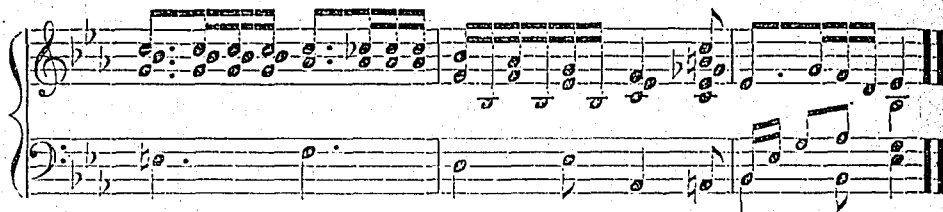


SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND. Concluded.



4 Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
 When they promise a glorious morrow!
 They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West,
 From her own lov'd island of sorrow.

Poetry.

A SONG FOR CHRISTMAS EVE.

The mighty God, the Prince of Peace,
 Took flesh in virgin's womb;
 And He, whose name is Wonderful,
 To this dark world is come.
 The government is his, and all
 The nations own his sway;
 His enemies shall prostrate fall,
 And vanish soon away.
 A brighter star than e'er before,
 Gilded the sky with light—
 To show the Saviour's meek abode—
 Cheered the lone hours of night.
 The angels tuned their harps of fire,
 And, from the deep blue sky,
 With songs proclaimed the boundless joy
 That filled the world on high.
 In a stable's lowly manger
 Was the infant laid to rest;
 But his Virgin Mother near him
 Soothed and took him to her breast.
 Thus the Eastern Magi found him,
 And, adoring at his feet,
 Offered gifts of hidden meaning,
 Gold, and myrrh, and incense sweet.
 The gold they gave him as their king,
 The myrrh means mortal grief and care;
 To God the censor's smoke ascends,
 Emblem of faith and prayer.
 Adorable Jesus! Blessed Mary!
 Shield us with protecting love;
 Guard our souls from sin forever,
 Take us to the world above!

BABY'S STOCKING.

Hang up the baby's stocking,
 Be sure you don't forget!
 The dear little dimpled darling!
 She ne'er saw Christmas yet.
 But I've told her all about it,
 And she opened her big blue eyes,
 And I'm sure she understood me,
 She looked so funny and wise.

Dear, dear! what a tiny stocking!
 It doesn't take much to hold
 Such little pink toes as baby's
 Away from the frost and cold.
 But then for the baby's Christmas
 It never will do at all;

Why, Santa Claus wouldn't be looking
 For anything half so small.

I know what we'll do for the baby:
 I've thought of the very best plan;
 I'll borrow a stocking from grandma—
 The longest that ever I can—
 And you'll hang it by mine, dear mother,
 Right in the corner, so,
 And write a letter to Santa,
 And fasten it to the toe.

Write: "This is the baby's stocking
 That hangs in the corner here,
 You never have seen her, Santa,
 For she only came this year;
 But she's just the blissest baby,
 And now, before you go,
 Just cram her stocking with goodies,
 From the top clear down to the toe."

CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

Ye merry bells, ye merry bells, I love your dear old
 chimes,
 Those magic sounds fresh thoughts recall of pleasant
 happy times,
 While softly o'er the willing mind fond Memory weaves
 her spell,
 And charms me back to hours gone by, and friends I
 loved so well.

Ye merry bells, ye merry bells, I love your blithesome
 lay,
 Your welcome accents whisper hope on this auspicious
 day;
 For Christ to Bethlehem is come, the Prince of Peace
 and Love,
 And angel choirs, in gladdest strains, his praises sing
 above.

Chime on, chime on, ye happy bells, in adoration
 sing,
 Now join with blessed choirs to chant the praises of
 our King;
 And ardent prayers from mortal lips like incense rare
 shall rise,
 From Earth's vile habitation freed, to float above the
 skies.

God bless the bells, God bless the bells, and may we
 hear them long,
 Fresh hope and gladness bringing in their ever-wel-
 come song,
 Recalling pleasures long since past, old memories and
 old times,
 And breathing words of comfort in the music of their
 chimes.