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J. SNOW,

Undertaker & Embalmer, 56 Argyle St., Halifax, N. S.

FOR THE CRITIC.

TO CHRISTMAS.

Cased in hoary glistening frost,
Swept by withering jey blasts,
By the wild storm wildy tossed,
Seas where tips of shivering masts,
Kiss the morn, ere gleaning light
Floods the earth, and bids the sight
View anon the joyous feast
Of our Lord's nativity.
Robed in silvery whiteness,
Dazzling in its brightness,
Emblem thus of purity.
Time of fabled fairy glances,
Bringing unto youth sweet fancies,
Twining close the bonds of love,
With blessings from our God above
Freely scattered o'er the earth,
Ringing loud with boundless mirth,
Born of winter's spotless snow,
Born with flush of ruddy glow,
Christmas dear t thy holy smile
Dissipates all care, awhile,
Blessed joys of life once more
Hasten through the open door,
Angels allove, and men below,
Praise God from whom such blessings flow t

Canning, Dec. '88.

E. A. K.

REVEILLE.

We present to our readers a charming little Christmas poom entited as above, from the pen of Miss J. Elizabeth Gostwycke Roberts, sister of Professor Roberts of Kings College.

> The chill faint breath of morning stirs the trees. The shivering sparrows wake disconsolate.
> Lowing for human care the cattle wait.
> And looking to the East the watcher sees
> The chill faint breath of morning stir the trees.

Behold the rising splender in the East.

Now molten light where iron darkness lay
Heralds the conquest, hails the victor, Day;
So may the Christ-Child a glory be increased,
So rose his radiance from a darkened East.

As breaks the etherial gold across the crest
Of yonder hills, and turns the trees to flame,
Low we adore that Light from whence it came.
Star of our souls, Thy praises be confest,
As breaks the light across the mountain's crest.

CHRISTMAS.

Sunday and Christmas are now pretty much in the same position. The Sabbath has glided into the Day of Rest, of spiritual rest for those who are spiritually minded, of rest at all events for all, and of Sabbath stillness after the noise and bustle of the week. The French Revolutionists, when they undertook to make new heavens and a new earth on the principles of Reason and Rousseau, substituted the tenth day for the seventh, and found it would not do. Sunday has ceased to be an article of the law, but it remains an article of human nature. So it is with Christmas. Christians in the Middle Ages thought that they were keeping the actual birthday of our Saviour, as they thought that they were keeping the actual birthday of our Saviour, as they thought when they went on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem that they saw the identical spots where the scenes of His Passion had been enacted and the Sepulchro in which He had been laid. We know that the day of Christ's birth is uncertain. Clement of Alexandria, a Father of the second contury, speaks of those who affected to assign the day as "over curious," and his confession of ignorance is decisive. All attempts to settle the point by reference to historical landmarks or to accelesi sticul tradition are vain. Proreference to historical landmarks, or to ecclosi stical tradition, are vain. Probably the end of the winter solution, the birthday of the year, was fixed on for the nativity of the Sun of Righteousness. The old Latin hymns admit as much by coupling the coming of the Saviour with the return of light. Not only the day of Christ's birth but the year is uncertain, and the French Revolutionists had that fact upon their side when, proceeding to regenerate chronology as well as society, they substituted for the Christian era that of the enthronoment of Reason, personified by a prostitute, on the altar of Notre Dame. Nevertheless, we let this article of the medieval calendar stand, and still on the traditional day colebrate the birth of Christianity and of all that Christianity has brought with it to society, to the home, and to the heart Even those who in this critical and sceptical age have ceased to be Christians in name may celebrate the festival of humanity. For they can hardly deny that it was with Christianity that the sense of a common humanity and of the hypotheses of many with all its sense of a common humanity and of the brotherhood of man with all its duties and charities, and with the civilization which is grounded on it, came into the world. A Greek philosopher might point out the close fellowship which united mankind; but that same philosopher pronounced slavery an ordinance of nature, and when he spoke of mankind probably thought only of the free. That there were no hospitals or alms houses before Christ may not be strictly true; but it is certain that there was nothing in uncient civilization like the vast system of Christian charities. The Comtist religion of Humanity, though it presents itself as a new creation, is, as has been often and fully said, nothing but Roman Catholic Christianity, with a new set of saints, sacraments and festivals Those who cannot keep Christmas Day as the holiday of a revealed religion may keep it as the holiday and the annual renewal of human brotherhood, social beneficence, and family uffection.

Suppose some vestiges and relies of heathenism do mingle with our mode of keeping the Christian feast; suppose the Yule log does represent the sacred fire of pagan superstition and remind us of the scene in a Scandin-Country orders punctually attended to at Low avian hall, where our rugged progenitors quaffed their mead and sung their