

duchy of Alemannia, but the dukes appear to have had less power here than elsewhere. In 1460 the province became Burgundian, having been pledged to Charles the Bold by Duke Sigismund. Its modern history is too well known: the last stage being its transference to Germany after the recent great war.

The Minster at Colmar is of fourteenth-century work, Flamboyant in style. The western doors are very finely carved; while the tall lancet-windows of the choir, filled with good old glass, are remarkable. The nave is bare; the southern tower un-

finished. Equally interesting is the architecture of the Dominican Convent. The town owns a museum of considerable interest, for statuary, church-plate, mediæval curiosities, Flemish pictures, coins, and medals. The house represented in the accompanying engraving is a fine specimen of Domestic architecture of the fifteenth century, in which several pretty foreign features, as, for example, the stair-turret with an over-hanging capped spirolet, and a well-designed wooden balcony, are amongst the prettiest and most characteristic points of interest.

DE Q.

## OLD CHRISTMAS.

MANY hundred years, with their hopes and fears,  
O'er my ice-crowned head have passed,  
Since a glorious Child in the manger smiled,  
Where His earthly lot was cast;  
In a halo bright, on that joyous night,  
I appeared, at first, to men,  
With a dawning grace on my infant face,  
There was no *old* Christmas then.

On the hills and plains not a soul remains  
Of those who had watched my birth,  
They have passed away from the light of day,  
They sleep in the quiet earth;  
But all through their time, in my early prime,  
I came with my golden hair;  
Now they would not know, in the Yule-tide glow,  
The Christmas they deemed so fair.

Now my locks are white and mine eyes less bright,  
Yet my strength can never fail,  
For my voice alone, in its thrilling tone,  
May repeat the wondrous tale,

First by mortals heard, through the angels' word,  
In the ages long ago,  
And my heart is bold if my frame is old,  
My step is light on the snow.

I am here again in my peaceful reign,  
My work has been always blest,  
I have hushed the strife of each stormy life,  
I give to the weary rest;  
When to those in grief ye have brought relief,  
When ye pray for them a prayer,  
When ye dry a tear, when ye soothe a fear,  
Be sure I am with you there.

God bless you all, my Christian friends,  
The times are waxing late,  
Keep my high behest till a Christmas Guest  
Shall stand before your gate;  
My mission will cease when the Prince of Peace  
Descends on the earth again,  
Through eighteen hundred years and more,  
I have come, in joy or pain,  
To tell you the wondrous tale of old,  
So I have not lived in vain.

H. S.

## THE HOLY INNOCENTS.

"And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof."—Zech. viii. 4.

Come, ye Saints, come raise your anthem,  
Sweet your lyres, angelic throng;  
Come, ye faithful, come and utter  
Joyfully your sweetest song.

Lift your earth-born gaze to heaven,  
See the saintly bands above,  
Who for Christ, the world despising,  
Gave up all for His dear love.

See them young and old united,  
Men and women, rich and poor;  
And among them little children,  
Playing on the golden floor.

Whence came ye, ye happy children,  
Waving each your martyr palm?  
All so soon did storms oppress you,  
That so soon ye rest in calm!

And the gladsome answer echoes,  
"Jesus brought us to His home;  
Though we knew not Him we witnessed,  
Now we rest where storms ne'er come.

"Now around the heavenly altar,  
In our infant sports we play;  
Now we sing our childish praises  
Through the never-ending day."

See them, children, hear their voices,  
When you shrink from pain or loss,  
When in anger, fret, or sorrow,  
Ye would throw away your Cross.

All unconscious, ye may honour,  
Like the Innocents, your Lord:  
Then, unconscious, ye may follow,  
And attain to their reward.

H. R. J.