

It had been a long time since I had seen the old man, and I was glad to see him. He had been very well, and I was glad to hear that. He had been very well, and I was glad to hear that. He had been very well, and I was glad to hear that.

Christmas Carol.

On this day, O sweet anthem,
 Sing to the world of men,
 Of Christ the King of kings;
 Of Christ the King of kings;
 Who came to save the world,
 From all its sins and ill;
 On that first Christmas day,
 Repeat the song of gladness,
 Sung at the Saviour's birth—
 Goodwill to men forever,
 And peace be on the earth!

The song goes deep and tender,
 As a dove's cry;
 Our hearts become a choir,
 On every Christmas day;
 And in them, Christ our Saviour,
 Finds resting place, and we
 Before the King in homelike,
 Bow down and bend the knee.
 Repeat the song of gladness,
 Sung at the Saviour's birth—
 Goodwill to men forever,
 And peace be on the earth!

Ring on, O grand old anthem,
 Sung on Jude's plain,
 Until the wide earth echoes
 With your celestial strain;
 Until in adoration,
 Before the Saviour's feet
 Mankind bows down to offer
 An homage deep and sweet.
 Repeat the song of gladness,
 Sung at the Saviour's birth—
 Goodwill to men forever,
 And peace be on the earth!

Leaves from Hazel's Journal.

BY BESSIE P. MACLAUGHLIN.

Dec. 18, 18—

CHRISTMAS is almost here, and I'm so glad. I love Christmas. It is so nice to get things, and have lots of fun. To day I finished the blue plush sofa-pillow for papa's present. The pink moss roses look lovely on it. It's for the olive *l'le-à l'le* in the parlour. Of course nobody can lie on the *l'le-à l'le*, but then the pillow is designed to put one's head on. I hope the Burkes will notice it next time they call. I got the money from papa—nearly eight dollars—but he had no idea what I was going to do for him. I hope I shall have a seal-skin jacket from papa and mamma. They didn't say "No," when I asked for it. I have decided to buy mamma a nice copy of "Rutledge." I've wanted to read it for such a long while. For sister Sue, I think a hand-mirror will be nice. She wants a shopping-bag, but a mirror will be useful to both of us, and help to decorate the bureau in our room. She ought not to be selfish. I do hope she will give me a purse, or something she can't be forever borrowing from me. I wish I knew what Cody Norris is going to do, for then I would be sure not to spend any more for her than she does for me. Last year she gave me a twenty-five cent box of note-paper, and I had just sent her a fifty cent bottle of Colgate's violet. I couldn't get over it for ever so long. I thought as the holidays came nearer that I could be very happy, but I don't enjoy myself very much after all.

It was as if Mrs. Stuhns' pocket-book had been emptied, and she was to cry on that goes to the heart. I was not to go West right away, on the first of January. That means, of course, that I won't get my jacket. He can't be back for Christmas Day either. Then brother Will, who is so full of fun, was coming home with June and the baby, and he told me that they live with—has gone and broken her wrist, and John can't leave, and Will won't come with them. I shall have a perfectly stupid Christmas. Everything always turns out just the way.

Dec. 22

I told Mrs. Lawrence, our minister's wife, about it last evening, in the lecture-room, while we were tying pines. Mrs. L. is very pretty to look at, and not a bit frozen up. "Do you keep Christmas in the right way," she said to me, "it must be a happy time if you love the Lord Jesus, and are glad he came to save us, and then it is just the day to make somebody glad who would be very unhappy but for you." I don't like to talk about that, so I told her what things I had made for Christmas. Then she said, just as natural as could be, "Hazel, what are you going to give the Lord Jesus?" I hadn't thought of doing anything for him, so I kept still, and she went on, "Why, my dear child! what would you think if, on your birthday, your parents and sisters and brothers should all give each other presents because it was your birthday, and not give you a single thing?" "I would think they didn't love me," I replied. Then she asked me to do something for Jesus. I told her I had spent all my money but a quarter of a dollar. "Hazel," she said, "give him yourself." Somebody called her away, and I came home with Sue.

