little longer? Singing still, they tried, and soon with superhuman strength laid hold of the life-boat, upon which they were borne in safety to land.

This is no fiction; it was related by the singer himself, who said he believed Toplady's sweet 'Rock of Ages' saved many another beside himself and wife."

And this was only salvation from temporal death! But, methinks, from the bright world youder the good Toplady must be rejoicing that God ever taught him to write that hymn, which has helped to save so many from eternal death as, catching its spirit, they learned to cast themselves alone for help on that dear "Rock of Ages,"cleft, sinner, for them, for you and for me, and which ever stands rent asunder that it may shelter those who utter the

" Let me hide myself in Thee.

THE HOLIDAYS ON THE FARM.

Don't think you can't celebrate Christmas and enjoy the glad holiday season because you are remote from town, and cannot enter into the shop ping, the an asements, and social gaieties that you may read about. It is no reason either, for not observing it now because you have never done so. It is. never too late to begin a pleasant custom. If the children are gone from the old home, keep Christmas in memory of the happy days when they were with you. If you are still blessed with the presence of children or grandchildren, make the holidays bright for them. Encourage them to bring evergreens from the woods and trim the house. If their young eyes are as keen as they ought to be, and this lovely weather holds, they can find ferns still fresh and green on the sides of the ravines, or in the sheltered nooks in the woods, with checkerberry or wintergreen vines "This is caused by drink. Will you and lovely mosses to complete the decorations.

Perhaps there is a fireplace in your house, long hidden behind that cheerless and dreadful usurper, an air-tight stove. Take down the fire board and rebuild the fire on the hearth, if only for a single week. What a social centre for Christmas eve is the glowing and crackling fireplace! What a companion for 'watching the Old Year out" is a

blazing back-log! And then there is the Christmas dinner! Who can enjoy that like a man who has raised his own goose, or bred the delicate turkey and toothsome chickens that grace his board? What ambitious feast of ever-so-many courses can equal mother's tatle, when with the fat of the land at her command she

puts her heart into the work? As for gifts, remember that Christmas lasts until New Year's-or should do so-and if you have neglected to prepare a surprise, it won't be too late when these words come to you. If you can't think what they want," you can tell what you would like them to have.

There is always a happy suggestion in the thinking cap for those who put it on really wishing to devise pleasure for those they love. There are some good wives and dutiful children, we fear, who would be as much surprised by a present from "father," as he would be at their happiness over it. An investment in holiday gifts would give such a man a true idea of the real value of money.

This is the time, also, to stir up the neighborhood socially. There is too little visiting, and too few good times, in most rural communities. Where old-time frolics have been given up, nothing better has been invented to take their place. Why not make the holidays the occasion of reviving some of the genuine feeling of good neighborhood that marked the olden times?-Golden Rule.

Like good cloth, true manhood

THE ENCHANTMENT OF FIC-TION.

fiction. There are persons whose lives odoriferous substances used in this way have been utterly wrecked by this ap- is certainly very great, and beyond the petite which they have contracted. Women have neglected their families and their homes to devote themselves to the intoxication of romance, until they became totally unfit for the sober duties

A few months ago a friend residing in a New England city related some facts occurring within the circle of his own acquaintance, which illustrate this matter.

A young man of about sixteen years of age, a steady, diligent, quiet mechanic, who was exempt from the ordinary vices of city life, a lover of home, and one who spent his evenings in his father's house, was arrested and brought betore the police court for stealing. The charge was made by a news dealer who had watched him while he was looking over the various papers upon his stand, and had detected him in the act of ap. propriating sundry copies of the same.

The father of the young man was sent for, and was thunder-struck at the revelation. His son a thief! And what had he stolen? Stolen papers! periodicals full of the fascinations of fiction;

this was all!

He had for a long time been purchasing this poisonous literature, and had paid out some twenty-five dollars for such trash, which he had read at home in the evenings; and now when he saw these papers the temptation was so strong that he was led to steal some twenty papers to gratify this morbid appetite.

His father became responsible for the damages, and took his boy home, and he soon confessed his fault, the father also acknowledging that he also was at fault in allowing his son to occupy his evenings in reading such literature. The boy brought forth his store of fictitious trash and they commenced the work of destroying it. It took them. about two hours to burn up the wretched stuff, and purify the house by fire. When this was done they bowed the knee around the family altar, and the boy confessed his sins with tears, and begging forgiveness, gave his heart to Christ. Would that other novel readers would do the same.—The Christian.

