

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL *

BY FANNY MORRIS WARD.

"All glory to God in the highest."

Hark! Hark! to the Hymn of the Ages
That comes through the cycles of Time,
And tell me ye Prophets and Sages
What meaneth the anthem sublime?
Glad tidings, glad tidings, it bringeth
From Heaven to man upon earth,
Hark! Hark! for the universe ringeth
With joy, o'er a Saviour's birth!

Look! Look! on the star that hath risen
Far over the darkness of night;
Ye men to whom knowledge is given,
Whence cometh its marvellous light?
Though bright when first gilding the heaven,
Yet how hath its glory increased,
Speak, ye to whom wisdom is given,
What meaneth that star in the East?

O, mortal! you ask of the story
The angels once brought from on high,
And, awed by its wonderful story,
You ask of that Star in the sky!
Take heed, be no longer a stranger
To anthem, or heavenly sign;
But worship the Babe in the manger
E'en Bethlehem's Infant Divine!

Kneel, kneel, in the deepest devotion;
Wing'd legions descend from the sky,
Hark! Hark! like the waves of the ocean
In cadence celestial they cry!
"All glory to God in the Highest!"—
We herald Emmanuel's birth,—
'All Glory to God in the Highest—
With peace and good will upon earth,"

Then shout the glad tidings once given,
Be telling God's merciful mind
In sending a Saviour from Heaven
To rescue and ransom mankind!
Sing, "glory to God in the Highest!"
To all that are far off and nigh,
"All glory to God in the Highest!"
Proclaim through the earth and the sky!
—The Churchman, N. Y.

* Music for this carol can be had at Messrs. W. A. Pond & Co., 25 Union Square, N. Y., by whom it is copyrighted.

THE FAITHFUL MESSENGER BOY.

Frank Wayne had just jumped off the horse-car and was walking rapidly down the street, one of the most fashionable streets in the city, when he heard some one call out: "Hi, there, boy! Messenger boy!"

Looking across the street, whence the sound came, Frank saw a stout old gentleman, beckoning to him with one hand, while in the other he held a square parcel, wrapped in white paper and tied with a blue ribbon. Frank's destination was on that side of the street, as he had just found out by examining the numbers on the houses, so he crossed over to where the gentleman stood.

"Here, boy, I want you to take this down to 47 Vernon avenue," said he, as he handed the package to Frank, "and then come back here and tell me who opens the door."

"I will in a minute, sir, but I've got to take this parcel and note down to 376; I'll deliver them and then come back and do your errand," answered Frank.

"No. 376 this street? Why, that is four or five blocks off, and I'm in a hurry. Here, let me hold your package—"

"Thank you, sir, but I must deliver it at once."

"Pshaw. It is nothing but flowers; I can smell them. I want this box to go to my little grand-niece while she is at her dinner; it is her birthday, and I've sent her some nice cake. Just run along with this, and I'll give you a dollar—pay in advance."

"I'm very sorry, sir, but I must do first the errand I've been sent to do."

"Oh, go along!" exclaimed the old gentleman, with some irritation. "I see another messenger boy coming; perhaps he will be more obliging."

So Frank ran off at full speed to make up for the delay caused by this conversation. He felt that he had done the right thing, yet he, being a poor boy, was very sorry to have missed a chance to earn an extra dollar. He left the flowers, and was bidden to wait and carry an answer to some law officer in the same building where the district messenger officers were. This, of course, was his legitimate business, so he waited patiently in a small ante-room, admiring the beautiful pictures on the walls, the rich draperies, and the soft fur rugs on the floor. When he boarded a car to go back into the city, another messenger boy was standing on the platform, Tom Eastman, a former schoolmate.

"Oh, I say, Frank, what a fool you are! Won't you catch it, though, when you get back to the office?" cried Tom, with more seeming pleasure than sympathy.

"What for?"

"Why, for not going down to Vernon avenue with the little kid's birthday cake. You lost a dollar and gained a wiggling."

"Oh, you are the fellow, eh? He said there was another messenger coming, but I didn't wait to see who it was."

"No, that you didn't; you ran as if a mad dog was after you. You are only in the office on probation, aren't you?"

"That's all. But why do you ask? Do you believe the old gentleman will enter a complaint against me?"

"Great Scott! Do you mean to say you didn't know him?" Tom asked, in much surprise.

