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## Christmas

I heard the bells on Christmas Day,  
Their old, familiar carols play,  
And wild and sweet  
The words repeat  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,  
The belfries of all Christendom  
Had rolled along  
The unbroken song  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.



NCE more the Christmas season is approaching and its very nearness brings joy to all. No one, whether his circumstances be affluent or those of direst need, fails to feel and heed that angelic edict uttered over two thousand years ago, 'Peace on earth to men of good-will.' Everyone, irrespective of race, I might almost say, of creed, has at least a spark of kindness towards his fellow-creatures at this joyous festival of the Church. As the twenty-fifth of December draws nigh, children who have wandered far from the paternal roof, begin to experience a desire to visit once more the scenes of their youthful days. Christmas appeals to the atom of good which is in the most hardened sinner and recalls the