WANT OF COURAGE.

A great deal of talent is lost to the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to the grave a number of obscure men, who have only remainprobability have gone great lengths in | shoulders. the career of fame. The fact is, in is worth doing, we must not stand on to carry me to some people who haven't the brink and think of the cold and any little boys!" danger, but jump in and scramble as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks and adjusting nice chances. It did very well before the flood, when man could consult his friends upon a publication for one hundred and fifty years, and then live to see its success for six or seven centuries afterwards; but at present, the opportunity so easily slips away, the period of his life at which a man chooses to venture. if ever, is so confined, that it is no bad rule to preach up the necessity, in such instances, of little violence done to feelings, and of efforts made in defiance of strict and sober calculation.

THE PERFUMERY INDUSTRY.

The San Francisco (Cal.,) Bulletin

thinks that a profitable industry is open to those who will cultivate flowers for home manufacture of perfumery, more especially in its own State. It says: "The extensive flower farms in France, Turkey and England in a measure indicate its importance in the world. The planting of flowers by the acre for perfumery purposes is unknown in this country. The perfumery manufactured here is from produce of flowers imported from Europe, and comes here in the shape of a fat or sort of tallow. There is only one firm in this city engaged in its manufacture, and this establishment produces an average of one hundred gross of bottles per week. It is entirely for home consumption, though there was recently opened a small export trade with Mexico. Flowers are not used here in their natural state, as they are not to be had. There is no reason why the cultivation of flowers, flower farming proper, could not be made an important industry here. Wherever the raw material is to be obtained profitably there manufactories spring up, and nowhere do flowers grow more luxuriantly than in this State. To convey an idea of the extent of the manufacture of perfumery, it may be said that British India and Europe consume annually, at the very lowest estimate, 150,000 gallons of periumed spirits. The large pertumers of Grasse and Paris employ annually in its manufacture 80,000 pounds of rose blossoms, 80,000 pounds of cassia flowers, 50 000 pounds of rose leaves, 30,000 pounds jasmine blossoms, 30,000 pounds violets, 20,000 everything.—Sgdney Smith.

pounds tuberose, 20,000 pounds lil acs besides great quantities of rosemary. mints, lemon, citron, thyme and many Few are aware of the fascinations of other odorous plants. The quantity of conception of most people."

Our Young Folks

WATCHING FOR SANTA CLAUS.

Once there were two little chaps, six and eight years old, who made up their minds when Christmas was coming, that they would see Santa Claus. They had heard all about him and his "eight tiny reindeer," and his loads of presents. and his coming down the chimney. But they didn't exactly know how true it all was. They always hung up their stockings and found them stuffed full of things, from candy to toys and books and mittens and toot-tooters. And of course they wanted to see the old fellow who always brought them just what they wished, and had enough left for all the other boys and girls. So Christmas eve they put their two little heads together and said they'd keep awake and watch for Santa Claus.

Of course they didn't let mamma nor papa know anything about it. How to keep awake was the next question. But finally Dick said be'd poke Harry whenever he went to fall asleep," and Harry was to poke him. They kept up a whispering of stories and questions, too, and wondering what Santa Claus was like, and whether he'd hurt 'em, and what they'd get. About ten o'clock they heard a great rattling of papers down stairs, and people stepping around, talking very low. This helped to keep them awake too. Pretty soon they heard their mamma coming very carefully toward their room, and they dove down into the pillows and pretended to be awfully sound asleep.

She peeked in, tucked up the clothes, and said, "pretty dears!" as she went

"Pretty dears?" said Dick, when she was gone-" there, Harry, she's 'specting Santa Claus, I tell you!"

