

Two Beautiful Christmas Hymns.

Probably the following are the most beautiful carols that have been handed down to us from the past. The first is by the saintly Bishop Heber, author of "From Greenland's Icy Mountains." The second is by the ill-fated Henry Kirke White, who died at Cambridge, England, from consumption, brought on by over-study, at the early age of twenty-one:

Bishop Heber's Carol.

Oh, Saviour, Whom this holy morn
Gave to our world below,
To mortal want and labour born,
And more than mortal woe.

• Incarnate Word! by every grief,
By sore temptations tried,
Who lived to yield our ills relief,
And to redeem us died.

If gaily clothed and proudly fed,
In dangerous wealth we dwell,
Remind us of Thy manger bed,
And lowly cottage cell.

If pressed by poverty severe,
In envious want we pine,
Oh, may the Spirit whisper near,
How poor a lot was Thine!

Through fickle fortune's various scene,
From sin preserve us free,
Like us Thou hast a mourner been,
May we rejoice with Thee!

Star of Bethlehem.

When marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering hosts bestud the sky,
One star alone of all the train
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
Hark! Hark! To God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone, the Saviour, speaks;
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd
The wind, that toss'd my foundering bark.
Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
Then suddenly a star arose—
It was the Star of Bethlehem!

It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall
It led me to the port of peace.
Now, safely moor'd, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star! the Star of Bethlehem!

Merry Christmas.

"What is going on to-day, Little Cat asked Little Dog. "Every one seems to be happy and merry. I had chicken-bones for breakfast, with ever so much meat on them!"

"I had creamed fish," said Little Cat; "and it was real cream. Look! Little Girl tied a ribbon around my neck, and said I was a beauty. Am I, Little Dog?"

"Yes, for a cat!" said Little Dog. "Am I?"

"Yes, for a dog!" said Little Cat.

"I have a new collar, you see," said Little Dog. "And your girl has on a new blue dress, and my boy a velvet jacket. And they are not going to say one cross word all day; I heard them tell their mother so."

"I was in the nursery this morning," said Little Cat. "The children's stockings were full of toys and sugar-plums, and they kissed each other and said, 'Merry'—something! What can it all mean?"

"Let us ask Great Old Dog!" said Little Dog. "He knows almost everything, and he can surely tell us."

Great Old Dog was asleep, but he woke up and heard their story patiently. "It was 'Merry Christmas!' that the children said," he told them. "This is Christmas Day!"

"What does it mean?" asked Little Cat.

"I don't understand all about it," said Great Old Dog; "but it is the best day in the whole year, for everybody is happy and kind, and tries to do pleasant things for everybody else. I think some one was born who brought kindness into the world."

"Well," said Little Dog, "if everybody is going to be good, we must be good, too. Little Cat, I will not growl at you once to-day, even if they put our dinner on the same plate!"

"Nor I at you," said Little Cat, "even if there is only one cushion by the fireside."

"Nice Little Cat!" said Little Dog.

"Nice Little Dog!" said Little Cat.

Just then in came Little Girl in her blue dress and Little Boy in his velvet jacket. "Merry Christmas!" they cried: "Little Cat and Little Dog, and dear, good Great Old Dog!

We wish you Merry Christmas,
And a Happy New Year;
A pocket full of money,
And a heart full of cheer!

"Merry Christmas!" said Little Dog (but it sounded like "Yap! yap!")