Dec. 23

I lay awake last night a good while. My heart felt heavy and cold. When I did get to sleep, I dreamed I was all alone in the woods, and it was dark. I could hear the bears howl, and I was afraid and tired and hungry and lost. Then some one, tall and strong like papa, came through the bushes with a light. He had a beautiful face; and when he lifted me in his strong arms I wasn't afraid any more. His hands were torn with briars, but he didn't seem to mind it. He said he came on purpose to save me and that he knew every step of the way home. When he put me down on papa's doorstep, I said, "Oh, I wish I could do something for you!" He answered, looking back as he went away, "Only love me, little one, and make somebody happy, for my sake." Then I woke up, and thought what I had learned about Jesus Christ. How he came to save me, and take me home to heaven, and has asked me to love him, and be kind to others, for his sake. I know I haven't loved him, and I haven't been good to anybody. I wonder how the words, "For Jesus' sake," would look pinned on to the pillow that poor papa can't put his tired head on, or on the book that mamma doesn't want, or on the hand-glass that Sue will wish was a reticule. "For Hazel Coleman's sake," might be tied on to everything I ever did in my life. I feel mean enough to crawl into the match-safe.

Dec. 21.

I couldn't stand it another minute. I went to mamma's room this morning, and told her I wanted to be a Christian; that I was tired of being selfish and cross and unhappy. Mamma cried and I cried, and then she prayed for me, and I prayed for myself. When we rose from our knees, I said, "I don't feel any different. How do I know that Jesus has taken me?" "Now, Hazel," said mamma,

"if I asked you to give me something that I really wanted, and you held it out to me, what would I do?" "Why take it," said I. "Well, Jesus has asked for your heart—has even died to get it, and you have given it to him, dear!" "Why, then, has he taken it?" I cried, and just then it seemed as if there was a great burst of sunlight in my heart, and a thousand robins began to sing. I can't describe it any.

Dec. 25.

To think that I expected a "stupid" Christmas! This has been the very loveliest day of my life. I see now it isn't what we've got, but what we give, that makes us happy. I got the outside, but the inside. Not what we have, but what we give. I had some nice presents. It isn't too late for me to make it all right yet, mamma and Sue. Aunt Lewis sent me a very dollar gold piece for a Christmas present for the Lord Jesus, and have something left for papa besides.

Some leaves are torn out just here, but there is another record kept by Hazel's guardian angel.

It tells how a ragged little girl, looking wistfully into a toy shop, had a doll, with real hair, suddenly laid in her arms.

It tells how a small boy, who stood gazing at the luscious display of a fruit store, was surprised with a couple of oranges and a box of candy.

There is a line about a basket of fresh flowers that found their way to a sick seamstress; and another about a poor washerwoman, who was taken to a royal Christmas dinner in Mrs. Coleman's kitchen.

That night Hazel's father came home unexpectedly. He had not lost so much as he feared, but he said to his daughters:

"I couldn't get you the jackets this year, girls. May be they will come next time."

"Oh, papa," said Hazel, "I've had something a million times better than a seal-skin jacket, to day!"

She did not tell what it was, but the angel knew it was the joy of the Lord.

A Good Thing for Boys.

MANUAL training is one of the few good things that are good for everybody. It is good for the rich boy, to teach him respect for the dignity of beautiful work; it is good for the poor boy, to increase his facility for handling tools, if tools prove to be the thing he must handle for a living afterward; it is good for the bookish boy, to draw him away from books; but, most of all, it is good for the non-bookish boy, in showing him that there is something he can do well. The boy utterly unable, even if he were studious, to keep up in book-knowledge and percentage with the brighter boys, becomes discouraged, dull, and moody. Let him go to the workroom for an hour, and find that he can make a box, or plane a rough piece of board as well as the brighter scholar—may, very likely better than his brighter neighbour—and you have given him an impulse of self-respect that is of untold benefit to him when he goes back to his studies. He will be a brighter and better boy for finding out something that he can do well. Mind you, it is not planing the board does him good; it is planing the board in the presence of other boys, who can no longer look down upon him when they see how well he can plane. He might go home after school and plane a board in the bosom of his family, or go to an evening school to learn to plane, without a quarter part—may, without any—of the invaluable effect upon his manhood that it will have to let him plane side by side with those who, in mental attainments, may be his superiors. — *American Magazine.*