



DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

VOLUME XXII., No. 50.

MONTREAL & NEW YORK, DECEMBER 16, 1887.

30 CTS. per An. Post-Paid.



CHRISTMAS DAY.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God.—St. Luke ii: 13.

What sudden blaze of song
Spreads o'er th' expanse of Heaven?
In waves of light it thrills along,
Th' angelic signal given—
"Glory to God!" from yonder central fire
Flows out the echoing lay beyond the starry
choir.

Like circles widening round
Upon a clear blue river,
Orb after orb, the wondrous sound
Is echoed on forever!
"Glory to God on high, on earth be peace,
And love towards men of love—salvation and
release."

Think on th' eternal home,
The Saviour left for you;
Think on the Lord most holy, come
To dwell with hearts untrue;
So shall ye tread untir'd His pastoral ways,
And in the darkness sing your carol of high praise.
John Keble.