

winding ranks further than eye can reach; and the angels shall precede their Lord, and form on each side of the Church like a welcoming escort, welcoming victors into the gates of a city; and so they shall sweep through the sky, and through the spheres, and all the universe shall echo to the song of victory! "Lift up your heads, all ye gates, and be ye lift up ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in."

"Who is the King of Glory?"

"The Lord, strong and mighty, the Lord of Hosts, He is the King of Glory."

What part, reader, have you in all this? Are you living in sin? Are you living a careless, thoughtless life? Then your portion, unless you repent, is with the wailing multitude left behind in the darkness. **REPENT**, and pray God for pardon while there is time. Are you living a painful, sorrowful life, but trying earnestly to be true to God? Hold fast for your redemption draweth nigh. Are you doing your duties faithfully, but caring little for the world's rewards; looking upward to heaven, and onward to the future; waiting and longing for the coming of Jesus Christ? Then rejoice, and be exceeding glad, for all these future glories are yours, for ye are Christ's and Christ is God's.—*E. L. Cutts.*

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### CHRISTMAS.

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THE star reigns its fire;  
And the beautiful sing,  
In the manger of Bethlehem,  
Jesus is King.

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SEARCH others for their virtues,  
and thyself for thy vices.—*Fuller.*

### CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

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The practice of singing Christmas carols appears to be as ancient as Christmas itself; and bishops, we are told, used to sing carols on this day among their clergy. The earliest specimen which we possess of the mediæval carol is to be found in the British Museum. It is composed in Norman-French and belongs to the thirteenth century. In point of composition some of the first carols were quite rugged if not crude; and it was not until the commencement of the sixteenth century that any improvement in this respect was noticeable. The following, belonging to this latter period, is now sometimes sung in England on Christmas morning by children who wander from door to door. There is scarcely anything more grateful or inspiring than the peal of bright young voices as they ring out upon the morning air upon such occasions, and tell, in their own sweet way, the early story of a Saviour's love.

"When Christ was born of Mary free  
In Bethlehem, in that fair citie,  
Angels sang there with mirth and glee,  
*In Excelsis Gloria.*

"Herdsmen beheld these angels bright,  
To them appearing with great light,  
Who said, 'God's Son is born to-night,'  
*In Excelsis Gloria.*

"This King is come to save mankind,  
As in Scripture truth we find:  
Therefore this song we have in mind,  
*In Excelsis Gloria.*

"Then Lord, for Thy great grace  
Grant us the bliss to see Thy face,  
Where we may sing to Thy solace,  
*In Excelsis Gloria.*