

SECOND GIRL—

Under the skies of Bethlehem,
Long ago,
The wondering shepherds stood amazed
While Angels sang, "Let God be praised."
Long ago.

(Single voice.)

"And suddenly there was with the Angel a multitude
of the heavenly host praising God and saying:

(Chorus of voices chanting.)

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace,
good will toward men."

THIRD GIRL—

Under the skies of Bethlehem,
Long ago,
They went to seek the Holy One,
The blessed Christ, God's only Son,
Long ago.

(Concert Recitation.)

"And they came with haste, and found Mary and
Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger."

FOURTH GIRL—

Under the skies of Bethlehem,
Long ago,
Behold a blessed, shining star,
Scending its light afar, afar,
Bringing the wise men to his feet,
The Babe of Bethlehem to greet,
Long, long ago.

(Concert Recitation.)

"And lo, the star which they saw in the East, went
before them, till it came and stood over where the
young child was. When they saw the star they re-
joiced with exceeding great joy."

(Single voice.)

And when they were come into the house they saw
the young child with Mary, his mother, and fell down
and worshiped him: and when they had opened their
treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold and
frankincense and myrrh.

THE FOUR LITTLE GIRLS—

Under the heavenly stars to-night,
Stars of the fading year,
Thousands and thousands of eager eyes,
Watch for His coming from the skies,
For His coming draweth near!

(All the voices in concert.)

Bethlehem's babe is now our King,
Holy offerings let us bring.

(Single voice.)

"For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven
with a shout, with the voice of the Arch angel, and
with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall
rise first."

(Two voices.)

Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught
up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord
in the air."

(All the voices in concert.)

"And so shall we ever be with the Lord."

Mrs. C. E. FISHER.

LITTLE SCOTCH GRANITE.

BURT and Johnnie Lee were delighted when their
Scotch cousin came to live with them. He was
little, but very bright and full of fun. He could
tell curious things about his home in Scotland
and his voyage across the ocean. He was as far ad-
vanced in his studies as they were, and the first day
he went to school they thought him remarkably good.
He wasted no time in play when he should have been
studying, and he advanced finely.

At night, before the close of the school, the teacher
called the roll and the boys began to answer "Ten."
When Willie understood that he was to say ten, if he
had not whispered during the day, he replied, "I have
whispered."

"More than once," asked the teacher.

"Yes, sir," answered Willie.

"As many as ten times?"

"Maybe I have," faltered Willie.

"Then I shall mark you zero," said the teacher,
sternly, "and that is a great disgrace."

"Why I did not see you whisper once," said Johnnie
that night after school.

"Well, I did," said Willie. "I saw others doing it,
and so I asked to borrow a book; then I lent a slate
pencil, and asked a boy for a knife, and did several
such things. I supposed it was allowed."

"Oh, we all do it," said Burt, reddening. "There
isn't any sense in the old rule; and nobody could keep
it, nobody does."

"I will, or else I will say I haven't," said Willie.

"Do you suppose I would tell ten lies in a heap?"

"Oh, we don't call them lies," muttered Johnnie.
"There wouldn't be a credit among us at night if we
were so strict."

"What of that, if you told the truth?" laughed Wil-
lie, bravely.

Sometimes when Willie Grant's mark was even lower
than usual the teacher would smile peculiarly, but said
no more of disgrace. Willie never preached at them
or told tales; but, somehow, it made the boys ashamed
of themselves, just the seeing that this sturdy, blue-
eyed boy must tell the truth. It was putting the clean
cloth by the half-soiled one, you see; and they felt
like cheats and story-tellers. They talked him all over
and loved him, if they did nickname him "Scotch
Granite," he was so firm about a promise.

Well, at the end of the term Willie's name was very
low down on the credit list. When it was read he
had hard work not to cry, for he was very sensitive,
and he had tried hard to be perfect. But the very last
thing that day was a speech by the teacher, who told
of once seeing a man muffled up in a cloak. He was
passing him without a look, when he was told the man
was Gen. —, the great hero.

"The signs of his rank were hidden, but the hero
was there just the same," said the teacher. "And now,
boys, you will see what I mean when I give a little
gold medal to the most conscientiously 'perfect in his
deportment' among you. Who shall have it?"

"Little Scotch Granite," shouted forty boys at once;
for the child whose name was so "low" on the credit
list had made truth noble in their eyes.