



"HARK, THE HERALD ANGELS SING."

### HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING.

Hark! the herald angels sing,  
"Glory to the new-born King,  
Peace on earth, and mercy mild;  
God and sinners reconciled."

Joyful, all ye nations rise,  
Join the triumph of the skies;  
With angelic hosts proclaim  
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."

Mild he lays his glory by,  
Born that man no more may die,  
Born to raise the sons of earth,  
Born to give them second birth.

### WHAT THEY DID.

"Hallo!" cried Tom.

"What is it?" asked Rose.

"Come into the corner and I'll tell you,"  
said Tom.

Then Rose and Tom put their heads to-  
gether and whispered.

"Next Saturday will be Christmas,"  
said Tom.

"We shall get lots of things," said  
Rose.

"The poor children over the way will  
not get anything," said Tom. "Just think,  
Rose, they never heard of hanging up  
stockings."

"Poor little tots!" cried Rosa.

Then Tom and Rose whispered many  
other things. They ran to the playroom,  
and counted their toys, and put ever so  
many of these in a heap on the floor.

"We meant to keep them all our lives,"  
said Rose.

"But now we have found something  
better to do with them," said Tom. "I  
wish that we had money enough for the  
other thing."

The night before Christmas they ran  
over the way and asked Grandmother  
Rule to lend them four stockings. They  
filled the stockings with toys and games  
and picture-books, and hung them at the  
foot of the bedstead where the four chil-  
dren were asleep.

"Won't they be glad!" said old Mrs.  
Rule. "I will waken them at daylight."

"Grandmother Rule will open her eyes  
wide when she sees what is on the chair,"  
whispered Rose. Mother and father had  
helped them with "money for the other  
thing," so that Rose and Tom could buy a  
big turkey too for the family over the  
way.

Hurrah for Christmas! What a glad  
day it was for all! But I should not be  
surprised to hear that Rose and Tom were  
made more glad by what they gave than  
by all the fine gifts that came to them.

Rose said, "Mother, I have chosen a  
beautiful text for the New Year—what  
Jesus said: 'It is more blessed to give  
than to receive.'"

### COUNTING UP HER MERCIES.

Once there was a poor old woman sit-  
ting in a chimney corner, and she always  
looked so happy that people wondered,  
who saw her bent, tired old shoulders and  
her wrinkled face and her knotty, pain-  
twisted hands. At last somebody said:

"Granny, what are you doing there all  
day? How do you pass the time?"

"Counting up my mercies, dear!" she  
answered cheerily. "Such a blessed lot of  
'em! You can't think how many new  
ones I find every morning!"

Make it a point always to be on time  
for Sunday-school; in fact, make it a rule  
of life to be prompt in keeping any and all  
engagements.

### A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Listen, children to the music  
That the old church bells do make:  
Ringing out this Christmas morning,  
For the dear Redeemer's sake;  
'Tis his birthday, and we keep it  
In this lovely land of ours:  
In the farmhouse, cottage, mansion,  
Pleasantly we pass the hours.

Long ago, in Bethlehem's stable,  
Christ was born, the baby King;  
"Peace on earth," the watching shepherds  
Heard the holy angels sing.  
And the music has not ceased,  
But has through the ages rolled,  
And "good will" among the nations  
Has increased a thousandfold.

Let our hearts be full of sunshine,  
Though the frost is on the pane  
And old Winter, keen but kindly,  
Come to visit us again.  
And with snowy robe he covers  
All the bleak and barren ground,  
And makes fairy forms of beauty  
Where the leafless trees abound.

Ring, ye bells! 'tis sweet to listen;  
Sing, ye waits, outside the door,  
Echoes of that wondrous music  
That was heard in days of yore.  
Decorate the house with holly,  
Let the bright red berries shine,  
While we celebrate the birthday  
Of our loving Lord divine.

### HOME SUNSHINE.

Eight sorrowful little faces pressed  
against the windows looking out at the fall-  
ing rain. Raindrops and clouds outside and  
teardrops and frowns inside—it was hard  
to tell which was the gloomier of the two.

"Why, what is the matter?" cried Aunt  
Sue, coming in fresh and rosy from her  
walk in the rain, and looking in surprise  
at the sad faces.

"Why, we all wanted to play croquet,"  
said Mabel, sadly. "Our new set came  
last night, and we wanted to use it the first  
thing this morning; and now it's raining,  
and we can't go out or do anything but  
have a horrid time."

"Well, it is too bad if you must have a  
stormy day indoors as well as out," Aunt  
Sue answered. "Now, I should think that  
eight little cousins could make all the sun-  
shine they wanted even if it did rain and  
spoil their croquet-party. Why wouldn't  
a game of blindman's buff be just as pleas-  
ant? You can have the large dining-room  
to play in, and move the table into the  
corner. There! I see some sunshiny smiles  
already. Now, don't let me see any more  
clouds on these dear little faces."

In a few moments the raindrops pattered  
against the windows unheeded, for the chil-  
dren were enjoying their game. Even Frisk  
joined in the fun, and barked as noisily as if  
he were trying to swell the merry laughter.

Now, was it not far wiser to make sun-  
shine at home than to mourn over the dis-  
appointment the rain brought.