

*Family Circle.**Night of Wonder.*

Night of wonder, night of glory,
Such as time has never seen!
Theme of old prophetic story,
Night all solemn and serene;
Sweetest silence, softest blue,
That earth's darkness ever knew!

Night of beauty, hour of gladness,
Of all nights the first and best;
Not a cloud to speak of sadness,
Not a star but sings of rest;
Holy midnight, showering peace,
Never shall thy radiance cease.

Happy city, dearest, fairest,
Lonely, tranquil Bethlehem!
Least and lowliest, richest, rarest,
David's city, Judah's gem;
Out of thee there comes the light
That dispelleth all our night.

In thee heaven and earth are meeting;
Lo, there comes the angel throng;
We give back the heavenly greeting,
Joining in the holy song—
Song of festival and mirth,
Song of morning to the earth.

Now to thee thy King descendeth,
Laid upon a woman's knee;
To thy gates his steps he bendeth,
To the manger cometh he;
David's Lord and David's Son,
This his cradle and his throne.

All unconscious of the treasure
That within thy walls there lies;
Is it slumber, is it pleasure,
That is sealing up their eyes?
Canst thou not the grandeur see
Of that veiled majesty?

All unwitting of the wonder
Wrought within thy gates to-night,
Art thou blind to him who yonder
Sleeps unhonored, Prince of Light?
Thou thyself the cradle bed
For the King of glory spread!

He, the lowliest of the lowly,
To our tainted world has come;
He, the holiest of the holy,
Can not find a human home,
All for us he has been born,
All for us he bears the scorn.

Babe of weakness, child of grandeur,
At thy stony crib we bow;
Not a trace of heavenly splendor,
Yet the King of angels thou!
Soon by earth to be adored,
As creation's Heir and Lord.

Light of life, thou lyest yonder,
Mystery of mighty love;
Naught from thee our souls shall sun-
der.

Naught from us thou shalt remove.
Take these hearts, and let them be
Throned and cradled both for thee!

Bread of God, though yet unbroken,
Still even now the living bread;
In that manger, lo! the token
Of the table to be spread
For us in the upper room,
When that longed-for night is come.

Rose of Sharon, springing sweetly
In this sacred solitude,
Every gracious leaflet fitly
Folded in this tender bud;
All the beauty yet concealed,
All the fragrance unrevealed.

O'er thy cradle we are bending,
Singing low our song of love,
Soon to sing the song unending
In the Bethlehem above;
Through the ages gazing on,
Not the cradle, but the throne.

—DR. HORATIUS BONAR, in *Christian Review*.

Attention, Sharp!

A friend of mine was in the office of a gentleman in Philadelphia, when a young man came in for instructions with regard to some business he was to transact. The merchant stated the different points distinctly, but in rapid succession, repeating nothing the second time. There were quite a number of items, and the youth took no notes, but gave the sharpest attention, and then put on his hat and walked out.

In answer to an amused smile on my friend's face, the other remarked:

"You think that is rattling off business pretty fast, don't you?"

"Yes, and the only wonder to me is that the boy can remember a single thing you said."

"It is all in training. A boy may just as well learn to attend to what you say the first time and remember it, as to look to have it repeated over and over again, and then quite likely forget half his directions."

There was a great deal of truth in the remark, and it is well worthy the attention of every young person. It is a great disadvantage to any one to acquire the habit of half-listening, when he is told anything of importance. "Attention, sharp!" should be the motto of every wide-awake boy or girl when taking in instructions. It will save many mortifying blunders, and help to win for them a name for ability, which is capital better than bank stock with which to begin life.

The same peculiarities are apt to run all through a person's character. The inattentive listener is pretty sure to be an inattentive observer. It is an old saying that there are people who "can go through a whole forest and see no firewood." People of this stamp lose a great deal that might be turned to account by way of happiness. Mr. Edgeworth claims that the difference in intellect among men depends more upon early cultivation of this habit of attention, than upon any marked difference in their original powers.

Any boy of average ability may learn to attend closely to what goes on about him, or the business he has in hand. It may be necessary to go from one thing to another in rapid succession, but for the moment we should give concentrated thought to whatever we are doing. It is by this close attention and

sharp following up of facts that Watt made his great discoveries in steam, and that Edison has made for himself such a name in our day. There are more fields yet to be won, and the brave boys are now plodding on their way who are to win them. They are not the boys of lazy minds, nor the boys who are always forgetting, and saying "I don't care."—*Exchange*.

What a Little Girl Did.

In this neighborhood, recently, a feeble church has been endeavoring to build a house of worship for itself, or perhaps it would be more proper to say that their wealthy neighbors have been building it, but the church members have contributed according to their ability. Being anxious to raise more money than the people were able to contribute, one of the officers of the church procured some cards with the name of the church on one side, and on the other side these lines:

If you cannot give your millions,
You can give the widow's mite;
The smallest gift for Jesus
Is precious in His sight.

These cards were given to some of the children to sell for ten cents each.

A little girl took some of them to a shop in which her father worked, and passed around from one to another, soliciting purchasers, until she came to a man who was regarded by his fellow workmen as one who had no interest in religious things, and was not disposed to give money to any object. "Will you buy one of my cards, sir?" said the child. "I don't want any cards; what is it for?" She explained that she was trying to raise some money to help build the church. "What! a little girl like you trying to build a church?" "Yes, sir," was the modest reply. "Read that to me," said he. She read him the verse. "Well here is ten cents for you," and he took the card. Expressing her thanks, the child turned away only to be recalled. "You can take the card," said the man, "and sell it to some one else and get ten cents more." "Thank you, sir," she said this time looking at him with a beaming face. She turned away the second time but was again recalled. "Little girl," he said, "will you read me those lines again?" She read them, when, much to her surprise, the man took out his pocket-book and handed her a ten dollar bill. With reiterated thanks the

child went away rejoicing.—*New York Observer*.

A Knowing Mouse.

Have you ever wondered, children, how animals and insects carry on their conversation with one another? I have frequently: and perhaps when we see little dogs, as we do so often, standing at the corners of the streets, wagging their wise heads and knocking their noses together, they are communicating some grand piece of intelligence that would be well worth our hearing, and would interest us very much, if we could understand them.

When ants want to warn their neighbors of approaching danger, they knock their heads against one another; and surely the little bees must have a very wonderful way of making themselves understood, to be able to form, and carry out, all their little business arrangements as cleverly as they do.

But we seldom hear, or think anything about mouse conversation, and perhaps it is a very good thing for the little mice that we do not overhear their plans; but I cannot help thinking that these pretty little creatures—and surely they are very pretty—have also a good deal to say to one another, and that they too, plan and arrange things in a very clever manner, as I think the little, true story, that I am now to tell you, will show.

A little mouse, living somewhere in the vicinity of a dining-room chimney, showed his fondness for cheese by coming down the chimney every evening when part of the meal consisted of that commodity. He was encouraged to do so by having little bits regularly thrown to him, which he quickly picked up, and with which he hurried back to his home.

One day a large piece of rind was thrown to him, so large, that although the little visitor ran at it greedily, he could hardly lift it at all. The persevering little fellow, however, managed to take it a very short distance, but he could not anyhow succeed in getting it up the chimney. He tried so often to do so, that those who watched his anxious little efforts were quite sorry for him; and then at last he disappeared, to go home, as they thought, tired and disappointed, with the task given up.

But not so! A short time afterwards he reappeared, bringing with him another mouse—one evidently