In dangerous places in fog and death : In vain we long for a shelter warm But "Be ye patient," is God's command,

Drives the shades of the night away, The silence is deepest before the song Bursts into joyousness, loud and long ;

The angels are singing the Advent bymn, Faintly we hear it across the snow, The good glad anthem of long ago,

And He will banish the mist of night ; Do not our troubles prepare his way? And the night makes ready for His great day? Oh, let the joy-song peal through the land, " The night is far spent, the day is at hand."

Nay, little it matters, we need not care ; The skies may be starry with many a gem As over the fields of Bethlehem, Or we in the shadows of death may stand

When we see His face, the once Lowly Born, And glad is the message that comes to me, Out of the mists of the wintry sea ; For a Star of Hope is above the land. The night is far spent, the day is at hand.

me and sit down ;

to town.

ous wave.

"Why, grandma," exclaimed Faith, " how much

"Never mind the new shawl. I can do with my old one a while longer, although it is shabby. These poor people need the money much worse than I do. I know how to feel for them, for I have

Faith, as she laid her fair head in the dear old lady's