In a few minutes mamma and papa were in their own room, with the gas turned down low. And after waiting a little while, that seemed to them a long, long time,—the two young urchins crawled out of their snug nest, and went tip-toeing down-stairs, as still as two mice. Dick went ahead, 'cause he was the biggest, and little Harry crept close behind, hanging on to the edge of his brother's night-drawers. They had just got cuddled down behind the sofa to watch the fireplace, when they heard ed in obscurity because their timidity a swift step, and before they could even has prevented them from making the holler, Harry was rolled up in a blanket, first effort, and who, if they could have | and Dick was dumped into a big sack, been induced to begin, would in all and felt himself swung over somebody's

"Ouch!" he thought, "Santa has order to do anything in this world that | clawed me sure, and I'll bet he's going

The bag was so tight he couldn't kick much, nor more than half holler. But he did the best he could, and made whoever it was carrying him hang on pretty tight. Up, up he went, and then round and round; and then he felt the bag lifted up, turned over, and he was dumped out-where do you suppose?

"Don't know! In the snow?" No-right on to his own bed, where he found Harry just crawling out of a quilt. It was done so quick that he couldn't see who ran out of the room, and he was too scared to follow. But from snickers they heard in their father's room, and a big hole they saw in their mother's best pillow case in the morning, they could guess pretty close. But they never wanted to watch for Santa Claus again.

RETALIATION.

A lady once, when she was a little girl, learned a lesson, a good lesson which she tells for the benefit of all

whom it may concern: "One frosty morning I was looking ont of the window into my father's farm-yard, where stood many cows, oxen and horses waiting to drink. It was a cold morning. The cattle all stood still, till one of the cows attempted to turn round. In making the attempt she happened to hit her next neighbor, whereupon the neighbor kicked and hit another. In five minutes the whole herd were kicking each other with fury. My mother laughed and said: 'See what becomes of kicking when you are hit.-Just so, I have seen one cross word set a whole family by the ears some frosty morning.' Afterward, if my brother or myself were a little irritable, she would say, 'Take care, my children. Remember how the fight in the farm-yard began. Never give back a kick for a hit, and you will save yourself and others a great deal of trouble.'

Before you go to law consider well the cost; for if you win your suit, and are poorer than before, what do you accomplish ?—Cobbet.

Have the courage to be ignorant of a great number of things in order to avoid the calamity of being ignorant of

Sunday Sch

LESSON I.-JA

ZACHARIAS AND E

GOLDEN TEXT .-

righteous before Go

commandments and Lord blameless. Lul TIME.—About a ye before the birth of Cl ing to the common c

PLACE.—The temp

In the days of Here the son of Antipater, mean general, who, and the favor of the ed supreme power ov and great authority i -His name, which i iah, means " remem! He lived in the " hi probably not far from a priestly city. Wh became too numerou into twenty-four com class had daily super for a week. The pr the week were selected lot. Observe that th

gy was unknown to law, as to the primiti 1 Cor. 9. 5. Both righteous-H This means here mor formity to the law. testimonial of their Before God-It dist the pristhood general and from the Pharis ness was in the sight mandments and ordi fers to the moral l ceremonial observan of the Jewish religio tively, not absolutely lessness is not indica the implied rebuke 20. Paul uses the 6. "Touching the ri

in the law, blameless condition at the tin " chief of sinners." Well stricken-Lite days. A sweet descr of the godly, holding

goal. Before God-In the dwelt by the symbols temple was regarded house, or dwelling of first temple there w visible sign of the private thus before God ed incense. The lot to perform each sepa sacred service. and each morning before the Lo. ed exceedingly impo.

The composition of t

the altar (which to

30. 34-38.

to make for private

The whole multity able that this was because there was a attending (verse 10) not on a week day, puts honor upon his without-The incens of prayer (Psa. 14) when offered by the as a signal to the without, who all en deep silence. Whe the incense altar, a burnt offering outsi ers offered in the t peated all over th every region, however godly Jew had wand of our bearts should

twice in the day we

with our solemn inv

Gospel less officious

There appeared-

er signal ascending great altar, passes walking the gilded and probably floor, complete overlay of altar upon which placed. An angeltury that embraced have more instance tion than in all the the world's history. at its close angels special interest in of outward mark The angel, as we le Gabriel. In the ord ish and Christian, G one of the archange set forth only as the angelic nature, not er of contending ag ministration of com man. Thus his m interpret in plain ram and the he-goa after his prayer wit seventy weeks," and ment he is the hera claring as he does dicted Messiah and

> live in the preser now astonished at vant. So much di our faith and our s sion of the presence by faith goes down as the sensible app dismays us.

prominent characte

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Fear fell-He th

Thy prayer is hed for affspring. This an object of intens was more gloomy dying childless, so