

The standard he bore to the front  
 Has never been trailed in the dust,  
 And the sword he wielded so well  
 Has never been tarnished by rust,  
 But now he has sheathed it forever—  
 And who is to wield it again?

O how are the mighty fallen,  
 And the weapons of war how perished !  
 O weep ye, daughters of Israel,  
 And put on sackcloth and mourning !  
 Yet weep not for him who has died,  
 But weep for yourselves and your children.

For though he is conquered at last,  
 Death only has been the victor.  
 And what is death but the servant  
 That ever attends on the hero,  
 To take off his war-beaten armor  
 And crown him with laurels immortal?

So close up the line, brave comrades,  
 And lift up the Cross still higher ;  
 And over his grave let us march  
 To the triumph of truth he supported !

—Selected.

### EDITORIALS.

The old year with its record is fast drawing to a close, and Christmas, with his happy beaming face, once more greets us. The season of festive joy and glad some mirth is again here. With buoyant spirit and smiling hope, we welcome the return of that day, which from early times has been observed in memory of the Nativity of our blessed Saviour. This is a time when friendships are renewed, the strife of tongues is hushed, and cheerfulness, amity and good-will prevail. It is a time of social gatherings, family reunions, friendly greetings and complacent joys.

Now, the laborer lays aside his toil, the artizan his work, the merchant his business cares, and the student his books, and all unite in sharing in the blessings and enjoying the glad festivities of the Day. The scattered members of the household again assemble under the old roof-tree,—they recount their mercies and blessings of the past and look out with hopeful glance upon the future. Happy home meetings, pleasant home gatherings ! they are bright gleams of sunshine irradiating life's pathway, fountains of joy welling up amidst life's arid sands.