"No, who is he? One of the legislature?"

"Worse'n that, my boy! He is Mr. Samuel Denroche, president of our company! Your cake's all dough!"

Frank emitted a long, low whistle, and then, thrusting his hands deep into his pockets began to think what he could try next if he lost his present position. All went well that day, but early the next morning he was summoned to go into the inner office, where the manager always sat. With him, as Frank anticipated, was Mr. Denroche, also the young lawyer to whom he had carried the note from 376 the day before.

"Do you know me?" Asked the old gentleman.

"Yes sir, I do now, you are Mr. Denroche."

"You didn't know me yesterday?"

"No, sir."

"I thought not. Well, my boy, I owe you an apology for having tried to make you fail in your duty," said Mr. Denroche courteously to the amazed lad. "I did not stop to think that you might not know me, and so could not trust me to hold your flowers."

"I beg your pardon, sir!"

"Not at all, not at all! You did perfectly right. A messenger should never intrust to an unauthorized person that which is committed to his keeping; more than one poor boy has been robbed in just that way. Moreover, though I am president of this company, I ought not to have tried to delay you on your way to do your errand, even though we thought it was only to give somebody a few flowers. It turns out that time was of great consequence, as the lady who received and replied to the note was just about to leave town; indeed, the carriage was at the door, wasn't it?"

"Yes, sir, and a man was strapping a trunk on it," replied Frank.

"Good! You can use your eyes, it seems. Well, the matter was very important. My nephew says he would have given \$10 rather

than had it delayed too long; so Arthur, just give this boy \$10, if you please!"

"That I will, right gladly," said the young man, handing him two five-dollar bills and smiling pleasantly.

"And as both our manager here and myself are glad to find we've got a boy we can trust, we have put you on the rolls as a regular messenger, and will raise your pay a dollar a week now, and more by-and-by if you continue trustworthy."

Frank tried to express his gratitude, but there was such a queer lump in his throat that he couldn't say much.

Mr. Denroche pitied his embarrassment, and asked kindly: "Who taught you to do errands?"

"My mother, sir."

"I thought so; you've got a good Christian mother, I presume."

"Indeed, I have, sir. She has always tried to make me understand that, if I am only true and honest, I will be far happier, even if I am poor, than I would be rich by dishonest means."

"She is right. And remember, too, that a good name is more to be desired than great riches."—F. E. Wadleigh, in *Congregationalist*.

KILLING TIME.

"Spare a copper, sir; I'm starving," said a poor half-clad man to a gentleman who was hastening homeward through the streets in the great city one bitter cold night. "Spare a copper, sir, and God will bless you."

Struck with the poor fellow's manner and appearance, the gentleman replied:

"You look as if you had seen better days. If you will tell me candidly what has been your greatest failing through life, I'll give you enough money to pay your lodging."

"I'm afraid I could hardly do that," the beggar answered, with a mournful smile.

"Try, man, try," added the gentleman. "Here's a shilling to sharpen your memory; only be sure you speak the truth."

The man pressed the coin tightly in his hand, and after thinking for nearly a minute, said:

"To be honest with you, then, I believe my greatest fault has been in learning to 'kill time.' When I was a youngster, I had kind, loving parents, who let me do pretty much as I liked; so I became idle and careless, and never once thought of the change that was in store for me. In the hope that I should some day make my mark in the world, I was sent to college; but there I wasted my time in idle dreaming and expensive amusements. If I had been a poor boy, with necessity staring me in the face, I think I should have done better. But somehow I fell into the notion that life was only to be one continued round of pleasure. I gradually became fond of wine and company. In a few years my parents both died; and you can guess the rest. I soon wasted what little they left me; and now it is too late to combat my old habits. Yes, sir; idleness ruined me."

"I believe your story," replied the gentleman; "and when I get home I will tell it to my own boys as a warning. I am sorry for you; indeed I am. But it is never too late to reform. Come to my office to-morrow, and let me inspire you with fresh courage."

And giving the man another piece of money, and indicating where he could be found, he hurried away.—*Christian Commonwealth*.

We want additional subscribers in Halifax, St. John, Quebec, Toronto, Ottawa, London Hamilton. Liberal commission will be allowed to qualified Canvasser—lady or gentleman—in every one or more of these cities.

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Be but faithful, that is all.—A. Clough.