

greetings with the neighbours, and listened with delight while Rose Stanley's sweet childish voice joined in the glad Christmas hymn,—pretty Rose Stanley who was afterwards his wife—and suddenly there sounded upon the farmer's ear the very words he was thinking of; for voices outside the window were singing—

“ Hark! the herald-angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled;”—

and, as he listened, tears rolled down the old man's cheeks—it seemed like a voice from his childhood—but how changed was he now? The carol went on, and at last the farmer heard the last verse—

“ Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace,
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings,
Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Hark! the herald-angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King.”

Silas Baldwin rose and went to the win-